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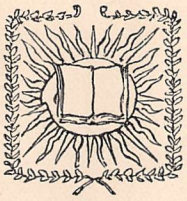
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ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

OWNED BY ICHABOD T. WILLIAMS.

THE LOVERS, BY DIAZ.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LII. MAY, 1896. No. 1.

THE PAINTER DIAZ.

BROUGHT face to face with nature, every painter meets a problem which bears with unrelenting force upon the development of his art. Shall he sacrifice himself to nature and give her the first place in his work, or bid her wait upon the expression of his temperament? Obviously the perfect solution lies in a compromise, but it requires a man of genius to hold the balance true. It is impossible to think of Diaz without thinking of Ziem and Monticelli, the three forming a group of enthusiastic colorists by whom a certain taste for caprice and dream was cultivated in common. But in the long run Diaz detached himself from these men and fell into line with the painters of Fontainebleau. The safest basis for a study of his work is one on which the familiar hypothesis of a fantastic and headstrong colorist is abandoned, and a sincere student of nature is recognized without reserve. There is no man in French art more genuine than Diaz, more sane, more superior to mere impulse and self-will. Sorrow enriched his nature, and made him, above all things, strong.

His troubles began with his birth. He came of a Spanish family, but his mother was an exile in Bordeaux when he was born there on August 20, 1807, and his father was excluded from both Spain and France because of some political mischances in which he had become involved. In his tenth year the boy was left an orphan in possession of a fine, impressive name,—Narcisse Virgile Diaz de la Peña,—but otherwise without a single resource. It took him years to win position, recognition, substantial comfort; but they came at last, chiefly through his affiliation with the Barbizon school and through his admiration for Rousseau. The latter became his inspiration, after nature herself, and taught him much—so much that, as the different elements in the naturalistic and romantic movement of 1830 fused and produced a school, Diaz found himself permanently one of its pillars. He improved rapidly under the sympathetic companionship of Rousseau. He was a lesser man than the latter, but he had the same serious spirit, the same spiritualized, clairvoyant feeling for the great forest in which Corot, Millet, Rousseau, and he found their material, and he made himself a lofty place. But the fight had been hard, and all through his life there ran a strenuous vein, as though this were a man who had conquered fortune through pain. Up to the day of his death at Mentone in 1876 there clung to him the atmosphere of a rugged, storm-tossed struggler. Albert Wolff, to whom we owe the most picturesque and interesting of the descriptions of Diaz as he lived and talked, says that in the recital of his past trials «he had the appearance of an old soldier telling the dangerous adventures of his fights.»

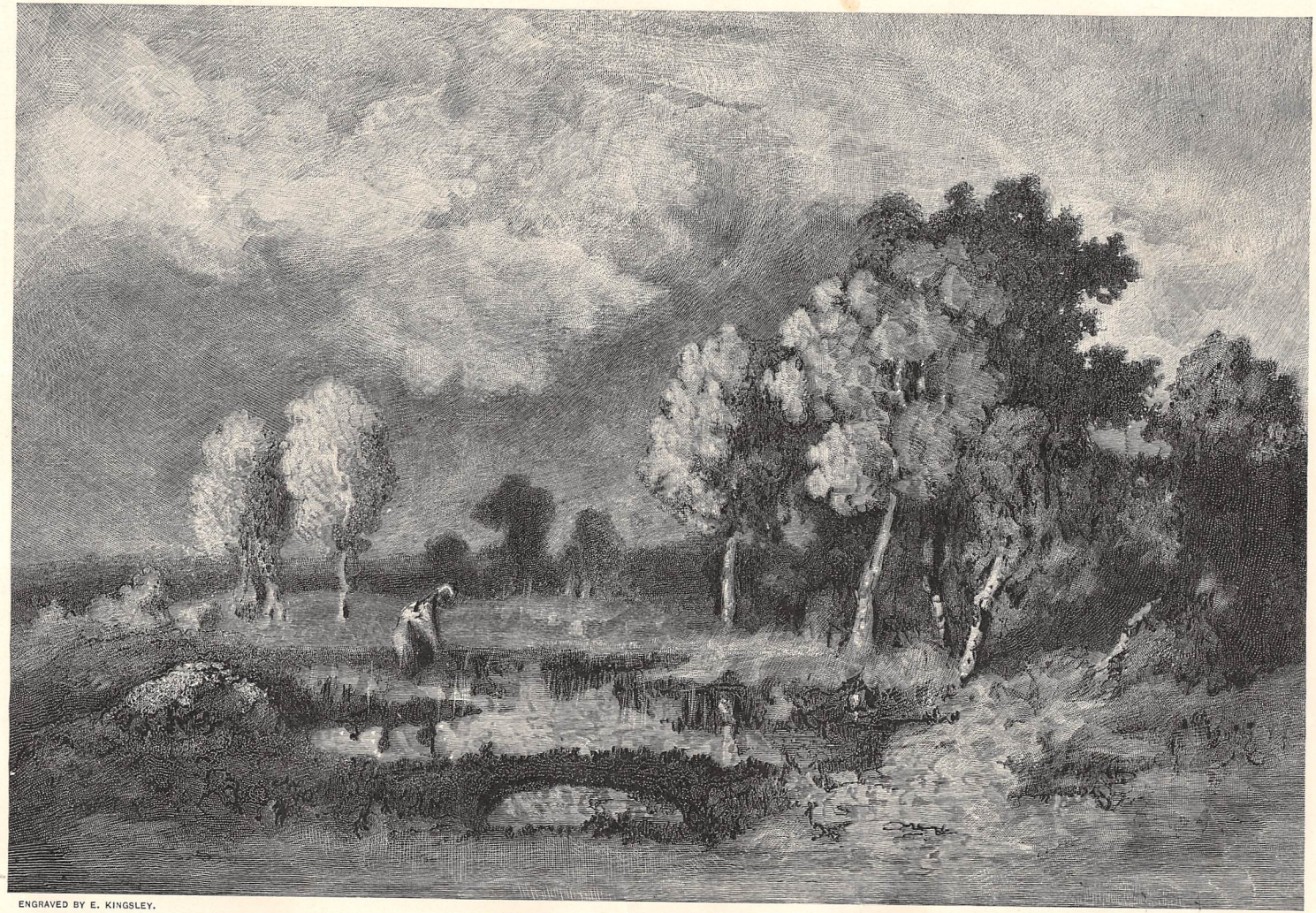
All this is in anything but agreement with the debonair and careless mood that we gen-

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erally attribute to the painter. But here lies the great, the lovable fact about Diaz. With all his troubles, with all his pain, with all his fiery declamation over the incidents of his life, he remained unspoiled, remained a gentle, winning nature, responsive to the most subtly poetic appeals of the forest to which he had consecrated himself, and quick to feel the most delicate emotions. Thus there existed in him, with more definiteness than most men experience, absolute sunshine and absolute shadow, the one playing ceaselessly over the other, and drawing from it strength and power. His abundance of gaiety as an artist, therefore, is never to be taken as mere superficial contentment with things of gaiety and lightness. Fixed firm in his belief in the more serious elements of his nature, he gave himself with delightful elasticity, delightful ingenuousness, to the sunny walks of life and art. Diaz was beyond a doubt capable of profound feeling. The volubility, the stormy talk, of which his friends have left such entertaining records, was not the mere froth and fume of a volatile Frenchman. Under it all he possessed a warm, generous nature, a sympathy which, much more legitimately than his sensuous delight in color, carries us close to the essential character of his art.

It is significant that that art was formed most systematically and persistently upon the art of Rousseau. For the idyllic, tenderly poetic sentiment of Corot he undoubtedly had a sensitive taste, and in a way was nearer to that sentiment than to the vigorous feeling of Rousseau. Nevertheless, the latter touched him on his more thoughtful side, stirred him more deeply than did any other painter of his time, and left a more definite mark upon his art. In the beginning there was in Diaz the indecision, the lack of definitive aim, which often belongs to a masterless painter. But when he fell under the spell of Rousseau he began to try for a more scientific crystallization of material in his work. Left to himself, he might have worked out his instinctive theory that one should overlay upon life all the sunshine possible, and this might have made him purely a painter of lyric, fugitive motives, an artist for whom a group of airy figures, a nymph with one or two Loves about her, held all the substance that a picture needed to hold. He might have kept his tenderness, his poetic insight, for purposes other than artistic. Rousseau came at this juncture, and made him something more than a painter of lovely genre—made him a great landscapist, one of the greatest France has produced. His genre panels are countless, it is true; his landscapes pure and simple are not half so strong in numbers: but in spite of this, the first picture by Diaz to which it seems fairest to refer in this place is a certain composition called «The Bather,» which hangs in one of the great private galleries of London. The single figure in the design, as though to assert that, after all, Diaz should have been a landscapist and nothing else, is so swiftly and broadly brushed in that it has no charm of individuality whatever. You feel that this peasant woman, seated at her ablutions on the brink of a sedgy pool in the late afternoon, is the merest accident in the scene. The scene itself is the thing. Mossy rocks rise from the edge of the pool on one side, and break the transition from still, smooth water to the thick grove beyond. On the other side of the pool, to the left, where the bather sits, the land is heaved up in grass-grown rocky strata until the sky-line is reached above the low trees and brushwood well toward the top of the canvas. The principal characteristics of this painting are among the very first virtues of Diaz—a straightforward massing of foreground, middle distance, and highest plane; a natural but extremely artistic and picturesque distribution of light and shade; and a most exact gradation of color and texture in the evolution of the work through its deep and even solemn perspective. Diaz might be more brilliant than he is in this landscape, but he could not be truer or more an artist; he could not be a worthier devotee of the sylvan solitude in which he wandered for the greater part of his life.

It may be objected that solitude is hardly the word for a forest in which Diaz was so constantly seeing groups of laughing figures. But the answer is easily found. If he saw them, it was because he put them there. His landscape is that of the forest of Fontainebleau; his people come from a dreamland of his own. Did he ever really see the men and women who come in graceful procession down through the shining glade of «La Descente des Bohémiens,» and did he actually behold the wood-cutter who stoops over his task in more than one of the gleaming «forest interiors»? Perhaps. It is conceivable that he used models; it is even most probable. But by the time he had dismissed them they were metamorphosed on the canvas, and had assumed in their lovely environment the air we know so well—an air of innocence, of rusticity unsophisticated but cleanly, of graceful artlessness. This was fair play in the eyes of Diaz, and his public feels no cause for complaint. The landscape envelops the figures,



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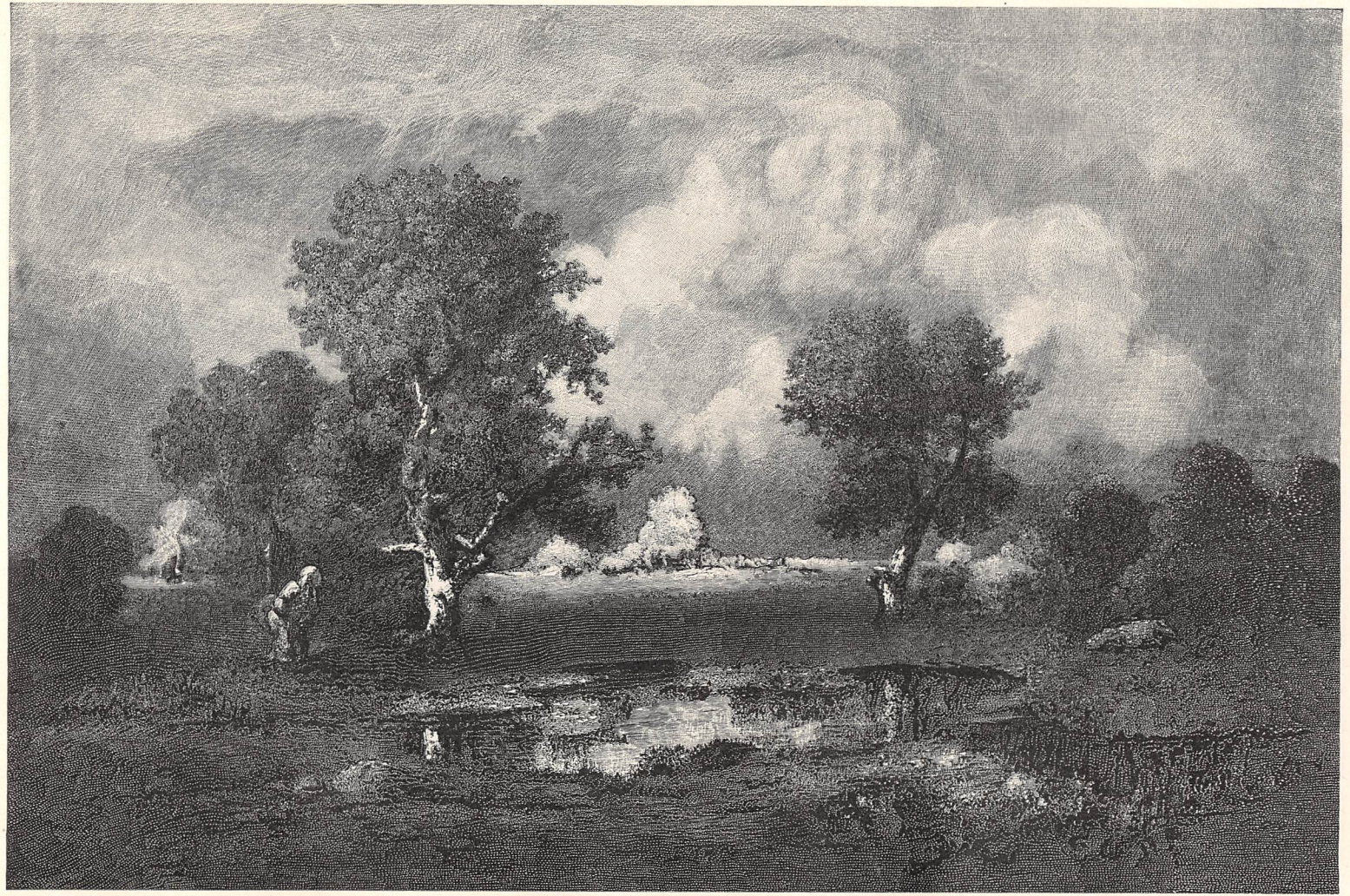
LANDSCAPE UNDER SHADOW, BY DIAZ.

OWNED BY J. A. GARLAND.

and the hues and odors of the forest cling to their slightly unreal forms. Unreal they are, if you like, but so in the last sense is the forest itself, a wonderful place of quivering leaves and strangely cracking twigs, and a humming, rustling, panting, gleaming life that penetrates to the roots of your nature with poignant reality, and yet steals over you like a phantom thing—like some dim fairyland into which one has strayed without losing one's accustomed five senses. In such a place as this some little unreality in the figures is more than forgivable: it is necessary. Diaz proves it by making even a finer impression with figures altogether unreal. He brings «Diane Chasseresse» upon the scene, and with her a court of bewitching maidens, Cupid at her side, and such a charm of loveliness and gleaming beauty flung about the whole that the very dogs that leap beside the huntress lose their ferocious aspect and become one with the poetic glamour of the scene. Here begins the art of the colorist of which we have heard so much in Diaz. He has worked lovingly and searchingly over the remote woody haunt in which his figures stand, and now, with the coming of those enchanted and enchanting visitors, he lets his love of gorgeous hues spring out and have free play. Tube after tube he empties upon the palette, brush after brush is snatched up by his nimble fingers; even then the color will not come swiftly enough, and the palette-knife is called into service. The paint goes on in layers, and the silvery flesh of the dryad which he paints grows warmer and firmer, the flowers in her hair grow brighter, the drapery flung from her shoulder takes, in one bold, passionate stroke, a quivering life of color into its texture, and the picture is complete: the record of an inspiration begun in meditative contemplation of a lovely scene, and developed further and further, until the fervor of the artist rises into a species of happy intoxication, and you get the ravishing art which makes Diaz a master.

We have shown the fallacy of supposing that color was meat and drink to Diaz, the sole *raison d'être* of the painter's work. He was first of all a serious interpreter of nature; but this does not deprive him of the distinction of handling color with a grip and a magic that have rarely been even remotely rivaled. The important fact to observe is that he never descended to the tricks of the mere juggler. Recognize that, and you can revel in Diaz as one revels in Monticelli, only the revel lasts longer. It lasts longer because, long after pure flaming color would have lost its power of attraction, these gorgeous panels, with their thick impasto, hold the imagination and lead the eye vaguely, dreamily, into the depths of a forest which might be Fontainebleau, which certainly is a living, murmurous wood, but which ought to declare itself the veritable home of nymphs and amorini, of smiling, fleeing damsels too swift to be overtaken, of flowers too fragrant to lose their fragrance, though the seasons come and go and the leaves prepare to fall. They do not fall. Sometimes Diaz painted the autumn, and painted it with a full appreciation of its maturity of loveliness; but as a rule he lives in the summer, gives his fairy figures balmy airs and mellow sunshine, and seems fairly to riot in the gaiety, the beauty, the lightness, and the youth of his merry world. It is his world. The first and the last thing to remember is that it is nature's world too—a world which he could never have created without long hours of communion with the eternal woods and springs. To any one who really cares for Diaz there is peculiar comfort in this last reflection. It is a precious thing to which to return in the face of that maddeningly familiar conception of him which would place him somewhere between a craftsman in mosaic and a child turning a kaleidoscope gleefully about in his hands. The true picture by Diaz has always the tang of nature in it. For a man so frankly fond of elusive, magical themes he has extraordinary vitality. This is because he had an extraordinary gift for throwing himself heart and soul into the scene he wished to paint. He flooded his canvases with the richest golden light; he peopled them with fantastic personages; he made his composition minister to his sense of color, of poetry, of fanciful and mysterious things: but he remained a landscape-painter—as has been said above, one of the greatest France has ever produced.

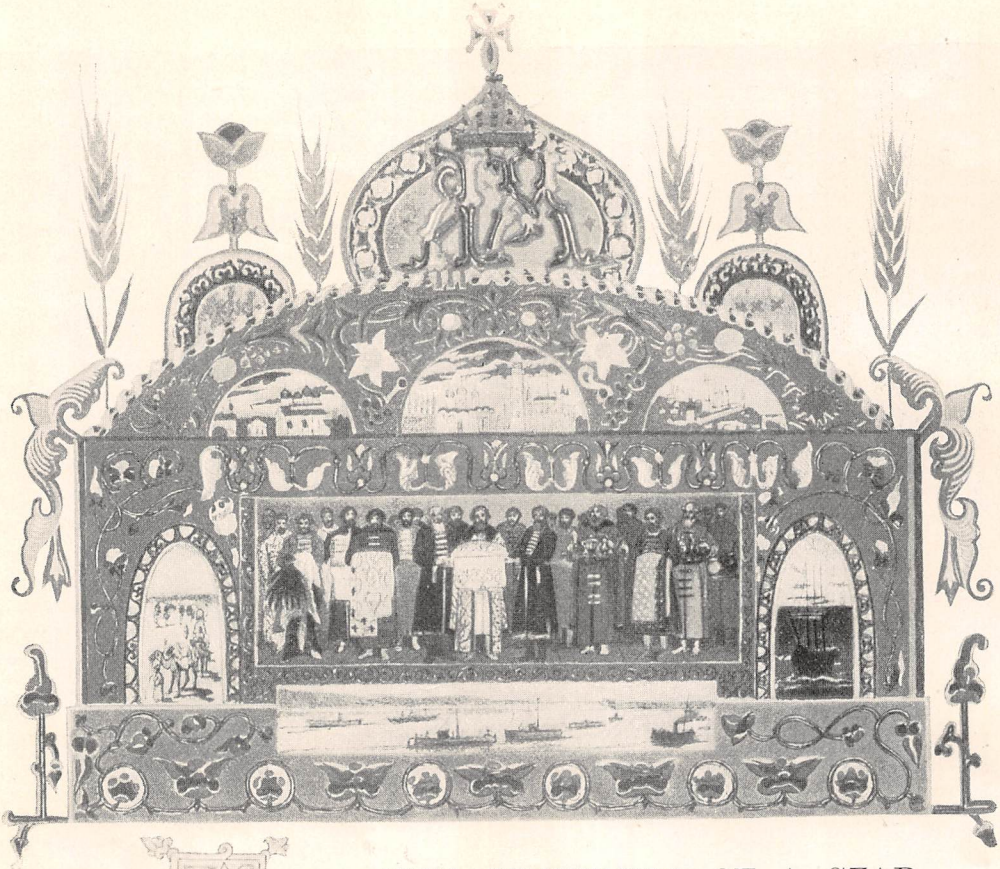
Royal Cortissoz.



ENGRAVED BY E. KINGSLEY.

OWNED BY R. R. CABLE.

LANDSCAPE UNDER SUNSHINE, BY DIAZ.



THE CROWNING OF A CZAR.

JOURNAL OF AN EYE-WITNESS OF THE CORONATION OF ALEXANDER III.

[THE following account of the crowning of the late Czar is by a daughter of Sir Edward Thornton, who in 1881 terminated his thirteen years' tenure of the British Legation to the United States to accept the position of ambassador to Russia. In addition to its intrinsic interest, it is expected that it will be of assistance to readers interested in the approaching coronation of the Czar Nicholas, as we are authoritatively informed that the ceremonial in all essential respects is likely to be identical. The illustrations of the ceremonies are from the official record which was issued by the Russian government.—EDITOR.]

ST. PETERSBURG, April 12 (March 31) [1883].

YESTERDAY the regalia for the coronation were despatched to Moscow, the procession of carriages containing the crowns and scepter being escorted to the station by various dignitaries, and by a detachment of the Chevaliers Gardes. It was supposed to be a sight; but there was no band, and the gilded coaches were black! Old General de Glinka has charge of the regalia as far as Moscow, where Prince Dolgoroukov meets him and takes possession. Another procession conducts them to their destination in the ancient capital, and there, as here, people bare their heads along the route.

This observance, and the sobriety of the ceremonial yesterday, perhaps give an indication of the very religious character of a Russian coronation. The Czar, be it noted, is

not crowned, but, in virtue of the title « Head of the Orthodox Church,» crowns himself. I don't know whether a Czarina reigning alone would be allowed the same privilege.

The coronation is fixed for Sunday, the 15th of May, old style, the 27th ours. The entry into Moscow is some days beforehand, since the Emperor and Empress are to spend a quiet week there. Many court officials have already gone, and by the 7th or 8th most of the foreign representatives and the actual diplomatic body will be assembled at Moscow. We are deep in preparations (dresses first—I feel quite ready now to crown the Emperor!), and one hears nothing but discussions about horses, carriages, house arrangements, servants, etc. The ambassadors are exercised about horses for their state carriages, the Russian horse, with all his « points,» being too small. Besides, if they are too short, their tails are too long. The Austrians are having a stable from Vienna; but the French are boldly taking the Russian horses and getting over the tail difficulty by tying up these long natural tails and fastening on short false ones. They've had a dress rehearsal, and say the effect is excellent. What it is to be smart!

We have received three papers of the coronation: the programs of the festivities from the entry into Moscow to the return to St. Petersburg, of the ceremonial of the entry, and of the proclamation of the coronation. The account of the entry is very magnificent: the procession sounds as if it would stretch from the Petrovski Palace outside Moscow to the Kremlin itself. I suppose that the great mass of the people look forward to this more than to anything else. But to those who will have the good fortune to see the service of the coronation in the cathedral, the great interest must center there, where the show and state are invested with a meaning that is comparatively wanting in the other ceremonies.

Several orders have also appeared in the papers with regard to Moscow. No house proprietor is to let out his windows on the route of the procession. (Some one even said that no window was to be opened on the streets through which it passes.) No private person is to be on horseback during the three weeks, under penalty of a fine of 500 rubles (£50), so that only Prince Demidov will be able to afford a morning canter. No black is to be worn during the time of the coronation. A little Spaniard dined with us last night who has just been to Moscow, where he found great difficulty in seeing anything. As he said, they are so « precautious.» One precaution is rather ingenious. A double row of soldiers is to be placed on each side of the route of the procession, the men back to back, one row facing the procession and one the houses.

Moscow, May 16 (4).

WE reached Moscow this morning, mama and I; the rest of the embassy is to follow in three days. I have been ill for eight weeks, and the Russians recommended an escape out of the great thaw in Petersburg into real spring here. It is a delight to see the trees in leaf and the lilac-bushes in flower. We are early arrivals, and the crowds in the streets were pleased to see us, and thought that we were grand duchesses at least. The men swept off their hats, and the women bowed; and of course we were obliged to return their salutes for the sake of the royalties. Very amusing; but oh! the reaction from visions of green domes and white cupolas and golden spires to the reality of ups and downs of cobblestones for streets, and the most extraordinary succession of different dreadful smells that can be imagined! But from the top of this great high house I see a long stretch of town under a wide sky, with churches near and churches beyond, and farther, and quite far off. A «city of churches» indeed! I hope to receive all the proper impressions of Moscow presently.

May 17 (5).

ONE has heard of Russian dirt: Moscow is its highest expression, I 'm sure. Our baker is excellent (what a *kalatch* for breakfast this morning!), but he has been put into prison twice for having such a dirty shop. In Russia! What must it have been! This beautiful house was discovered to be in a state of filth. Eight muzhiks were sent for, and two women, and they and Petersburg servants set to work yesterday. The superintending is difficult; for the men in Russia—noble creatures!—will not scrub, neither will they wash windows; and they needed much persuading, precept, and example. The china and glass man sends nothing. He has received orders for jugs and basins for the Kremlin (where it has just struck them, I suppose, that the mad foreigners would think them necessary), and neglects everything else. P—— got only a frying-pan, to cook our humble beefsteak in, by seizing it herself and bearing it off from the shop.

May 21 (9).

PRINCE N. GALITZINE came to-day and told us that the Emperor arrived at the Petrovski Palace last night. To-morrow at twelve there

is to be a banquet (of course; when is there anything here without food!), and at two the Czar of all the Russias mounts his horse and rides into the ancient capital to be crowned, the Empress following in a gold carriage. His Majesty seems to be in about the middle of the enormously long procession. Already every available flag, I should think, has been hung on the line of march. As far as I can see on each side—to the Tverskaya Gate on the right, and to the governor-general's on the left—there is a flutter of red, white, and blue. There is, however, a decided sameness in the decorations, and I see no mottos or devices, for instance,—such a nice form of greeting,—with one striking exception. The nobles of Moscow have put up decorations opposite the governor-general's house, two of which are poles with tablets affixed. On the first is an inscription: «May thy scepter extend over»—I've forgotten what; the whole world, let us say. But the second has this, and, as it has been remarked, under a portrait of Michael, the first of the Romanoffs, called to the throne by the boyars, or great nobles: «Mayest thou listen to the voice of thy people—the people who elected thy ancestors; for the voice of the people is the voice of God.»[1] (Magna Charta over again!)

Tuesday, May 22 (10).

I HAVE seen the Emperor's entry into Moscow, and I realize now, for the first time, how much anxiety was really felt about its passing off well. Passing off well! That 's rather vague, but we all talk in that way now; and after all, it 's an undefined dread. The Emperor went by quite safe, and now he is at the Kremlin. «Thank God, that is over!» a Russian said to mama just now, with a sigh of relief. So say we all of us.

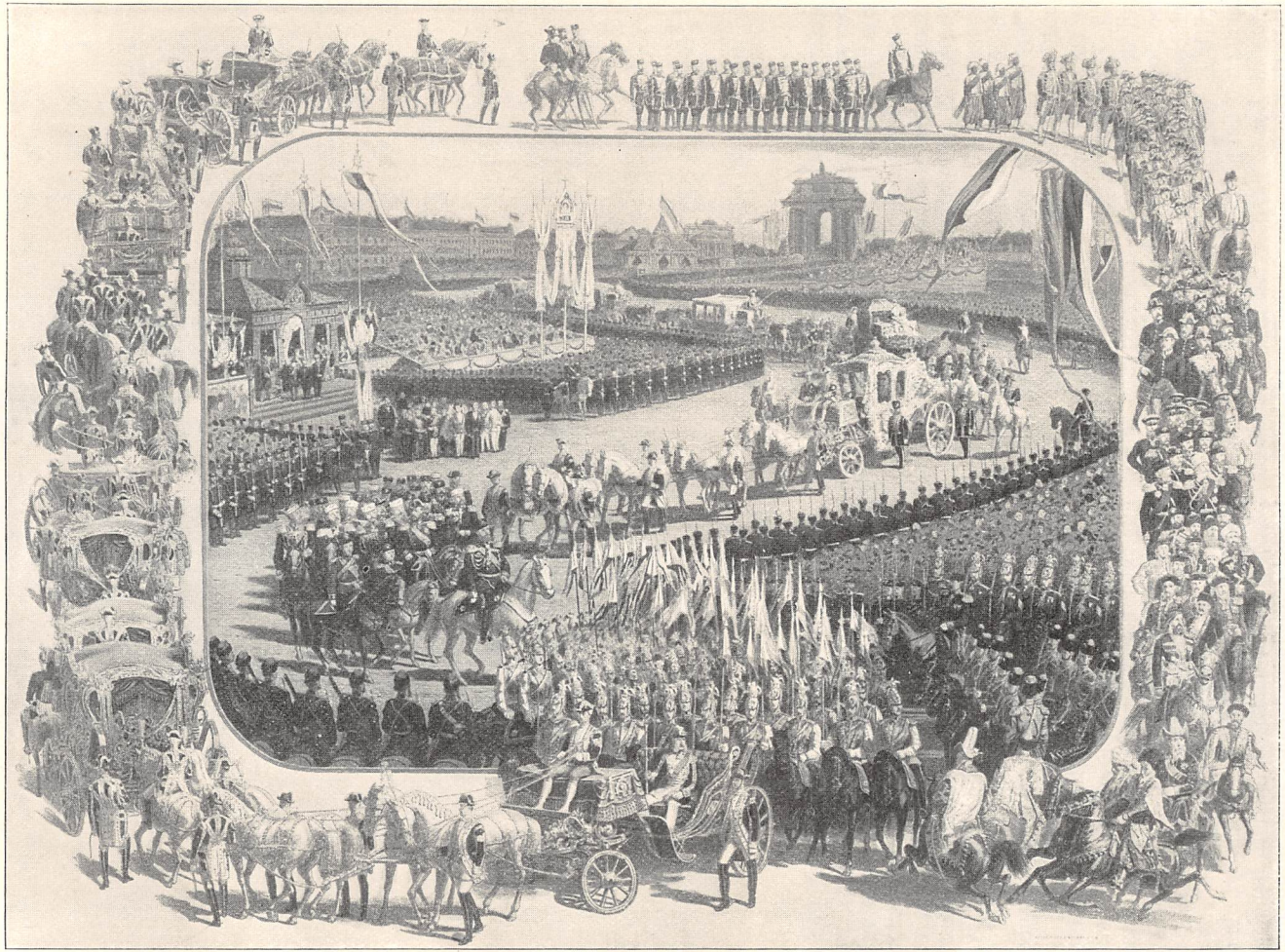
At nine o'clock this morning they began to place soldiers along the route, and the people began, as I thought, to assemble. It was amusing to see the inhabitants of the houses opposite already settled at their windows to make a day of it. But though those who came remained to the end, at no time was there any crowd on the narrow pavement behind the soldiers; and so respectable a set was it, so unmixed, that one could not help suspecting it was very much «arranged,» that every man's name was written on his forehead, to the eye of the police at least. At the side streets a cord had been stretched, where, being farther off, perhaps the people were not quite so picked; but I have never seen such swell muzhiks before. Behind the first cord were the women—*place aux dames!* Behind the second, still farther back, came the men.

The governor-general had invited all the diplomats to see the procession from his windows. We, however, having a house on the route, thought we would remain under our own flag on our big balcony. The landlord had decorated it very well with red cloth, and a big Russian flag—yellow, white, and black—was hung out on a long pole from the center, supported on each side by the ambassador's flags. From one of the small balconies hung a Union Jack, and from the other a Russian mercantile flag—white, blue, and red.

After lunch (our friends opposite must have thought us mad not to come out before) we filed into our balconies, the men all in uniform and the ladies in their smartest dresses. Perhaps it would have been better to look on as entire strangers. We were distracted by personal interest in the people who composed the «sight»; bowing to half the society of Petersburg, it seemed to me, courtesying to grand duchesses, to the Empress, the Emperor himself, and returning the salutations of scores of the officers whom we know, who lowered their swords in our honor. I was certainly disappointed in the bit of the procession that I looked forward to most—the «Députés des Peuplades Asiatiques soumises à la Russie,» which promised to be the most original, something that one could see in Russia only. The opening of the procession was characteristic: Kozlov, the head of the police, and twelve policemen. Then came the Emperor's private escort, very handsome in red and gold, two Cossack regiments, the Cossack deputies, and my friends the Asiatics. No wonder I did n't find them imposing; for just as they were passing the bands struck up the national hymn, the horses started, and the deputies became a confused mass clinging to their horses' manes. The owner of a very beautiful yellow silk dressing-gown—all their costumes looked like dressing-gowns—kept his head and his seat; but I saw the Khan of Khiva's huge black fur hat bobbing up and down in a most un-khan-ny way.

The program here announced representatives of the *haute noblesse.* I did n't see them. I did see sixty footmen, the Emperor's Arabs, and twenty-five chasseurs on foot, all looking very much out of place. Then began a long line of state carriages, containing various state dignitaries. These carriages had each six white horses, and were very well appointed. Indeed, the number of fine horses, fine carriages, and fine things alto-

[1] These tablets were removed before the coronation.



TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO MOSCOW.



PHOTOGRAPH BY UHLENHUTH, COBURG. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

NICHOLAS II., CZAR OF RUSSIA.

gether, and the sumptuousness of all the arrangements, were very remarkable, as were the quantities of troops collected in Moscow —an army in themselves. Then came a blaze of color: the first detachment of the Chevaliers Gardes, in their white uniform, with shining breastplates and helmets, above which soared the imperial eagle, followed by the Garde à Cheval on their splendid black horses, their uniform in every point the same except that of color. To see these troops sweep up toward the Kremlin, the light catching their shining silver and gold, and their red and yellow pennons fluttering in the wind, was a magnificent sight. Two military men who were with us were much impressed; and though in matter of detail these men are nowhere near ours at home, yet they thought it remarkable that such numbers should be turned out so well, and that the horses, for instance, far surpassed ours.

All this time the bells over the whole of Moscow were ringing (they almost drowned the noise of the cannon that announced the entry), and those of the little church opposite us—whose priests, in gold vestments, were already gathered on the street and swinging incense before a little gold altar—were clanging so loud that we could scarcely hear ourselves speak. Now they seemed to ring louder than ever; the bands played the Russian hymn with great fervor, and the murmur of the people and of the soldiers swelled into a cheer as the Czar himself came up to us.

He had crossed himself reverently before the holy images that the priests held toward him, and now he acknowledged graciously the salutations that greeted him. But I confess that he did not look to advantage, for his horse was very small for a man of his colossal size. Our Duke (of Edinburgh) had a place of honor close to his left hand, and immediately behind came the Czarevitch on a little gray pony; and then a great body of grand dukes, ministers, generals, aides-de-camp, foreign princes, etc., all in uniform and all on horseback. I caught sight of Lord Wolseley looking very jaunty on a little chest-



PHOTOGRAPH BY PASETTI, ST. PETERSBURG. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

ALEXANDRA FEODOROVNA, THE PRESENT CZARINA.

nut horse that would not walk. He has told me since that the saddle was scarcely fastened, and his jiggy animal so shook him that the center of one of his Egyptian orders dropped out and was lost. It was a pity that his Majesty was so closely followed, and by so many people, as, instead of being the prominent figure of the procession, he seemed only to form a part of it. Indeed, there were evidences of flurry in the whole arrangements, and the ceremony of receiving bread and salt from the nobles opposite the governor-general's house was dispensed with altogether.

The cheering was very loud for the Empress, who now appeared in a carriage that was literally one mass of gold, and was drawn by eight splendid white horses. She was attended by the Master of the Horse, by pages, footmen, and grooms, and the little Grand Duchess Xenia sat beside her in the carriage, mother and daughter making a very pretty picture indeed. Her Majesty was bowing and smiling very sweetly, but the face that looked up at us was pale, and I confess I pitied her. The grand duchesses followed, all in white, with diamonds and pearls in profusion; one caught the glitter through the glass of their beautiful red coaches. More troops, the Emperor's and Empress's cuirassiers, a third line of state carriages with the ladies and maids of honor, and still more troops,—hussars and lancers,—perhaps the prettiest part of the whole thing. These were supposed to close this magnificent entry; but after this we had the benefit of remaining squadrons of the different regiments, and, last of all, their bands in line. This was effective, since in the few yards past our house each band struck up its favorite air, and we had a fine potpourri of Russian music. Then an official or two rushed past, looking very important, as if the procession were still to follow; but we were not to be taken in, nor the people below. In two seconds they had swarmed over the strip of sand sacred to the triumphal entry. Where a little before had been the « ordered files » of

brilliant troops, the gleaming helmets and glittering lances, the white and red and silver and gold of uniforms, the less bright, but strikingly original Cossack dresses, the Asiatics in their splendid Eastern stuffs, each a new rainbow in itself, was now the somber, workaday crowd in long dark coats and dingy caps, the women scarcely distinguishable from the men, except that a white silk handkerchief round a head here and there, in honor of the great festival, brightened the crooked-looking dark mass below. It was a curious contrast—the birds with the fine feathers and the birds without them. Dress certainly makes the man, in a procession at least.

A very interesting day, and if one was at all disappointed in the splendid sight, it could have been only because a certain dread, inseparable from such events in Russia at this juncture, made one forgetful of half its gorgeousness.

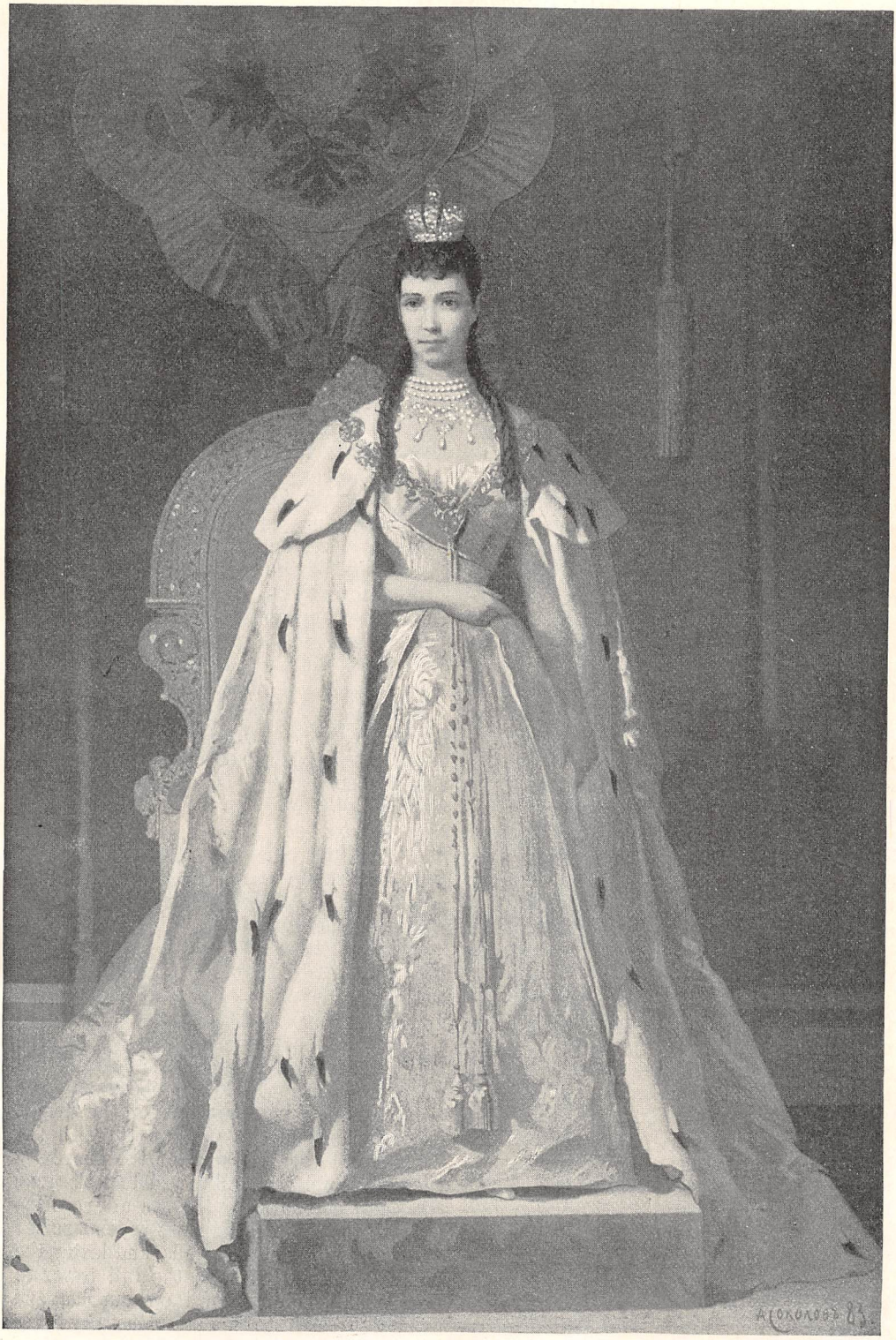
Saturday, May 26 (14).

THIS morning I got up at 7:30. For two days there had been solemn proclamation of the coronation to the people with much ceremony, and I had seen nothing of it. Mr. B—— dined here last night, and fired me with enthusiasm. As he said, and as I think, the things to see are those that particularly belong to the coronation. As for balls, gala theaters, etc., one can see them at any time. So at 8:30 I found my fellow sight-seers sipping their tea. It was already raining; but my opinion being taken, we decided to go, nevertheless, taking the chasseur with us, that his feathers might get us a good place. They had all the desired effect; for, arrived at the Kremlin, our carriage was allowed to stand close to the «Czar Pushka,» inside the square formed by the troops and the crowd between the arsenal and the barracks. We were opposite a squadron of the Chevaliers Gardes and their band. Six white horses, with splendid coverings of gold, on which the imperial eagles were embroidered, stood close to our left, held by grooms, and beyond them were the horses for the heralds and masters of ceremonies, who presently began to mount.

The heralds were two good people I know very well by sight: one very tall and lanky, the other short and stout (so far as I can judge, a facsimile of King Henry the Eighth). And, alas! there was something ridiculous in these gentlemen being helped on to their horses (evidently very stiff from the unusual exercise), the rain making dirty splashes on their beautiful white trousers; in the lanky herald peering over spectacles that looked strangely out of keeping with his ancient herald's dress of yellow embroidered silk; and finally in «listening» to the reading of the great proclamation—which means to say that we suppose that it was read, for the people took off their hats, the troops saluted, the bands of the Chevaliers Gardes and the Garde à Cheval played the national anthem; but we heard nothing at all. All this was so comical that I was not impressed as I had expected to be. The rain began to come down faster than ever as the «military» went past us on the noisy stones (it was great fun to say, «How do you do?» to the heralds from under an umbrella), so we gave up our idea of following the cortège to the first of its halting-places, and came home to breakfast instead, like reasonable people. The proclamation is read all over the town, and leaflets of it in Slavonic characters are distributed among the people, which would be more interesting if they could read them!

We all mean to go to bed very early for our start to-morrow morning. At a quarter to six we must get up and dress, and put on our trains and veils and feathers (the men say it 's very uncomfortable to breakfast in uniform); and Mrs. T—— must even leave her downy bed at five o'clock to prepare for the hairdresser! I don't expect to sleep much. The coronation, the Emperor, and the state of the country in general, have already cost me restless nights in Petersburg. And here I am in Moscow, in the very heart of Russia, stirred just now to its depths!

We saw a beautiful stretch of this picturesque town yesterday from the terrace of the Kremlin, the river below running between its white quays, and beyond lines and lines of green-roofed houses, broken continually by the darker clumps of trees in some charming Moscow garden, or by the shining cupolas and spires of the famous Moscow churches. And yet, with its charm of an existence of centuries, Moscow seems to me to possess very little of the quiet of age. In the churches, for instance, some of the art is so barbaric as to carry one straight back to dark days. It is impossible to escape from historical associations of ignorance and cruelty, as one might in some Western town; and I begin to think that it is because the Russians themselves are not entirely removed from the superstition and despotism of that time. The contrast is less, the association easier to call up, till every bit of the Moscow of to-day is striking by what it suggests. Even from the beautiful Kremlin terrace one sees the rush of wild Tatars up the slopes; the quiet summer day



THE CZARINA MARIA FEODOROVNA, NOW THE DOWAGER CZARINA,
IN HER CORONATION ROBES.

is full of noise; and where one's foot now presses the soft green grass the ground is red with blood.

Sunday, June 3 (May 22).

I HAVE been too much occupied and too tired till now for writing. But I think that to have seen the Russian coronation was worth a great deal of fatigue, to judge by myself. I stood during the five hours of the service (with only some instants' exception now and then), so impressed and so interested that I did not realize till it was all over and we were at home again how tired I was. The longest relief from this position was when all knelt to pray for the Emperor, he alone standing in the midst of the kneeling priests and congregation; and perhaps this was the most solemn moment of all. The doors of the cathedral were open, and the crowds outside knelt too. The signal spread from street to street, across the river, and far into the outskirts of the town; so that the whole of Moscow, it may be said, was in prayer for the Czar. In the church the scene was very moving. The Emperor himself was visibly affected, and it is no shame to confess that one followed the general example. There are hopes and fears in Russia just now that invest this coronation with a gravity and a significance beyond those of any preceding one, I am sure. Alas for the hopes! If Alexander III. has been crowned with all ancient traditions of splendor, he seems to have been confirmed as much as the czars before him «autocrat of all the Russias.» The manifestos of Monday appear to have cast a chill on popular enthusiasm, whatever that was. They are certainly not liberal; and a too zealous mayor, having given the people hopes of a «good time coming,» is already under severe displeasure.

Apart from all this, however (if one can forget the reverse of the medal), the ceremony of the coronation was one of great splendor and magnificence. I have read all the accounts of it that I could get, and none exaggerate it, nor even do it justice.

We were asked to be at the German embassy, where the diplomatic corps were to assemble, at a quarter to eight, but started later with easy consciences—Russian royalty is always unpunctual. Mrs. T—— and I packed our gorgeousness into the brougham, and agreed that we felt nothing strange in being in such a costume at such an hour. I should have remembered my court dress no more, but that it and F——'s were so much admired, and that the talkative little French ambassador sang their praises till the service actually began, and till I could willingly have strangled him with the ends of my veil. One inquisitive lady asked where we got them, and when we said London, answered, «Really!» in a tone that implied so clearly, «Can a good dress be got in London?» that we all laughed.

Our baby procession of four carriages joined the diplomatic line just as it was forming. The special ambassadors' state coaches were very gorgeous, but I am happy to say that the every-day British ambassador's was the best turned out of all. The whole line was very pretty as I saw it going round the street corners and through the masses of people into the Kremlin gates.

At the palace we were received by several masters of ceremony, and General Schweinitz gave my mother his arm to take her to the cathedral, the rest of the diplomats following in a long procession. I confess that I felt excited. We walked through the Winter Garden and the long passages of the palace, through a hall and vestibule lined with Chevaliers Gardes, and out upon the famous Red Stair, leading down by the wall of the Granovitaya Palata to the group of the Kremlin churches. «Let us stop to look at this,» said General Schweinitz; «it is wonderful.»

Just as we got into the open air the sun was hidden by a cloud, so that we could distinctly see the beautiful sight before us. The broad stair on which we stood commanded the vast inclosure that is bounded by the tower of the big bell (Ivan Velikii) and the wonderful churches on each side of it. Big tribunes had been built close up to the church walls, and in their red-and-gold galleries all sorts of notabilities and their wives had already been waiting an hour or more.

What may be roughly called the square had been separated into four divisions by a royal pathway in the shape of a cross, and in these divisions were massed the crowd, who pressed up close to the barriers, and tried to peer between the rows of soldiers who lined the balustrades on the «king's highway.» The scene was striking—the line of the bright crimson flooring, throwing up through the dark crowd the brilliance of the guards in their white uniforms, all new and spotless for the «holy coronation»; the sea of faces before us; the crowded tribunes beyond, raised against the gray church walls; and lastly, the churches themselves, and the tall tower of Ivan Velikii, holding up their cupolas and shining crosses to a deep blue sky over which broad white clouds were sweeping. But the people were, as usual, the most interesting thing. There was an expectancy about them that one could n't help sharing,



THEIR MAJESTIES AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION.

and I really felt for a little as if I were a Russian.

Once in the Cathedral of the Assumption, F—— and I congratulated ourselves that we should see most of the service, though we should miss the anointing before the holy doors and the approach of the Emperor to the altar to communicate. The screen, of enormous height in this church, rose directly to our left, and one of the four huge pillars in the body of the church shut out its doors from our sight. Otherwise the diplomatic tribune was so high as to command the very place of the coronation, which was to be on a platform raised between the four big pillars, from which we were separated by only a narrow passage. Round this passage masters of ceremony were hurrying, showing people to their seats (that is not a word for a Greek church, by the way, where everybody must stand). The thrones were immediately to our right, rather to the back of the platform, and under a baldachin, or canopy, of gorgeous stuff, adorned with tufts of yellow and white feathers. I must have had exaggerated ideas of thrones: these looked like two very swell chairs. They stood on a dais of red; the whole erection in the middle had been covered with red cloth; a gold balustrade ran round it, and gold balustrades marked the divisions for the members of the imperial house, for the foreign princes, the council of the empire, etc. In the tribune corresponding to ours, on the opposite side of the platform, were the *dames d'honneur à portrait*, dames d'honneur without it, and various «ladies of high degree,» among others Skobeleff's sister, Mme. de Beauharnais, one blaze of jewels, and Mme. Shérémétiev, *née* Strogonov, looking quite splendid in the Russian court costume, which I saw for the first time. Its chief distinctions seem to be the long flowing sleeves, and the *kakoshnick*, or head-dress. This is more or less an inverted crescent in shape, and distinctly suits or does not suit its wearer. The maids of honor have it in scarlet velvet to match the velvet of their embroidered trains, with long veils of tulle depending from it behind over their shoulders. With married ladies this tulle was replaced by lace, I think, and their kakoshnicks were a mass of jewels; old Princess K—— looked like a witch under her green velvet and pearls. Some of them, besides, wore from their kakoshnicks, close down to their eyebrows, a sort of net or lace, from which pearls or other stones hung on their foreheads; this is a matter of fancy merely, and not *de rigueur*, I was told. The tribune behind the thrones, at the back of the church, was full of men; and a line of black-coated newspaper correspondents was visible among the uniforms—a little nineteenth-century addition to the pageant.

We had not been waiting long when there was a certain stir, and the place reserved for royalties began to fill quickly. The Czarevitch and the little Grand Duchess Xenia were quite in front, of course, and the Duke of Edinburgh had a very prominent place. His Royal Highness, who looked remarkably well and animated, was wearing the collar of the Garter, fastened with the regulation white knots on each shoulder; and this seemed to interest my little French neighbor more than anything else in the coronation, except the Empress's difficulty in holding up her imperial mantle. The scene was already very beautiful, and I think that the comparative smallness of the chapel—for it is scarcely more—rather added to than detracted from it. Certainly there is a barbarity of taste in the cathedral, in some of its huge, uncouth figures in gilded plaster and evident tinsel, side by side with much real splendor (to say nothing of the representation of God the Father, which may constantly be seen in the Greek churches, and which shocks otherwise than by the eye alone); but the general effect is one of great originality and picturesqueness.

The Chevaliers Gardes already stood with drawn swords on the steps that led to the throne; the twelve bishops, a splendid group in their «clothing of wrought gold,» had moved to the doors to meet the Emperor; and rows of priests were swinging their smoking censers before the screen. And when, amid ringing of bells and chanting of priests and choir, preceded by the imperial insignia carried on cushions, the Emperor and the Empress entered the cathedral and placed themselves in front of the thrones, one wondered if anywhere else so much magnificence and so much interest could be centered in so small a space. The Emperor and Empress stood while the crowns, the seal and sword, and scepter and globe, were arranged on a table made ready for them. On his Majesty's left were his supporters, the Grand Dukes Vladimir and Alexis; on the Empress's right, her brother, the Prince of Denmark, and the Grand Duke Sergius. Colonel Shipoff, as colonel of the Chevaliers Gardes, stood just behind, between the thrones, immovable, sword and helmet in hand; and toward the front were grouped various high dignitaries who carried the ends of the imperial mantles, such as the minister of war, the



THE CORONATION OF THE CZARINA BY THE CZAR.

aide-de-camp general for the day, the general commanding the military household, etc. So many «militaries»! Certainly a thousand swords could have leaped from their scabbards at a word. The imperial standard (each czar has a new one) was displayed on the steps of the platform, with its motto, in Slavonic letters, «God with us.»

The service began with the Emperor's confession of faith, which was so like our own that I could follow it easily. The metropolitan came forward to hear him make it, and responded at the end, «May the grace of the Holy Ghost abide with thee.» I understood comparatively little of the rest; but they say that the prayers are wonderfully beautiful.[1] From the first moment to the last the Emperor was the central figure. If one looked away, it was only to see how every one was watching him. His voice certainly trembled when he began to read, but it gained confidence as he went on, and he looked (as he always does, to my mind, with or without a crown) every inch an emperor. Throughout the whole service he bore himself with great dignity, and in a manner worthy of such an occasion. After the creed and the reading of the epistle and the gospel, he ordered the imperial mantle to be brought, which was clasped round his neck with the collar of St. Andrew, lifted the magnificent crown from the cushion on which it was presented, and receiving the benediction from the metropolitan, «in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,» placed it on his head, and holding the scepter in his right hand and the globe in his left, seated himself upon his throne, looking a very noble presentment of a czar of all the Russias. The Empress seemed to have caught something of his air, for that day a certain stateliness was added to all her charm. She was very pale, but I thought that I had never seen her look more sympathetic. She now left her place, and went to kneel before her husband on a cushion which had been placed for her at his feet by Prince Waldemar. The Czar lifted his own crown from his head, and placed it an instant on hers before replacing it. Then, taking her crown from its bearer, he held it in place while the four dames d'honneur fastened it securely to her head. These were Countess Adlerberg, Princess Viasemski, Princess Kotchoubey, and one I did not know —the oldest in rank in Russia, I believe; and they also helped to fasten the imperial mantle of cloth-of-gold and ermine, of great weight. As the Czarina returned to her place, she turned a face full of emotion to her husband and held out her hand, and he taking it and stooping down, they kissed each other. His Majesty now received the scepter and globe again, and Emperor and Empress stood crowned before their thrones and wearing the imperial mantles, while the priests proclaimed the titles of the autocrat of all the Russias at full length;[2] and the beautiful chants that followed were drowned in a clanging of bells and a noise that seemed loud enough to announce the coronation to the whole of Russia. During the singing the imperial family left their places to come and congratulate the Emperor and Empress, the little Czarevitch first. There was much embracing and plenty of tears.

It was after this that, as the noise of the bells and cannon died away, the Emperor took the book from the metropolitan and knelt to pray, reading the prescribed words, he alone kneeling, while priests and congregation stood. This was the prayer:

O Lord God of our fathers, and supreme Ruler of sovereigns, who hast created everything by Thy word, and in Thy wisdom hast set up man that he may govern the world in holiness and righteousness; Thou hast chosen me as Czar and judge of Thy people. I confess Thy inscrutable providence with regard to me; and, in giving thanks, bow down before Thy majesty. And Thou, my Lord and God, instruct me in the work for which Thou hast sent me; enlighten my path and direct me in this great ministry; let the wisdom of Thy throne abide with me, send it down from Thy holy heavens, that I may know what is pleasing in Thy eyes, and what is in accordance with Thy commandments. Let my heart be in Thy hand, that I may order everything to the advantage of the people intrusted to me and to Thy glory, so that even in the day of judgment I may without condemnation render my account to Thee: by the mercy and bounty of Thy only-begotten Son, with whom, and with Thy holy and good and life-giving Spirit, Thou art blessed unto the ages. Amen.

As the Emperor rose from his knees we all knelt down, and then followed the prayer of priests and congregation for him, led by the metropolitan, the Emperor alone standing in the crowded church. As I have said before, this was the most impressive moment of all.

The choirs now sang again—that beautiful, unaccompanied singing of the Greek Church,

[1] I was given, in Russia, an account of a previous coronation, which I have had translated. It is to be supposed that the form does not vary; so I have put in one of the prayers from this account further on.

[2] «Sweet to a Russian heart,» my chronicler says, «this picture of an immense state occupying the ninth part of the world!»



IMPERIAL BANQUET IN THE HALL OF THE PALAIS À FACETTES.

though here it had an accompaniment of all the Kremlin bells. After a magnificent Te Deum the mass began, in which, before communicating, the Czar was to be anointed with the holy chrism (the «seal of the gift of the Holy Ghost») on forehead, eyelids, nostrils, lips, ears, breast, and hands. The oil for this anointing is prepared by the priests with the greatest care, in vessels of silver; and they themselves fast absolutely for sixteen hours before a coronation, spending the time in prayer. After the Emperor, the Empress is anointed at the holy doors, but only on the forehead. Also in the holy communion she receives as an ordinary member of the Greek Church; but the Emperor, on the day of his coronation, «in view of the sovereignty that resides in his person,» receives as the priests receive, in both kinds separately.

Of all this I saw nothing because of the intervening pillar. But I did see their Majesties leave their thrones, and go down the steps of the platform to the holy doors of the screen, closely attended by the colonel of the Chevaliers Gardes with his drawn sword, and preceded and followed by endless high dignitaries, returning in the same order after the anointing and the holy communion. After this there was very little more of the ceremonial in the cathedral. At the end of the usual service there were some special prayers and chants for the newly crowned pair,—«Long life to the crowned of God!»—and in the silence that followed the priests held up the cross for their Majesties to kiss, the Emperor replaced the crown, which he had laid aside at the beginning of the mass, and carrying the globe and scepter, moved with the Empress toward the cathedral doors.

My little French neighbor breathed a long sigh of relief (we had been standing just five hours), and began, so to speak, to pick up his wife and daughter and be off. «Wait a minute,» I said; «let 's hear how they greet him outside.» And at that instant the people must have caught sight of the Emperor, for we heard a tremendous acclamation again and again repeated. Mr. M—— looked dubious when I told him of the enthusiasm. «They were probably told to do it,» he said; and I 'm afraid they were. For from where E—— sat in the tribune he could see the crowd in the inclosures perfectly well; how each man who came in showed his ticket, and was probably known without that to the police guarding the entrances; and how the cheering was led each time by the same people posted in different parts of the crowd. Be that as it may, cheering continued all along the Czar's route as he went to each cathedral of the Kremlin to «salute» the tombs of his forefathers and to kiss the holy relics. He and the Czarina walked under a baldachin that was a replica of the one in the cathedral, only bigger. This most splendid umbrella since the world began was carried by Chevaliers Gardes (all the honorable duties of the coronation day fall to this regiment, and I really don't know how anybody could be crowned without them); but I did n't like it, for it looked very heavy, and almost hid the royal pair, though I did catch the shine of the diamond crowns and gold mantles. All this time we were waiting on the route the Emperor had already gone, and in a real crowd and a real noise,—cheering and clash of trumpets at the national hymn,—our veils pulled one way and our trains another, our heads in a very hot sun, and our feet in thin shoes on the wet red cloth, which had got soaked in the showers of rain. One tremendous crush, and we could breathe again. The Emperor had passed up the Red Stair, had turned to salute his people, receiving a tremendous acclamation in answer, and had passed into the palace.

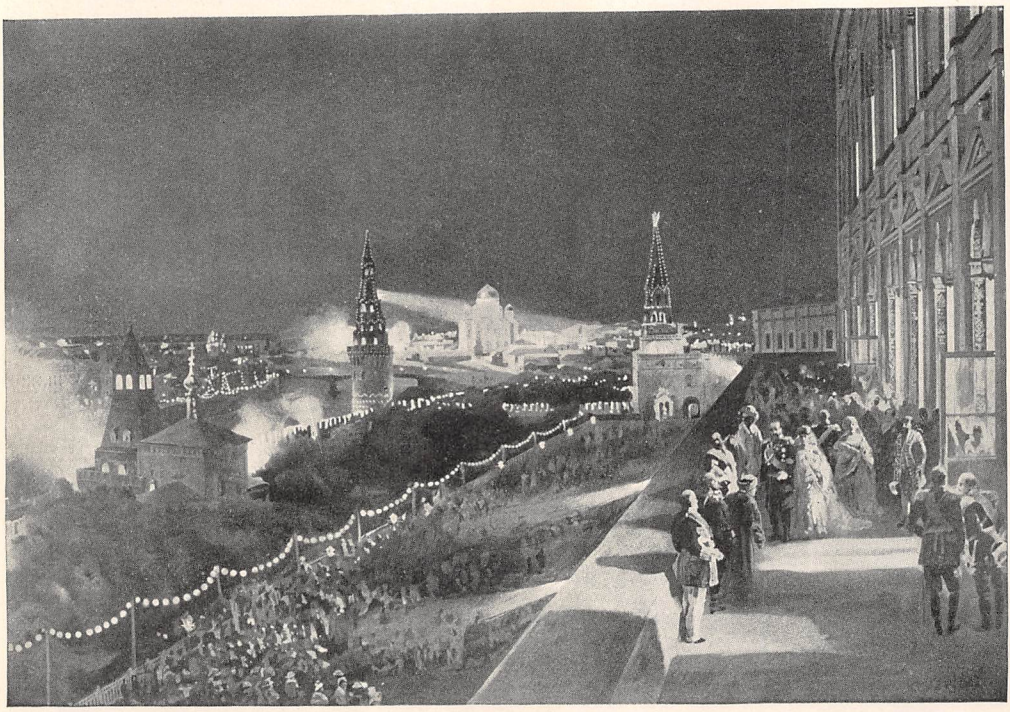
I had thought we were now to follow his Majesty up the stair and see the imperial «banquet.» Not a bit of it. We were led at once to the «diplomatic lunch» spread in the Salle d'Or, or Hall of the Czarina. I was extremely disappointed. It seemed to me a break in the ceremonial which robbed it of half its effect, and so I found that it did when, our long meal over, we were taken to the Granovitaya Palata and ranged in order before the throne, but at some distance from it, to see the Emperor and Empress served. One could not help feeling, after so long a pause between the church services and the banquet, that their crowns had been off in the interval, and that they had certainly had a «snack» of something or other, and perhaps a cigarette. For me the pomp and dignity and splendor worthy of the coronation were over when the Czar turned from the Red Stair into the palace door.

The Granovitaya Palata is a room of endless associations in Russian history. In appearance it is very characteristic—a room that one does not forget. It was already very full when we were summoned there. The dais on which their Majesties were to be served was placed in one corner of the room, under a high canopy; and facing it at an angle, but hidden by the huge column that holds up the ceiling, were the orchestra and choir who were to make music during the feast. Tables



CONSECRATION OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. SAVIOUR.

were spread in different parts of the room for ladies in waiting, etc. On the dais a small table had been set before the two thrones, and at the corners of the dais stood four Chevaliers Gardes, sword in hand. Of course we waited a long time (that «snack»!), and my Frenchman became so impatient and noisy that Stürmer, a master of ceremony, had to announce the Emperor several times to keep him quiet. At last, just as a gray pigeon had flown in at the window, circled above our heads, and flown out again («Very lucky,» said the Russians), here his Majesty was. We were to go when he asked for wine, after an old custom; for John the Terrible, it seems, was so violent in his cups that the foreigners were allowed to retire when he began to drink, leaving him to his faithful subjects. Mr. Stürmer seemed very anxious for our safety, for Alexander III. had not got through his soup even when he bundled us off. I longed to rush up to the throne and ask if I might n't stay. As we left we met another dish, being escorted by six Chevaliers Gardes to the Grand Maréchal de la Cour, who served the Emperor. I am surprised that it got past the soldiers outside. An officer whom we saw there has told us since that they left their barracks at half-past three in the morning, and were on duty without food till three in the afternoon; and Mr. L—— says that it was torture to smell the good things as they were carried under his nose. I wonder he could resist transfixing a cutlet with his sword. When at last he got home to food, he was too tired to touch it, and could only throw himself upon his bed and sleep and sleep. We found ourselves very tired, too, that night, when the curtain was down on all these splendors. But even «la sévère mees,» as the Frenchman called me, might yawn then. The play was over. I looked out of my windows as I got into bed, and tried to imagine a glimmer in the sky over the Kremlin, the theater of the morning. Nothing of the sort! Instead, the dark and rain were shutting out the last lights. Good night, Emperor and Empress!



ILLUMINATION OF THE KREMLIN.

On Monday evening, the 28th (16th), was the third great sight of the coronation after the entry and the service itself—the state ball in the Kremlin palace and the illumination of Moscow. I put them together, for on the three nights of illuminations it was the only time that I saw the lighting of the Kremlin, and it remains to me a part of the state ball. It was lovely, and curious, too, to look out from the windows of the Granovitaya Palata at the wonderful tower Ivan Velikii

outlined in light against the deep blue night sky, and to step upon the palace terrace from one of the enormous halls was like stepping into fairyland. I was with Mr. S—— and Colonel B——. The former has seen all the beautiful illuminations of Rome, and the latter the best of Paris and the whole of Italy; yet they agreed that this surpassed them all. It certainly was quite, quite beautiful. With the best possible judgment, every architectural line had been followed in the lighting, and the Kremlin stood revealed in the darkness, «mystic, wonderful.» One's eye followed the lights along the top of the wall to each curious tower; along the wall again to the grouped churches with every outline marked; and «up, the pinnacled glory reached,» to the shining crosses that crowned the whole, and looked as if they were made of the stars themselves. It was an unforgettable sight.

The «polonaise ball» in its way was very fine and stately. There was no dancing except the polonaise, and that is not a dance! And it was gone through by Emperor and Empress, senior grand dukes and grand duchesses, foreign princes, one or two court officials, ambassadors and ambassadresses alone. The diplomats were all collected in the Granovitaya Palata, where each turn of the polonaise began and ended, so that we saw very well. And once General Greig asked me to join the procession with him, my shining train spread out at full length behind with great effect. I was delighted, for one could go only with some Russian notability; and in this way I saw everything, as we followed the imperials, to the music of the polonaise from «Life for the Czar,» across the curious carpet of the Granovitaya Palata, and over what seemed miles of polished floor in the splendid rooms beyond. The last of these rooms was given up to ladies, whose Russian court dress was very effective in such brilliant light. Just as we got into this room the Empress turned to lead the way back; and the procession was striking as it came through these glittering ranks—the almost uniform white of the ladies' dresses throwing up the men's uniforms and the wonderful cloth-of-silver and diamonds of Empress and grand duchesses. General Greig and I squeezed into the doorway to let all this splendor pass, and then followed it back to the Granovitaya Palata. And here he made a very deep bow, and I made him a very deep courtesy and retired into humble life again.

The procession having passed, we went to look at the illuminations again, and to see the beautiful rooms more closely, and the splendid pieces of plate that had been sent to the Czar with the offering of bread and salt by the various governments of Russia. Perhaps the finest was one from the government of Moscow, a very handsome gold plate with enameled arms in medallions. The salt-cellar with this plate was a tiny copy of the famous crown of Monomachus, every detail exact, and even the bordering of fur imitated in all its softness in silver. In the throne-room the insignia were spread out on their velvet cushions, looking more gorgeous than ever under the thousands of lights. But I preferred seeing them on the Emperor and Empress. Altogether, we all enjoyed our evening, and —— retailed her conversation with the royalties with her usual knack. They all appear to have been very much interested in the pigeon's flying in on the coronation day, and evidently thought it too good to be true. The pigeon will be a more sacred bird than ever in Russia.

I pass over the ball at the governor-general's on Tuesday, the ball given by the nobility of Moscow on Thursday, and the ball at the German embassy on Friday. For this last the Emperor of Germany sent the silver all the way from Berlin.

The gala performance at the theater on Wednesday evening, May 30 (18), was considered a great success. For my part, I did n't think it remarkable, except for the ladies' jewels and the men's decorations. The pit was given up to men entirely, and not one man in it was undecorated, from Dolgoroukov, the governor-general, with rows and rows of orders upon his breast, to some very young subalterns in the back seats, with five decorations each. As for the imperial box, it was absolutely lighted by the diamonds in it. From crown of head to waist, the Empress and the other ladies were a mass of jewels. Over collars and necklaces of diamonds, strings of big pearls hung one after the other upon the bodies of their dresses. A wonderful display certainly, but the jewels of this court are extraordinary in beauty and profusion. At the coronation the Emperor gave each grand duchess a splendid present in precious stones, and they threw them into a drawer, somebody said, as if they had been nothing at all. The only person here who can rival the imperials is Mrs. ——, the wife of the «bonanza king,» who has appeared at the fêtes in new necklaces and tiaras each time. And she evidently could have cut them out. Somebody having expressed admiration of her jewels to her husband, «Oh,» he said, «I guess she 's only brought a few little things along.» We have kept our illuminated theater pro-

grams as mementos of the coronation—very pretty, with Russian pictures, and greetings in Slavonic characters. I saw Count Hans Wildezek with his roll under his arm to take back to Vienna.

Yesterday, Saturday, June 2 (May 21), was the great popular fête on the Hodinskoye Polye, an open space beyond the exhibition buildings (out in the country really), where big reviews take place, and which will be used for the review of all the troops in Moscow next Saturday. Yesterday it was covered by a still greater army of muzhiks, tightly packed together. Not an inch of the wide plain seemed to be unoccupied. As far as the eye could reach, to the very horizon, there was nothing but heads, heads, heads. I could n't have pictured so many people in the world as I saw before me. I thought it gave one an idea of the day of judgment. I suppose not. But as every face of that endless crowd turned to greet the Emperor as he came into his pavilion, it was a most impressive sight. One could n't help thinking what power there was in such a mass with anything to rouse it. But the people seemed wonderfully well disposed and quiet, as if they said to themselves, «Our little father, the Czar, is feasting us; we must be good children.» We neither saw nor heard of any disturbance; but one of the servants reports that five people were killed by the pressure of the crowd.

The numbers on the Hodinskoye Polye were reckoned at more than 500,000. Mr. T—— came up to me with an important face. «The five hundred thousandth basket has just been given out,» he said. For each person received a little basket with a loaf of bread, a meat pie, a sweet pie, a bag of sweeties, and a brown mug with the arms of the imperial donor upon it. I envied them the mug, I must say, but there were none left over. Some of the muzhiks with mercenary souls would sell theirs, but ask four, five, and ten rubles; and some are noble and say, «I cannot sell it; it is the gift of the Czar.» Besides these baskets there were huge vats of drinkables on the ground, enormous things that giants could have quaffed from, and into which anybody might dip his mug; there were greased poles with prizes at the top—so fine as silver watches; there were big open theaters; and there was, besides these and many other things, a procession showing the return of spring and its gifts, when we saw the monster who had held the earth in thrall through the long winter led to execution, and the big knife that laid him low. All this the people seemed to enjoy, but in their own quiet way. The cheering was faint, very faint; and the rows of «old believers,» ticketed and numbered, who had the honor of standing next to the pavilion, scarcely opened their lips. Mama said since to one of the young American naval officers who are here: «How lacking in heartiness the Russian cheering is, is n't it? Just think of it compared with English or American!» «Why, madam,» he answered, «it 's a *moan*.» And so it is. The popular fête would have been long if it had not been so interesting to watch the people. Five hundred thousand! I should have said millions.

To-day we have been talking it all over, and wondering if we have anything so interesting to see as the things we have seen. Some dashing Cossack manœuvers this afternoon (Sunday), that I was sorry to miss.

Sunday, June 10 (May 29).

MONDAY came the second court ball, that morning the fête of the Preobrajenski regiment; Tuesday, the diplomatic state dinner at the palace; Thursday, the consecration of St. Saviour's Church, built in commemoration of the deliverance of 1812—a magnificent service. The French embassies, actual and special, refused to go, which was a matter for them to decide. But we hear that the French consul's wife, not content with a silent disapproval, went to the church all in black, and was refused admittance, as was her husband. To Russians, who lay aside even deep mourning to come to their friends on a «name-day» in light colors, this was indeed an insult. Stupid woman! I believe more every day that the English are the only people who know how to be beaten. Friday, nothing; we went sight-seeing on our own account to the Kremlin, where our guide, Prince S——, told us that he had been in charge of 4000 servants. Saturday, review of 50,000 troops in a cloud of dust; and end of the coronation festivities.

PAPA and I have been to church; that is, to the German church, in which our service is held when its own is over at twelve o'clock. There were not many people,—fifty or sixty, perhaps,—and all as far apart as possible. An English church is in process of building in Moscow, and from the plans that we 've seen, it will be big and rather handsome.

The coronation may be said to be quite, quite over.

The Emperor spent Friday night at the Petrovski Palace, to which he came on his arrival in Moscow; and here, after the re-

view yesterday, he took leave of the foreign princes, and, I believe, of the special ambassadors, before starting in the evening for Petersburg and Peterhof. The interview was very cordial, no doubt; for they have all received something or other from his Majesty —a ribbon, a star, or a diamond snuff-box. I am so glad that English diplomatists are out of all this, and that broad red and blue ribbons don't fall over their shoulders just because they happen to be standing in the way.

Monday, June 11 (May 30).

ASKED to a monster picnic to-morrow at Prince Youssoupoff's place, twenty-two versts from here. I wonder that there are enough people left for it: for the last few days Moscow has been emptying itself fast into foreign watering-places, or the «terres» that everybody possesses in Russia; and with the Emperor and Empress's departure on Saturday night the coronation was over even for the jaded officials. Poor creatures! even its recollections seem to weigh upon them; but they always add apologetically, «C'était très beau.» Now for the country to recover; somebody said that would take twenty years. The coronation is generally reported to have cost it 40,000,000 rubles—exactly £4,000,000.

ST. PETERSBURG, June 16 (4).

I HAD no idea that I should be so sorry to leave Moscow. The streets looked very dreary on Wednesday without their flags and banners. The coronation seems to have waked the place up to the life and movement of long ago, and now to have left it to sink again into oblivion.

Mary Grace Thornton.

THE LOST CHILDREN OF THE CITY.

(A SCENE AT THE STATION-HOUSE.)

«LEAVE hope behind, all ye who enter here:»
As the sad Florentine, upon the gate
Of endless night, beheld those words of fate,
So darken they our thought as we draw near
These haunts unused to prayer or softening tear.
But lo! like flowers that on fire's pathway wait
To comfort lands laid waste and desolate,
How the lost children light these shadows drear!

As tinkling springs that on a sudden greet
The traveler in a wild, rock-set and sear,
So rise the tones of childish laughter sweet—
Of little ones beguiled of grief and fear.
Then seems some tender echo to repeat,
«There yet is hope, all ye who enter here!»

Edith M. Thomas.

SIR GEORGE TRESSADY

By Mrs Humphry Ward

Author of "Robert Elsmere" "The History of David Grieve" "Marcella" etc

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

XIII.

ON a hot morning at the end of June, some four weeks after the Castle Luton visit, George Tressady walked from Brook street to Warwick Square, that he might obtain his mother's signature to a document connected with the Shapetsky negotiations, and go on from there to the House of Commons.

She was not in the drawing-room, and George amused himself during his minutes of waiting by inspecting the various new photographs of the Fullerton family that were generally to be found on her table. What a characteristic table it was, littered with notes and bills, with patterns from every London draper, with fashion-books and ladies' journals innumerable! And what a characteristic room, with its tortured decorations and crowded furniture, and the flattered portraits of Lady Tressady, in every caprice of costume, which covered the walls! George looked round it all with a habitual distaste, yet not without the secret admission that his own drawing-room was very like it.

His mother might, he feared, have a scene in preparation for him. For Letty, under cover of some lame excuse or other, had persisted in putting off the visit which Lady Tressady had intended to pay them at Ferth during the Whitsuntide recess, and since their return to town there had been no meeting whatever between the two ladies. George, indeed, had seen his mother two or three times; but even he had just let ten days pass without visiting her. He supposed he should find her in a mood of angry complaint; nor could he deny that there would be some grounds for it.

«Good morning, George,» said a sharp voice which startled him as he was replacing a photograph of the latest Fullerton baby. «I thought you had forgotten your way here by now.»

«Why, mother, I am very sorry,» he said, as he kissed her; «but I have really been terribly busy, what with two committees and this important debate.»

«Oh, don't make excuses, pray. And of course—for Letty—you won't even attempt it. I would n't if I were you.»

Lady Tressady settled herself in a chair with her back to the light, and straightened the ribbons on her dress with hasty fingers. Something in her voice struck George; he looked at her closely.

«Is there anything wrong, mother? You don't look very well.»

Lady Tressady got up hurriedly and began to move about the room, picking up a letter here, straightening a picture there. George felt a sudden prick of alarm. Were there some new revelations in store for him? But before he could speak she interrupted him.

«I should be very well if it were n't for this heat,» she said pettishly. «Do put that photograph down, George—you do fidget so! Have n't you got any news for me—anything to amuse me? Oh, those horrid papers! I see. Well, they 'll wait a little. By the way, the ‹Morning Post› says that young scamp, Lord Ancoats, has gone abroad. I suppose that girl was bought off.»

She sat down again in a shady corner, fanning herself vigorously.

«I am afraid I can't tell you any secrets,» said George, smiling; «for I don't know any.

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But it looks as though Mrs. Allison and Maxwell between them had somehow found a way out.»

«How 's the mother?»

«You see, she has gone abroad, too—to Bad Wildheim. In fact, Lord Ancoats has taken her.»

«That 's the place for heart, is n't it?» said his mother, abruptly. «There 's a man there that cures everybody.»

«I believe so,» said George. «May we come to business, mother? I have brought these papers for you to sign, and I must get to the House in good time.»

Lady Tressady seemed to take no notice. She got up again restlessly, and walked to the window.

«How do you like my dress, George? Now don't imagine anything absurd! Justine made it, and it was quite cheap.»

George could not help smiling—all the more that he was conscious of relief. She would not be asking him to admire her dress if there were fresh debts to confess to him.

«It makes you look wonderfully young,» he said, turning a critical eye, first upon the elegant gown of some soft, pinky stuff in which his mother had arrayed herself, then upon the subtly rouged and powdered face above it. «You are a marvelous person, mother. All the same, I think the heat must have been getting hold of you, for your eyes are tired. Don't racket too much.»

He spoke with his usual careless kindness, laying a hand upon her arm.

Lady Tressady drew herself away, and turning her back upon him, looked out of the window.

«Have you seen any more of the Maxwells?» she said over her shoulders.

George gave a slight involuntary start. Then it occurred to him that his mother was making conversation in an odd way.

«Once or twice,» he said reluctantly, in reply. «They were at the Ardaghs' the other night, of course.»

«Oh, you were there?» Lady Tressady's voice was sharp again. «Well, of course. Letty went as your wife, and you 're a member of Parliament. Lady Ardagh knows *me* quite well—but I don't count now; she used to be glad enough to ask me.»

«It was a great crush and very hot,» said George, not knowing what to say.

Lady Tressady frowned as she looked out of the window.

«Well! And Lady Maxwell—is she as absurd as ever?»

«That depends upon one's point of view,» said George, smiling. «She seemed as convinced as ever.»

«Who sent Mrs. Allison to that place? Barham, I suppose. He always sends his patients there. They say he 's in league with the hotel-keepers.»

George stared. What was the matter with her? What made her throw out these jerky sentences with this short, hurried breath.

Suddenly Lady Tressady turned.

«George!»

«Yes, mother.» He stepped nearer to her. She caught his sleeve.

«George,»—there was something like a sob in her voice,—«you were quite right. I am ill. There, don't talk about it. The doctors are all fools. And if you tell Letty anything about it, I 'll never forgive you.»

George put his arm round her, but was not, in truth, much disturbed. Lady Tressady's repertory, alas! had many rôles. He had known her play that of the invalid at least as effectively as any other.

«You are just overdone with London and the heat,» he said. «I saw it at once. You ought to go away.»

She looked up in his face.

«You don't believe it?» she said.

Then she seemed to stagger. He saw a terrible drawn look in her face, and, putting out all his strength, he held her and helped her to a sofa.

«Mother!» he exclaimed, kneeling beside her, «what is the matter?»

Voice and tone were those of another man, and Lady Tressady quailed under the change. She pointed to a small bag on a table near her. He opened it, and she took out a box from which she swallowed something. Gradually breath and color returned, and she began to move restlessly.

«That was nothing,» she said, as though to herself—«nothing—and it yielded at once. Well, George, I knew you thought me a humbug.»

Her eyes glanced at him with a kind of miserable triumph. He looked down upon her, still kneeling, horror-struck against his will. After a life of acting, was this the truth—this terror which spoke in every movement, and in some strange way had seized upon and infected himself?

He urgently asked her to be frank with him; and with a sob she poured herself out. It was the tragic, familiar story that every household knows. Grave symptoms, suddenly observed, the hurried visit to a specialist, his verdict and his warnings.

«Of course he said at first I ought to give

up everything and go abroad—to this very same place—Bad—what-do-you-call-it? But I told him straight out I could n't and would n't do anything of the sort. I am just eaten up with engagements. And as to staying at home and lying up, that 's nonsense—I should die of that in a fortnight. So I told him to give me something to take, and that was all I could do. And in the end he quite came round,—they always do if you take your own line,—and said I had much better do what suited me, and take care. Besides, what do any of them know? They all confess they 're just fumbling about. Now surgery, of course—that 's different. Battye» (Battye was Lady Tressady's ordinary medical adviser) «does n't believe all the other man said. I knew he would n't. And as for making an invalid of me, he sees, of course, that it would kill me at once. There, my dear George; don't make too much of it. I think I was a fool to tell you.»

And Lady Tressady struggled to a sitting position, looking at her son with a certain hostility. The frown on her white face showed that she was already angry with him for his emotion—this rare emotion, that she had never yet been able to rouse in him.

He could only implore her to be guided by her doctor—to rest, to give up at least some of the mill-round of her London life, if she would not go abroad. Lady Tressady listened to him with increasing obstinacy and excitability.

«I tell you I know best!» she said passionately, at last. «Don't go on like this; it worries me. Now look here.» She turned upon him with emphasis. «Promise me not to tell Letty a word of this. Nobody shall know—she least of all. I shall do just as usual. In fact, I expect a very gay season. Three ‹drums› this afternoon, and a dinner-party—it does n't look as though I were quite forgotten yet, though Letty does think me an old fogy.»

She smiled at him with a ghastly mixture of defiance and conceit. The old age in her pinched face, fighting with the rouged cheeks and the gaiety of her fanciful dress, was pitiful.

«Promise,» she said. «Not a word—to her.»

George promised, in much distress. While he was speaking she had a slight return of pain, and was obliged to submit to lie down again.

«At least,» he urged, «don't go out to-day. Give yourself a rest. Shall I go back and ask Letty to come round to tea?»

Lady Tressady made a face like a spoiled child.

«I don't think she 'll come,» she said. «Of course I know from the first she took an ungodly dislike to me. Though, if it had n't been for me—well, never mind. Yes, you can ask her, George—do. I 'll wait and see if she comes. If she comes, perhaps I 'll stay in. It would amuse me to hear what she has been doing. I 'll behave quite nicely—there!»

And, taking up her fan, Lady Tressady lightly tapped her son's hand with it, in her most characteristic manner.

He rose, seeing from the clock that he should only just have time to drive quickly back to Letty if he was to be at the House in time for an appointment with a constituent which had been arranged for one o'clock.

«I will send Justine to you as I go out,» he said, taking up his hat, «and I shall hear of you from Letty this evening.»

Lady Tressady said nothing. Her eyes, bright with some inner excitement, watched him as he looked for his stick. Suddenly she said, «George, kiss me!»

Her tone was unsteady. Deeply touched and bewildered, the young man approached her, and, kneeling down again beside her, took her in his arms. He felt a quick, sobbing breath pass through her; then she pushed him lightly away, and, putting up the slim, pink-nailed hand of which she was so proud, she patted him on the cheek.

«There—go along! I don't like that coat of yours, you know. I told you so the other day. If your figure were n't so good you 'd positively look badly dressed in it. You should try another man.»

TRESSADY hailed a hansom outside, and drove back to Brook street. On the way his eyes saw little of the crowded streets. So far he had had no personal experience of death. His father had died suddenly while he was at Oxford, and he had lost no other near relative or friend. Strange! this grave, sudden sense that all was changed, that his careless, half-contemptuous affection for his mother could never again be what it had been—supposing, indeed, her story was all true. But in the case of a character like Lady Tressady's there are for long recurrent, involuntary skepticisms on the part of the bystander. It seems impossible, unfitting, to grant to such persons *le beau rôle* they claim. It outrages a certain ideal instinct, even, to be asked to believe that they, too, can yield, in their measure, precisely the same tragic stuff as the hero or the saint.

Letty was at home, just about to share her lunch with Harding Watton, who had dropped in. Hearing her husband's voice, she came out to the stair-head to speak to him. But after a minute or two George dashed down again to his study, that he might write a hurried note to a middle-aged cousin of his mother's, asking her to go round to Warwick Square early in the afternoon, and making excuses for Letty, who was «very much engaged.» For Letty had met his request with a smiling disdain. Why, she was simply «crowded up» with engagements of all sorts and kinds!

«Mother is really unwell,» said George, standing with his hands on his sides, looking down upon her. He was fuming with irritation and hurry, and had to put a force on himself to speak persuasively.

«My dear old boy!»—she rose on tiptoe and twisted his mustache for him—«don't we know all about your mother's ailments by this time? I suppose she wants to give me a scolding, or to hear about the Ardaghs, or to tell me all about the smart parties *she* has been to, or something of the sort. No, really; it 's quite impossible—this afternoon. I know I must go and see her some time; of course I will.»

She said this with the air of some one making a great concession. It was, indeed, her first formal condonement of the offense offered her just before the Castle Luton visit.

George attempted a little more argument and entreaty, but in vain. Letty was rather puzzled by his urgency, but quite obdurate. And as he ran down the stairs he heard her laugh in the drawing-room, mingled with Harding Watton's. No doubt they were making merry over the «discipline» which Letty found it necessary to apply to her mother-in-law.

In the House of Commons the afternoon was once more given up to the adjourned debate on the second reading of the Maxwell bill. The House was full, and showing itself to advantage. On the whole, the animation and competence of the speeches reflected the general rise in combative energy and the wide kindling of social passions which the bill had so far brought about both in and out of Parliament. Those who figured as the defenders of industries, harassed beyond bearing by the Socialist meddlers, spoke with more fire, with more semblance, at any rate, of putting their hearts into it, than any men of their kind had been able to attain since the «giant» days of the first factory debates. Those, on the other hand, who were urging the House to a yet sterner vigilance in protecting the worker—even the grown man—from his own helplessness and need, who believed that law spells freedom, and that the experience of half a century was wholly on their side—these friends of a strong cause were also at their best, on their mettle. Owing to the wide-spread flow of a great reaction, the fight had become a representative contest between two liberties—a true battle of ideas.

Yet George, sitting below the gangway beside his leader, his eyes staring at the ceiling and his hands in his pockets, listened to it all in much languor and revolt. He himself had made his speech on the third day of the debate. It had cost him endless labor, only to seem to him in the end—by contrast with the vast majority of speeches made in the course of the debate, even those by men clearly inferior to himself in mind and training—to be a hollow and hypocritical performance. What did he really think and believe? What did he really desire? He vowed to himself once more, as he had vowed at Ferth, that his mind was a chaos, without convictions, either intellectual or moral; that he had begun what he was not able to finish; and that he was doomed to make a failure of his parliamentary career, as he was already making a failure of coal-owning, and a failure—

He curbed something bitter and springing that haunted his inmost mind. But his effort could not prevent his dwelling angrily for a minute on the thought of Letty laughing with Harding Watton—laughing because he had asked her a small kindness and she had most unkindly refused it.

Yet she *must* help him with his poor mother. How softened were all his thoughts about that difficult and troublesome lady! As it happened, he had a good deal of desultory medical knowledge, for the problems and perils of the body had always attracted his pessimist sense; yet it did not help him much at this juncture. At one moment he said to himself, «Eighteen months—she will live eighteen months»; and at another, «Battye was probably right: Barham took an unnecessarily gloomy view; she may quite well last as long as the rest of us.»

Suddenly he was startled by a movement beside him.

«The honorable member has totally misunderstood me,» cried Fontenoy, springing to his feet and looking eagerly toward the Speaker.

The member who was speaking on the government side smiled, put on his hat, and sat down. Fontenoy flung out a few stinging sentences, was hotly cheered both by his own supporters and from a certain area of the Liberal benches, and sat down again triumphant, having scored an excellent point.

George turned round to his companion.

«Good!» he said, with emphasis. «That rubbed it in!»

But when the man opposite was once more on his legs, doing his best to undo the impression which had been made, George found himself wondering whether, after all, the point had been so good, and why he had been so quick to praise. *She* would have said, of course, that it was a point scored against common sense, against humanity. He began to fancy the play of her scornful eyes, the eloquence of her white hand moving and quivering as she spoke.

How long was it—one hurried month only—since he had walked with her along the river at Castle Luton? While the crowded House about him was again listening with attention to the speech on behalf of the government from one of the senior London members which had just brought the protesting Fontenoy to his legs; while his leader was fidgeting and muttering beside him; while to his left the crowd of members about the door was constantly melting, constantly reassembling, Tressady's mind withdrew itself from its surroundings, saw nothing, heard nothing but the scenes of a far-off London and a figure that moved among them.

How often had he been with her since Castle Luton? Once or twice a week, certainly, either at St. James's Square or in the East End, in spite of Parliament and Fontenoy and his many engagements as Letty's husband. Strange phenomenon—that little salon of hers in the far East! For it was practically a salon, though it existed for purposes the Hôtel Rambouillet knew nothing of. He found himself one of many there; and like all salons, it had an inner circle. Charles Naseby, Edward Watton, Lady Madeleine Penley, the Levens—some or all of these were generally to be found in Lady Maxwell's neighborhood, rendering homage or help in one way or another. It was touching to see that girl, Lady Madeleine, looking at the docker or the shirt-maker with her restless greenish eyes, as though she realized for the first time what hideous bond it is—the one true commonalty—that crushes the human family together.

Well, and what had he seen? Nothing, certainly, of which he had not had ample information before. Under the fresh spur of the talk that occupied the Maxwell circle he had made one or two rounds through some dismal regions in Whitechapel, Mile End, and Hackney, where some of the worst of the home industries to which, at last, after long hesitation on the part of successive governments, Maxwell's bill was intended to put an end, crowded every house and yard. He saw some of it in the company of a lady rent-collector, an old friend of the Maxwells, who had charge of several tenement blocks where the trousers and vest trade was largely carried on; and he welcomed the chance of one or two walks in quest of law-breaking workshops with a young inspector who could not say enough in praise of the bill. But if it had been only a question of fact, George would have felt, when the rounds were done, merely an added respect for Fontenoy, perhaps even for his own party as a whole. Not a point raised by his guides but had been abundantly discussed and realized—on paper, at any rate—by Fontenoy and his friends. The young inspector, himself a hot partizan, and knowing with whom he had to deal, would have liked to convict his companion of sheer and simple ignorance; but, on the contrary, Tressady was not to be caught napping. As far as the trade details and statistics of this gruesome slop-work of East London went, he knew all that could be shown him.

Nevertheless, cool and impassive as his manner was throughout, the experience in the main did mean the exchange of a personal for a paper and hearsay knowledge. When, indeed, had he or Fontenoy or any one else ever denied that the life of the poor was an odious and miserable struggle, a scandal to gods and men? What then? Did they make the world and its iron conditions? And yet this long succession of hot and smelling dens; this series of pale, stooping figures, toiling hour after hour, at fever pace, in these stifling back-yards, while the June sun shone outside, reminding one of English meadows and the ripple of English grass; these panting, dishevelled women slaving beside their husbands and brothers amid the rattle of the machines and the steam of the pressers' irons, with the sick or the dying, perhaps, in the bed beside them, and their starved children at their feet—sights of this sort, thus translated from the commonplace of reports and newspapers into a poignant, unsavory truth, had at least this effect: they vastly quickened the personal melancholy of the spectator; they raised and drove home a num-

ber of piercing questions which, probably, George Tressady would never have raised, and would have lived happily without raising, if it had not been for a woman and a woman's charm.

For that woman's *solutions* remained as doubtful to him as ever. He would go back to that strange little house where she kept her strange court, meet her eager eyes, and be roused at once to battle. How they had argued! He knew that she had less hope than ever of persuading him even to modify his view of the points at issue between the government and his own group. She could not hope for a moment that any act of his would be likely to stand between Maxwell and defeat. He had not talked of his adventures to Fontenoy—would rather, indeed, that Fontenoy knew nothing of them. But he and she knew that Fontenoy, so far, had little to fear from them.

And yet she had not turned from him. To her personal mood, to her wifely affection even, he must appear more plainly than ever as the callous and selfish citizen, ready and glad to take his own ease while his brethren perished. He had been skeptical and sarcastic; he had declined to accept her evidence; he had shown a persistent preference for the drier and more brutal estimate of things. Yet she had never parted from him without gentleness, without a look in her beautiful eyes that had often tormented his curiosity. What did it mean? Pity? Or some unspoken comment of a personal kind she could not persuade her womanly reticence to put into words? Or, rather, had she some distant inkling of the real truth—that he was beginning to hate his own convictions—to feel that to be right with Fontenoy was nothing, but to be wrong with her would be delight?

What absurdity! With a strong effort he pulled himself together, steadied his rushing pulse. It was like some one waking at night in a nervous terror, and feeling the pressure of some iron dilemma from which he cannot free himself—cold vacancy and want on the one side, calamity on the other.

For that cool power of judgment in his own case which he had always possessed did not fail him now. He saw everything nakedly and coldly. His marriage was not three months old, but no spectator could have discussed its results more frankly than he was now prepared to discuss them with himself. It was monstrous, no doubt. He felt his whole position to be as ugly as it was abnormal. Who could feel any sympathy with it or him? He himself had been throughout the architect of his own misfortune. Had he not rushed upon his marriage with less care—relatively to the weight of the human interest in such a matter—than an animal shows when it mates?

Letty's personal idiosyncrasies even—her way of entering a room, her mean little devices for attracting social notice, the stubborn extravagance of her dress and personal habits, her manner to her servants, her sharp voice as she retailed some scrap of slanderous gossip—her husband had by now ceased to be blind or deaf to any of them. Indeed, his senses in relation to many things she said and did were far more irritable at this moment—possibly far less just—than a stranger's would have been. Often and often he would try to recall to himself the old sense of charm, of piquancy. In vain. It was all gone; he could only miserably wonder at the past. Was it that he knew now what charm might mean, and what divinity may breathe around a woman?

«I SAY, where are you off to?»

Tressady looked up with a start as Fontenoy rose beside him.

«Good opportunity for dinner, I think,» said Fontenoy, with a motion of the head toward the man who had just caught the Speaker's eye. «Are you coming? I should like a word with you.»

George followed him into the lobby. As the swing-door closed behind him, they plunged into a whirlpool of talk and movement. All the approaches to the House were full of folk. Everybody was either giving news or getting it; for the excitement of a coming crisis was in the air. This was Friday, and the division on the second reading was expected on the following Monday.

«What a crowd, and what a temperature!» said Fontenoy. «Come out upon the terrace a moment.»

They made their way into the air, and as they walked up and down Fontenoy talked in his hoarse, hurried voice of the latest aspect of affairs. The government would get their second reading, of course; that had never been really doubtful, though Fontenoy was certain that the normal majority would be a good deal reduced. But all the hopes of the heterogeneous coalition which had been slowly forming throughout the spring hung upon the committee stage, and Fontenoy's mind was now full of the closest calculations as to the voting on particular amendments. For him the bill fell into three parts. The first part, which was mainly confined to small amendments and extensions of former acts, would

be sharply criticized, but would probably pass without much change. The second part contained the famous clause by which it became penal to practise certain trades, such as tailoring, boot-finishing, and shirt-making, in a man's or woman's own home—in the same place, that is to say, as the worker uses for eating and sleeping. This clause, which represented the climax of a long series of restrictions upon the right of a man to stitch even his own life away, still more upon his right to force his children or bribe his neighbor to a like waste of the nation's force, was by now stirring the industrial mind of England far and wide.

And not the mind of England only. Ireland and Scotland, town and country, talked of it, seethed with it. The new law, if it passed, was to be tried, indeed, at first in London only. But every provincial town and every country district knew that, if it succeeded, there was not a corner of the land that would not ultimately feel the yoke or the deliverance of it. Every workman's club, every trade-union meeting, every mechanics' institute was ringing with it. Organized labor, dragged down at every point—in London, at any rate—by the competition of the starving and struggling crew of home-workers, clamored for the bill. The starving and struggling crew themselves were partly voiceless, partly bewildered; now drawn by the eloquence of their trade-union fellows to shout for the revolution that threatened them, now surging tumultuously against it.

On this vital clause, in Fontenoy's belief, the government would go down. But if, by amazing good fortune and good generalship, they should get through with it, then the fight would but rage the more fiercely round the last two sections of the bill.

The third section dealt with the hours of labor in the new workshops that were to be. For the first time it became directly penal for a man, as well as a woman, to work more than the accepted factory day of ten and a half hours, with a few exceptions and exemptions in the matter of overtime. On this clause, if it ever were reached, the Socialist vote, were it given solidly for the government, might, no doubt, pull them through. «But if we have any luck—damn it! they won't get the chance,» Fontenoy would say, with that grim, sudden reddening which revealed from moment to moment the feverish tension of the man.

In the last section of the bill the government, having made its revolution, looked round for a class on which to lay the burden of carrying it into action, and found it in the landlords. The landlords were to be the policemen of the new act. To every owner of every tenement or other house in London the bill said: *You* are responsible. If, after a certain date, you allow certain trades to be carried on within your walls at all, even by the single man or the single woman working in their own rooms, penalty and punishment shall follow.

Of this clause in the bill Fontenoy could never speak with calmness. One might see his heart thumping in his breast as he denounced it. At bottom it was to him the last and vilest step in a long and slanderous campaign against the class to which he belonged —against property—against the existing social order.

He fell upon the subject to-night apropos of a Socialist letter in the morning papers; and George, who was mostly conscious at the moment of a sick fatigue with Fontenoy and Fontenoy's arguments, had to bear it as best he might. Presently he interrupted:

«One assumption you make I should like to contest. You imagine, I think, that if they carry the ‹prohibition› and the ‹hours› clauses we shall be able to whip up a still fiercer attack on the ‹landlords› clause. Now, that is n't my view.»

Fontenoy turned upon him, startled.

«Why is n't it your view?» he said abruptly.

«Because there are always waverers who will accept a *fait accompli*, and you know how opposition always has a trick of cooling toward the end of a bill. Maxwell has carried his main point, they will say; this is a question of machinery. Besides, many of those Liberals who will be with us on the main point don't love the landlords. No; don't flatter yourself that, if we lose the main engagement, there will be any Prussians to bring up. The thing will be done.»

«Well, thank God!» grumbled Fontenoy, «we don't mean to lose the main engagement. But if one of *our* men were to argue in that way I should know what to say to him.»

George made no reply.

They walked on in silence, the summer twilight falling softly over the river and the hospital, over the terrace, with its groups, and the towering pile of buildings beside them.

Presently Fontenoy said in another voice:

«I have really never had the courage to talk to you of the matter, Tressady; but did n't you see something of that lad Ancoats before he went off abroad?»

«Yes, I saw him several times: first at the club, then he came and dined with me here one night.»

«And did he confide in you?»

«More or less,» said George, smiling rather queerly at the recollection.

Fontenoy made a sound between a growl and a sigh.

«Really, it 's rather too much to have to think out that young man's affairs as well as one's own. And the situation is so extraordinary. Maxwell and I have to be in constant consultation. I went to see him in his room in the House of Lords the other night, and met a man coming out, who stopped, and stared as though he were shot. Luckily I knew him, and could say a word to him, or there would have been all sorts of cock-and-bull stories abroad.»

«Well, and what are you and Maxwell doing?»

«Trying to get at the young woman. One can't buy her off, of course. Ancoats is his own master, and could outbid us. But Maxwell has found a brother—a decent sort of fellow—a country solicitor. And there is a Ritualist curate, a Father somebody,»—Fontenoy raised his shoulders,—«who seems to have an intermittent hold on the girl. When she has fits of virtue she goes to confess to him. Maxwell has got hold of him.»

«And meanwhile Ancoats is at Bad Wildheim?»

«Ancoats is at Bad Wildheim, and behaving himself, as I hear from his poor mother.» Fontenoy sighed. «But the boy was frightened, of course, when they went abroad. Now she is getting better, and one can't tell—»

«No, one can't tell,» said George.

«I wish I knew what the thing really *meant*,» said Fontenoy, presently, in a tone of perplexed reverie. «What do you think? Is it a passion—?»

«Or a pose?»

George pondered.

«H'm,» he said at last; «more of a pose, I think, than a passion. Ancoats always seems to me the *jeune premier* in his own play. He sees his life in scenes, and plays them according to all the rules.»

«Intolerable!» said Fontenoy, in exasperation. «And at least he might refrain from dragging a girl into it! We were n't saints in my day, but we were n't in the habit of choosing well-brought-up maidens of twenty in our own set for our confidantes. You know, I suppose, what broke up the party at Castle Luton?»

«Ancoats told me nothing. I have heard some gossip from Harding Watton,» said George, unwillingly. It was one of his strongest characteristics, this fastidious and even haughty dislike of chatter about other people's private affairs—a dislike which, in the present case, had been strengthened by his growing antipathy to Harding.

«How should he know?» said Fontenoy, angrily. He was glad enough to use Watton as a political tool, but had never yet admitted him to the smallest social intimacy.

Yet with Tressady he felt no difficulty in talking over these private affairs, and he did, in fact, report the whole story—that same story with which Marcella had startled Betty Leven on the night in question: how Ancoats on that Sunday evening had decoyed the handsome, impressionable girl, to whom throughout the winter he had been paying decided and even ostentatious court, into a tête-à-tête; had poured out to her frantic confessions of his attachment to the theatrical lady—a woman he could never marry, whom his mother could never meet, but with whom, nevertheless, come what might, he was determined to live and die. She (Madeleine) was his friend, his good angel. Would she go to his mother and break it to her? Would she understand and forgive him? There must be no opposition, or he would shoot himself. And so on, till the poor girl, worn out with excitement and grief, tottered into Mrs. Allison's room more dead than alive.

But at that point Fontenoy stopped abruptly.

George agreed that the story was almost incredible, and added the inward and natural comment of the public-school man—that if people will keep their boys at home, and defraud them of the kickings that are their due, they may look out for something unwholesome in the finished product. Then, aloud, he said:

«I should imagine that Ancoats was acting through the greater part of that. He had said to himself that such a scene would be effective, and would be new.»

«Good heavens! Why, that makes it ten thousand times more abominable than before!»

«I dare say,» said George, coolly. «But it also makes the future, perhaps, a little more hopeful—throws some light on the passion or pose alternative. My impression is that if we can only find an effective exit for Ancoats,—a last act that he would consider worthy of him,—he will bow himself out of the business willingly enough.»

Fontenoy smiled rather gloomily, and the two walked on in silence.

«I say, Tressady, will you pair till eleven?» cried a man swinging bareheaded along the terrace with his hat in his hand. «I want an hour or two off badly, and there will be no big guns on till eleven or so.»

George exchanged a word or two with Fontenoy, then stood still and thought a moment. A sudden animation flushed into his face. Why not?

«All right,» he said; «till eleven.»

Then he and Fontenoy went back to dine. As they mounted the dark staircase leading from the terrace another man caught Tressady by the arm.

«The strike notices are out,» he said. «I have just had a wire. Every one leaves work to-night.»

George shrugged his shoulders. He had been expecting the news at any moment, and was glad that the long shilly-shallying on both sides was at last over.

«Good luck to them!» he said. «I 'm glad. The fight had to come.»

«Oh, we shall be in the middle of arbitration before a fortnight 's up. The men won't stand.»

George shook his head. He himself believed that the struggle would last on through the autumn.

«Well, to be sure, there 's Burrows,» said his informant, himself a large coal-owner in the Ferth district; «if Burrows keeps sober, and if somebody does n't buy him, Burrows will do his worst.»

«That we always knew,» said George, laughing, and passed on. He had only just time to catch his train.

HE walked across to the underground station, and by the time he reached it he had clean forgotten his pits and the strike, though as he passed the post-office in the House a sheaf of letters and telegrams had been put into his hands. Rather, he was full of a boy's eagerness and exultation. He had never supposed he could be let off to-night till the offer of Dudley's pair tempted him. And now in half an hour he would be in that queer Mile End room, watching her—quarreling with her.

A little later, however, as he was sitting quietly in the train, quick composite thoughts of Letty, of his miners and his money difficulties, began to clutch at him again. Perhaps, now that the strike was a reality, it might even be a help to him and a bridle to his wife. Preposterous, what she was doing and planning at Ferth! His face flushed and hardened as he thought of their many wrangles during the past fortnight, her constant drag upon his purse, his own weakness, the annoyance and contempt that made him yield rather than argue.

What was that fellow Harding Watton doing in the house at all hours, beguiling Letty, by his collector's airs, into a hundred foolish wants and whims? And that brute Cathedine! Was it decent, was it bearable, that a bride of three months should take no more notice of her husband's wishes and dislikes in such a matter than Letty had shown with regard to her growing friendship with that disreputable person? It seemed to George that he called most afternoons. Letty laughed, excused herself, or abused her visitor as soon as he had departed; but the rebuff which George's pride would not let him ask of her directly, while yet his whole manner demanded it, was never given.

He sat solitary in the brilliantly lighted carriage, staring at the advertisements opposite, his long chin thrust forward, his head, with its fair curls, thrown moodily back. And all the time his mind was working with an appalling clearness. This cold light in which he was beginning to see his wife and all she did—it was already a tragedy.

What was he flying to, what was he in search of, there in the East End? His whole being flung the answer. A little sympathy, a little heart, a little tenderness and delicacy of soul! Nothing else. He had once taken it for granted that every woman possessed them in some degree; or was it only since he had found them in this unexampled fullness and wealth that he had begun to thirst for them in this way? He made himself face the question. «One need n't lie to one's self!»

At Aldgate, as he was making his way out of the station, he stumbled upon Edward Watton.

«Hullo! You bound for No. 20, too?»

«No; there is no function to-night. Lady Maxwell is at a meeting. It has grown rather suddenly from small beginnings, and two days ago they made her promise to speak. I came down because I am afraid of a row. Things are beginning to look ugly down here, and I don't think she has much idea of it. Will you come?»

«Of course.»

Watton looked at him with an amused and friendly eye.

It was another instance of her power—that she had been able to bind even this young enemy to her chariot-wheels. He hoped Letty

had the sense to approve. As a matter of fact, Watton had never, by his own choice, become well acquainted with his cousin Letty, and had always secretly marveled at Tressady's sudden marriage.

XIV.

«BETTER get down here, I think,» said Watton, signaling to the tram-conductor, «and find out whether they have really gone or not.»

They stopped, half-way down the Mile End Road, before a piece of wall with a door in it. A trim maiden of fifteen, in a spotless cotton frock and white apron, opened to them.

Inside was a small flagged courtyard and the old-fashioned house that Marcella Maxwell a year before—some time after their first lodging in Armingford's house had been given up—had rescued from demolition and the builder, to make an East End home out of it. Somewhere about 1750 some City tradesman had built it among fields, and taken his rest there; while, somewhat later, in a time of Evangelical revival, a pious widow had thrown out a low room to one side for class-meetings. In this room Marcella now held her gatherings, and both Tressady and Watton knew it well.

The little handmaid bubbled over with willing talk. Oh, yes; there was a meeting up Manx Road, and her ladyship had gone with Lord Naseby and Lady Madeleine and Mr. Everard the inspector, and, she thought, one or two besides. She expected the ladies back about ten, and they were to stay the night.

«And they do say, sir,» she said eagerly, looking up at Watton, whom she knew, «as there 'll be a lot o' rough people at the meetin'.»

«Oh, I dare say,» said Watton. «Well, we 're going up, too, to look after her.»

As they walked on they talked over the general situation in the district, and Watton explained what he knew of this particular meeting. In the first place, he repeated, he could not see that Lady Maxwell understood as yet the sort of opposition that the bill was rousing, especially in these East End districts. The middle-class and parliamentary resistance she had always appreciated; but the sort of rage that might be awakened among a degraded class of workers by proposals that seemed to threaten their immediate means of living he believed she had not yet realized in anything like its full measure and degree; and he feared that this meeting might be a disagreeable experience.

For it was the direct fruit of an agitation that, as Tressady knew, was in particular Fontenoy's agitation. The Free Workers' League, which had called upon the trade-unionists of Mile End to summon the meeting, and to hear therein what both sides had to say, was, in fact, Fontenoy's creation. It had succeeded especially in organizing the women home-workers of Mile End and Poplar. Two or three lady speakers employed by the league had been active to the point of frenzy in denouncing the bill, and shrieking «Liberty!» in the frightened ear of Mile End. Watton could not find a good word for any of them—was sure that what mostly attracted them was the notoriety of the position, involving, as it did, a sort of personal antagonism to Lady Maxwell, who had, so to speak, made Mile End her own. And to be Lady Maxwell's enemy was, Watton opined, the next best thing, from the point of view of advertisement, to being her friend.

«Excellent women, I dare say,» said Tressady, laughing, «talking excellent sense. But tell me, what is this about Naseby—why Naseby—on all these occasions?»

«Why not, indeed?» said Watton. «Ah, you don't know? It seems to be Naseby that 's going to get the egg out of the hat for us.»

And he plunged eagerly into the description of certain schemes wherewith Naseby had lately astonished the Maxwell circle. Tressady listened languidly at first, then with a kind of jealous annoyance that scandalized himself. How well he could understand the attraction of such things for her quick mind! Life was made too easy for these «golden lads.» People attributed too much importance to their fancies.

Naseby, in fact,—but so much George already knew,—had been for some months now the comrade and helper of both the Maxwells. His friends still supposed him to be merely the agreeable and fashionable idler. In reality, Naseby for some years past had been spending all the varied leisure that his commission in the Life Guards allowed him upon the work of a social and economic student. He had joined the staff of a well-known sociologist who was at the time engaged in an inquiry into certain typical East London trades. The inquiry had made a noise, and the evidence collected under it had already been largely used in the debates on the Maxwell bill. Tressady, for instance, had much of it by heart, although he never knew, until he became a haunter of Lady Maxwell's circle, that Naseby had played any part in the gathering of it.

At the same time, as George had soon observed, Naseby was no blind follower of the Maxwells. In truth, under his young gaiety and coolness he had the temper of the student who is more in love with his problem itself than with any suggested solution of it. As he had told Lady Betty, he had «no opinions»—would himself rather leave the sweated trades alone, and trust to much slower and less violent things than law-making. All this the Maxwells knew perfectly, and liked and trusted him none the less.

Now, however, it seemed there was a new development. If the bill passed, Naseby had a plan. He was already a rich man, independently of the marquisate to come. His grandmother had left him a large preliminary fortune, and through his friends and connections besides he seemed to command as much money as he desired. And of this money, supposing the bill passed, he proposed to make original and startling use. He had worked out the idea of a syndicate, furnished with, say, a quarter of a million of money, which should come down upon a given district of the East End, map it out, buy up all the existing businesses in its typical trade, and start a system of new workshops proportioned to the population, supplying it with work just as the board schools supply it with education. The new scheme was to have a profit-sharing element: the workers were to be represented in the syndicate, and every nerve was to be strained to secure the best business management. The existing middlemen would be either liberally bought out or absorbed into the new machine. It was by no means certain that they would show it any strong resistance.

Tressady made a number of unfriendly comments on the scheme as Watton detailed it. A bit of amateur economics, which would only help the bill to ruin a few more people than would otherwise have gone down.

«Ah, well,» said Watton, «if this thing passes there are bound to be experiments, and Naseby means to be in 'em. So do I, only I have n't got a quarter of a million. Here 's our road. We 're late, of course; the meeting 's begun. I say, just look at this!»

For Manx Road, as they turned into it, was already held by another big meeting of its own. The room in the board school which crossed the end of the street must be full, and this crowd represented, apparently, those who had been turned away.

As the two friends pushed their way through, Tressady's quick eye recognized in the throng a number of familiar types. Well-to-do «pressers» and machinists, factory girls of different sorts, hundreds of sallow women, representing the home-workers of Mile End, Bow, and Stepney,—poor souls, bowed by toil and maternity, whose marred fingers labor day and night to clothe the colonies and the army; their husbands and brothers too, English slop-tailors, for the most part, of the humbler sort,—the short side street was packed with them. It was an anxious, sensitive crowd, Tressady thought, as he elbowed his passage through it. A small thing might inflame it, and he saw a number of rough lads on the skirts of it.

Jews, too, there were in plenty. For the stress of this bill had brought Jew and Gentile together in a new comradeship that amazed the East End. Here were groups representing the thrifty, hard-working London Jew of the second generation, small masters for the most part, pale with the confinement and «drive» of the workshop; men who are expelling and conquering the Gentile East-Ender, because their inherited passion for business is not neutralized by any of the common English passions for spending—above all, by the passion for drink. Here, too, were men of a far lower type and grade—the waste and refuse of the vast industrial mill. Tressady knew a good many of them by sight—sullen, quick-eyed folk, who buy their «greeners» at the docks, and work them day and night at any time of pressure; whose workshops are still flaring at two o'clock in the morning, and alive again by the winter dawn; who fight and flout the law by a hundred arts, and yet, brutal and shifty as many of them are, have a curious way of winning the Gentile inspector's sympathy, even while he fines and harasses them, so clearly are they and their «hands» alike the victims of a huge world-struggle that does but toss them on its surge.

These gentry, however, were hard hit by more than one clause of the Maxwell bill, and they were here to-night to protest, as they had been already protesting at many meetings, large and small, all over the East End. And they had their slaves with them,—ragged, hollow-eyed creatures, newly arrived from Russian Poland, Austria, or Rumania, and ready to shout or howl in Yiddish as they were told,—men whose strange faces and eyes, under their matted shocks of black or reddish hair, suggested every here and there the typical history and tragic destiny of the race which, in other parts of the crowd, was seen under its softer and more cosmopolitan aspects.

As the two men neared the door of the

school, where the press was densest, they were recognized as probably belonging to the Maxwell party, and found themselves a good deal jeered and hustled, and could hardly make any way at all. However, a friendly policeman came to their aid. They were passed into a lobby, and at last, with much elbowing and pushing, found themselves inside the school-room.

So crowded was the place, and so steaming the atmosphere, that it was some minutes before Tressady could make out what was going on. Then he saw that Naseby was speaking —Naseby, looking remarkably handsome and well curled, and much at his ease, besides, in the production of a string of Laodicean comments on the bill, his own workshop scheme, and the general prospects of East End labor. He described the scheme, but in such a way as rather to damn it than praise it; and as for the bill itself, which he had undertaken to compare with former factory bills, when he sat down he left it, indeed, in a parlous case —a poor, limping, doubtful thing, quite as likely to ruin the East End as to do it a hand's turn of good.

Just as the speaker was coming to his peroration Tressady suddenly caught sight of a delicate upraised profile on the platform behind Naseby. The repressed smile on it set him smiling, too.

«What on earth do they make Naseby speak for?» said Watton, indignantly. «Idiocy! He spoils everything he touches. Let him give the money, and other people do the talking. You can see the people here don't know what to make of him in the least. Look at their faces. Who 's he talking to?»

«Lady Madeleine, I think,» said Tressady. «What amazing red hair that girl has, and what queer, scared eyes! It is like an animal— one wants to stroke her.»

«Well, Naseby strokes her,» said Watton, laughing. «Look at her; she brightens up directly he comes near.»

Tressady thought of the tale Fontenoy had just told him, and wondered. Consolation seemed to come easy to maidens of quality.

Meanwhile various trade-unionists, sturdy, capable men in black coats, were moving and seconding resolutions; flinging resentful comments, too, at Naseby whenever occasion offered. Tressady heard very little of what they had to say. His eyes and thoughts were busy with the beautiful figure to the left of the chair. Its dignity and charm worked upon him like a spell—infused a kind of restless happiness.

When he woke from his trance of watching, it was to turn upon Watton with impatience. How long was this thing going on? The British workman spoke with deplorable fluency. Could n't they push their way through to the platform?

Watton looked at the crowd, and shrugged his shoulders.

«Not yet. I say, who 's this they 've put up? Come, my dear fellow, that looks like the real thing.»

Tressady turned, and saw an old man, a Jew with a long grayish beard, coming slowly to the front of the platform. His eyes were black and deep sunk under white brows; he was decently but poorly dressed; and he began to speak with a slight German accent, in an even, melancholy voice, rather under-pitched, which soon provoked the meeting. He was vociferously invited to speak up or sit down, and at the first interruption he stopped timorously and looked toward the chair.

An elderly, gray-haired woman was presiding, no doubt to mark the immense importance of the bill for the women of the East End. She came forward at the man's appeal.

«My friends,» she said quietly, «you let this man speak, and don't you be hard on him. He 's got a sad story to tell you, and he won't be long about it. You give him his chance. Some of you shall have yours soon.»

The speaker was the paid secretary of one of the women's unions; but she had been a tailoress for years, and had known a tragic life. Once, at a meeting where some flippant speaker had compared the reality and frequency of «starvation» in London to the reality and frequency of the sea-serpent, Tressady had seen her get up, and, with a sudden passion, describe the death of her own daughter from hardship and want, with the tears running down her cheeks.

Her appeal to the justice of the meeting succeeded, and the old man was allowed to go on. It soon appeared that he had been put up by one of the tailoring unions to denounce the long hours worked in some of the Whitechapel and Spitalfields workshops. His facts were appalling. But he put them badly, with a dull, stumbling voice, and he got no hold on the meeting at all till suddenly he stepped forward, paused, his miserable face working, his head turning from side to side, and finally said, with a sharp change of note:

«And now, if you please, I will tell you how it was about Isaac—my brother Isaac. It was Mr. Jacobs»—he looked round, and pointed to the trade-union secretary who had been speaking before him—«Mr. Jacobs it was that put it in my mind to come here and

tell you about Isaac. For the way Isaac died was like this. He and I were born in Spitalfields; he was n't one of your greeners; he was a reg'lar good worker, first-rate general coat-hand, same as me. But he got with a hard master, and last winter season but one there came a rush. And Isaac must be working six days a week, and he must be working fourteen hours a day; and more 'n that, he must be doing his bastes overtime, two hours one time, and an hour or so, perhaps, another; anyway, they made it up to half a day—eight hours and more—in the week. *You* know how they reckon it.»

He stopped, grinning feebly. The trade-unionists about the platform shouted or groaned in response. The masters round the door, with their «greeners,» stood silent.

«And about Wednesday in the third week,» he went on, «he come to the master, and he says,—Isaac was older than me, and his chest it would be beginning to trouble him pretty bad,—so he says: ‹I 'm done,› he says; ‹I must go home. You can get another chap to do my bastes to-night; will you?› And the master says to Isaac, ‹If you don't do your bastes overtime, if you 're too high and mighty,› he says, ‹why, there 's plenty as will, and you don't need to come to-morrow neither.› And Isaac had his wife Judith at home, and four little uns; and he stopped and done his bastes, of *course*. And next night he could n't well see, and he 'd been dreadful sick all day, and he says to the master again, he says as he must go home. And the master he says the same to him; and Isaac stops. And on Friday afternoon he come home. And the shop had been steamin' hot, but outside it was a wind to cut you through. And his wife Judith says to him, ‹Isaac, you look starved,› and she set him by the fire. And he sat by the fire, and he did n't say nothing. Then his hands fell down sudden like that—»

The old man let his hands drop heavily by his side, with a simple dramatic gesture. By this time there was not a sound in the crowded room. Even the wildest and most wolfish of the greeners were staring silently, craning brown necks forward.

«And his wife ran to him, and he falls against her, and he says, ‹Lay me down, Judith, and don't you let 'em wake me—not the young uns,› he says, ‹not for nothing and nobody. For if it was the trump of the Most High,› he says,—and Isaac was a religious man, and careful in his speech,—‹I must have my sleep.› And she laid him down, and the children and she watched, and by midnight Isaac turned himself over. He just opened his eyes once, and groaned. And he never spoke no more; he was gone before mornin'. And his master gave Judith five shillings toward the coffin, and the men in the shop they raised the rest.»

The old man paused. He stood considering a moment, his face and ragged beard thrown out, a spot of grayish white against the figures behind, his eyes blinking painfully under the gas.

«Well, we 've tried many things,» he said at last. «We 've tried strikes and unions, and it is n't no good. There 's always one treading on another, and if you don't do it some one else will. It 's the *law* as 'll have to do it. You may take that and smoke it! You won't get nothing else. Why,»—his hoarse voice trembled,—«why, they use us up cruel in the sort of shop I work for. Ten or twelve years, and a man 's all to pieces. It 's the irons and the heat and the sitting—*you* know what it is. I 've lasted fifteen year, but I 'm breaking up now. If my master give me the sack for speaking here, I 'll have nothing but the Jewish Board of Guardians to look to. All the same, I made up my mind as I 'd come and say how they served Isaac.»

He stopped abruptly, and stood quite still a moment, fronting the meeting, as though appealing to them through the mere squalid physical weakness he could find no more words to express. Then, with a sort of shambling bow, he turned away, and the main body of the meeting clapped excitedly, while at the back some of the «sweaters» grinned and chatted sarcastic things in Yiddish with their neighbors. Tressady saw Lady Maxwell rise eagerly as the old man passed her, take his hand, and find him a seat.

«That, I suppose, was an emotion,» said Tressady, looking down upon his companion.

«Or an argument,» said Watton, «as you like.»

One other «emotion» of the same kind—the human reality at its simplest and cruelest—Tressady afterward remembered.

A «working-woman» was put up to second an amendment condemning the workshops clause, which had been moved in an angry speech by one of «Fontenoy's ladies,» a shrill-voiced fashionable person, the secretary to the local branch of the Free Workers' League. Tressady had yawned impatiently through the speech, which had seemed to him a violent and impertinent performance; but as the speaker sat down he was roused by an exclamation from a man beside him.

«*That* woman!» cried a tall curate, strain-

ing on tiptoe to see. «No! They ought to be ashamed of themselves!»

Tressady wondered who and why; but all he saw was that a thin, tall woman was being handed along the bench in front of him, while her neighbors and friends clapped her on the back as she passed, laughing and urging her on. Then, presently, there she stood on the platform, a wand-like creature, with her battered bonnet sidewise on her head, a woolen crossover on her shoulders in spite of July, her hands clasped across her chest, her queer light eyes wandering and smiling hither and thither. In her emaciation, her weird cheerfulness, she was like a figure from a Dance of Death. But what was amazing was her self-possession.

«Now yer laughin' at me,» she began in a conversational tone, nodding toward the group of women she had just left. «You go 'long! I told the lidy I 'd speak, an' I will. Well, they comes to me an' they says, ‹Mrs. Dickson, yer not to work at 'ome no longer; they 'll put yer in prison if yer do 't,› they says; ‹yer to go out ter work, same as the shop 'ands,› they says; ‹and, what 's more, if they cotch Mr. Butterford› —that 's my landlord; p'r'aps yer don' know 'im—»

She looked down at the meeting with a whimsical grin, her eyes screwed up and her crooked brows lifted, so that the room roared merely to look at her. The trim lady secretary, however, bent forward with an air of annoyance. She had not, perhaps, realized that Mrs. Dickson was so much of a character.

«‹If they cotch Mr. Butterford, they 'll make 'im pay up smart for lettin' yer do such a thing as make knickers in 'is 'ouse.› So I asks the lidy, ‹Wot 's ter become o' me an' the little uns?› An' she says she don' know. ‹But yer mus' come and speak Tuesday night,› she says—‹Manx Road Schools,› she says—‹if yer want to perwent 'em makin' a law of it.› Which I 'm a-doin' of—ain't I?»

Fresh laughter and response from the room. She went on, satisfied:

«An', yer know, if I can't make the knickers at 'ome, I can't make 'em aw'y from 'ome. For ther' ain't no shops as want kids squallin' round, as fer as I can make out. An' Jimmy 's a limb, as boys mos'ly are in my egsperience. Larst week 'e give the biby a 'alfpenny and two o' my biggest buttons to swaller, an' I on'y jest smacked 'em out of 'er in time. Ther' 'd be murder done if I was to leave 'em. An' 'ow 'u'd I be able to pay any one fer lookin' after 'em? I can't git much, yer know, shop or no shop. I ain't wot I was.»

She stopped, and pointed significantly to her chest. Tressady shuddered as the curate whispered to him.

«I 've been in 'orspital—cut about fearful. I can't go at the pace them shops works at. They 'd give me the sack double-quick if I was to go tryin' 'em. No; it 's *settin'* as does it—settin' an' settin'. I 'm at it by seven, an' my 'usband—yer can see 'im there—'e 'll tell yer.»

She stopped, and pointed to a burly ruffian standing amid a group of pals about the door. This gentleman had his arms folded, and was alternately frowning and grinning at this novel spectacle of his wife as a public performer. Bribes had probably been necessary to bring him to consent to the spectacle at all; but he was not happy, and when his wife pointed at him, and the meeting turned to look, he suddenly took a dive head foremost into the crowd about him, so that when the laughter and horse-play that followed had subsided, it was seen that Mr. Tom Dickson's place knew him no more.

Meanwhile Mrs. Dickson stood grinning—grinning wide and visibly. It was the strangest mirth, as though hollow pain and laughter strove with each other for the one poor indomitable face.

«Well, 'e *could* 'a' told yer, if 'e 'd 'ad the mind,» she said, nodding; «for 'e knows. 'E 's been out o' work this twelve an' a 'arf year; well, come, I 'll bet yer, anyway, as 'e 'as n't done a 'and's turn this three year—an' I don't blime 'im. Fust, there is n't the work to be got, and then yer git out of the way o' wantin' it. An' beside, I 'm used to 'im. When Janey—no, it were Sue—were seven month old, he come in one night from the public, an' after 'e 'd broke up most o' the things, he says to me, ‹Clear out, will yer!› An' I cleared out, and Sue and me set on the door-step till mornin'. And when mornin' come, Tom opened the door, and 'e says, ‹What are you doin' there, mother? Why ain't yer got my breakfast?› An' I went in an' got it. But, bless yer, nowadays—the *women won't do it!*»

Another roar went up from the meeting. Mrs. Dickson still grinned.

«An' so there 's nothink but *settin'*, as I said before—settin' till yer can't set no more. If I begin o' seven, I gets Mr. Dickson to put the tea-things an' the loaf 'andy, so as I don't 'ave to get up more 'n jes' to fetch the kettle; and the children gets the same as me—tea an' bread, and a red 'erring Sundays; an' Mr. Dickson 'e gets 'is meals out; I gives 'im the needful, and 'e don't make no trouble; an' the

children is dreadful fractious sometimes, and gets in my way fearful. But there, if I can *set*—set till I 'ear Stepney Church goin' twelve—I can earn my ten shillin' a week, an' keep the lot of 'em. Wot does any lidy or genelman want, a-comin' meddlin' down 'ere? Now, that 's the middle an' both ends on it. Done? Well, I dessay I is done. Lor', I says to 'em in the 'orspital, it do seem rummy to me to be layin' abed like that. If Tom was 'ere, why, 'e 'd—»

She made a queer, significant grimace. But the audience laughed no longer. They stared silently at the gaunt creature, and with their silence her own mood changed.

Suddenly she whipped up her apron. She drew it across her eyes, and flung it away again passionately.

«I dessay we shall be lyin' abed in kingdom come,» she said defiantly, yet piteously; «but we 've got to git there fust. An' I don't want no shops, thank yer!»

She rambled on a little longer; then, at a sign from the lady secretary, made a grinning courtesy to the audience, and departed.

«What do they get out of that?» said Watton in Tressady's ear. «Poor galley-slave in praise of servitude!»

«Her slavery keeps her alive, please.»

«Yes, and drags down the standard of a whole class.»

«You 'll admit she seemed content?»

«It 's that content we want to kill. Ah! at last,» and Watton clapped loudly, followed by about half the meeting, while the rest sat silent. Then Tressady perceived that the chairwoman had called upon Lady Maxwell to move the next resolution, and that the tall figure had risen.

She came forward slowly, glancing from side to side, as though doubtful where to look for her friends. She was in black, and her head was covered with a little black lace bonnet, in the strings of which, at her throat, shone a small diamond brooch. The delicate whiteness of her face and hands, and this sparkle of light on her breast, that moved as she moved, struck a thrill of pleasure through Tressady's senses. The squalid monotony and physical defect of the crowd about him passed from his mind. Her beauty redressed the balance. «‹Loveliness, magic, and grace—they are here; they are set in the world!› and ugliness and pain have not conquered while this face still looks and breathes.» This, and nothing less, was the cry of the young man's heart and imagination as he strained forward, waiting for her voice.

Then he settled himself to listen—only to pass gradually from expectation to nervousness, from nervousness to dismay.

What was happening? She had once told him that she was not a speaker, and he had not believed her. She had begun well, he thought, though with a hesitation he had not expected. But now—had she lost her thread, or what? Incredible, when one remembered her in private life, in conversation. Yet these stumbling sentences, this evident distress!

Tressady found himself fidgeting in sympathetic misery. He and Watton looked at each other.

A little more, and she would have lost her audience. She *had* lost it. At first there had been eager listening, for she had plunged straightway into a set explanation and defense of the bill point by point, and half the room knew that she was Lord Maxwell's wife. But by the end of ten minutes their attention was gone. They were only staring at her because she was handsome and a great lady. Otherwise, they seemed not to know what to make of her. She grew white; she wavered. Tressady saw that she was making great efforts, and all in vain. The division between her and her audience widened with every sentence, and Fontenoy's lady organizer in the background sat smilingly erect. Tressady, who had been at first inclined to hate the thought of her success in this inferno, grew hot with wrath and irritation. His own vanity suffered in her lack of triumph.

Amazing! How *could* her personal magic, so famous on so many fields, have deserted her like this in an East End school-room, before people whose lives she knew, whose griefs she carried in her heart?

Then an idea struck him. The thought was an illumination; he understood. He shut his eyes and listened. Maxwell's sentences, Maxwell's manner—even, at times, Maxwell's voice! He had been rehearsing to her his coming speech in the House of Lords, and she was painfully repeating it! To his disgust, Tressady saw the reporters scribbling away; no doubt they knew their business. Ay, there was the secret. The wife's adoration showed through her very failure—through this strange conversion of all that was manly, solid, and effective in Maxwell into a confused mass of facts and figures, pedantic, colorless, and cold!

Edward Watton began to look desperately unhappy. «Too long,» he said, whispering in Tressady's ear, «and too technical. They can't follow.»

And he looked at a group of rough factory girls beginning to scuffle with the young men

near them, at the restless crowd of «greeners,» at the women in the center of the hall lifting puzzled faces to the speaker, as though in a pain of listening.

Tressady nodded. In the struggle of devotion with a half-laughing annoyance, he could only crave that the thing should be over.

But the next instant his face altered. He pushed forward instinctively, turning his back on Watton, hating the noisy room that would hardly let him hear.

Ah! those few last sentences, that voice, that quiver of passion—they were her own, herself, not Maxwell. The words were very simple, and a little tremulous—words of personal reminiscence and experience. But for one listener there they changed everything. The room, the crowd, the speaker—he saw them for a moment under another aspect—that poetic, eternal aspect which is always there, behind the veil of common things, ready to flash out on mortal eyes. He *felt* the woman's heart, oppressed with a pity too great for it; the delicate, trembling consciousness, like a point in space, weighed on by the burden of the world; he stood, as it were, beside her, hearing with her ears, seeing the earth spectacle as she saw it with that terrible second-sight of hers: the all-environing woe and tragedy of human things, the creeping hunger and pain, the struggle that leads nowhither, the life that hates to live and yet dreads to die, the death that cuts all short, and does but add one more hideous question to the great pile that hems the path of man.

A hard, reluctant tear rose in his eyes. Is it starved tailoresses and shirt-makers alone who suffer? Is there no hunger of the heart that matches and overweighs the physical? Is it not as easy for the rich as for the poor to miss the one thing needful, the one thing that matters and saves? Angrily, and in a kind of protest, he put out his hand to claim, as it were, his own share of the common pain.

«MAKE way there! make way,» cried a police sergeant, holding back the crowd, «and let the lady pass!»

Tressady did his best to push through with Lady Maxwell on his arm. But there was an angry hum of voices in front of him, an angry pressure round the doors.

«We shall soon get a cab,» he said, bending over her. «You are very tired, I fear. Please lean upon me.»

Yet he could but feel grateful to the crowd. It gave him this joy of protecting and supporting her. Nevertheless, as he looked ahead, he wished that they were safely off, and that there were more police.

For this meeting, which had been only mildly disorderly and inattentive while Marcella was speaking, had suddenly flamed, after she sat down, into a fierce confusion and tumult; why, Tressady hardly now understood. As she sat down, a man had sprung up to speak who was apparently in bad repute with most of the unions of the district. At any rate, there had been immediate uproar and protest. The trade-unionists would not hear him, hurled names at him—«Thief!» «Blackleg!»—as he attempted to speak. Then the Free Workers, for whom this dubious person had been lately acting, rose in a mass and «booed» at the unionists; and finally some of the dark-eyed, black-bearded «greeners» near the door, urged on, probably, by the masters, whose slaves they were, had leaped the benches near them, shouting strange tongues, and making for the hostile throng about the platform.

Then it had been time for Naseby and the police to clear the platform and open a passage for the Maxwell party. Unfortunately, there was no outlet to the back, no chance of escaping the shouting crowd in Manx Road. Tressady, joining his friends at last by dint of his height and a free play of elbows, found himself suddenly alone with Lady Maxwell, Naseby and Lady Madeleine borne along far behind, and no chance but to follow the current, with such occasional help as the police stationed along the banks of it might be able to give.

Outside Tressady strained his eyes for a cab.

«Here, sir!» cried the sergeant in front, carving a passage by dint of using his own stalwart frame as a ram.

They hurried on, for some rough lads on the edges of the crowd had already begun stone-throwing. The faces about them seemed to be partly indifferent, partly hostile. «Look at the bloomin' bloats!» cried a wild factory girl with a tousled head as Lady Maxwell passed. «Let 'em stop at 'ome and mind their own 'usbands—yah!»

«Garn! who paid for your bonnet?» shouted another, until a third girl pulled her back, panting, «If you say that any more I 'll scrag yer!» For this third girl had spent a fortnight in the Mile End Road house, getting fed and strengthened before an operation.

But here was the cab. Lady Maxwell's foot was already on the step when Tressady felt something fly past him.

There was a slight cry. The form in front

of him seemed to waver a moment. Then Tressady himself mounted, caught her, and in another moment, after a few plunges from the excited horse, they were off down Manx Road, followed by a shouting crowd that gradually thinned.

«You are hurt!» he said.

«Yes,» she said faintly; «but not much. Will you tell him to drive first to Mile End Road?»

«I have told him. Can I do anything to stop the bleeding?»

He looked at her in despair. The handkerchief and the delicate hand itself that she was holding to her brow were dabbled in blood.

«Have you a silk handkerchief to spare?» she asked him, smiling slightly and suddenly through her pallor, as though at their common predicament.

By good fortune he had one. She took off her bonnet, and gave him a few business-like directions. His fingers trembled as he tried to obey her; but he had the practical sense that the small vicissitudes and hardships of travel often develop in a man, and between them they adjusted a rough but tolerable bandage.

Then she leaned against the side of the cab, and he thought she would have swooned. There was a pause, during which he watched the quivering lines of the lips and nostrils and the pallor of the cheeks with a feeling of dismay.

But she did not mean to faint, and little by little her will answered to her call upon it. Presently she said, with eyes shut and brow contracted:

«I trust the others are safe. Oh, what a failure—what a failure! I am afraid I have done Aldous harm.»

The tone of the last words touched Tressady deeply. Evidently she could hardly restrain her tears.

«They were not worthy you should go and speak to them,» he said quickly. «Besides, it was only a noisy minority.»

She did not speak again till they drew up before the house in the Mile End Road. Then she turned to him.

«I was to stay here for the night, but I think I must go home. Aldous might hear that there had been a disturbance. I will leave a message here, and drive home.»

«I trust you will let me go with you. We should none of us be happy to think of you as alone just yet. And I am due at the House by eleven.»

She smiled, assenting; then descended, leaning heavily upon him in her weakness.

When she reappeared, attended by her two little servants, frightened and round-eyed at their mistress's mishap, she had thrown a thick lace scarf round her head, which hid the bandage and gave to her pale beauty a singularly touching, appealing air.

«I wish I could see Madeleine,» she said anxiously, standing beside the cab and looking up the road. «Ah!»

For she had suddenly caught sight of a cab in the distance driving smartly up. As it approached, Naseby and Lady Madeleine were plainly to be seen inside it. The latter jumped out almost at Marcella's feet, looking more scared than ever as she saw the black scarf twisted round the white face. But in a few moments Marcella had soothed her, and given her over, apparently, to the care of another lady staying in the house. Then she waved her hand to Naseby, who, with his usual coolness, asked no questions and made no remarks, and she and Tressady drove off.

«Madeleine will stay the night,» Marcella explained as they sped toward Aldgate. «That was our plan. My secretary will look after her. She has been often here with me lately, and has things of her own to do. But I ought not to have taken her to-night. Lady Kent would never have forgiven me if she had been hurt. Oh, it was all a mistake—all a great mistake! I suppose I imagined—that is one's folly—that I could really do some good—make an effect.»

She bit her lip, and the furrow reappeared in the white brow.

Tressady felt by sympathy that her heart was all sore, her moral being shaken and vibrating. After these long months of labor and sympathy and emotion, the sudden touch of personal brutality had unnerved her.

Mere longing to comfort, to «make up,» overcame him.

«You would n't talk of mistake—of failing—if you knew how to be near you, to listen to you, to see you, touches and illuminates some of us!»

His cheek burned, but he turned a manly, eager look upon her.

Her cheek, too, flushed, and he thought he saw her bosom heave.

«Oh, no—no!» she cried. «How impossible, when one feels one's self so helpless, so clumsy, so useless. Why could n't I do better? But perhaps it is as well. It all prepares one—braces one—against—»

She paused, and leaned forward, looking out at the maze of figures and carriages on the Mansion House crossing, her tight-pressed lips trembling against her will.

«Against the last inevitable disappointment»—that, no doubt, was what she meant.

«If you only understood how loath some of us are to differ with you,» he cried; «how hard it seems to have to press another view—to be already pledged!»

«Oh, yes!—*please*—I know that you are pledged,» she said, in hasty distress, her delicacy shrinking as before from the direct personal argument.

They were silent a little. Tressady looked out at the houses in Queen Victoria street, at the lamplit summer night, grudging the progress of the cab, the approach of the river, of the Embankment, where there would be less traffic to bar their way—clinging to the minutes as they passed.

«Oh, how could they put up that woman!» she said presently, her eyes still shut, her hand shaking as it rested on the door. «How could they! It is the thought of women like that—the hundreds and thousands of them—that goads one on. A clergyman who knows the East End well said to me the other day, 'The difference between now and twenty years ago is that the women work much more, the men less.' I can never get away from the thought of the women. Their lives come to seem to me the mere refuse, the rags and shreds, that are thrown every day into the mill and ground to nothing, without a thought, without a word of pity, an hour of happiness. Cancer—three children left out of nine—and barely forty, though she looks sixty. They tell me she may live eighteen months. Then, when the parish has buried her, the man has only to hold up his finger to find some one else to use up in the same way. And she is just one of thousands.»

«I can only reply by the old stale question,» said Tressady, sturdily—«Did we make the mill? Can we stop its grinding? And if not, is it fair, even, to the race that has something to gain from courage and gaiety—is it reasonable to take all our own poor little joy and drench it in this horrible pain of sympathy, as you do? But we have said all these things before.»

He bent over to her, smiling; but she did not look up. And he saw a tear, which her weakness, born of shock and fatigue, could not restrain, steal from the lashes on the cheek. Then he added, still leaning toward her:

«Only, what I never have said—I think—is what is true to-night. At last you have made one person feel—if that matters anything—the things you feel. I don't know that I am particularly grateful to you. And, practically, we may be as far apart as ever. But I was without a sense when I went into this game of politics; and now—»

His heart beat. What would he not have said, mad youth—within the limits imposed by her nature and his own dread—to make her look at him, to soften this preposterous sadness!

But it needed no more. She opened her eyes, and looked at him with a wild sweetness and gratitude which dazzled him, and struck his memory with the thought of the Southern, romantic strain in her.

«You are very kind and comforting,» she said; «but then, from the first, somehow, I knew you were a friend to us. One felt it—through all difference.»

The little sentences were steeped in emotion—emotion springing from many sources, fed by a score of collateral thoughts and memories, with which Tressady had, in truth, nothing to do. Yet the young man gulped inwardly. She had been a tremulous woman till the words were said. Now—strange!—through her very gentleness and gratefulness a barrier had risen between them. Something stern and quick told him that this was the very utmost of what she could ever say to him—the farthest limit of it all.

They passed under Charing Cross railway bridge. Beside them, as they emerged, the moon shone out above the darks and silvers of the river, and in front the towers of Westminster rose purplish gray against a west still golden.

«How were things going in the House this afternoon?» she asked, looking at the towers. «Oh, I forgot. You see, the clock says close on eleven. Please let me drop you here. I can manage by myself quite well.»

He protested, and she yielded with a patient kindness that made him sore. Then he gave his account, and they talked a little of Monday's division and of the next critical votes in committee, each of them, so he felt in his exaltation, a blow dealt to her—that he must help to deal. Yet there was a fascination in the topic. Neither could get away from it.

Presently, Pall Mall being very full of traffic, they had to wait a moment at the corner of the street that turns into St. James's Square. In the pause Tressady caught sight of a man on the pavement. The man smiled, looked astonished, and took off his hat. Lady Maxwell bowed coldly, and immediately looked away. Tressady recognized Harding Watton; but neither he nor she mentioned his name.

In another minute Tressady had seen her

vanish within the doors of her own house. Her hand had rested gently, willingly, in his.

«I am so grateful!» she had said; «so will Maxwell be. We shall meet soon, and laugh over our troubles.»

And then she was gone, and he was left standing a moment, bewildered.

Eleven? What had he to do?

Then he remembered his pair, and that he had promised to call for Letty at a certain house, and take her on to a late ball. The evening, in fact, instead of ending, was just beginning. He could have laughed as he got back into his cab.

MEANWHILE Marcella had sped through the outer hall into the inner, where one solitary light, still burning, made a rather desolate dark-in-light through the broad, pillared space. A door opened at the farther side.

«Aldous!»

«You!»

He came out, and she flew to him. He felt her trembling as she touched him. In ten words she told him something of what had happened. Then he saw the bandage round her temple. His countenance fell. She knew that he turned white, and loved him for it. How few things had power to move him so!

He wanted to lead her back into his library, where he was at work; but she resisted.

«Let me go up to Annette,» she said. «The little wound—oh! it is not much, I *know* it is not much—ought to be properly seen to. We will do it between us in a moment. Then come; I will send her down for you. I want to tell you.»

But in her heart of hearts she was just a little afraid of telling him. What if an exaggerated version should get into the papers—if it should really do him harm—at this critical moment! She was always tormented by this dread—a dread born of long-past indiscretions and mistakes.

He acquiesced, but first he insisted on half leading, half carrying her up-stairs, and she permitted it, delighting in his strong arm.

Half an hour later she sent for him. The maid found him pacing up and down the hall, waiting.

When he entered her room she was lying on her sofa in a white wrapper of some silky stuff. The black lace had been drawn again round her head, and he saw nothing but a very pale face and her eager, timid eyes—timid for no one in the world but him. As he caught sight of her, she produced in him that exquisite mingled impression of grace, passion, self-yielding, which in all its infinite variations and repetitions made up for him the constant poem of her beauty. But, though she knew it, she glanced at him anxiously as he approached her. It had been to her a kind of luxury of feeling, in the few moments that she had been waiting for him, to cherish a little fear of him—of his displeasure.

«Now describe exactly what you have been doing,» he said, sitting down by her with a troubled face and taking her hand, as soon as he had assured himself that the cut was slight and would leave no scar.

She told her tale, and was thrilled to see that he frowned. She laid her hand on his shoulder.

«It is the first public thing I have done without consulting you. I meant to have asked you yesterday, but we were both so busy. The meeting was got up rather hurriedly, and they pressed me to speak after all the arrangements were made.»

«'We are both of us too busy,' he said rather sadly; 'we glance, and nod, and bustle by—'»

He did not finish the quotation, but she could. Her eyes scanned his face. «Do you think I ought to have avoided such a thing at such a time? Will it do harm?»

His brow cleared. He considered the matter.

«I think you may expect some of the newspapers to make a good deal of it,» he said, smiling.

And, in fact, his own inherited tastes and instincts were all chafed by her story. His wife—the wife of a cabinet minister—pleading for her husband's bill, or, as the enemy might say, for his political existence, with an East End meeting, and incidentally with the whole public; exposing herself, in a time of agitation, to the rowdyism and the stone-throwing that wait on such things! The notion set the fastidious Old World temper of the man all on edge; but he would never have dreamed of arguing the matter so with her. A sort of high chivalry forbade it. In marrying her he had not made a single condition—would have suffered tortures rather than lay the smallest fetter upon her. In consequence, he had often been thought a weak, uxorious person; Maxwell knew that he was merely consistent. No sane man lays his heart at the feet of a Marcella without counting the cost.

She did not answer his last remark. But he saw that she was wistful and uneasy, and presently she laid her fingers lightly on his.

«Tell me if I am too much away from you—too much occupied with other people.»

He sighed—the slightest sigh—but she winced.

«I had just an hour before dinner,» he said; «you were not here, and the house seemed very empty. I would have come down to fetch you, but there were some important papers to read before to-morrow.» A cabinet meeting was fixed, as she knew, for the following day. «Then, I have been making Saunders draw up a statement for the newspapers in answer to Watton's last attack, and it would have been a help to talk to you before we sent it off. Above all, if I had known of the meeting I should have begged you not to go. I ought to have warned you yesterday, for I knew that there was some ugly agitation developing down there. But I never thought of you as likely to face a mob. Will you please reflect»—he pressed her hand almost roughly against his lips—«that if that stone had been a little heavier, and flung a little straighter—»

He paused. A dew came to her eyes, a happy glow to her cheek. As for her, she was grateful to the stone that had raised such heartbeats.

Perhaps some instinct told him not to please her in this way too much, for he rose and walked away a moment.

«There! Don't let 's think of it, or I shall turn tyrant after all, and plunge into ‹shalls› and ‹sha'n'ts›! You *know* you carry two lives, and all the plans that either of us cares about, in your hand. You say that Tressady brought you home?»

He turned, and looked at her.

«Yes. Edward Watton brought him to the meeting.»

«But he has been down to see you there several times before, as well as coming here?»

«Oh, yes; almost every week since we met at Castle Luton.»

«It is curious,» said Maxwell, thoughtfully; «for he will certainly vote steadily with Fontenoy all through. His election speeches pledged him head over ears.»

«Oh, of course he will vote,» said Marcella, moving a little uneasily; «but one cannot help trying to modify his way of looking at things. And his tone is changed.»

Maxwell stood at the foot of her sofa, considering, a host of perplexed and unwelcome notions flitting across his mind. In spite of his idealist absorption in his work, his political aims, and the one love of his life, he had the training of a man of the world, and could summon the shrewdness of one when he pleased. He had liked this young Tressady, for the first time, at Castle Luton, and had seen him fall under Marcella's charm with some amusement. But this haunting of their camp in the East End at such a marked and critical moment was strange, to say the least of it. It must point, one would think, to some sudden and remarkable strength of personal influence.

Had she any real consciousness of the power she wielded? Once or twice, in the years since they had been married, Maxwell had watched this spell of his wife's at work, and had known a moment of trouble. «If I were the fellow she had talked and walked with so,» he had once said to himself, «I must have fallen in love with her had she been twenty times another man's wife!» Yet no harm had happened; he had only reproached himself for a gross mind, without daring to breathe a word to her.

And he dared not now. Besides, how absurd! The young man was just married, and, to Maxwell's absent, incurious eyes, the bride had seemed a lively, pretty little person enough. No doubt it was the nervous strain of his political life that made such fancies possible to him. Let him not cumber her ears with them.

Then gradually, as he stood at her feet, the sight of her, breathing weakness, submission, loveliness, her eyes raised to his, banished every other thought from his happy heart, and drew him like a magnet.

Meanwhile she began to smile. He knelt down beside her, and she put both hands on his shoulders.

«Dear!» she said, half laughing and half crying, «I did speak so badly; you would have been ashamed of me. I could n't hold the meeting. I did n't persuade a soul. Lord Fontenoy's ladies had it all their own way. And first I was dreadfully sorry I could n't do such a thing decently—sorry because of one's vanity, and sorry because I could n't help you. And now I think I 'm rather glad.»

«Are you?» said Maxwell, dryly. «As for me, I 'm enchanted! There!—so much penalty you *shall* have.»

She pressed his lips with her hand.

«Don't spoil my pretty speech. I am only glad because—because public life and public success make one stand separate—alone. I have gone far enough to know how it might be. A new passion would come in and creep through one like a poison. I should win you votes, and our hearts would burn dry. There! take me—scold me—despise me. I am a poor thing—but yours!»

With such a humbleness might Diana have wooed her shepherd, stooping her goddess head to him on the Latmian steep.

(To be continued.)

Mary A. Ward.

IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

BY JAMES BRYCE, M. P.,

AUTHOR OF «THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH,» «THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE,» ETC.



LACED in the center of the southern hemisphere, many thousands of miles from any other civilized community, and with a civilized population still extremely small in proportion to its vast area, South Africa has only just begun to excite the curiosity and interest of mankind. Twenty years ago even England seldom thought of her remote colony, except when some Kafir war compelled the despatch of imperial troops; and the rest of the world scarcely noted its existence. Now the discovery of extraordinary mineral wealth, a passionate struggle of races, and the possibility that the clashing interests of great nations may come to mingle in that struggle, have drawn all eyes to the southern extremity of the African continent—a continent the greater part of which was unexplored fifty years ago, and which even twenty-five years ago was an object of indifference to those European powers which have of late been so eagerly striving for a share in it.

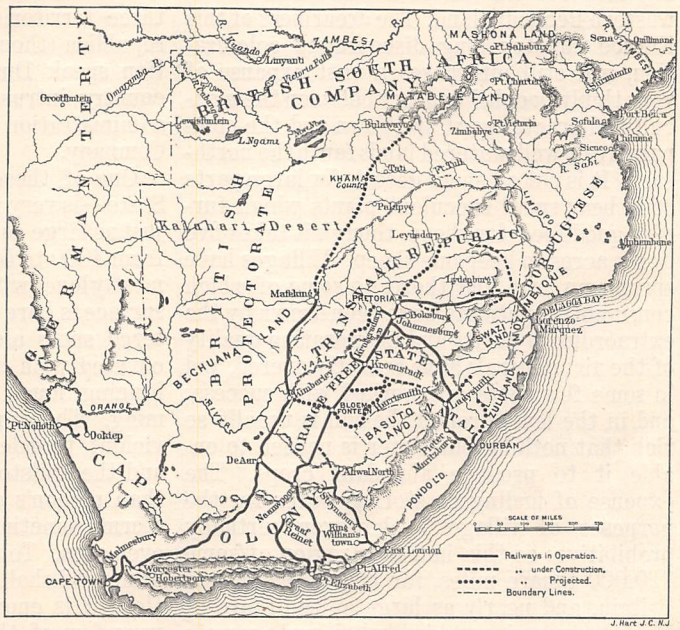
The best way to understand the economic conditions and material resources of South Africa, as well as the political problems which now excite our interest, is first to understand the physical features of the country. They are very remarkable. Africa south of the Zambesi River consists, broadly speaking, of two regions. There is a strip of low land lying along the coast of the Indian Ocean—a strip only a few miles wide in the south, between Cape Town and East London, but gradually widening as it runs northward, till in the Portuguese territory north of Delagoa Bay it measures from fifty to one hundred and fifty miles across. Behind this strip, to the north and east of it, lies a great mass of high ground, rising from the Indian Ocean in hills and mountains from 4000 to 11,000 feet in height, but farther inland, at a distance of from forty to two hundred miles from the ocean, stretching out in a huge plateau elevated from 3000 to 5000 feet above sea-level, the more easterly part being the higher. The outer—that is, the southern and eastern—edge of this mass of high land is formed by a long chain of mountains, in most places higher than the plateau itself. It has no general name, but the central part is called the Drakenberge or Kathlamba range. This chain receives on its seaward side, and thereby cuts off from the plateau within, the great part of the rains which come up from the Indian Ocean. Thus the plateau is much drier than the coast strip or the outer slopes of the mountains, and the westerly part of it, being farther from the rain-sending ocean, is drier than the easterly. Moreover, over all this country, except a small district around and north of Cape Town, the rains are summer rains, which fall in the months from November to February. Under the intense heat of the sun the country soon dries up, and for seven or eight months in the year it is parched and arid—much of it, as we shall see presently, little better than a desert.

This great and dominant physical fact—a low and comparatively well-watered coast-belt with a high and arid interior—has determined the character of South Africa in many ways. It explains the very remarkable fact that South Africa has, broadly speaking, no rivers. Those that run south and east from the mountains to the coast are short and rapid torrents after a storm, but at other times almost dry. In the interior there are, indeed, streams which, like the Orange River or the Limpopo, seem on the map to have long courses; but they have so little water during three fourths of the year as to be of no service for the purposes of navigation, while most of their tributaries shrink in the dry season to mere lines of pools, scarcely supplying drink to the cattle on their banks. This is one of the reasons why South Africa remained so long unexplored. People could not penetrate it by following waterways, as happened both in North and in South America; they were obliged to travel by ox-wagon, making only some twelve miles a day; and for the same reason the country is now forced to depend entirely upon railways for internal communication. There is not a stream fit to float anything drawing three feet of water.

Here is one result of the peculiar physical conditions I have described. Another, of no less moment, is the fact that the interior plateau gains from its height and its dryness a generally salubrious climate. The parts of the coast strip lying north of Durban, the ris-

ing port of Natal, are unhealthy because infested by those malarial fevers which are the blight of Africa, and which, though worst after the wet season, are more or less pernicious all through the year. These fevers follow the streams up into the interior wherever the ground is low, and sometimes occur at a height of 3000 or even 3500 feet. But they are much less deadly the farther one gets from the coast, and above 4000 feet they seldom occur. The air of the plateau is so fresh, light, and invigorating that the heat even of midsummer is not severely felt, and sunstroke, so common and fatal in India, is not feared. This fact explains how the course of South African discovery has proceeded, and how it is the Dutch and the English, rather than the Portuguese, that have become the possessors of the rich interior.

In the early years of the sixteenth century, long before the first Dutch fort was erected at Cape Town, Portugal had planted her settlers at various points along the east coast, from Delagoa Bay to the Zambesi and Mozambique. They did some trading in gold and ivory with the interior, and they ascended the Zambesi for several hundred miles. But the pestilential strip of flat ground which lay between the coast and the plateau damped their desires, and threw obstacles in the way of their advance. They did little to explore and nothing to civilize the interior. Three centuries passed, during which our knowledge of South Central Africa was scarcely extended; and it was not till some sixty years ago that the Dutch Boers in their slow wagons passed northeastward from Cape Colony to the spots where Bloemfontein and Pretoria now stand; not till 1854–56 that David Livingstone made his way through Bechuanaland to the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi and to the Atlantic coast at Loanda; not till 1889 that the vast territories which lie between the Transvaal Republic and Lake Tanganyika began to be occupied by the Mashonaland pioneers. All these farmers, explorers, and mining prospectors came up over the high plateau from the extreme southernmost end of Africa, checked from time to time by the warlike native tribes, but drawn on by finding everywhere a country in which Europeans could live and thrive; while the Portuguese, having long since lost the impulse of discovery and conquest, did no more than maintain their hold upon the coast, and allowed even the few forts they had established along the course of the Zambesi to crumble away.



For the location of railways we are indebted to a map kindly lent by «The Engineering News.»

That the inhabitants of Cape Colony should have been so long in awakening to the value of the interior is itself to be traced to the physical character of the land they had occupied. Immediately behind the mountains which border the coast to the north and east of the original settlement about Cape Town the country is extremely arid and unattractive. Southwest of Graaf Reinet (see map) there is a tract called the Karroo (the name is Hottentot, meaning «dry»), which extends some three hundred miles east and west, and about one hundred and fifty north and south. This tract is from 2500 to 3500 feet above sea-level. It has a rainfall seldom exceeding five inches in the year, and is therefore totally without running water. Parts of it are mountainous, parts level, but it is everywhere destitute of herbage and of trees, though pretty thickly covered with small thorny shrubs and bushes. The exquisite brilliancy of the air, the warmth of the days and the coldness of the nights, remind one who crosses it of the deserts of western America between the

Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, though the soil is much less alkaline, and the so-called «sage-brush» plants characteristic of an alkaline soil are absent. North of the Karroo a similar and still larger region, equally arid, equally barren, and in most places equally elevated, stretches away to the banks of, and even beyond, the Orange River, passing into the deserts of Damaraland and of western Bechuanaland. The dreariness of this Karroo country long discouraged colonization, and still interposes a vast expanse of very thinly peopled country between the agricultural tracts near Cape Town and the comparatively well-watered lands far to the northeast. It is not all sheer desert, for large parts of it bear small succulent plants which furnish good feed for sheep, though it takes five or six acres to keep one sheep. Villages have sprung up here and there, to some of which consumptive patients have been drawn by the extraordinary purity and invigorating quality of the air; minerals have been discovered, and in some few spots are worked with success; and in the level ground the soil is usually so rich that nothing but water is needed to enable it to produce abundant crops. The expense of finding or storing water for the purposes of tillage is, however, virtually prohibitive; so this immense region of some 120,000 square miles, far larger than Great Britain, and nearly as large as the State of Montana, remains and is likely long to remain useless except for the pasturage of sheep and goats: and the number of live stock it can support, although considerable in the aggregate, is very small when compared with the immense area.

Fully one third of the whole surface of South Africa consists of this sort of wilderness, which includes nearly all of German West Africa and of the British territories between the Orange River and Lake Ngami. The rest of the country is better fitted for human life and labor. Along the coast of the Indian Ocean eastward from Cape Town to Durban there is rain enough for tillage; and northward from Durban to the Portuguese port of Beira, though the frequency of malaria makes the low grounds unhealthy for Europeans, native labor can take full advantage of a sufficient rainfall and a soil in many places fertile. Inland, both on the seaward slopes of the great Kathlamba mountain-range and in the long valleys which traverse it, there is plenty of pasture, and almost the whole of the land is stocked with cattle or sheep, or with ostriches. Still farther inland, the eastern half of the great central plateau already described is nearly all available either for pasture or for agriculture. But as this part of Africa is that which has for us at present the greatest interest, since it is the part most recently occupied by Europeans, and the part around which the waves of political strife are now beating, it deserves a somewhat fuller description.

The eastern half of the plateau consists of three territories. Two of them are Dutch republics (though a minority of the population speak Dutch). The third includes the country intrusted by Great Britain to the administration of the British South Africa Company.

One of these republics—the Orange Free State—is very nearly as large as England, and just as large as the State of New York. It lies from 4000 to 5000 feet above the sea, and is mostly level, with some low ranges of hills. The surface is bare of wood, except in a few sheltered spots along the streams, but is well covered with herbage. The air is pure and bracing, much like that of Colorado or Wyoming. There are, happily, no blizzards; but violent thunder-storms are not uncommon, and the hailstones—I have seen them bigger than pigeon's eggs—which fall during such storms sometimes kill the smaller animals and even men. To the inhabitants and their government I shall return in a subsequent article. Here it is enough to remark that there are very few of them—only 77,000 whites and about 130,000 natives. Though much of the country is well fitted for agriculture, it is almost entirely occupied by huge grazing-farms; and as such a farm needs and supports only a few men, the population continues to grow but slowly.

Northeast of the Orange Free State lies the South African Republic, which we know better under the name of the Transvaal State. It is about two thirds the size of France, and larger than Arizona, but has in this vast territory only about 170,000 whites, some three fourths of whom are in the small gold-mining district of the Witwatersrand. It is a very high country, much of it above 5000 feet, —Johannesburg, the capital of the Rand district, is 5500 above the sea,—and these high parts are healthy, for the summer heats are tempered by easterly breezes and by copious rains. On the east and north, where the country sinks toward the ocean and the valley of the river Limpopo, there is a good deal of fever, though drainage and cultivation may be expected to improve the conditions of health. Like the Orange Free State, the Transvaal is primarily a pasture-land; it is

only in the lower ground on the eastern and northern border that tillage is likely to make much progress. There are some mountain-chains, but even the mountains, except on the eastern edge of the plateau facing the Indian Ocean, are destitute of trees. The fierce sun dries up the soil, and makes the grass sear and brown for the greater part of the year; the strong breezes sweep over the bare hills and rolling uplands, checked by no forest belts. It is in its gold reefs and its coal deposits that the great wealth of the country lies; but to these I shall return later.

West and north of the Transvaal lie those immense British territories which have been assigned to the British South Africa Company as its sphere of operations. Bechuanaland—so called from the principal native race which occupies it—is a high and generally level country, mostly wooded, though the trees are but small, and with grass which is richer and more abundant than that of the Transvaal. It is looked upon as likely to prove one of the best ranching tracts in the continent. Matabeleland and Mashonaland, farther to the north, are equally high, but more undulating than Bechuanaland, with great swelling downs somewhat resembling the prairies of western Kansas. They are bright, breezy countries, very hot in the daytime, for they lie within the tropic, but with nights cool even in midsummer, and a climate which, except in the lower grounds along the marshy banks of the streams, is not merely healthy, but invigorating. Plenty of rain falls in December, January, and February, and it is only in October, at the end of the dry season, that the grass begins to fail on the pastures. The subjacent rock is, as in Bechuanaland, usually granite; but here and there beds of slate and schist are found, and in these beds there are quartz reefs, believed to be rich in gold, and from which a great deal of gold must in days gone by have been extracted, so numerous are the traces of ancient workings. The extreme easterly part of Mashonaland, where it borders on the dominions of Portugal, is called Manicaland. This is a country of bold mountains of granite mixed with porphyry and slate—a country the loftiest peaks of which rise to a height of 8000 feet above the sea, and where a comparatively abundant rainfall makes the streams more numerous, and fuller even in the dry season, than are those of any other part of the great plateau. Here and there a piece of high table-land, some 7000 feet above sea-level, offers an atmosphere of rare salubrity, while a few miles farther to the eastward, in the low grounds which slope gently to the coast, malignant fevers warn Europeans against any attempt to settle, and make even a journey from the sea to the highlands dangerous during some months of the year.

The reader will probably have gathered from this brief sketch of the physical character of South Africa that it offers comparatively little to attract the lover of natural scenery. This impression is true if any one takes the sort of landscapes we have learned to enjoy in Europe and in the eastern part of the United States as the type of scenery which gives most pleasure. Variety of form, boldness of outline, the presence of water in lakes and running streams, and, above all, foliage and verdure, are the main elements of beauty in those landscapes; while if any one desires something of more imposing grandeur, he finds it in snow-capped mountains like the Alps or the Cascade Range, or in majestic crags such as those which tower over the fiords of Norway. But the scenery of South Africa is wholly unlike that of Europe or of most parts of America. It is, above all things, a dry land, a parched and thirsty land, where no clear brooks murmur through the meadow, no cascade sparkles from the cliff, where mountain and plain alike are brown and dusty except during the short season of the rains. And being a dry land, it is also a bare land, with only a few veritable forests in a few favored spots, while elsewhere, even in the best-wooded tracts, the trees are generally stunted. In Bechuanaland and Matabeleland, for instance, though a great part of the surface is covered with trees, you see none forty feet high, and few reaching thirty; while in the wilderness of the Kalahari desert and Damaraland nothing larger than a bush is visible except the scraggy and thorny mimosas. These features of South Africa—the want of water and the want of greenness—are those to which a native of western Europe finds it hardest to accustom himself, however thoroughly he may enjoy the brilliant sun and the keen, dry air which go along with them. And it must also be admitted that over very large areas the aspects of nature are so uniform as to become monotonous. One may travel eight hundred miles and see less variety in the landscape than one would find in one fourth of the same distance anywhere in western Europe or in America east of the Alleghany Mountains. The same geological formations prevail over wide areas, and give the same profile to the hilltop, the same undulations to the plain, while in traveling northward toward the equator the flora seems to change far less between 34° and 18° south latitude than it

does from Barcelona to Havre, through only half as many degrees of latitude.

There are, nevertheless, some interesting bits of scenery in South Africa, which, if they do not of themselves repay the traveler for so long a journey, add sensibly to his enjoyment. The situation of Cape Town, with a magnificent range of precipices rising behind it, with a noble bay in front, and environs full of beautiful avenues and pleasure-grounds, while bold mountain-peaks close in the distance, is equaled by that of few other cities in the world. Constantinople and Naples, Bombay and San Francisco, cannot boast of more perfect or more varied prospects. There are some fine pieces of wood and water scenery along the south coast of Cape Colony, and one of singular charm in the adjoining colony of Natal, where the suburbs of Durban, the principal port, though they lack the grandeur which its craggy heights give to the neighborhood of Cape Town, have, with a warmer climate, a richer and more tropically luxuriant vegetation. In the great range of mountains which runs some seventeen hundred miles from Cape Town almost to the banks of the Zambesi, the scenery becomes striking in three districts only. One of these is Basutoland, a little native territory which lies just where Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, and Natal meet. Its peaks are the highest in Africa south of Mount Kilimanjaro, for several of them reach 11,000 feet. On the southeast this mountain-land, the Switzerland of South Africa, faces Natal and East Griqualand with a long range of formidable precipices, impassable for many miles. The interior contains valleys and glens of singular beauty, some wild and rugged, some clothed with rich pasture. The voice of brooks, a sound rare in Africa, rises from the hidden depths of the gorges, and here and there torrents plunging over the edge of a basaltic cliff into an abyss below make waterfalls which are at all seasons beautiful, and when swollen by the rains of January majestic. Except wood, of which there is unhappily nothing more than a little scrubby bush in the sheltered hollows, nearly all the elements of beauty are present, and the contrast between the craggy summits and the soft, rich pasture- and corn-lands which lie along their northern base gives rise to many admirable landscapes.

Two hundred miles north-northeast of Basutoland the great Kathlamba range rises in very bold slopes from the coast levels behind Delagoa Bay, and the scenery of the valleys and passes is said to be extremely grand. Knowing it, however, only by report, I will not venture to describe it. Nearly five hundred miles still farther to the north, in the district called Manicaland already referred to, is a third mountain-region, less lofty than Basutoland, but deriving a singular charm from the dignity and variety of its mountain forms. The whole country is so elevated that summits of 7000 or even 8000 feet do not produce any greater effect upon the eye than does Ben Lomond as seen from Loch Lomond, or Mount Washington from the Glen House. But there is a boldness of line about these granite peaks comparable to those of the west coast of Norway or of the finest parts of the Swiss Alps. Some of them rise in smooth shafts of apparently inaccessible rock; others form long ridges of pinnacles of every kind of shape, specially striking when they stand out against the brilliantly clear morning or evening sky. The valleys are well wooded, the lower slopes covered with herbage, so the effect of these wild peaks is heightened by the softness of the surroundings which they dominate, while at the same time the whole landscape becomes more complex and more noble by the mingling of such diverse elements. No scenery better deserves the name of romantic. And even in the tamer parts, where instead of mountains there are only low hills, or «kopjes» (as they are called in South Africa), the comparatively friable rock of these hills decomposes under the influence of the weather into curiously picturesque and fantastic forms, with crags riven to their base, and detached pillars supporting loose blocks and tabular masses, among or upon which the timid Mashonas have built their huts in the hope of escaping the raids of their warlike enemies, the Matabele.

Though I must admit that South Africa, taken as a whole, offers far less to attract the lover of natural beauty than does southern or western Europe or the Pacific States of North America, there are two kinds of charm which it possesses in a high degree. One is that of color. Monotonous as the landscapes often are, there is a warmth and richness of tone about them which fills and delights the eye. One sees comparatively little of that pale gray limestone which so often gives a hard and chilling aspect to the scenery of the lower ridges of the Alps and of large parts of the coasts of the Mediterranean. In Africa even the gray granite has a deeper tone than these limestones, and it is frequently covered by red and yellow lichens of wonderful beauty. The dark basalts and porphyries which occur in so many places, the rich red tint which the surface of the sandstone rocks so often takes

under the scorching sun, give great depth of tone to the landscape; and though the flood of midday sunshine is almost overpowering, the lights of morning and evening, touching the mountains with every shade of rose and crimson and violet, are indescribably beautiful. It is in these morning and evening hours that the charm of the pure, dry air is specially felt. Mountains fifty or sixty miles away stand out clearly enough to enable all the wealth of their color and all the delicacy of their outlines to be perceived; and the eye realizes, by the exquisitely fine change of color tinge between the nearer and the more distant ranges, the immensity and the harmony of the landscape. Europeans may think that the continuous profusion of sunlight during most of the year may become wearisome. I was not long enough in the country to find it so, and I notice that those who have lived for a few years in South Africa declare they prefer that continuous profusion to the murky skies of Britain or Holland or north Germany. But even if the fine weather which prevails for eight months in the year be somewhat monotonous, there is compensation in the extraordinary brilliancy of the atmospheric effects throughout the rainy season, and especially in its first weeks. During nine days which I spent in the Transvaal at that season, when several thunder-storms occurred almost every day, the combinations of sunshine, lightning, and cloud, and the symphonies—if the expression may be permitted—of light and shade and color which their changeful play produced in the sky and on the earth, were more various and more wonderful than a whole year would furnish forth for enjoyment in most parts of Europe.

The other peculiar charm which South African scenery possesses is that of primeval solitude and silence. It is a charm which is differently felt by different minds. There are many who find the presence of what Homer calls « the rich works of men » essential to the perfection of a landscape. Cultivated fields, gardens, and orchards, farm-houses dotted here and there, indications in one form or another of human life and labor, do not merely give a greater variety to every prospect, but also impart an element which evokes the sense of sympathy with our fellow-men, and excites a whole group of emotions which the contemplation of nature, taken by itself, does not arouse. No one is insensible to these things, and some find little delight in any scene from which they are absent. Yet there are other minds to which there is something specially solemn and impressive in the untouched and primitive simplicity of a country which stands now just as it came from the hands of the Creator. The self-sufficingness of nature, the insignificance of man, the mystery of a universe which does not exist, as our ancestors fondly thought, for the sake of man, but for other purposes hidden from us and forever undiscoverable—these things are more fully realized and more deeply felt when one traverses an immense wilderness which seems to have known no change since the remote ages when hill and plain and valley were molded into the forms we see to-day. Feelings of this kind powerfully affect the mind of the traveler in South Africa. They affect him in the Karroo, where the slender line of rails, along which his train creeps all day and all night across long stretches of brown desert and under the crests of stern, dark hills, seems to heighten by contrast the sense of solitude—a vast and barren solitude interposed between the busy haunts of men which he has left behind on the shores of the ocean and those still busier haunts whither he is bent, where the pick and hammer sound upon the Witwatersrand, and the palpitating engine drags masses of ore from the depths of the crowded mine. They affect him still more in the breezy highlands of Matabeleland, where the eye ranges over an apparently endless succession of undulations clothed with tall grass or waving wood, till they sink in the blue distance toward the plain through which the great Zambesi takes its seaward course.

The wilderness is indeed not wholly unpeopled. Over the wide surface of Matabeleland and Mashonaland—an area of some two hundred thousand square miles—there are scattered natives of various tribes, whose numbers may be roughly estimated at from 150,000 to 250,000 persons. (There are really scarcely any data for an estimate, so I give this with the greatest hesitation.) But one rarely sees a native except along a few well-beaten tracks, and still more rarely comes upon a cluster of huts in the woods along the streamlets or half hidden among the fissured rocks of a granite kopje. The only traces of man's presence in the landscape are the narrow and winding footpaths which run hither and thither through the country, and bewilder the traveler who, having strayed from his wagon, vainly hopes by following them to find his way back to the main track, and the wreaths of blue smoke which indicate some spot where a Kafir has set the grass on fire for the sake of killing the tiny creatures which the fire may frighten from their nests or holes. Nothing is at first more surprising

to one who crosses a country inhabited by savages than the few marks of their presence which strike the eye, or at least an unpractised eye. The little plot of ground the Kafirs have cultivated is in a few years scarcely distinguishable from the untouched surface of the surrounding land, while the mud-built hut quickly disappears under the summer rains and the scarcely less destructive efforts of the white ants. Here in South Africa the native races seem to have made no progress for centuries, if indeed they have not actually gone backward—a question to which I shall presently return; and the feebleness of savage man intensifies one's sense of the overmastering strength of nature. The elephant and the rhinoceros and the giraffe are as much the masters of the soil as is the Kafir, and man has no more right to claim that the land was made for him than have the wild beasts of the forest who roar after their prey and seek their meat from God.

These features of South African nature, its silence, its loneliness, its drear solemnity, have not been without their influence upon the mind and temper of the European settler. The most peculiar and characteristic type that the country has produced is the Dutch Boer of the eastern plateau, the offspring of those Dutch Africans who some sixty years ago wandered away from British rule into the wilderness. These men had, and their sons and grandsons have to some extent retained, a passion for solitude that still makes them desire to live many miles from any neighbor, a sturdy self-reliance, a grim courage in the face of danger, a sternness from which the native races have often had to suffer. The majesty of nature has not, however, made them a poetical people, although the fact that they read nothing whatever but the Bible might be expected to have stimulated their imagination and purified their taste.

Before I turn from the physical conditions of South Africa and the aspects of its nature to speak of the races that inhabit it, a few sentences may be devoted to summarizing the main features already mentioned—features which need to be kept in view when we come to consider the lines on which industrial and political development have moved and are likely to move in future. These features are briefly the following: a hot and moist climate along the east coast, making the flat strip which extends northward from 30° south latitude unhealthy for Europeans; a parched and arid coast on the west northward from 32° south latitude, making the whole of this side of South Africa unattractive and of little value save for its minerals; a high mountain-range running parallel to the southern and eastern coast, cutting off a great part of the rains which come up from the Indian Ocean; a wide desert in the western half of the interior, interposing a sparsely peopled tract between the agricultural districts about Cape Town and the pastoral and mining country of the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and southern Bechuanaland; a climate so dry in the mountains and in the eastern half of the interior that tillage is in most places possible only by the help of irrigation; a high and healthy table-land stretching northward from the eastern parts of Cape Colony nearly all the way to the Zambesi; great mineral wealth in some, possibly in many, parts of this table-land; and finally, a sun everywhere so powerful that although white men can live, and their children can grow up in perfect health, open-air labor and hard physical work of every kind is now done, and is likely to continue to be done, by natives, and not by whites. We shall presently see how these conditions, and especially the last one, are likely to tell upon the future growth of the country, and to determine the type of its civilization.

(To be continued.)

James Bryce.

AN ENDED SONG.

I SANG of love to many a string,
With many a sweet conceit and rhyme,
And everywhere and every time—
Of love, and love, I could but sing,
Until my own heart felt the spell.
Ah, then, how soon my lips were mute!
How silent lay my untouched lute,
Since what Love was I knew—too well!

Mary Ainge De Vere.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

THE PINNACLE OF EARTHLY GRANDEUR.

TRANSFORMATION IN AUSTRIA—THE FIFTH WAR WITH AUSTRIA: ECKMÜHL—NAPOLEON DEFEATED AT ASPERN—NAPOLEON VICTORIOUS AT WAGRAM.

TRANSFORMATION IN AUSTRIA.



HE news of Europe which seems to have reached Napoleon in Spain was of a most alarming character, and made certain considerations so emphatic that all others became insignificant. It mattered not that he must leave behind him a half-accomplished task; that, while his strategy had been successful, he had lost the opportunity to annihilate the English, which, though he did not know it at the time, he had really had in the tardy arrival of their transports at Corunna; that the national uprising was not suppressed by his carefully devised measures; that the oaths of allegiance sworn to Joseph and the constitution had been sworn under compulsion by a minority, who, pious as the people were, did not, for that reason, consider even themselves as bound, much less the nation as a whole. All this was serious enough, but it was paltry when compared with what had taken place in central Europe during his absence.

During the campaign of Marengo there had been a knot of active, self-seeking, and traitorous men who, having risen by Bonaparte's help, schemed how best to sustain themselves in case of his death. During his absence in Spain this same group, under the leadership of Talleyrand and Fouché, had been again arranging plans for their guidance should misfortune overwhelm him in Spain. Such was their activity that even Metternich had been deceived into the belief that they had a large party of French patriots behind them, who, weary of the Emperor's incessant calls on France for aid in enterprises foreign to her welfare, would gladly be rid of him. So grave did he consider the crisis that late in November he left his post and set out for Vienna. St. Vincent's reports about the friction of Erfurt had already found credence in the war party, and the belief was spreading that the Franco-Russian alliance was hollow.

Stein's absence from his native land had only intensified sympathy with his policy to its very borders, even at Königsberg, the seat of government; and Prussia was not only strong once more, but was ardent to redeem its disgrace. The reflex influence of the two popular movements in Prussia and Austria upon each other had intensified both, until the more advanced leaders cared little whether the process of German regeneration was begun under Hohenzollern or Hapsburg leadership. Into this surcharged atmosphere came Metternich with his exaggerated statements about the great reactionary party in France. The effect was to raise the elements. He declared, besides, that the Spanish war had absorbed so much of Napoleon's effective military strength that not more than 200,000 men were available for use in central Europe, and that Austria alone, with her new armaments, would be a match for any army the French emperor could lead against her, at least in the first stages of a war. Austria had been negotiating for an English subsidy, without which her troops, fine as they were, could not be maintained; but Great Britain refused a grant until they should actually take the field. This fact was an inducement so strong as to put a climax on the already hostile inclinations of the Emperor Francis; and as his minister Stadion had long felt that Napoleon's power must not be allowed time for further consolidation, the government concluded to strike while his difficulties in Spain were at their height.

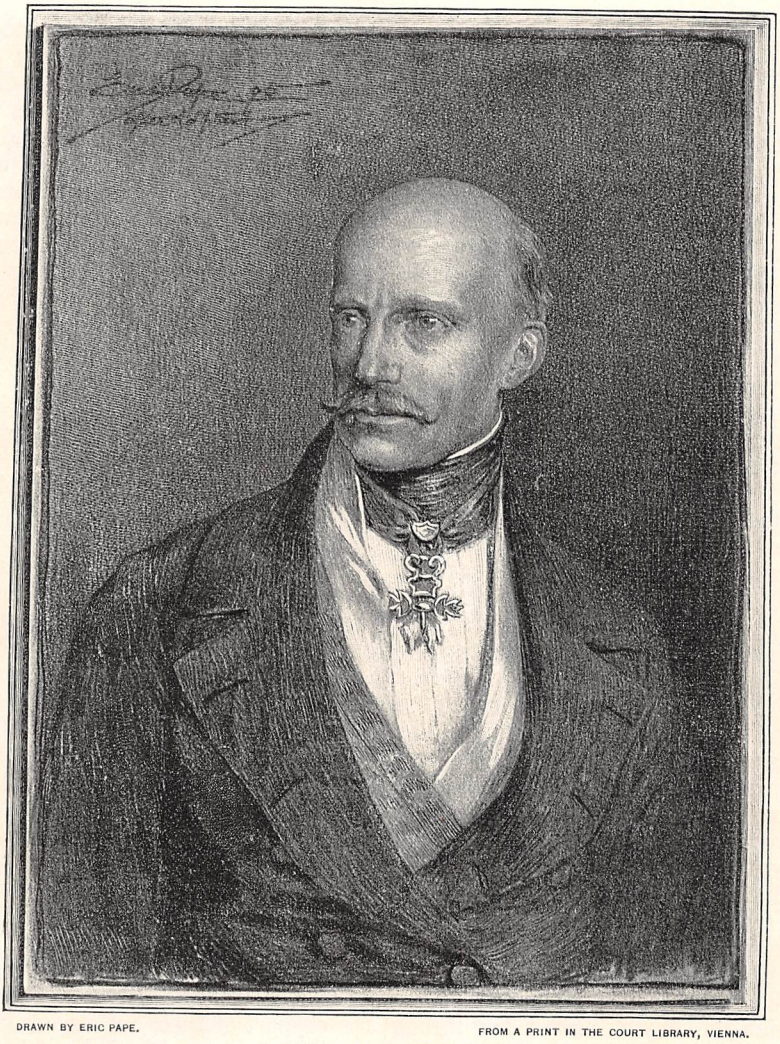
Although the Czar had left Erfurt in an anxious mood, he was nevertheless clear in his mind that through Napoleon alone could his ambitions be gratified. He was equally determined that, while the European system should be no further disturbed, it must for a time be maintained as it now was. On his homeward journey he had time to reflect on the situation, and as he passed through Kö-

nigsberg the warlike temper of Prussia was so manifest that he thought Frederick William, for a time at least, should be removed from its influence. Accordingly he pressed the King to pay a visit to St. Petersburg. The invitation was accepted, and the Czar's efforts were so successful that when his visitor left for home his feeling was as unwarlike as it had ever been. He informed Austria that his interests were those of Russia, that there should be no offensive warfare, and that any conflict must be confined to repelling an attack. To an inquiry from Vienna, the Czar himself replied, on March 2, that if Austria should declare war he would fulfil his obligations to Napoleon; but six weeks later, seeing how determined was the war sentiment of Francis, and how complete were his preparations, it seemed best to throw an anchor to windward, and he so far modified his attitude as to explain that in the event of war he would not put his strength into any blow he should aim at Austria.

The cabinet of Vienna was perfectly aware that neither Alexander nor Frederick William represented the national feeling of their respective peoples; that Austria's opportunity to lead a great revolt against Napoleon might be found in the support of the powerful conservatives of Russia, in the enthusiasm of all Prussia, where Arndt was already crying, «Freedom and Austria!» and in the passionate loyalty of her own peoples, not excepting the sturdy Tyrolese, who, chafing under Napoleon's yoke, were not only restless, but even turbulent and ready for insurrection. On March 18, 1809, the French minister at Vienna wrote to Paris that in 1805 the government, but neither army nor nation, had desired war; that now the government, the army, and the people all desired it. In requesting a subsidy from England the Austrian plenipotentiary was ordered to state that in the event of victory his government hoped to secure such internal vigor as Austria had enjoyed before the treaty of Presburg. As to the neighboring states, she desired some minor rectifications of her own frontier, with an indemnification to the younger branches of her dynasty for their lost states. These might be found either in Germany or in Italy, and if she should succeed in destroying Napoleon's system of tributary states she meant to restore all those territories to their rightful owners, not excepting those of the German princes who had been hostile.

The credulity of Napoleon's critics often overleaps that of his eulogists. To suppose, as many do, that no inkling of all these stupendous schemes reached him in Spain is preposterous. Bavaria was his faithful subordinate, and Poland still hoped everything from his successes. Both were in the heart of Germany, and through a carefully organized and well-administered system of spies he regularly received information of the most reliable nature. The same historians who assert that after Marengo Bonaparte left Italy for Paris to cloak his defeat, and that he fled to Malmaison to conceal his direct connection with Enghien's death, expect us to believe that Napoleon fled from Spain merely to throw the responsibility of failure on Joseph. Most men in any crisis act from mixed motives. Such a charge displays skill in combining facts, but Marengo, whether a defeat or a victory, secured France to the general; the retreat to Malmaison did not induce the Consul to deny his responsibility for the execution at Vincennes; and it would be simply an intervention of the supernatural if Napoleon, for purely subjective reasons, should have left Spain to return to Paris just at the very instant when his presence was absolutely essential there in order to check those who, although ostensibly his supporters, were in reality his deadly foes, and for the warlike preparations to meet the storm which was about to burst. His secretary has asserted that the letters which reached him at Astorga contained all this disquieting news, and there is absolutely no proof that they did not. The probability is all on the side of the account which was universally accepted until attacked by the group of over-credulous French historians whose zeal for the Revolution is such that they feel bound to attack every statement of the equally biased school of Napoleonic advocates.

It was from Spain that the Emperor warned the princes composing the Confederation of the Rhine to have their contingents ready. His language is guarded—whether the cabinet of Vienna had drunk from the waters of Lethe or from those of the Danube, he would be ready. But his actions could have but one meaning. The moment he reached Paris, significant looks and conduct warned Talleyrand to beware. «Is Joseph,» the Emperor said, in an interview with Roederer, «to talk like an Englishman or behave like Talleyrand? I have covered this man with honors, riches, and diamonds; he has used them all against me. At the first opportunity he had, he has betrayed me as much as he could. He has declared during my absence that he kneeled in supplication to prevent my enterprise in Spain: for two years he tormented me to un-



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE. FROM A PRINT IN THE COURT LIBRARY, VIENNA.

ARCHDUKE JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

dertake it. . . . It was the same with regard to Enghien. I did not even know him; it was Talleyrand who brought him to my notice. I did not know where he was; it was Talleyrand who told me the spot, and after having advised his death he has groaned over it with every acquaintance.»

At the same time the columns of the «Moniteur» were filled with half-true accounts of the Emperor's success in Spain. As after Marengo, the French people knew everything that was favorable; but there was a complete suppression of all the rest. As Austria desired war to secure her subsidies from England, so France was again in need of funds which her own resources could not provide. Because of the failure to paralyze Spain by a single blow, Napoleon had, for the first time in his history, returned after a «successful» campaign without an enormous war indemnity. As before, after temporary patching French finances were again in disorder, and there was urgent need to repair them. The people needed peace for their enterprises, but the Continental blockade so hampered commerce that any peace which did not include a pacification of the seas would avail them little. It was a customary formality of Napoleon's to put the entire responsibility of war on the enemy, and it was announced in February that negotiations with Austria had failed. This was in a large sense true, although the particular effort referred to was perfunctory, and was intended technically to secure the help of Russia, who was to fight only in case Austria should be the aggressor.

Gradually, therefore, the war spirit revived

in France. No one remonstrated when once more recourse was had to the fatal policy of anticipating the annual conscription. Not only were the conscripts for 1810 called out, but the number was stretched to the utmost, and those who from immaturity or other causes had been unavailable in 1806, 1807, 1808, and 1809, were now collected. The total of the youths thus swept together was not less than 160,000. To render available their slender efficiency, they were divided among the various regiments already in the field, in each of which these raw and boyish recruits constituted a fifth battalion.

Since the Archduke Charles had been again at the helm of military affairs in Austria, not only had a transformation been wrought in the army as a fighting instrument, but the general staff had likewise been completely reorganized. For two years, therefore, Austria's occupation was not only forging a sword, but learning, as well, how to wield it. The lessons taught her by previous experience in Napoleonic warfare were thoroughly learned. It was consequently a very different strategic problem which the Emperor of the French had to solve in this campaign. For two years the Archduke had been studying his task, and that in the light of his ample experience. The conclusion he reached was that he would attack and overpower Davout in Saxony; then, by an appeal to their German patriotism, raise and use the peoples of northern and central Germany for an overwhelming assault on Napoleon.

But as the time for action drew near, the moral influence of those terrific annihilating blows which the French armies had struck once and again began to assert itself and to create hesitancy. Count Stadion, the minister of state, knew that diplomacy had reached the limit of its powers and could gain at most only a few weeks. These he felt sure the enemy would use to better advantage in strengthening himself than Austria in her poverty could do. He was therefore urgent for prompt action. Charles, on the other hand, hesitated to face the miraculous resources of Napoleon without a finishing touch to some preparations still incomplete. He therefore began in January to procrastinate, and consequently it was not until February that Francis ordered the attack. In this interval the whole plan of campaign was changed. The main army, under Charles, was to be collected in Bohemia, ready for action in any direction, so as to thwart whatever course Napoleon might adopt. Hiller was to guard the line of the Inn, Ferdinand was to march against Warsaw, while John was to enter the Tyrol from Italy and excite the people to revolt. On April 9 the Archduke Charles declared war; all these movements were well under way, and Hiller had reached the Inn.

Ostensibly this war was to be unlike any other so far waged. The secret instructions given to the imperial Austrian envoy in London clearly indicate that the Hapsburgs hoped by victory to restore their influence both in Italy and Germany; for that was the meaning of «restitution to rightful owners» and the «slight rectification of their frontiers,» or, in other words, the restoration of European conditions to what they had been before Napoleon's advent. This was the dynastic side; the national side was also to be used for its purposes. «The liberties of Europe have taken refuge under your banner,» ran Charles's proclamation to the army; «your victories will break their bonds, and your German brethren still in the enemy's ranks await their redemption.» To the German world he said, «Austria fights not only for her own autonomy, but takes the sword for the independence and national honor of Germany.» Another manifesto, written by Gentz, the ablest statesman in Vienna, declared that the war was to be waged not against France, but against the system of persistent extension which had produced such universal disorder in Europe.

The tone and language of these papers have an audible Napoleonic echo in them: if an upstart house, represented by a single life and without direct descendants, could win success by appeals to the people, and gain the support of their enthusiasm by identifying its interests with theirs, why might not an ancient dynasty, with vigorous stock and numerous shoots, do likewise? Moreover, Napoleon no longer respected the limits of natural, physical boundaries, or the restrictions of birth, speech, religion, and custom, which inclosed a nation: his empire was to disdain such influences, to found itself on the universal brotherhood of man, and to secure the regeneration of mankind by liberal ideas of universal validity. Austria would offset this alluring summons by a trumpet-call to the brotherhood of Germans, to the strong forces of national feeling, to the respect for tradition and history which would animate her soldiers and justify her course.

If she needed a concrete illustration she could point to the Tyrolese. Since the treaty of Presburg their chains had chafed their limbs to the raw; at this very moment they were again in open rebellion. The adminis-



DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

ARRIVAL OF NAPOLEON AMONG THE BAVARIANS AND SAXONS.

trative reforms introduced by Maximilian of Bavaria were in reality most salutary; his determined stand against priestly domination over the Tyrolese people proved in the end their salvation. But the evils of feudalism were always least among mountaineers, and relations of patriarchal tenderness existed between the aristocracy and the peasantry. The devotion of both classes to their institutions, their habits, their clothes, their customs, their local names, was intense. They had no mind to see the name of their country disappear forever, to lose their pleasant, easy-fitting institutions, or to submit to the conscription and join in the great leveling movement which compelled them to serve in the ranks as ordinary soldiers. With their local assemblies they meant to keep their military exclusiveness as scouts, skirmishers, and sharp-shooters, in all of which lines they excelled.

The more enlightened citizens of the towns were well pleased with Bavarian rule, but the impulsive, ignorant, and superstitious peasantry were the glad instruments of Austrian emissaries. When they learned that war was inevitable and would soon be formally declared, they at once rose, seized Innsbruck and held it against the Bavarian troops. When an Austrian garrison marched in, their reception was enthusiastic. This was in the middle of April; simultaneously the Archduke John defeated Prince Eugène in Italy and drove him back upon the Adige, while Ferdinand overpowered all resistance in Poland, and on the 20th occupied Warsaw. Such successes were intoxicating; the great general had, it seemed, been caught napping at last, and the advantage of a successful opening appeared to be with his enemy.

THE FIFTH WAR WITH AUSTRIA—ECKMÜHL.

It was Napoleon's pride that in his campaigns no enemy should lay down the law to him. He did not ask, How will my foe behave? What must I do to thwart him?—that was defensive warfare. For his purposes he must ask, Whence can I best strike? This question he now answered by selecting the valley of the Danube as his line of approach, and Ratisbon as his headquarters. He had before him the most difficult task he had so far undertaken. The concentration and sustenance of his troops must be made along the line of very least resistance. Davout had four divisions—one each in Magdeburg, Hanover, Stettin, and Bayreuth; he was also in command of the Poles and Saxons. Bernadotte had two divisions distributed in Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck; Oudinot had one in Hanau; the soldiers of the Rhine Confederation were scattered in all its towns. Two other divisions were just starting for Spain.

In the beginning of March the faithful Berthier was again appointed chief of staff, and the Emperor's orders were issued. They were as clear, concise, and adequate as any of his best; he was once more on familiar ground, under ordinary conditions, facing a well-known foe, whose strength was greater than ever before, but whose identity was still the same. Davout was to collect his troops at Bamberg, the Poles were to remain in Warsaw, the Saxons in Dresden. To the latter capital Bernadotte should lead his army and then assume command. Oudinot was ordered to Augsburg, where he was to be reinforced. The departing divisions were brought to a halt and sent back to Ulm for Masséna's command, while two fresh ones were gathered in France and sent to Strasburg. The Rhine princes were to have their contingents ready and await orders.

A glance at the map will show that, as Napoleon said, he could then in an emergency reach Munich like lightning. But he expected no move from his enemy before the middle of April. By that time he hoped to have his German army gathered, equipped, and ready; in the interval the forces already on the ground could hold Charles in check; by the end of March there would be 100,000 French in Bamberg, Ulm, and Augsburg, with 30,000 Bavarians under Lefebvre about Munich; before the outbreak of hostilities he hoped to have a total of 200,000 available fighting troops. «Should the Austrians attack before April 10,» were the orders given on March 28, «the army shall be collected behind the Lech, the right occupying Augsburg, the left resting on the right bank of the Danube at Donauwörth.» Then followed the most minute instructions to Berthier, explaining every move, and setting forth the reasons why he had chosen Ratisbon as his headquarters. This would give command of the Danube, assure a line of communication, and enable him so to control space and time that he could open the campaign much as he chose.

These dispositions had already compelled a second change of plan by the Austrians. They had expected a repetition of Moreau's advance by Munich; instead, they were called on to defend their capital a second time. Two divisions were left to watch the Bohemian Forest; the rest of the army, with Charles



FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN-BAPTISTE-PAULIN GUÉRIN, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL.

MARSHAL JEAN LANNES, DUKE OF MONTEBELLO.

at its head, set out, by the circuitous route through Linz, to join Hiller and assume the offensive in the Danube valley. In case of a battle the two divisions were to come up by the short, direct route through Ratisbon, and add their strength to the main army. On the declaration of hostilities the Austrians at once crossed the Inn and began their march; it was the 16th before they reached the line of the Isar. Had the Archduke not been so sparing of his troops, wearied as they were by the circuit through Linz, he might have changed the course of history. Napoleon had not yet arrived, and Berthier, who was but human, had proved unequal to the execution of his commander's orders.

It had been the object of Napoleon to gather his army on a certain definite, well-connected line, and thence use it as necessity demanded. Instead of obeying the letter of his instructions, Berthier had struggled to obey their spirit, and had failed. The command on the left bank had been assigned to Davout; that of all the troops on the other side had been given to Masséna; the latter was to concentrate on the Lech, the former at Ingolstadt. So far all was good; then Berthier lost his head (the critics say he never

could have learned strategy if he had had ten lives), and, swerving from the clear letter of Napoleon's orders, he attempted a more rapid combination—not that behind the Lech, but one directly at Ratisbon. Davout was to march thither and remain there; the other divisions were successively to join him. The result was that three days elapsed before any army was gathered at all; the two portions, one at Ratisbon, the other at Augsburg, being widely separated, and each exposed to the separate attack of an enemy without the possibility of coöperation by the other half.

When the Archduke Charles learned the general situation of his enemy he determined to do exactly this thing—that is, to attack and overwhelm each portion of the French army separately. For this purpose he crossed the Isar, and, turning to the right, marched directly on Ratisbon to attack Davout's command with his superior force before Masséna's scattered divisions could reach the positions assigned to them. But he was too late. The semaphore telegraph then in use had flashed from station to station its signals of the declaration of war and of the enemy's advance over the Inn, until the news reached Napoleon in Paris on the 12th. On the 16th, after four days' almost unbroken travel, he reached Donauwörth. The confusion into which Berthier's orders had thrown his carefully arranged plans infuriated him; but when he heard, as he descended from his traveling-carriage, where the enemy was, he could not believe his ears. When assured of the truth he seemed, as eye-witnesses declared, to grow taller, his eyes began to sparkle, and with every indication of delight he cried: «Then I have him! That 's a lost army! In one month we are in Vienna!» The enemy's first decisive blunder was the march by Linz; the second was yet to be made.

Napoleon's strategy during the following days was, both in his own opinion and in that of his military commentators, the greatest of his life. Such had been Berthier's indecision when he saw his blunder that one general at least (Pelet) charged him with being a traitor. In twenty-four hours his puzzled humor and conflicting orders had more or less demoralized the whole army. But with Napoleon's presence new vigor was inspired into every one, from the division commanders to the men in the ranks. Promptly on the 17th the order went forth for Davout to leave Ratisbon and challenge the enemy to battle by a flank march up the right bank of the Danube to Ingolstadt in his very face. Lefebvre was to cover the movement, and Wrede, with one Bavarian division, was held ready to strengthen any weak spot in case of battle. Masséna next day was ordered to set out from Augsburg for the same point, «to unite with the army, catch the enemy at work, and destroy his columns.» To this end he was to march eastward by Pfaffenhofen. In a twinkling the scattered French army seemed already concentrated, while scouts came one after the other to announce that the Austrians were separating.

The Austrians had crossed the Isar in good order, Charles himself at Landshut. If they had kept directly onward they might have still wedged themselves between Davout and Lefebvre. But the Archduke grew timid at the prospect of swamps and wooded hills before him; uncertain of his enemy's exact position, he threw forward three separate columns by as many different roads, and thus lengthened his line enormously, the right wing being at Essenbach, the center advanced before Landshut to Hohen-Thann, the left at Morsbach. At four in the morning of the 18th Lefebvre received orders to fall on the Austrian left, while flying messengers followed each other in quick succession to spur on Masséna with urgent pleas of immediate necessity. It was hoped that he might come up to join an attack, which though intended mainly to divert the Austrians from Davout, could by his help be turned into an important victory.

The Archduke during the day collected 66,000 men at Rohr for his onset, and 35,000 men at Ludmannsdorf to cover his flank, leaving 25,000 at Moosburg. That night Davout's last corps (Friant's) came in, and he began his march. Masséna, who had collected his army and was coming from Augsburg, was ordered to turn, either left toward Abensberg, in order to join Davout, or right toward Landshut, to attack Charles's rear, as circumstances should determine. Lefebvre was now commanded to assume the defensive and await events at Abensberg. Throughout the morning of the 19th Davout and Charles continued their march, drawing ever closer to each other. At eleven the French van and the Austrian left collided. The latter made a firm stand, but were driven in with great slaughter.

A considerable force which had been sent to strike Davout on the flank at Abensberg was also defeated by Lefebvre. Before evening the entire French army was united and in hand. Davout was on the left toward the river Laber, Lefebvre, with the Bavarians and several French divisions, was in the center beyond the river Aben, while Masséna had reached a point beyond Moosburg. Within



DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

REAPPEARANCE OF NAPOLEON ON THE FIELD BEFORE RATISBON, AFTER BEING WOUNDED.

(The moment illustrated is that of the capture of the town at 3 P. M.)



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

MARBOT AND LABÉDOYÈRE SCALING THE WALL AT RATISBON.

sixty hours Napoleon had conceived and completed three separate strategic movements: the withdrawal of the whole army toward Ingolstadt, the advance of his right to strengthen the incoming left, and the rearrangement of his entire line with the right on his enemy's base of operations.

«In war you see your own troubles; those of the enemy you cannot see. You must show confidence,» wrote the French emperor about this time to Eugène. How true it was of his own course! On the morning of the 21st he declared that the enemy was in full retreat. This was over-confidence on his part, and not true; but it might as well have been. As a result of the preceding day's skirmishing and countermarching the Austrian army was itself entirely cut in two; one division, the right, under Charles, pressing on to Ratisbon, the other, under Hiller, marching aimlessly behind in a general northwesterly direction, the whole straggling line not less than twenty miles in length. Lannes, the sturdiest, most rough-and-ready of all the marshals, had arrived from Spain the night before. His very presence increased the army's confidence that they must win, and next day he commanded a division formed from the corps of Morand, Gudin, and Nansouty. Davout received orders to hold the enemy in his front; Masséna was to spread out along his rear from Moosburg down the Isar, ready to harass either flank or rear with half his strength, and to send the rest, under Oudinot, to Abensberg.

On the morning of the 20th the Emperor himself, with Lannes and Wrede, set out to cut the enemy's line in two. They had little difficulty. The thin column dispersed before them to the north and south. Hiller was driven back to Landshut, whence he fled to Neumarkt, leaving the Isar in possession of the French. Davout advanced simultaneously against the Archduke's army, which, although very much stronger than Hiller's division, nevertheless retired and occupied Eckmühl, standing drawn up on the highroad toward Ratisbon. At Landshut the Emperor became aware that the mass of the Austrian army was not before him, but before Davout. Leaving Bessières and two divisions of infantry, with a body of cavalry, to continue the pursuit of Hiller, he turned back toward Eckmühl at three in the morning of the 22d. Here, again, a great resolve was taken in the very nick of time and in the presence of the enemy. With the same iron will and burning genius, the same endurance and pertinacity, as of old, he pressed on at the head of his soldiers. It was one o'clock when the eighteen-mile march was accomplished and the enemy's outposts before Eckmühl were reached.

Meantime one of the Austrian divisions left in Bohemia had reached Ratisbon. Charles, strengthened by this reinforcement, had determined to take the offensive, and at noon his advance began. Vandamme seemed destined to bear the force of the onset, but in the moment before the shock would have occurred appeared Napoleon's van. Advancing rapidly with Lannes, the Emperor rode to the top of a slight rise, and scanning the coming Austrians, suddenly ordered Vandamme to seize Eckmühl, and then despatched Lannes to cross the Laber and circumvent the enemy. Davout, having learned the direction of the Austrian charge, threw himself against the hostile columns on their right, and after a stubborn resistance began to push back the dogged foe. In less than two hours the French right, left, and center were all advancing, and the enemy were steadily retreating, but fighting fiercely as they withdrew. This continued until seven in the evening, when Lannes finally accomplished his task.

This destroyed all resistance. The Emperor weakly yielded to his generals' remonstrance that the troops were exhausted, and did not order a pursuit. Charles withdrew into Ratisbon. During the night and early morning he threw a pontoon bridge across the stream, which was already spanned by a stone one, and next day, after a skirmish in which his outposts were driven into the town, he crossed the Danube; three days later he effected a junction with his second division, left in the Bohemian Forest, and stood at Cham with an effective fighting force of 80,000 men. The result proved that Napoleon's judgment had been unerring; had he pursued, in spite of all remonstrance and in disregard of the fatigue of his men, he would have had no mighty foe to fight a few weeks later at Aspern. Sometime thereafter he told an Austrian general that he had deliberated long, and had refrained from following Charles into Bohemia for fear the Northern powers would rise and come to the assistance of Austria. «Had I pursued immediately,» he said at St. Helena, «as the Prussians did after Waterloo, the hostile army crowded on to the Danube would have been in the last extremity.»

«Labor is my element,» he remarked on the same dreary isle almost amid the pangs of dissolution. «I have found the limit of my strength in eye and limb; I have never found the limit of my capacity for work.» This was certainly true of this five days' fight. «His



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

MARBOT'S TROOPS, IN RATISBON, GUIDED TO THE BRIDGE BY A FRIGHTENED FRENCHWOMAN.

Majesty is well,» wrote Berthier on the 24th, «and endures according to his general habit the exertion of mind and body.» Once more his enemy was not annihilated, but this contentment and high spirits seem natural to common minds, which recall that in a week he had evolved order from chaos, and had stricken a powerful, united foe, cutting his line in two, and sending one portion to the right-about in utter confusion. No wonder that Napoleon ever regarded the strategic operations culminating at Eckmühl as his masterpiece in that particular line. Jomini, his powerful critic, remained always of the same opinion. French history knows this conflict as the Battle of Five Days; Thann, Abensberg, Landshut, Eckmühl, and Ratisbon being the places in or near which on each day a skirmish or combat occurred to mark the successive stages of French victory.

Its results were of the most important kind. In the first place, Austria's pride and confidence were gone. She had lost 50,000 men, and her warfare was no longer offensive, but defensive. Charles called for peace, but the Emperor would not listen. The Archduke John, moreover, was compelled to abandon the Tyrol, and when he found himself again in Italy, he was no longer confronted by Eugène alone, that excellent youth but feeble general, whom he had so easily defeated: Macdonald was associated with the viceroy in the command. In Poland, also, Ferdinand's easy successes had carried him too far in pursuit of Poniatowski, and he began to retreat. Lefebvre with the Bavarians was stationed at Salzburg to prevent an irruption of the Tyrolean mountaineers toward the north; all the rest of the Emperor's army was immediately ordered to march on the Austrian capital.

The advance was scarcely contested. Hiller, commanding Charles's left wing, had checked his retreat, crossed the Inn with his 30,000 men, and had successfully attacked Wrede at Erding. He had probably heard that Charles was marching to Passau, but the news was false. Learning the truth, he turned again and recrossed the Inn; thence he continued to withdraw, stopping an instant at the Traun to avail himself of a strong position and hold the line if Charles were perchance coming thither to join him. At Ebelsberg, on May 3, he made a splendid and momentarily successful resistance, but was overwhelmed by superior numbers. Hearing of his leader's slow advance, and being himself in despair, on the 7th he led his army at Mautern across to the left bank of the Danube in order to effect a junction with the disheartened Archduke, and destroyed the bridge behind him. The forces of Charles and Hiller met and halted on the slopes of the great hill known as the Bisamberg, which overlooks Vienna from the north shore, and commands the fertile plains through which the great river rolls past the Austrian capital.

Day after day, with unimportant interruptions but no real check, the French ranks marched down the right bank of the stream. On May 10 they appeared before Vienna. Then, as now, it had no efficient fortifications, and its garrison consisted of a citizen militia, strengthened by a small detachment which Hiller had sent forward to reinforce and encourage them. The defenders were commanded by the Archduke Maximilian. There was a brave show of resistance; all the suburbs were evacuated, and the populace gathered behind the old brick walls which had been erected two centuries before against the Turks. At first Napoleon thought there would be a second instance of such embittered and desperate resistance as he had encountered at Madrid. But a feint of the French to cut off the communication of the town with the river, together with a few cannon-balls, quickly brought the unhappy capital to terms; Maximilian marched out at midnight on the 11th, and on the 12th Napoleon returned to the neighboring palace of Schönbrunn, where he had already established his headquarters. The news which arrived from day to day was most encouraging. Poniatowski was again in possession of Warsaw, which the Archduke Ferdinand had evacuated in order to rejoin his brother Charles. The Archduke John, flying before Macdonald, had passed the Carinthian mountains into Hungary, where the liberal movement threatened Austrian rule. The Bavarians, under Lefebvre, had, after desperate fighting, driven the Tyrolese rebels from Innsbruck. It seemed a proper time to complete, if possible, the demoralization of the whole Austrian empire before crossing the Danube to annihilate its military force. Francis had sown the wind in his declaration of war: he must reap the whirlwind.

From the beginning Napoleon had made the most of his enemy's being the aggressor. There were no terms too harsh for the «Moniteur» to apply when speaking of the hostile court and the resisting populations. The Emperor's proclamations reveled in abuse of the Tyrolese and of Schill, the Prussian partizan who, having distinguished himself after Jena, was now striving to use the Austrian war in order to arouse the North Germans. He had already gathered a few desperate patriots,



DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

FIGHTING IN THE STREETS OF ESSLING.

and in open hostility was defying constituted authority with the intention of calling his country to arms. The news of Eckmühl had destroyed his chances of success, and he was soon to end his gallant but ill-starred career in a final stand at Stralsund, whither he had retreated. He was stigmatized by Napoleon as a «sort of robber who had covered himself with crimes in the last Prussian campaign.» In repeated public utterances the Emperor of Austria was characterized as cowardly, thankless, and perjured, while the Viennese were addressed as «good people, abandoned and widowed.» The last acts of their flying rulers had been murder and arson; «like Medea, they had with their own hands strangled their own children.»

This policy of wooing the people while abusing their rulers had been successfully undertaken in Italy, and continued with varying results from that day. No more effective revolutionary engine could have been devised for Europe in Napoleon's age. The specious statements of the Emperor were based on truth, and while the idea they expressed was distorted and reiterated until its exaggeration became falsehood, yet France and the Napoleonic soldiers appeared to fight and suffer enthusiastically for what they still considered a great cause; and even the dull boors, whose intelligence had been nearly quenched by centuries of oppression, felt stirrings of manhood as they listened to the Emperor's fiery words. The middle classes were not deceived, but they had no power to refute such language from such a man; and among the few truly enlightened men of each nation who were aware of their country's abasement under dynastic absolutism, a tremendous impression was often created, at least temporarily.

This fact had been well illustrated already in Poland. Austria had another appanage whose people cared little for the prestige of their foreign kings and much for their own liberties. The Hungarians were a conservative, capable race; many of them were ardent Protestants, well educated and well informed, successfully combining in their institutions the best elements of both civic and patriarchal life. To them Napoleon issued a proclamation on May 15 which was a masterpiece of its kind. It set forth that the Emperor Leopold II. in his short reign had acknowledged their rights and confirmed their liberties; that Francis I. had sworn to maintain their laws and constitution, but had never convoked their estates except to demand money for his wars; that in view of such treatment, Hungary should now rise and secure national independence. The proclamation produced some effect, but as a whole the Hungarians stood fast in their allegiance.

Four years earlier Napoleon's proclamation declaring that the Bourbons of Naples had ceased to reign was launched from Schönbrunn. Now another, to which reference has already been made, equally famous, was dictated within its walls, though dated May 17, from the «Imperial Camp at Vienna.» It was a document even abler than that addressed to the Hungarians. Citing the abuses which had from immemorial times resulted from the confusion of temporal with spiritual power in the papacy, it revoked the donation of Charles the Great to Hadrian I. (made a thousand years before!), declared that Pius VII. had ceased to reign, and that, as an indemnity for the loss of his secular power, he was to receive an annual increase of income amounting to 2,000,000 francs. In time of peace this decree would have produced throughout Europe a tremendous stir; but in the interval between the two acts of a great campaign men were much more occupied with speculations about the decision of arms than with a change which was, after all, only another phase of a protracted, tiresome struggle in which the papacy had long since fallen from its pinnacle. It was, however, an element of terrific demoralization in the house of Austria, which thus saw the consolidation of Italy under the Napoleon family complete, and their last hope to regain their European influence by enlargement in that peninsula extinguished.

Such was the scenic diversion provided for the great world in the pause of a few days after the occupation of Vienna. These moments were likewise occupied by the greatest military activity. Morning, noon, and night secretaries wrote and messengers ran; the roads of central Europe fairly rang beneath the feet of tramping infantry and the hoofs of horses which were dragging provision-trains or artillery carriages, and bearing despatches to distant points.

The Archduke Charles was a fine strategic theorist, in his age second only to Napoleon. After the fatal division of his army before Landshut, he had wonderfully retrieved his strength in seizing Ratisbon, crossing the Danube, and standing at Cham 80,000 strong after his reinforcement by the divison which he called in from the Bohemian Forest. But again he became the victim of indecision. Calling for peace negotiations, he loitered long at Budweis, failed to join Hiller so as



DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

DEFENSE OF THE GRANARY AT ESSLING.

to throw their united force across the French advance to Vienna, and when at last he brought up on the slopes of the Bisamberg he seemed for an instant aimless. Thus can the hope of peace paralyze a great general's activity. But when, having offered to open negotiations with his adversary, he received no answer, when he learned that the Austrian ministry also was determined to fight the struggle out, he was himself again. His plan was the greatest perhaps ever devised by him: so great, indeed, that four years later Napoleon made it his own at Dresden. It was to free Vienna by threatening the French communications.

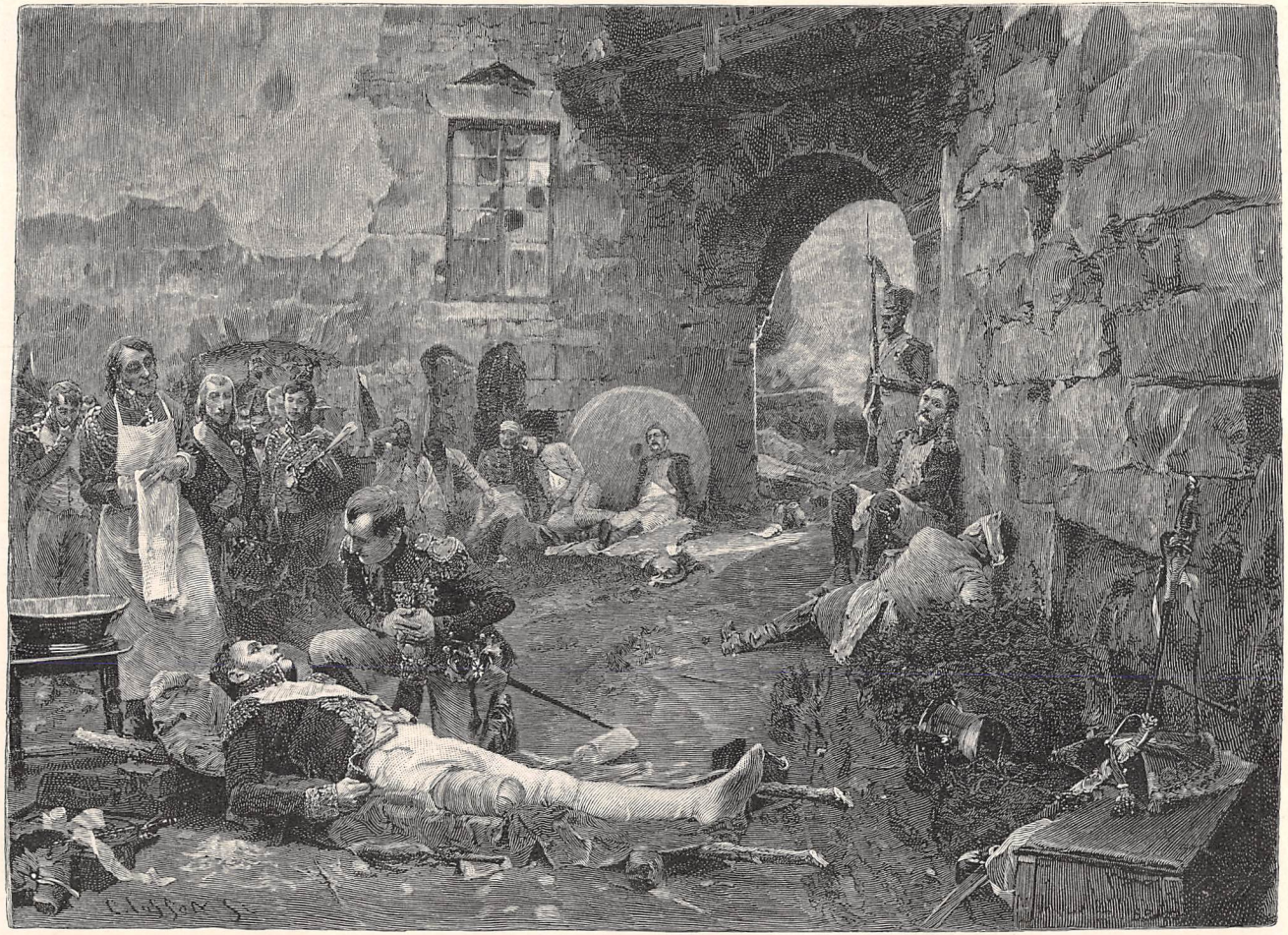
The idea was old enough; the novelty lay in the details. Kollowrath was to detach 25,000 men from his own force, and to seize Linz with its bridge; the Archduke John was to join the Army of the Tyrol, which had retreated to the head waters of the Enns, and then march with 50,000 men to the same point. But Masséna was already master of the Enns valley, and Bernadotte was sent to assist Vandamme at Linz. The Emperor had already divined the plan, and had thwarted it by the rapidity with which his orders were transmitted and distant divisions summoned. The communications were threatened, but not broken, and Napoleon gave his whole attention to the problem of crossing a great river in the face of an enemy. He had done it before, but never under circumstances so peculiar as these which confronted him in the size of the Danube and the strength of his foe.

The mighty stream follows for the most part a single channel until it debouches into the plains which face Vienna on the north. There it divides into several arms, inclosing numerous islands. These branches are nearly all substantial streams; many of them are navigable. It was determined to select two such points, one above and the other below the town, to build bridges at both, and to select whichever one should prove more feasible when the task was done. The enterprise above the town failed entirely through the vigilance of the Austrians. Masséna had better success at the other end, and succeeded in gathering sufficient material without great difficulty; his bridges between the two shores by the island of Lobau were ready on May 20. In this interval Charles advanced, and occupied a line farther forward in the great plain, stretching from hamlet to hamlet—from Korneuburg, Enzersfeld, Gross-Ebersdorf, to Strebersdorf. Eugène and Macdonald had reached Villach, whence they could march direct to Vienna; the Archduke John was at Völkermarkt, on his way down the Drave toward Hungary. Two days before, eight hundred French soldiers had crossed into the island of Lobau to drive out the Austrian scouts; on the 19th Napoleon arrived, and the necessary fortifications were constructed; on the 20th the passage began, and Masséna, with Lannes's light cavalry, was sent out to reconnoiter.

NAPOLEON DEFEATED AT ASPERN.

CHARLES, having apparently determined to let his enemy cross unmolested, and to fight the decisive battle on his own ground, had advanced meantime to still another line of hamlets—Strebersdorf, Gerasdorf, Deutsch-Wagram. On the morning of the 21st Napoleon's army was partly across the main stream, some of his troops being on the Lobau, some entirely over on the left bank, but a large portion being still on the right bank. His cavalry was again sent to clear the Marchfeld of the Austrian light horse, who were coursing from one vantage-point to another; and he himself, in order to survey the country, advanced to the first slight rise beyond the low meadows which border the river. Near where he stood was the comfortable hamlet of Aspern, composed like the others round about of one-story stone houses and high stone barns, some of which are of great size, with walls many feet thick. The farmsteads and churchyard are inclosed with ordinary masonry walls. At a short distance to the eastward lay Essling, with a few hundred inhabitants like Aspern; and farther still, but easily visible, the somewhat larger village of Enzersdorf. The plain, though not rolling, is yet not perfectly flat, and small water-courses traverse it at frequent intervals, their direction marked by the trees growing on their banks. The most important of these, the Russbach, was some miles north of where he stood. Turning to Masséna, after scanning the ground, he said: «I shall refuse on the left, and advancing on the right, turn in the Austrian front to the left.» That is, he would leave his own left on the river, turn the Austrian left, and rolling up their line, inclose them with their own rear to the Danube. His success meant their annihilation, for they had no means of crossing in retreat.

To men of less daring this would have seemed a mad plan. A careful general would, without hesitation, have seized and strongly garrisoned Aspern, Essling, and Enzersdorf in order that his own line of retreat might be secure, and sufficient room be assured in which to deploy. Pelet, in his memoirs, declares that



FROM THE PAINTING BY E. BOUTIGNY. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED BY THE ARTIST. ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON.

NAPOLEON AND MARSHAL LANNES AT ESSLING.

the Emperor's orders were « to cross the river and march against the enemy.» Be this as it may, there were as yet only three infantry divisions on the left bank of the Danube, and Aspern was but weakly garrisoned. Charles was determined if possible to maintain his superiority of numbers, and sent floats laden with stones down the main channel of the river to crash through Napoleon's bridges. The attempt met with only slight success, though it weakened the most important one. Meantime the Austrians were advancing in five columns, one by Breitenlee against Aspern, one by Aderklaa against Essling, one direct on Enzersdorf to their left; the two others were cavalry, and bore in the general direction of Breitenlee toward Aspern. They appeared in full sight about one o'clock, the column destined to attack Napoleon being nearest. Napoleon's over-confidence disappeared at once, and while the Austrians deployed for the attack, and occupied Aspern, he sent Molitor's division in to seize and hold the hamlet, Masséna being in command. The divisions of Legrand and Boudet were in the rear, on the right and left respectively. Bessières, with the cavalry of Lasalle and Espagne, stood between Aspern and Essling; the division of Carra Saint-Cyr arrived later and was held in reserve. Lannes and Boudet, with a small force, were ordered to hold Essling. Enzersdorf was abandoned, and quickly occupied by the Austrian left.

The fighting at Aspern was awful. The French pushed in, were driven out, then turned and seized it again. Once more, and still once more, the same alternating successes were repeated, the thickest of the fight being at the churchyard in the western end of the village. At Essling the fore-post about which the battle raged was a great barn with mighty walls and vaulted cellars. Meanwhile the Emperor was calling in his troops as fast as possible from behind, but at three in the afternoon his main bridge over the chief arm of the Danube gave way before masses of rubbish brought down from the hill country by a freshet. The Austrians were from first to last superior in numbers on the battle-field; their enfilading batteries were able to sweep the French lines for several hours, and the carnage was dreadful. At last Bessières succeeded in dislodging them from Essling, and it was held by the French until dusk, when the Austrians drew off to bivouac. But at Aspern the numbers engaged were greater, Legrand being sent in toward nightfall. The Archduke intended to take and hold the village if possible, and the fighting continued there until midnight. Weakened and inferior in numbers though the French were, they understood better than their foes the defense of a place, and when firing ceased they still held half of the long main street.

By midnight the French bridge was again repaired, and Davout, in response to Napoleon's urgent orders, began to bring up reinforcements, especially artillery, and held them in readiness for crossing on the south shore of the main stream. The Austrians had made at two in the morning still another effort to drive out the enemy from Aspern; soon afterward they attacked Essling. Masséna called in Carra Saint-Cyr to Aspern; within an hour both attacks had been repulsed, and the hamlet entirely cleared of the enemy. While the desperate struggle again went on, the Emperor once more surveyed the field; and when at seven in the morning Davout sent word that a portion of the reinforcements was already on the Lobau, Napoleon determined to break through the enemy's center, and for that purpose threw forward the troops already on the ground. But once more the weakened and patched structure over the Danube gave way, and the arrival of reinforcements was stopped; the available French force was immediately drawn back, and stationed to hold the line from Aspern to Essling. The enemy was encouraged, and pressed on to the attack with renewed vigor; in the former village the scenes of the previous day were repeated, first one and then the other contestant holding it for a time. In the center, where the Austrians almost broke through the line, Napoleon quickly brought together his recently arrived artillery and Bessières's cavalry; after terrific struggles they succeeded in holding the Austrians in check. On the right Essling, captured and recaptured several times by each side, was first taken and long held by the enemy's left, and then retaken only at about three in the afternoon, by a portion of the French reserve, Napoleon's « young guard.» Thereupon, from the sheer exhaustion of both sides, the conflict ceased, nothing being heard but desultory discharges of artillery. The French were in possession of both Aspern and Essling. At seven the Emperor called a council of war; the generals advised recrossing the Danube and a retreat into Vienna. « You must mean to Strasburg,» said their chief; « for if Charles should follow, he might drive me thither, and if he should march to cut me off at Linz, I must march thither, too, to meet him. In either case, I must abandon the capital, my only source of supplies.» There was no reply, and it was



DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

BUILDING THE BRIDGE AT THE ISLAND OF LOBAU.

(Napoleon and General Bertrand in the foreground, village of Ebersdorf in the distance.)

determined to withdraw into the Lobau, and hold it until a stronger bridge could be constructed and Davout bring over his entire force. After two days of terrific defensive fighting,—so terrific that the Austrians were several times on the point of retreat,—Napoleon was obliged to abandon the field.

NAPOLEON VICTORIOUS AT WAGRAM.

THE night of May 22 was the beginning of such bitterness for the French emperor as he had not yet tasted. His enemy's forces numbered about 70,000, his own perhaps 45,000; but this was entirely his own fault, due largely to overweening confidence in himself and a weak contempt for foes who, after a long and bitter novitiate, now fought like veteran Frenchmen, and were led by one who had learned the lessons of Napoleon's own strategy. Five times Essling had been lost and won; how often Aspern had been captured and retaken could only be estimated. Both hamlets were now abandoned by the French. The last Austrian charge against the center had been made and repelled with fiery valor, but in it Lannes was mortally wounded. The grand total, therefore, of the two days was a loss of gallant troops by the thousand, and of this marshal, Napoleon's greatest division general, the friend of his youth, and the only surviving one that was both fearless and honest. Worse even than this, the «unconquerable,» though not conquered, had been checked, and that, too, not in a corner, as in Spain or at Eylau, but in the sight of all Europe, on a field chosen by himself.

As the war-sick Emperor passed the litter on which lay the maimed body of his old comrade, he threw himself on the living but maimed and half-conscious form in an agony of tenderness; and that night, as he sat at table before an untasted meal, the bitter tears rolled over cheeks which did not often know the sensation. But the bulletin which he dictated ran, «The enemy withdrew to their position, and we remained masters of the field.» This was exactly as true of the French at Aspern as it had been of the Russians at Eylau—a technical victory, a moral defeat. The Austrians celebrated a victory, the honors of which they accorded to the last cavalry charge under Prince John Liechtenstein; and in the peaceful churchyard at Aspern lies the effigy of a majestic lion stricken to the heart, as an Austrian reminder of those two days' victorious fighting, which literally drenched the spot with blood. «We could not use the victory,» wrote Charles's chief of staff on the 24th; «for the enemy's strong position made pursuit impossible.» This he well knew, for the night before the Austrians had tried with signal failure to dislodge the French army from the Lobau.

The respective feelings of the two forces are mirrored in two facts. On the 23d Napoleon again visited Lannes, who was now fully conscious and aware that he was doomed. He was as fearless as ever, and with the stern candor of an old republican poured out to the Emperor all that he felt. The army, he said, was weary of bloodshed, the nation of its sense of exhaustion; for both were alike aware that they suffered and bled no longer for a principle, but for the boundless ambition of one man. The veteran marshal refused all sympathy or consolation, and turned his face to the wall. Both Marbot and Pelet declare that this story of Cadet de Gassicourt is an invention; if so, it is a clever one, for we know from other sources that as far as the army was concerned the statement attributed to Lannes was correct. As there was little chance for booty in such rapid marching and constant fighting, the youth and the poor were disheartened. The great fortunes won by the officers were of little use while peace was denied for their enjoyment; the millions of Masséna did not save him from the exposures and hardships of the battle-field, and he confessed that he loved luxury and immoral self-indulgence. Such voices had created an undercurrent of discontent.

The feeling of Charles and his soldiers was not greatly different. There was nothing possible as the result of their victory but to take up a more comfortable position on the same Marchfeld which had witnessed their losses. Before them were the corpses of nearly 50,000 slain, about equally divided between their brethren and their foes. The Archduke urged that now was the time for diplomacy. The battle of Aspern had softened Napoleon, he said, and Austria might secure an advantageous peace. But Francis had not changed his nature: he would await the final decision. His brother Ferdinand would soon arrive from Poland, and John was already in Hungary. To Frederick William III. he had offered Warsaw if Prussia would only come to his assistance. But the King was as stubborn as Francis. Fearing lest Austria should secure German leadership, and expecting in the end to gain more from Russia, he refused, in spite of the earnest advice of all his ministers, to assist his rival. It was only when he was assured that Alexander intended to remain neutral that he consented to a secret armament, but



FROM THE PAINTING BY ÉMILE-JEAN-HORACE VERNET, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE BATTLE OF WAGRAM.



FROM THE AQUARELLE, BY GENERAL LEJEUNE, IN THE COLLECTION OF BARON LEJEUNE.

THE BATTLE OF WAGRAM.

then it was too late. The insurrection in Westphalia, to assist which Schill, in disobedience of orders, led his battalion of hussars from Berlin, was easily suppressed. Napoleon's signal success in Bavaria seemed to justify the King, and the failure of Francis to secure any advantage after Aspern confirmed him in his opinion. Such, however, was the temper of his people that, under moral compulsion, he proposed formal terms of alliance. Austria's real spirit appeared in her vague answer. She first asked England for more assistance, but failing to secure it, turned ungraciously and with indefinite proposals to Prussia. Her envoy of course found no response. Thus it was that Charles and Napoleon lay for weeks watching each other like gladiators, each ready to take advantage of any false step made by the other, and both steadily gathering strength to renew the struggle in the same arena.

Napoleon seemed to make his preparations with a determination to risk all in the next encounter. His line of communication with the west was abandoned altogether; the Tyrol, too, was virtually evacuated, and Lefebvre, with the Bavarians, relieved Vandamme and Bernadotte at Linz, so that they might both at once advance within striking distance. Eugène had reached Bruck in Styria, and was therefore at hand; Marmont with 10,000 men was called from Illyria. Being thus safe toward the south, the Emperor sent two divisions to watch the Austrians at Presburg. Before June 10 he had compacted in and about Vienna an army of 240,000 men. On the 13th the Archduke John, having turned and advanced toward Raab, was attacked, defeated, and driven back into Hungary by Eugène, who had learned, if not generalship, at least obedience, and having carefully obeyed his stepfather's injunctions, had thus won an important victory.

Meantime all was activity on the Lobau. A new and solid bridge was built across the main stream. To forestall another such accident as had occurred before, it was not only protected by piles, but guarded by rowboats armed with field-pieces and manned by artillerymen. The enemy had withdrawn behind the Russbach in a line from Deutsch-Wagram to Markgrafneusiedl, leaving only a corps to fortify the old line from Aspern to Essling. In consequence the Emperor entirely changed his plan. The island of Lobau was first strongly fortified, and then, not one, but numerous bridges were constructed to the mainland on the left bank under cover of its guns. Lower down similar measures were taken. In this way the French troops could effect their passage very rapidly and much farther eastward than before, avoid the Aspern-Essling line, and reaching Enzersdorf under protection of their own forts, turn the enemy's left almost in the act of crossing, and so roll up the left wing of his line, which was strongly posted on high ground behind the Russbach, from Markgrafneusiedl through Parbasdorf toward Wagram, where it was connected with the center. These arrangements were all completed by July 1, on which date the Emperor left Schönbrunn for the Lobau. During the fighting at Aspern he had observed the field from the swinging rungs of a rope-ladder fastened to one of the tall trees on the island. This time he brought with him a long step-ladder, one of those used in the palace gardens to trim high trees. The Archduke John was now in Presburg, the Archduke Charles had raised his numbers to 130,000 men. On and near the Lobau were 180,000 French soldiers; 22,000 more were within call.

It was the 5th before all the preliminary moves were successfully taken. The passage had been safely accomplished during the previous night exactly as had been planned, a feint against Aspern having thrown the Austrians on a false scent. In the morning, therefore, the two lines were arrayed opposite, but somewhat obliquely, to each other, the French right overlapping the Austrian left beyond Enzersdorf as far as Wittau, so as either to prevent the approach of Archduke John or to outflank the Austrian left according to circumstances. The French center was thus in front of the Austrian left, and Masséna, with the left resting on the Danube, was to attack the Austrian center at the village of Gerasdorf, while Bernadotte and Eugène were to throw themselves on Charles's left, which stretched behind the Russbach from Wagram to Markgrafneusiedl. Napoleon waited for some hours while scouts reconnoitered toward Presburg. Being assured about five that John had not left Presburg and gave no signs of moving, he prepared his columns, and about seven in the evening ordered the onset.

Masséna made a vigorous effort to hold the enemy's center and right, while Napoleon launched his own center and right against the positions held by his opponent's left. For some hours there was vigorous fighting, but Charles saw the Emperor's manœuver, and swiftly throwing his reserve from behind Gerasdorf into his left, gained time to call up reinforcements from his right at the Bisamberg. Bernadotte moved slowly, and did not render his force effective at the crucial moment. Napoleon was much incensed by his apparent sluggishness. An attack made at seven against Wagram by Oudinot failed. This hamlet was the key of the Austrian position, forming as it did the angle of their line, and the fighting there was desperate. By nine o'clock the French were thrown back all along, and compelled to resume the positions they had held in the morning. At eleven a last attempt was made by Eugène and Bernadotte on Wagram, but like the other it was bloody and useless. Around the council-fire that evening the leaders of the left and center were ordered to move farther to the right, and to concentrate next morning on the positions behind the Russbach. At dawn the change was made, and before sunrise all was ready, the Emperor having passed a sleepless night on his tiger-skin behind the bivouac fire in front of his tent.

But Charles did not wait next morning to be attacked. With new courage and added confidence he ordered his right, under Klenau, to follow down the Danube against the enemy's weakened left, which might thus be turned, while with the break of day his center advanced against Masséna. For a time the Austrians carried all before them, and Masséna retreated step by step until it appeared as if the tables would be turned and Napoleon overwhelmed by his own tactics. Both Aspern and Essling were taken, and then, turning north, the united Austrian center and right entirely surrounded the French left and attacked it on the flank. They thought themselves victorious, when unexpectedly the heavy artillery on the Lobau opened fire upon them, and they began to waver. At this crisis the great artillerist brought into action the strong batteries of his own arm which he had so carefully prepared. Lauriston was chosen to carry out the decisive movement, and his splendid conduct not merely secured the victory, but made it overwhelming. According to the most conservative estimate, there were under his command one hundred field-pieces,—sixty from the Guard,—and these were supported by cavalry and cuirassiers; some estimate the number of guns at four hundred, but this is manifestly a wild exaggeration. As the artillery rolled up and unlimbered, their volleys of shot, shell, and shrapnel began to follow in swift succession, and in a short time the enemy's pursuit was not only stayed, but with the approach of Macdonald's infantry to form a new flank it was turned into retreat. The Austrians made one gallant stand, but were finally forced back to the foot of the Bisamberg.

Meantime Davout had attacked the left. While he fought he was steadily reinforced, until at one time, about midday, over a third of the army was concentrated under his command. The Austrians opposed to them could not even with their vantage of high ground withstand the ever stronger pressure, and slowly rolled back northward in a curve. Eugène captured Wagram, and then turned northward to join Macdonald, who, with his entire division, had joined that of Wrede, and had been steadily rolling back the enemy's line in that direction. They were supported by Davout and Oudinot. The Austrians on the right were then once more dislodged and compelled to withdraw on the highway to Brünn. It was about two in the afternoon. Davout had been ordered to wait for a signal to make the decisive advance. It was given, and as Oudinot rushed up the heights at Parbasdorf, his comrade appeared from Markgrafneusiedl, driving the enemy before him. A breach



FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD, IN THE COLLECTION OF THE COUNTESS HOCQUART DE TURTOT. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

JACQUES-ALEXANDRE-BERNARD LAW, MARQUIS OF LAURISTON.

in the opposing line was made at once, and the whole Austrian wing, being thus disorganized, hurried back to reform if possible beyond Wagram, cross the Russbach, and join the main army. They were successful. The French right halted just beyond the village which gave its name to the battle. Lasalle, a brilliant light-horse general, was killed in the last charge, and both armies bivouacked for the night. Next morning Charles withdrew toward Znaim, Masséna, Davout, and Marmont following with the van of Napoleon's entire army. Several skirmishes took place between portions of the Austrian rear and various corps of the French van, in which the latter were decidedly checked. Marmont was obliged to assume the defensive under the walls of Znaim. The Austrian losses at the battle of Wagram were computed at 24,000, including 753 officers. Those of the



FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS FLAMENG. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

ANTOINE-CHARLES-LOUIS COLLINET, COUNT OF LASALLE.

French were certainly not less, if we include seven thousand who were taken prisoners. They lost, moreover, twelve standards and eleven guns.

In the early hours of July 6, Charles had despatched an adjutant to Presburg with orders to the Archduke John to march at once and attack the enemy's rear. The accepted story is that the messenger found the bridges over the river March destroyed, and arrived six hours too late for his errand to be successful. There were many at the time who attributed criminal negligence to John, among them his own brother, the commander-in-chief. For a time, by means of court intrigue and persistent misrepresentation, the blame of procrastination was put, not on John, but on Charles, but eventually the former was found guilty and banished to Styria. Had the latter's plan succeeded, Napoleon would have had a different task, so difficult that the issue might well have been doubtful, if not disastrous. As it was, the victory was dearly bought, and the Austrians were not demoralized.

On the other hand, in the very hour of victory the French, who had halted to take breath, were thrown into a panic by the appearance of a few Austrian pickets from the Archduke John's army, now coming up, and thousands of the victorious soldiers fled in wild demoralization toward the Danube. John, whose appearance but a short time earlier would have turned his brother's defeat into victory, drew back his 13,000 men in good order to guard Hungary. As Napoleon himself had been in a dangerous condition of over-confidence before Aspern, so now his soldiery were clearly in the same plight. Self-conceit had made them unreliable. Bernadotte's corps had displayed something very much like cowardice and mutiny at the last. The army still fought in the main like the perfect machine it was, but the individual men had lost their stern virtue. They believed that victory, plunder, and self-indulgence were the fair compensations of their toils. Ungirt and freed from the restraints of discipline, they gave signs that the petulance, timidity, and unruliness which had been manifested in Poland and Prussia were not diminished.

Their Emperor, if his vision had been unclouded, would have understood that endurance, suffering, and privations would make such men an untrustworthy dependence in the hour of need. How changed he was himself is clear from the fact that Bonaparte would never have rested until his foe was disorganized and overpowered, while Napoleon saw himself forced to treat with an opponent who, though beaten, was still undaunted and active. If he had been fighting for life, his position would have been morally strong; fighting as a world-conqueror, it was illogical; fighting as equal with equal to repel aggression, it was comprehensible. This last was the attitude into which he was forced by the campaign of Aspern, Essling, Wagram. Francis, whose power he had meant to crush, upon whom a few short weeks before he had heaped insult and abuse, had turned out a most dangerous foe. Technically conquered, it would not be well for the victor to try conclusions with him again in the still uncertain position of the Napoleonic power. Rather reap the field secured, the daunted conqueror reasoned, than risk devastation by grasping for more. This, and no other, is the explanation of that remarkable somersault in Napoleon's diplomacy which followed in the next few weeks.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.

THE MORN'S MORN.

"IN the morn's morn," she cried,
Smiling amid her pain—
"In the morn's morn, dear love,
All will be well again.
Little head on my breast,
You sitting close beside,
Each of us hushed to rest,
Satisfied.
Ah! the morn's morn!" she cried.

It was in the morn's morn
That her words came true:
Little head on her breast,
Little heart, too.
'T is the morn's night. They lie,
Mother and child together,
Each of them hushed to rest—
Escaped from the world's wintry weather
To the morn's morn of the sky.

Harriet Boyer.

MAS' CRAFFUD'S FREEDOM.

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS,

Author of « Two Runaways,» etc.

I.

LEE had surrendered, and a Federal general was in Macon with ten thousand cavalrymen. The Southern Confederacy had ceased to exist.

Upon no one did these rapidly succeeding events fall with such crushing force and effect as upon that most estimable gentleman, Major Crawford Worthington, feudal lord of Woodhaven. To those who are acquainted with the major, personally or as a historical character, it is needless to state that, being at Woodhaven at the time to which this chapter relates, he occupied the familiar and well-beloved seat upon his back porch. For a lifetime, it may be said, with the exception of his college days, his patriotic efforts to reach Mexico in time to assist at the reduction of the country in '46, a few terms of imprisonment in the Georgia legislature, and his more recent Virginia campaign, he had virtually lived upon that particular porch, overlooking as it did his vast estate.

But pleasant as were his surroundings, they brought little comfort to Major Worthington. For three weeks his spirit had been greatly oppressed. Although a close observer of public affairs, the collapse of the Confederacy had found him altogether unprepared—a statement not easily accepted by those who do not know the hopeful Southern spirit. When Lee surrendered he was, it is true, appalled, but only momentarily. He felt that the South could not fail; success was certain, though how, when, or in what way, he did not know: he was no analyst. Many possibilities flitted across his mind: Johnston would retreat to the mountains, Davis would reach Texas and reorganize the trans-Mississippi department, or England would interfere. Cotton would still be king.

During three weeks, however, he had done a world of thinking. Never in his life had he thought so continuously—nay, so successfully—upon any subject, and the reaction had come.

The change came that night as he sat under the silver light of the moon. The manhood in him, so long unsummoned, so long concealed beneath that careless, easy-going, half-humorous, half-irritable quixotism, stirred under a new impulse. What it was he did not know, but he felt himself emerging from the depths, and a load lifting from his life. Light began to stream in upon him. The failure of the Confederacy not only seemed at that moment to be natural, but the only possible result. He did not realize it, but the same emancipation from exploded theory and sentimental fictions was going on from Maryland to Texas. Old gentlemen in white-oak rockers were drifting back into the Union from verandas all over the South. Wendell Phillips could no longer dare say, even in the extravagance of eloquence, that the North thought and the South dreamed. The South, which all along had thought through its politicians, was now thinking for itself.

Thus when the sound of a negro jubilee floated up from the distance it did not disturb him. He knew what was going on: a negro preacher with a smattering of political knowledge and an extensive command of disjointed but high-sounding phrases was haranguing the newly liberated slaves. He was telling them that freedom had come—that they had been « led up out of Egypt,» that they had « come out of the wilderness,» that their chains had been stricken from them, and that the Government had promised every one of them « forty acres and a mule.» They were free to select a mule each, and to mark off their land. Hence the jubilee of song and the cries of exultation; for was he not talking to children? But the older men sat with their hands against their heads, and thought. The clamor came mostly from the women and the rising generation.

As the tumult increased, the happy smile on the major's face changed slightly. It became sardonic. Isam, who was hurrying up the steps to the porch, saw it; for at that moment above a full pipe the major held a lighted match, and Isam knew the expression meant mischief. He was suffered to get inside the back door; then the usual impatient call reached him:

«Here! Where are you going?»

«Des goin' ter wind up de dinin'-room clock an' fetch some water for Miss Helen, sah.»

«What 's going on out yonder?»

Isam smiled.

«Sorter preachin'-like, Mas' Craffud. Unc' Toby Johnson es er-preachin' on freedom.»

«Which side is he preaching on?»

Isam's eyes opened a little wider. He thought a moment, and then his black face lighted up:

«He 's preachin' on de inside, Mas' Craffud.»

The major checked a very natural exclamation when he recognized the innocent tones of the negro's conciliating voice.

«Did he tell them I am free too?»

Isam laughed silently.

«La, no, sah! Dey know *you* allus be'n free.»

«Oh, they do, do they? Well, I don't; but I am free now.»

«What you mean, Mas' Craffud?»

«Free from the care of you lazy rascals. I 've been pulling against it, and putting up money against it; but now I 'm free at last, and I reckon I 'll say, ‹Thank God!› before the year is out. Every man on this place must look out for himself and family hereafter; I don't want one of them. I am going to enjoy emancipation myself until I can look round.»

«How dey goin' ter git somep'n' ter eat?»

Isam's look was now an anxious one. The major chuckled secretly when he heard «dey» instead of «we.»

«That is their affair, sir. Now *you* can get a job almost anywhere, for plow hands will be scarce.»

«Who—me? *No*, sah; no, *sah!* I 'm goin' ter stay right hyah, Mas' Craffud. Somebody got ter fetch water an' wood, an' wait on de table, an' run roun' for folks, des same as 'fo' freedom. Ain' no use ter talk ter me 'bout plowin'.»

«Who 's going to pay you? I would n't give a dollar a month for four of you.»

«Hit 'u'd be er dollar more 'n I be'n er-gettin', an' I ain' ask no man ter raise de wages.» And with a laugh that only half disguised his genuine anxiety, Isam disappeared.

The turmoil and disorder continued to increase from day to day. The preachers and the women began to foment trouble. The problem was becoming a serious one, for crops were in a critical condition, and no contract existed between the freedmen and their late owner. Major Worthington thought out a remedy at last, and one morning he turned his back upon Woodhaven, rode into Milledgeville, and boarded the Macon train. He was dressed in the uniform that he had first donned in 1861.

II.

THE Federal general had found a residence suited to his taste, overlooking the beautiful city of Macon nestling in the Ocmulgee valley —one of the Roman or semi-Grecian dwellings that seem to be climbing the slopes in search of the breeze. He had lunched, and was enjoying his cigar upon the broad portico, and doubtless his reflections were pleasant. The truce between Grant and Lee had been declared while he was approaching Macon with the prospect of an ugly fight on his hands. The Confederates had official information of the truce, but he had none, so he simply came in and took possession of the city, with its vast depots and supplies, without losing a man or firing a gun.

His enjoyment of the beautiful prospect framed by the massive white columns of his headquarters was suddenly interrupted by the advent of a majestic figure clad in a gorgeous uniform the like of which he had never beheld. It might have been an admiral's or a Spanish ambassador's; a marshal of France would not have despised it. As the figure approached by way of the circular drive, in the rays of the noonday sun, and with the deep-green magnolias for a background, the uniform came out in a blaze of glory.

The general rose and stood, as his visitor, sacrificing something of dignity and imposing aspect to the demands of environment, scaled the short flight of steps by aid of the handrail.

«I desire, sir,» said Major Worthington between his breaths, «to see General ——.» He saluted as he spoke; for while the gentleman addressed was very simply uniformed, he was evidently a man of rank, though just how high in position the major could not determine without his glasses, and glasses were an artistic impossibility to the regalia he wore.

«I am General ——, sir,» was the reply as the salute was returned. Instantly the major lifted his hat and bowed profoundly.

«Sir,» he said, impulsively extending his chapeau, «your most obedient. I am Crawford Worthington, late major in the service of the Confederate States of America. With old soldiers like yourself and me, general, the war is ended. I have the honor, sir, to offer you my hand.»

The smile which was beginning to show itself upon the face of the man in blue instantly disappeared. He stepped forward,

took the hand of his gray-headed visitor, and shook it cordially.

«It is indeed, major. I am glad to meet you. Will you go inside, or be seated here?»

«Here, by all means, sir. There is nothing so pleasant in this world to me, sir, as the sunlight, the blue skies, and the breezes of the South. We Southerners, sir, think it an insult to nature when a man born here needlessly turns his back on these.»

«And well you may, major; well you may. How delightful they all are!» Then quickly, «You were in the Confederate army; may I ask where you saw service, major?»

«At Manassas chiefly, sir. After that I was assigned to staff duty, and finally my State claimed me for civil service. It was hard to leave the front, but I am a State's rights man; I felt in honor bound to respond. My company, sir,—the Worthington Guards,—»

«The Worthington Guards! ‹Gentlemen of the Worthington Guards›?»

«Yes, sir; they were gentlemen by birth, inheritance, education, and instinct, sir. Many a one of them sleeps his last sleep to-day in the valleys of Virginia.» The major lifted his hat reverently as he spoke, and bowed his head a moment in silence. The face of his host grew grave.

«I have heard of the Worthington Guards, major,» he said presently; «the expression ‹gentlemen of the Worthington Guards› was a familiar one in our army. I should be glad to hear more of your company. How did it happen that so small a command became so famous? How did the phrase originate?»

«Phrase? You surprise me, sir. The Worthington Guards were a company organized by myself among the best families of my county and my personal associates. They were mostly younger than myself, and did me the honor to bear my name and select me as their commander, I having had some experience in Mexico. They were all gentlemen, sir; all gentlemen to the manner born. None other could have secured admission. Nearly all of them came attended by body-servants and with large wardrobes. It took a train to move them, with servants and baggage; and not a man of them, up to Manassas, ever appeared in public except in the dress and style of a gentleman. Well, sir, as you may imagine, these gentlemen cared nothing for drill and the details of camp service. They went out to fight, sir, and, begad! they did. But they were not men to be ordered about by a social equal, sir. I would not have presumed to give orders to such a gathering of gentlemen, especially when they stood ready to grant any request I might make, and at any cost.

«Well, sir, our methods were strange to the brigade to which, over my protest, we were assigned. I thought, and still think, that we would have been of infinitely more service as a separate organization; but superior officers appealed to my patriotism, sir, and after consultation with my friends, seeing my delicate position, they yielded with fine courtesy.

«On the day of our first review the difficulty I had foreseen arose; a dapper little fellow strode out in front of the brigade, and gave command, ‹Carry arms!› He was a total stranger to my company, sir; indeed, as I afterward learned, he had never been introduced to a single member, and his family name was totally unknown to any of us. Well, sir, the brigade executed the order fairly well; but the Worthington Guards remained motionless, and looked with surprise to me. Appreciating the situation, I walked out in front of them, and, guessing that the command had been authorized, I said, ‹Gentlemen of the Worthington Guards, General Beauregard requests that you will bring your pieces to the position of carry.› Not a man of them refused, sir! General Beauregard afterward said that he was much impressed with their gentlemanly compliance, and appreciated the compliment very highly. He also complimented me upon my saving him an awkward situation. He did us the honor never afterward to refer to my friends otherwise than by their proper title, and they became greatly devoted to him.

«They proved their devotion on the battlefield of Manassas, a few days later. Everything was giving way on the left—hot work that, general! hot work! Bee was down, Barton was down, I was almost down, and the Georgia troops, overwhelmed by superior numbers and frightful losses, were disorganized and in confusion. It was at the time when General Beauregard, with our State flag in hand, was endeavoring to reform the line, and I was searching for him, that he said to me, ‹Captain, request the gentlemen of the Worthington Guards to rally on their colors.› Sir, that was my proudest moment. I pointed out what remained of my company, then standing firm a hundred yards in advance, and replied, ‹General, I have already taken the liberty to request the Worthington Guards, in your name, to remain out yonder and stop the Federal advance. If you will permit me, I will rally the colors on the Guards.› And I carried the flag to them. Beauregard never forgot that; he was a gentleman himself, and a gallant man—a trifle hasty, sir, a trifle hasty. When the fight was over he came in

person to call upon the Guards. He found a dozen or so only. It was a sad day for me, general, a sad day, sir. They did not know how to refuse any request from me, and I sometimes think I made a mistake, a serious mistake.»

«Battles have been lost, major, for want of a few such mistakes. I think your action was perfectly justifiable.»

«Sir, your most obedient. I no longer doubt it.» The major lifted his chapeau.

«And was that the last of the Worthington Guards?»

«Practically so. The company could not be recruited congenially; the members sought friends in other organizations. Only nine of eighty-nine ever returned home. But I weary you, sir.»

«On the contrary, I am greatly interested.»

«Sir, your most obedient.» Again the gallant major lifted his chapeau.

And then, falling into conversation on the war in general, they soon reached that state of good-fellowship which makes the asking of favors as easy as the granting. It was then revealed that the major desired a detail of two soldiers to go to his neighborhood and restore order, offering his personal guarantee that they should be protected. His idea was that the presence of two representatives of the United States army would have a happy effect upon the negroes, to whom a blue uniform was an object of reverence.

«I think, sir,» the major concluded, «a couple of Dutchmen will do. They won't talk too much to the hands, and they say, sir, you have them pretty fresh.»

«So I have, major; and you shall have as many as you wish.» He wrote two orders and handed them to his guest.

«One of them,» he said, «will secure you the detail; the other will protect your Confederate decorations. You are the only man in Macon to-day who wears them.»

«What!» exclaimed the major, astounded. «Is it possible? General, your most obedient. I shall continue to wear them, sir, as a compliment to you.»

«Don't mention it, major; and take good care of my Dutchmen.»

«Sir, it is a pleasure to meet a gentleman, even though birth has made him an enemy in war. Had you been born in this section, sir, naturally you would have been of the Worthington Guards. It is my highest compliment, sir.»

The general smiled, took the arm of his guest, and gently led him within.

«Had I been born in this section I should not have been guilty of this long delay.» He was filling two glasses as he spoke, and, handing one to the major, he said, lifting the other gracefully, «The gentlemen of the Worthington Guards—the health of the living and the memory of the dead!»

The old major choked slightly over his drink, and turned away his face. His voice was scarcely audible as he took his new friend's hand and said brokenly:

«Sir, your—most obedient.»

III.

WHEN Major Crawford Worthington landed at Woodhaven with his two German soldiers his gray eyes sparkled and twinkled merrily. One, named Sprintz, was six feet in height, with a carriage that would have won him a place in an emperor's body-guard. His companion, Sneifleheimer, was short of stature, but made up for his deficient height by a breadth that was appalling and an officiousness that would have been unbearable if it had not been comical. The giant, on the other hand, was stolid, and never spoke except after deep reflection, his distinguishing characteristic being a disposition to agree with the preceding speaker that brought him a reputation for amiability.

The major's manner in his contact with these gentlemen was Chesterfieldian. He addressed each as «captain,» and was as deferential as human wisdom could direct. All the day during their journey they had been suspiciously shy of him, in truth not entirely satisfied as to his sincerity; but when established in a comfortable two-room house in the yard at Woodhaven and served with a box of fragrant cigars and a bottle or two of old Monongahela, and when Helen, the major's niece, had inquired solicitously after their health, they surrendered at discretion. Never did broiled chicken, hot rolls, and strong coffee go home to more appreciative appetites. The major, contemplating his plan, felt that the seeds of success had been well sown, and was happy.

But seeds of trouble had also been sown. For one morning Captain Sneifleheimer, in the vanity of his grand title, having jostled Isam and received a dash of boiling coffee upon his neck, seized that astonished native by the collar and shook him into a panic. All that Isam could understand of the assorted language launched at him was «verdammte neegur,» which he was not slow in translating into its English equivalent. From that moment Isam was at war with Sneifleheimer. He could not do enough for the giant Sprintz,

although his attentions were accepted with indifference, nor too little for his mortal enemy. The result was mutual hatred and a limited race war.

Upon the morning succeeding the arrival of the military contingent the whole negro population of Woodhaven, in response to a summons from the major, assembled in the spacious back yard. It was a strange scene. Gazing down upon them from the porch were the two uniformed privates of the vast army that had set the negro free. The hands were all dressed in their best, and wore looks of curiosity or anxiety; and behind many a mother's gown were the little piccaninnies staring in awe at «the sojers,» as Major Worthington delivered his first and last speech to his former slaves. He told them that the war was over, and that they were free; that freedom meant less for them,—less than they dreamed,—and much for him; that he too was free now,—free of providing for three hundred people,—and had only himself and family to look after; that, however often they had been assured to the contrary, the Government would never support people in idleness, and that they must still work for their living. With those who desired to remain he would make an agreement and pay them wages, and he had brought these two soldiers representing the Government to see that justice was done. They would remain as long as necessary. He did not want any man, woman, or child to stay who wished to go; they were all free, and the world was large.

When the major finished, Captain Sneifleheimer stepped promptly to the front, and waved his hand with a freedom born of natural dignity and a mint julep.

«Yah,» he said, straightening up and thrusting forward the buckle of his broad belt; «das vas all righdt, ain't it? Mejjer Verdingdon sprechen de trooth sometime already. Das vas so, Capt'n Sprintz, don't eet?» There was a deep silence of more than a minute's duration. Captain Sprintz was standing at «carry arms» and reflecting upon the proposition. He made a military salute.

«Yah, laties und shenteelmen; das vas all righdt—all righdt,» he said.

Most of the hands remained. Many of the older ones came forward with hats off, and shook hands with their late owner. Old Peter voiced the sentiments of these when he said:

«You stood by us, Mas' Craffud, an' we stood by you an' yourn too long to split off now.» For the first time in their lives they saw the old gentleman turn away, unable for a moment to speak.

But in so large a crowd there are always the turbulent and unruly, and before many days, pushed forward by their preachers and foolish women, these made trouble, and to test their new-found freedom began to loaf in the fields. Hamp Washington stopped his plow in the shade of a persimmon-tree one day, and dropped down upon the ground.

«Look hyah, boy; what you doin'?» inquired an indignant old negro.

«I 'm free, an' I ain' goin' ter work 'cep'n I want ter.» This produced a laugh, and a half dozen others joined him.

«You ain' no freer 'n me,» said one; and so the little group swelled in numbers and importance until it grew to be a large group, and the work languished.

When from the porch the major saw this rebellion he almost danced. He approached the rotund form of Sneifleheimer, and handing him a fresh cigar, said carelessly:

«I trust, sir, you have enjoyed the julep.» A grunt expressed a satisfaction for which the captain could not find English. «Now, captain,» continued his host, «we Southern people have an enormous problem to contend with; and unless you Old World people, sir, who have been through these experiences, come to our rescue with your assistance and advice, I don't know what we are going to do. For instance, sir, look out yonder. I am paying those hands wages,—large wages, sir,—and they sleep in the shade of a tree during work hours. Now what can I do? I ask you, sir, as a business man, a man of travel and experience, how can any system of farming survive such evils?»

Sneifleheimer struggled to his feet. A string of transatlantic gutturals issued from between his lips, his bosom heaved, and his cheeks flushed. He drew around him his loosened belt, seized his carbine, and was about to let himself down the steps when the major checked him.

«No violence, captain; no violence, sir. I would prefer to lose my crop.» The soldier was indignant and irrepressible. «I think,» added the major, presently, «if you will take my horse and ride out there, your remonstrance will have a good effect.» The horse was ordered; but before mounting, to quiet the anxiety of his host, Captain Sneifleheimer promised not to shoot anybody. When he dashed into the startled group and cocked his gun there was consternation and a panic sufficient for a volley.

«Vadt for you tek Mejjer Verdingdon's money und sleep mid de day? Gainse sur la vork puddy quvick, und be een a hurry mid

eet, or I 'll pblow oud your prains mid de gun! Hoof!» This is about what the Africans caught from the medley; but his gestures with the gun were eloquent, and conscience has but a light task to make cowards of the newly enfranchised. In thirty seconds every plow was running.

«Oom hoo,» said the old negro who had rebuked the first mutineer—«oom hoo! You fool wid dat Yankee, nigger, an' you git er bullet in your skin! Keep erway f'om dem sort er folks, an' don't you put faith in nobody what talks down dey throats. When you hyah er man rumble 'way down yonder in es throat, hits des de same as thunder down behind er cloud. Fus' news you git, lightning 'll be er-reachin' out fer you.»

And so it happened that the boys in blue rode the fields by day, and whenever indolence sought freedom a cocked carbine stirred energy into play; and energy at play meant a negro at work. For this slight service they received the deferential courtesy of Major Worthington, cigars and spirits, and the best efforts of the culinary department. All this time Woodhaven held a spirit that laughed in silence and enjoyed life as never before. The crops were never in a more splendid condition, cotton promised to bring an enormous price in the fall, and never did slave labor toil as did the freemen under the new system.

«Begad! sir,» said the major one day to a neighbor who was having a hard time with his labor, «keep a standing army, sir; keep a standing army. I am going to stay here and raise cotton, sir, if I have to buy some second-hand gunboats and start me a navy on the river.»

Only Isam was unhappy. Poor Isam! Twice had he met the heavy boot of Captain Sneifleheimer, or, to be perfectly correct, twice had the heavy boot of the captain overtaken him, and once the angry soldier had thrown a stool at his head. To wait upon such a man was agonizing to the negro; but the major only laughed when Isam complained, and advised him to resign.

So wore the times away. The soldiers received their military discharge, but their civil appointment continued at Woodhaven with good wages. The place now had two overseers where in ante-bellum days only one had reigned. And these two in effect had the United States government behind them. The uniforms grew old and faded, but they were carefully patched and finally replaced. In place of the arms and accoutrements surrendered the major had bought others. Martial law still prevailed at Woodhaven, although it was now 1869 and peace reigned everywhere else; but between Isam and Captain Sneifleheimer there was open war.

Captain Sprintz no longer answered to roll-call. He had received a foreign letter one day, had grunted for a week, drawn his money, and disappeared.

As the major grew to be a rich man again he became tired of his system. The presence of his officious and impatient supervisor had become almost unbearable. He was weary of military occupation, and willing to get back to a peace basis even upon smaller profits. Besides, he could no longer maintain his counterfeit deference. One day Isam came up and stood by the major's chair in silence awhile, and then he said pleadingly:

«Mas' Craffud, somep'n' sorter weighin' on my mind.»

«Stealing?»

«No, sah; ain't stole nothin'. But dis hyah Cap'n Yallerhammer—»

«Well?»

«Sorter looks ter me like no man got any business hittin' er child es good as little Mas' Craffud, even if he is er sojer—»

«Hitting a child? Whose child?»

«Miss Helen's. Little Mas' Craffud. Seen 'im do it wid my own eyes. Little Mas' Craffud des come up an' tech he nose wid er straw when he sleepin' out hyah yestiddy, an' he up an' slap 'im *des* es hard. 'Fo' Gord, I thought he done broke de po' chile's neck. But dat boy es game; he did 'n' cry ner holler ner nothin'; he des pick up es little wagin an' let fly at dat white man, an' den back en de door, darin' 'im wid es eyes des ter come inside an' tech 'im erg'in!»

«You saw him strike the boy?»

«Yes, sah; wid my own eyes. An' I 'd er bounced 'im den and deir merse'f, but he had on es barkers, an' er nigger don't stan' no chance wid barkers.» The major, who had grown pale and red in an instant, reflected for a moment or two. He knew Isam, however, and the old twinkle of good humor returned to his eyes.

«Isam,» he said softly, «do you reckon you could whip him?»

«Who—me? Des lemme try him, Mas' Craffud; des lemme try him one time.»

«Well, so you shall. You go out yonder while we are at dinner, and get that bucket, and sit down by the well like you had gone to sleep. I 'll get up the fight, and give you five dollars if you don't get whipped.»

«How 'bout dem barkers, Mas' Craffud? I don't wanter git mixed up wid dem, ner wid de United States nuther.»

«You sha'n't; fair fight, fist and skull, and

I'll keep the Government quiet. How are you going to take him, Isam?»

«Under holt, ef I c'n git hit. Ef I can't git dat, I'm goin' ter tek what 's lef'.»

«He 'll get you if you do. He is too heavy to throw. What you should do is to butt him; butt him between his eyes first, then on the belt, and when his head comes down throw your weight upon his neck. That 'll get him.»

«Den des gimme time—des gimme time.»

«I 'll give you all the time you want; I 'll sit right here until the army calls for reinforcement, and I 'll be slow getting there then.»

Isam reflected a moment.

«Mas' Craffud,» he said, scratching behind one ear a little, «I 'm goin' ter settle er heap er things dis hyah day—some er yourn an' some er mine an' all of little Mas' Craffud's; but sometimes things sorter don't work out 'zactly right, an' ef hit so happen ter-day you c'n come right erlong an' break up de fight.» The major's laugh had so much of the old-time heartiness in it that Isam more than smiled as he moved off.

Now no greater injustice could be done to Isam than to accuse him of being brave: he was not; but he was knowing. He depended upon his enemy's surprise, corpulence, and shortness of wind for the victory. Moreover, by a little here and a little there and close observation he had formed a very nearly correct estimate of the man he was to fight, and he was no longer afraid of him when the terms were anything like equal.

Captain Sneifleheimer was a man of habit. When he entered the dining-room he always unbuckled his belt and dropped it, pistols and all, upon the hall table, to be resumed only after he had dined and smoked.

Dinner was over, and the captain was just drawing his cigar when he was startled by a vigorous exclamation from the major, who had laboriously sunk into his chair, the very manner of his sinking suggesting the cruelty of any necessity that compelled him to rise again. The captain glanced out into the yard to the well-house; there sat Isam asleep, the empty bucket by his side.

«That,» said the major, «is what comes of freedom. That negro has n't been worth his salt since '65. I wish to the Lord somebody would thrash him. He needs it.»

Sneifleheimer scrambled down the steps, picking up a buggy-whip as he went, and hurried, if such corpulency could be said to hurry, across the yard. He gave Isam one blow, which, asleep though he seemed to be, he shrunk from in advance, and which acted as a fine stimulant to the negro's ebbing resolution.

«Gid oud, gid oud mid your schleep up!» shouted the assailant, and lifted the whip again. But it did not descend; with one leap Isam had him by both ears, and was soon jumping up in the air, butting him between the eyes. The third time Isam butted, the major's heels went over the balustrade, and he literally wallowed with mirth in his chair. Isam lost no time; the enemy was now stunned and almost unconscious, and suddenly Isam backed, lowered his head, and rammed him about the waist-band with terrific force. He did not have to jump on the enemy's neck; Sneifleheimer fell like a decayed pine. In an instant the negro was upon him, full of the memory of insults and oppressions and the mad excess of victory. He gouged and beat and clawed and pulled until the major scrambled out and drew him away.

It was known at once that the captain would have to resign; any one that Isam could whip would have but small influence. Even Sneifleheimer himself grasped the situation correctly. And so it was that one summer day the slanting rays of the setting sun gilded the patches upon a worn and faded uniform the back of which was toward Woodhaven. The United States army was retiring from Georgia.

Harry Stillwell Edwards.





SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

GROUP FOR THE JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY MEMORIAL, BOSTON.

MODELED BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH.

THE HARSHAW BRIDE.

A STORY CONTAINED IN LETTERS FROM MRS. TOM DALY, OF BISUKA, IN THE NORTHWEST, TO AN INVALID SISTER WHO IS SPENDING THE SUMMER ON THE COAST OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

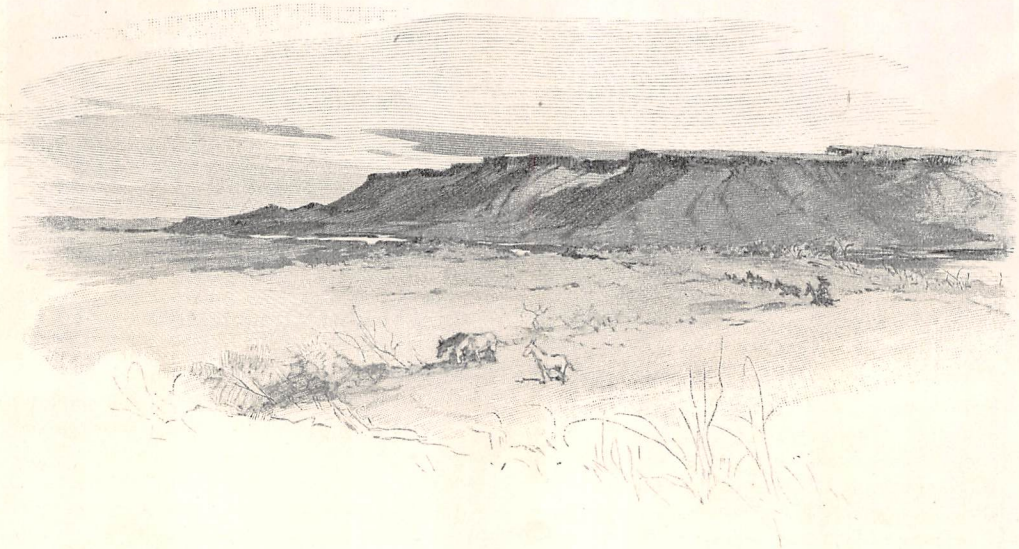
Author of «The Led-Horse Claim,» «John Bodewin's Testimony,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

I WONDER Charles Lamb did not include in his list of popular fallacies the saying, «It costs nothing to be polite.» My dear, I am paying the price at this moment of one of my own imprudences in that line—a chance phrase with which I tried to round off a rather chilly leave-taking neatly, and cheaply, I flattered myself. But now, listen to the sequel!

I am to have a bride on my hands, or a bride-elect, for she is n't married yet. Her intended has been rustling for a home out here in the wilds of Idaho, while she has been waiting in the old country for success to crown his efforts. How much success in her case is demanded I don't know. She is a little English girl, upper middle-class, which Mrs. Percifer assures me is *the* class to belong to in England at the present day (it is her class, I infer), and the interesting reunion is to take place at our house. She sailed, poor thing, this day week, and will be forwarded to us by her confiding friends in New York as soon as she arrives. She has never seen either of us, but I suppose she will hear of us from the Percifers. That is something—enough for some persons, it seems.

The Percifers were really very nice to us in New York last winter, though one must not flatter one's self too much; it is all in the day's work for those commission men to be nice to a good shipper and his wife when they come out of the West. There was a rather impersonal note to *her* politeness, which made it difficult when we parted for me to speak of the possibility, to say nothing of the pleasure, of a visit from her. My natural «gush» was strangled in my throat. But one must say something, so I put it off on any friends or fellow-Britishers of theirs who might care to command us in the West; we should be so happy, and so forth. And, my dear, she writes me, quite as a matter of course (she 's not im-



«HIS RANCH ON THE SNAKE RIVER.»

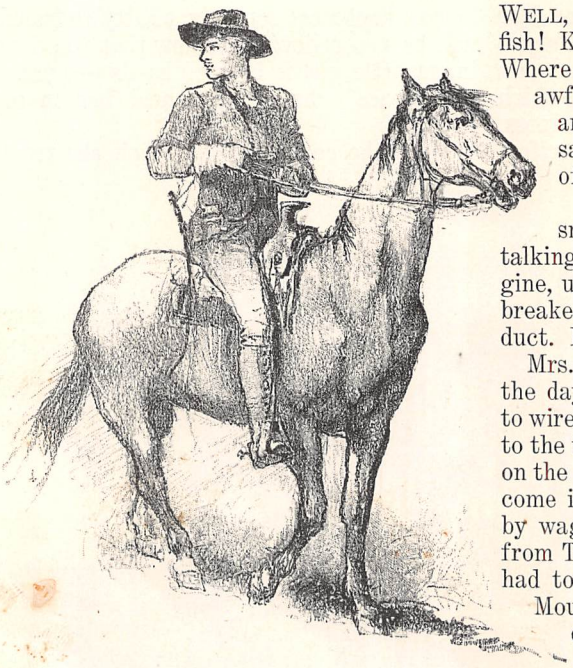
personal now), that she is «so glad, for dear Kitty's sake,» that we are here; and she is sure we will «be very good to her,—she is such a sweet girl no one could help being,»—which does n't leave much margin for our goodness. «The poor child» (I am quoting Mrs. Percifer) «knows absolutely nobody in the West but the man she is coming to marry» (it 's a question if she knows him), «and cannot possibly have any conception of the journey she has undertaken»; she will be «so comforted» to find us at the end of it. And if anything unforeseen should detain Mr. Harshaw, the fiancé, that he could not meet her train, «Kitty's» friends will be «so relieved to know that the dear, brave little girl is in good hands»—ours, if you please, who never beheld her in our lives!

Mark the coolness with which she treats the possibility of the bridegroom's keeping the bride waiting—after she has traversed half the globe to compass her share of their meeting!



KITTY.

Well, it 's not the American way; but perhaps it will be when bad times have humbled us a little more, and it 's a question whether we



ENGRAVED BY A. WALDEYER.

«HE PULLED UP AND SPOKE TO A TRAINMAN.»

can marry our daughters at all unless we can give them dowries, or professions to support their husbands on, and «feelings» are a luxury that only the rich can afford.

I hope «Kitty» won't have any; but still more I hope that her young man will arrive on schedule time, and that they can trot round the corner and be married, with Tom and me for witnesses, as speedily as possible.

I 'VE had such a blow! Tom, with an effort, has succeeded in remembering this Mr. Harshaw who is poor Kitty's fate. He must have been years in this country, long enough to have citizenized himself and become a member of our first Idaho legislature (I don't believe you even know that we are a State!). Tom was on the supper committee of the ball the city gave them. They were a deplorable set of men; it was easy enough to remember the nice ones. Tom says he is a «chump,» if you know what that means. I tell him that every man, married or single, is constitutionally horrid to any other man who has had the luck to be chosen of a charming girl. But I 'm afraid Harshaw was n't one of the nice ones, or I should have remembered him myself; we had them to dinner—all who were at all worth while.

Poor Kitty! There is so little here to come for *but* the man.

WELL, my dear, here 's a pretty kettle of fish! Kitty has arrived, and *one* Mr. Harshaw. Where *the* Mr. Harshaw is, *quien sabe!* It 's awfully late. Poor Kitty has gone to bed, and has cried herself to sleep, I dare say, if sleep she can. I never have heard of a girl being treated so.

Tom and the other Mr. Harshaw are smoking in the dining-room, and Tom is talking endlessly—what about I can't imagine, unless he is giving this young record-breaker his opinion of his extraordinary conduct. But I must begin at the beginning.

Mrs. Percifer wired us from New York the day the bride-elect started, and *she* was to wire us from Ogden, which she did. I went to the train to meet her, and I told Tom to be on the watch for the bridegroom, who would come in from his ranch on the Snake River, by wagon or on horseback, across country from Ten Mile. To come by rail he 'd have had to go round a hundred miles or so, by Mountain Home. An American would have done it, of course, and have come in with her on the train; but the Percifers plainly expected no such wild burst of enthusiasm from him.

The train was late. I walked and walked the platform; some of the people who were waiting went away, but I dared not leave my post. I fell to watching a spurt of dust away off across the river toward the mesa. It rolled up fast, and presently I saw a man on horseback; then I did n't see him; then he had crossed the bridge, and was pounding down the track-side toward the depot. He pulled up and spoke to a trainman, and after that he walked his horse as if he was satisfied.

That is Harshaw, I thought, and a very pretty fellow, but not in the least like an Idaho legislator. I don't seem to care for the sort of Englishman who is so prompt to swear allegiance to our flag, and take out his first papers and his second papers and all that; they never do unless they want to go in for government land, or politics, or something that has nothing to do with any flag. But this youngster looked ridiculously young. I simply knew he was coming for that girl, and that he had no ulterior motives whatever. He was ashy-white with dust—hair, eyebrows, eyelashes, and his fair little mustache all powdered with it; his corduroys, leggings, and hat all of a color. I saw no baggage, and I wondered what he expected to be married in. He leaned on his horse dizzily a moment when he first got out of the saddle, and the poor beast stretched his fore legs, and rocked with the gusts of his panting, his sides going in and

out like a pair of bellows. The young fellow handed him over to a man to take to the stables, and I saw him give him a regular bridegroom's tip. He 's all right, I said to myself, and Tom *was* horrid to call him a «chump.» He beat himself off a bit, and went in and talked to the ticket-agent. They looked at their watches.

«I don't think you 'll have time to go uptown,» said the ticket-man.

Harshaw came out then, and *he* began to walk the platform, and to stare down the track toward Nampa; so I sat down. Presently he stopped, and raised his hat, and asked if I was Mrs. Daly, a friend of Mrs. Percifer of London and New York.

Not to be boastful, I said that I knew Mrs. Percifer.

«Then,» said he, «we are here on the same errand, I think.»

I was there to meet Miss Kitty Comyn, I told him, and he said so was he, and might he have a little talk with me? He seemed excited and serious, very.

«Are you *the* Mr. Harshaw?» I asked, though I had n't an idea, of course, that he could be anybody else.

«Not exactly,» he said. «I 'm his cousin, Cecil Harshaw.»



TOM.

«Is Mr. Harshaw ill?» I asked.

He looked foolish, and dropped his eyes. «No,» said he. «He was well last night when I left him at the ranch.» Last night! He had come a hundred miles between dark of one day and noon of the next!

«Your cousin takes a royal way of bringing home his bride—by proxy,» I said.

«Ah, but it 's partly my fault, you know,» —he could not quell a sudden shamefaced laugh,—«if you 'd kindly allow me to explain. I shall have to be quite brutally frank; but Mrs. Percifer said»—here he lugged in a

propitiatory compliment, which sounded no more like Mrs. Percifer than it fitted me; but mistaking my smile of irony for one of encouragement, he babbled on. I wish I could do justice to his «charmin'» accent and his perfectly unstudied manner of speech, a mixture of native and acquired colloquialisms, that is, British and American slang.

«It 's like this, Mrs. Daly. A man ought n't to be a dog-in-the-manger about a girl, even if he has got her promise, you know. If he can't get a move on and marry her before her hair is gray, he ought to step out and give the other fellows a show. I 'm not speaking for myself, though I would have spoken three years ago if she had n't been engaged to Micky—she 's always been engaged to him, one may say. And I accepted the fact; and when I came over here and took a share in Micky's ranch I meant right by him, and God knows I meant more than right by her. Was n't it right to suppose she must be tremendously fond of him, to let him keep her on the string the way he has? They 've been engaged four years now. And was it any wonder I was mad with Micky, seeing how he was loafing along, fooling his money away, not looking ahead and denying himself as a man ought who 's got a nice girl waiting for him? I 'm quite frank, you see; but when you hear what an ass I 've made of myself, you 'll not begrudge me the few excuses I have to offer. All I tried to do was to give Micky a leg to help him over his natural difficulty—of laziness, you know. He 's not a bad sort at all, only he 's slow, and it 's hard to get him to look things square in the face. It was for her sake, supposing her happiness was bound up in him, that I undertook to boom the marriage a bit. But Micky won't boom worth a—deuce. He 's back on my hands now, and what in Heaven's name I 'm to say to her—» His eloquence failed him here, and he came down to the level of ordinary conversation, with the remark, «It 's a facer, by Jove!»

I managed not to smile. If he 'd undertaken, I said, to «boom» his cousin's marriage to a girl he liked himself, he ought at least to get credit for disinterestedness; but so few really good acts were rewarded in this world! I seemed to have heard that it was not very comfortable, though it might be heroic, to put one's hand between the tree and the bark.

«Ah,» he said feelingly, «it 's unearthly! I never was so rattled in my life. But before you give me too much credit for disinterestedness, you know, I must tell you that I 'm thinking of—that—in short, I 've a mind to speak for myself now, if Micky does n't come up to time.»

I simply looked at him, and he blushed, but went on more explicitly. «He could have married her, Mrs. Daly, any time these three years if he 'd had the pluck to think so. He 'd say, ‹If we have a good season with the horses, I 'll send for her in the fall.› We 'd have our usual season, and then he 'd say, ‹It won't do, Cecy.› And in the spring we are always as poor as jack-rabbits, and so he 'd wait till the next fall. I got so mad with his infernal coolness, and the contrast of how things were and how she must think they were! Still, I knew he 'd be good to her if he had her here, and he 'd save twice as much with her to provide for as he ever could alone. I used to hear all her little news, poor girl. She had lost her father, and there were tight times at home. The next word was that she was going for a governess. Then I said, ‹You ought to go over and get her, or else send for her sharp. You are as ready to marry her now as ever you will be.›

«‹I 'm too confounded strapped,› said he. I told him I would fix all that if he would go or write her to come. But the weeks went by, and he never made a move. And there were reasons, Mrs. Daly, why it was best that any one who cared for him should be on the ground. Then I made my kick. I don't believe in kicking, as a rule; but if you do kick, kick hard, I say. ‹If you don't send for her, Micky, I 'll send for her myself,› I said.

«‹What for?› said he.

«‹For you,› said I, ‹if you 'll have the manliness to step up and claim her, and treat her as you ought. If not, she can see how things are, and maybe she 'll want a change. You may not think you are wronging her and deceiving her,› I said, ‹but that 's what you are; and if you won't make an end of this situation› (I have n't told you, and I can't tell you, the whole of it, Mrs. Daly), ‹I will end it myself—for your sake and for her sake and for my own.› And I warned him that I should have a word to say to her if he did n't occupy the field of vision pretty promptly after she arrived. ‹One of us will meet her at the train,› said I, ‹and the one who loves her will get there first.›

«Well, I 'm here, and he was cooking himself a big supper when I left him at the ranch. It was a simple test, Mrs. Daly. If he scorned to abide by it, he might at least have written and put her on her guard, for he knew I was not bluffing. He pawed up the ground a bit, but he never did a thing. Then I cabled her just the question, Would she

come? and she answered directly that she would. So I wired her the money. I signed myself Harshaw, and I told Micky what I 'd done.

«And whether he is sulking over my interference, I can't say, but from that moment he has never opened his mouth to me on the subject. I have n't a blessed notion what he means to do; judging by what he has done, nothing, I should say. But it may be he 's only waiting to give me the full strength of the situation, seeing it 's one of my own contriving. There 's a sort of rum justice in it; but only suggestion it occurred to me to offer in the case—that he should go to his hotel and get his luncheon or breakfast, for I doubted if he 'd had any, and leave me to meet Miss Comyn, and say to her whatever a kind Providence might inspire me with. My husband would call for him and fetch him up to dinner, I said; and after dinner, if Mr. Michael Harshaw had not arrived, or sent some satisfactory message, he could cast himself into the breach.

«And I 'm sorry for you,» I said; «for I don't think you will have an easy time of it.»



THE ONLY TEAM THEY MET.

think of his daring to insult her so, for the sake of punishing me!

«Now, what am I to say to her, Mrs. Daly? Am I to make a clean breast of it, and let her know the true and peculiar state of the case, including the fact that I 'm in love with her myself? Or would you let that wait, and try to smooth things over for Micky, and get her to give him another chance? There was no sign of his moving last night; still, he may get here yet.»

The young man's spirits seemed to be rising as he neared the end of his tale, perhaps because he could see that it looked pretty black for «Micky.»

«If one could only know what he does mean to do, it would be simpler, would n't it?»

I agreed that it would. Then I made the

«She can't do worse than hate me, Mrs. Daly; and that 's better than sending me friendly little messages in her letters to Micky.»

I wish I could give you this story in his own words, or any idea of his extraordinary, joyous naturalness, and his air of preposterous good faith—as if he had done the only thing conceivable in the case. It was as convincing as a scene in comic opera.

«By the way,» said he, «I did n't encumber myself with much luggage this trip. I have nothing but the clothes I stand in.»

I made a reckless offer of my husband's evening things, which he as recklessly accepted, not knowing if he could get into them; but I thought he did not look so badly as he was, in his sun-faded corduroys, the



«THE MAIDEN WAS QUITE CHEERFUL SORTING HER DRAWING-MATERIALS.»

whole of him from head to foot as pale as a plaster cast with dust, except his bright blue eyes, which had hard, dark circles around them.

«The train is coming,» I warned him.

«*She* is coming! *À la bonne heure!*» he cried, and was off on a run, and whistled a car that was going up Main street to the natatorium; and I knew that in ten minutes he would be reveling in the plunge, while I should be making the best of this beautiful crisis of his inventing to Miss Comyn.»

My dear, they are the prettiest pair! Providence, no doubt, designed them for each other, if he had not made this unpardonable break. She has a spirit of her own, has Miss Kitty, and if she cried up-stairs alone with me,—tears of anger and mortification, it struck me, rather than of heart-grief,—I will venture she shed no tears before him.

As Mr. Michael Harshaw did not arrive, we gave Mr. Cecil his opportunity, as promised, of speech with his victim and judge. He talked to her in the little sitting-room after dinner—as long as she would listen to him, apparently. We heard her come flying out with a sort of passionate suddenness, as if she had literally run away from his words. But he had followed her, and for an instant I saw them together in the hall. His poor young face was literally burning; perhaps it was only sunburn, but I fancied she had been giving him a metaphorical drubbing—«ragging,» as Tom would call it—worse than Lady Anne gave Richard III.

She was still in a fine Shaksperian temper when I carried her off up-stairs. Reserves were impossible between us; her right to any privacy in her own affairs had been given away from the start; that was one of the pleasing features of the situation.

«*Marry* him! marry *him!*» she cried. «That impertinent, meddlesome boy, that I have known all my life, and never could have suspected of such work as this! That false, dishonorable—»

«Go slow, dear,» I said. «I don't think he 's quite so bad as that.»

«And what do I want with *him!* And what do you think he tells me, Mrs. Daly? And whether there 's any truth in him, how do I know? He declares it was not Michael Harshaw who sent for me at all! The message, all the messages, were from him. In that case I have been decoyed over here to marry a man who not only never asked me to come, but who stood by and let me be hoaxed in this shameful way, and now leaves me to be persecuted by this one's ridiculous offers of marriage, as if I belonged to all or any of the Harshaws, whichever one came first! Michael may not even know that I am here,» she added in a lower key. «If Cecil Harshaw was capable of doing what he has done by his own confession, it would be little more to intercept my answers to his forgeries.»

That was true, I said. It was quite possible the young man lied. She would, of course, give Mr. Michael Harshaw a chance to tell *his* story.

«I cannot believe,» said the distracted girl, «that Michael would lend himself, even passively, to such an abominable trick. Could any one believe it—of his worst enemy!»

Impossible, I agreed. She must believe nothing till she had heard from her lover.

«But if Michael did not know it,» she mused, with a piteous blush, «then Cecil Harshaw must have sent me that money himself—the insolence! And after that to ask me to marry him!»

Men were fearfully primitive still, after all that we had done for them, I reminded her, especially in their notions of love-making. Their intentions were generally better than their methods. No great harm had been done, for that matter. A letter, if written that night, would reach Mr. Michael Harshaw at his ranch not later than the next night. All these troubles could wait till the real Mr. Harshaw had been heard from. My husband would see that her letter reached him promptly, and in the mean time Mr. Cecil need not be told that we were proving his little story.

I was forced to humor her own theory of her case; but I have no idea, myself, that Cecil Harshaw has not told the truth. He does not look like a liar, to begin with, and how silly to palm off an invention for to-day which to-morrow would expose!

Tom is still talking and talking. I really must interfere and give Mr. Cecil a chance to go. It is quite too late to look for the other one. If he comes at this hour, there is nothing he can do but go to bed.

. . . Well, the young man has gone, and Tom is shutting up the house, and I hope the bride is asleep, though I doubt it. Have I told you how charming she is? Not so discouragingly tall or so classic as the Du Maurier goddess who has posed for the English society girl so long; not so very much so either, but «comfy,» much more «comfy,» to my mind. Her nose is rudimentary, rather, which does n't seem to prevent her having a mind of her own, though noses are said to have it all to say as to force of character. Her upper lip has the most fascinating little pout; her chin is full and emotional—but these are emotional times; and there is a beautiful finish about her throat and hands and wrists. She looks more dressed in a shirt-waist, in which she came down to dinner, her trunk not having come, than some of us do in the best we have. Her clothes are very fresh and recent, to a woman of Idaho; but she does not wear her pretty ears «cachées,» I am glad to say. They are very pretty, and one—the left one—is burned pure crimson from sitting next the window of her section all the way from Omaha.

But why do I write all this nonsense at twelve o'clock at night, when all I need say by way of description is that we want her to stay with us, indefinitely if necessary, and let her countrymen and lovers go to—their ranch on the Snake River!

WHAT do you suppose those wretches were arguing about in the dining-room last night, over their whisky and soda? Sentiment was «not in it,» as they would say. They were talking up a scheme—a scheme that Tom has had in mind ever since he first saw the Thousand Springs six years ago, when he had the Snake River placer-mining fever. It was of no use then, because electrical transmission was in its infancy, its long-distance capacities undreamed of. But Harshaw was down there fishing last summer, and he was able to satisfy the only doubt Tom has had as to some natural feature of the scheme—I don't know what, but Harshaw has settled it, and is as

wild as Tom himself about the thing. Also he wants to put into it all the money he can recover out of his cousin's ranch. (I should n't think the future of that partnership would be exactly happy!) And now they propose to take hold of it, together, and at once.

Harshaw, who, it seems, is enough of an engineer to be able to run a level, will go down with Tom and make the preliminary surveys. Tom will work up the plans and estimates, and prepare a report, which Harshaw will take to London, where his father has influence in the City, and the sanguine child sees himself placing it in the twinkling of an eye.

Tom made no secret with me of their scheme, and I fell upon him at once.

«You are not taking advantage of that innocent in your own house!» I said.

«Do you take him for an innocent? He has about as shrewd a business head—but he has no money, anyhow. I shall have to put up for the whole trip.»

«To be honest, that was just what I had feared; but it did n't sound well to say so. Tom is always putting up for things that never come to anything—for us.

He tried to propitiate me with the news that I was to go with them.

«And what do you propose to do with our guest?»

«Take her along. Why not? It 's as hard a trip as any I know of, for the distance. Her troubles won't keep her awake, nor spoil her appetite, after the first day's ride.»

«I don't know but you are right,» I said; «but wild horses could n't drag her if he goes. And how about the other Harshaw—the one she has promised to marry?»

«She is n't going to marry him, is she? I should think she had gone about far enough, to meet that fellow half-way.»

Even if she was n't going to marry him, I said, it might be civil to tell him so. She had listened to his accuser; she could hardly refuse to listen to him.

«I think, myself, the dear boy has skipped the country,» said Tom, who is unblushingly on Cecil's side. «If he has n't, the letter will fetch him. She will have time to settle his case before we start.»

«Before we start! And when do you propose to start?» I should n't have been surprised if he had said «to-morrow»; but he considerately gives me until Thursday.

The truth is, Lou, it is years and years since I have been on one of these wild-goose chases with Tom. I have no more faith in this than in any of the other schemes, but who wants to be forever playing the part of Wisdom «that cries in the streets and no man regards her»? One might as well be merry over one's folly, to say nothing of the folly of other people. I confess I am dying to go; but of course nothing can be decided till the recreant bridegroom has been heard from.

This morning, when I went to Kitty's door for her letter, I found she had n't written it. She made me come in while she «confessed,» as she said.

«I could n't submit to the facts last night,» she faltered. «I had to pretend that I thought he did n't know; but of course he does; he must. I wrote him from home before I started, and again from New York. I can't suppose that Cecil would intercept my letters. He is not a stage villain. No; I must face the truth. But how can I ever tell it to mama!»

«We will arrange all that by and by,» I assured her (but I don't see myself how she can tell the truth about this transaction to anybody, her mother least of all, who would be simply wild if she knew how the girl has been betrayed and insulted, among utter strangers); meantime I begged her to promise me that she would not waste—

She interrupted me quickly. «I have wasted enough, I think. No; don't be afraid for me, Mrs. Daly, and for Heaven's sake don't pity me!»

I HAD just written the above when Tom came in and informed me that the «regular candidate had arrived,» and requested to know if we were to have them both to dinner, or if the «dark horse» was to be told he need n't come.

«Of course he can't come,» I screamed; «let him keep himself as dark as possible.»

«Then you need n't expect me,» said Tom. «Cecy and I will dine at the Louvre.» And I would give a good deal if I could dine there too, or anywhere but with these extraordinary lovers.

I went out to meet the real Harshaw, embarrassed with the guilty consciousness of having allowed my sympathies to go astray; for though in theory I totally disapprove of Cecil Harshaw, personally I defy anybody not to like him. I will except prejudiced persons, like his cousin and the lady he is so bent on making, by hook or by crook, *a* Mrs. Harshaw.

Mr. Harshaw the first (and last to arrive) has shaved off his mustache quite recently, I should say, and the nakedness of his upper lip is not becoming. I wonder if she ever saw him with his mouth bare? I wonder if she would have accepted him if she had? He was so funny about his cousin, the promoter; so absolutely unconscious of his own

asinine position. He argued very sensibly that if, after waiting four years for him she could, n't wait one day longer, she must have changed in her feelings very decidedly, and that was a fact it behooved him to find out. Better now than later. I think he has found out.

All she said, upon his departure, was, «It 's a long lane that has no turning.»

One might infer that the engagement had been a long lane to her, and that she was glad to have come to the turn at last. Possibly he was nicer four years ago. Men get terribly down at heel, mentally, morally, and mannerly, poking off by themselves in these out-of-the-way places. But she has been seeing people, and steadily making growth, since she gave him her promise at eighteen. The promise itself has helped to develop her. It must have been a knot of perpetual doubt and self-questioning. No one need tell me that she really loves him; if she did, if she had, she could not take his treatment of her like this. Perhaps the family circumstances constrained her. They may have thought Harshaw had a fortune in the future of his ranch, with its river boundary of placer-mines. English girls are obedient, and English mamas are practical, we read.

She is practical, and she is beginning to look her situation in the face.

«I shall want you to help me find some way to return that money,» she said to me later, with an angry blush—«that money which Cecil Harshaw kindly advanced me on my journey. I shall hate every moment of my life till that debt is paid. But for the insult I can never repay him, never!

«We are a large family at home—four girls besides me, and three boys; and boys are so expensive. I cannot ask mama to help me; indeed, I was hoping to help her. I should have gone for a governess if I had not been duped into coming over here. Would there be any one in this town, do you think, who might want a governess for her children? I have a few ‹accomplishments,› and though I 've not been trained for a teacher, I am used to children, and they like me, when I want them to.»

I thought this a good idea for the future; it would take time to work it up. But for the present an inspiration came to me, on the strength of something Tom had said—that he wished I could draw or paint, because he could make an artist useful on this trip, he condescended to say, if he could lay his hand on one. All the photographs of the springs, it seems, have the disastrous effect of dwarfing their height and magnitude. There is a lagoon and a weedy island directly beneath them, and in the camera pictures taken from in front the reeds and willows look gigantic in the foreground, and the springs are insignificant out of all proportion. This would be fatal to our schemers' claims as to the volume of water they are supposed to furnish for an electrical power-plant to supply the Silver City mines, one hundred miles away. Hence the demand of Science for Art, with her point of view.

«Just the thing for her,» I thought. «She can draw and water-color, of course; all English girls do.» And I flew and proposed it to Tom. «Pay her well for her pictures, and she 'll make your Thousand Springs look like Ten Thousand.» (That was only my little joke, dear; I am always afraid of your conscience.) But the main thing is settled; we have found a way of inducing Kitty to go. Tom was charmed with my intelligence, and Kitty, poor child, would go anywhere, in any conceivable company, to get even with Cecil Harshaw on that hateful money transaction. When I told her she would have to submit to his presence on the trip, she shrugged her shoulders.

«It 's one of ‹life 's little ironies,›» she said.

«And,» I added, «we shall have to pass the ranch that was to have been—»

«Oh, well, that is another. I must get used to the humorous side of my situation. One suffers most, perhaps, through thinking how other people will think one suffers. If they would only give one credit for a little common sense, to say nothing of pride!»

You see, she will wear no willows for him. We shall get on beautifully, I 've no doubt, even with the «irony» of the situation rubbed in, as it will inevitably be, in the course of this journey.

Tom solemnly assures me that the other Harshaw's name is not Micky, but «Denis»; and he explains his having got into the legislature (quite unnecessarily, so far as I am concerned) on the theory that he is too lazy even to make enemies.

I shall get the governess project started, so it can be working while we are away. If you know of anybody who would be likely to want her, and could pay her decently, and would know how to treat a nursery governess who is every bit a lady, but who is not above her business (I take for granted she is not, though of course I don't know), do, pray, speak a word for her. I 'll answer for it that she is bright enough; better not mention that she is pretty. There must be a hundred chances for her there to one in Idaho. We are hardly up to the resident-governess idea as yet. It is thought to be wanting in public spirit for

parents not to patronize the local schools. If they are not good enough for the rich families, the poor families feel injured, and want to know the reason why.

To return to these Harshaws. Does it not strike you that the English are more original, not to say queer, than we are; more indifferent to the opinions of others—certain others? They don't hesitate to do a thing because on the face of it it 's perfectly insane. Witness the lengths they go, these young fellows out here, for anything on earth they happen to set their crazy hearts upon. The young fancy bloods, I mean, who have the love of sport developed through generations of tough old hard-riding, high-playing, deep-drinking ancestors; the «younger sons,» who have inherited the sense of having the ball at their feet, without having inherited the ball. They are certainly great fun, but I should hate to be responsible for them.

I note what you say about my tendency to slang, and how it «seems to grow upon me.» It «seems» to, alas! for the simple reason, doubtless, that it does. I can remember when I used carefully to corral all my slang words in apologetic quote-marks, as if they were range-cattle to be fenced out from the home herd—our mother-tongue which we brought with us from the East, and which you have preserved in all its conscientious purity. But I give it up. I hardly know any longer, in regard to my own speech, which are my native expressions and which are the wild and woolly ones I have adopted off the range. It will serve all human purposes of a woman irretrievably married into the West. If the worst come to the worst, I can make a virtue of necessity and become a member of the «American Dialect Society»—a member in good standing.

THIS is the morning of our glorious start. I am snatching a few words with you while the men are packing the wagon, which stands before the door. What a sensation it would make drawn up in front of—Mrs. Percifer's door, for instance, in Park Avenue! Here no one turns the head to look at it.

I told Tom he need make no concessions to the fact that he is to have two fairly well-dressed women along. We will go as they go, without any fuss, or they may leave us at home. I despise those condescending, make-believe-rough-it trips, with which men flatter women into thinking themselves genuine campaigners. Consequently our outfit is a big, bony ranch-team and a Shuttler wagon with the double-sides in; spring seats, of course, and the bottom well bedded down with tents and rolls of blankets. We don't go out of our way to be uncomfortable; that is the pet weakness of the tenderfoot. The «kitchen-box» and the «grub-box» sit shoulder to shoulder in the back of the wagon. The stovepipe, tied with rope, in sections, keeps up a lively clatter in concert with the jiggling of the tinware and the thumps and bumps of the camp-stove, which has swallowed its own feet, and, by the internal sounds, does n't seem to have digested them.

I spent last evening covering the canteens with canvas. The maiden was quite cheerful, sorting her drawing-materials and packing her colors and sketch-blocks. She laughs at everything Tom says, whether she sees the point or not, and most when there is none to see. Tom will be cook, because he prefers his own messing to any of ours, and we can't spare room in the wagon for a regular camp chef. Mr. Harshaw is the «swamper,» because he makes himself useful doing things my lord does n't like to do. And Kitty is not Miss Co-myn, as we called it, but Miss «Cummin,» as they call it,—«the Comin' woman,» Tom calls her. Mr. Billings, the teamster, completes our party.

SEPT. —— Never mind the date. This is to-morrow morning, and we are at Walter's Ferry. It seems a week since we left Bisuka. We started yesterday on the flank of a dust-storm, and soon were with the main column, the wind pursuing us, and hurling the sweepings of the road into the backs of our necks. The double-sides raised us out of the worst of the dust, else I think we should have been smothered. It was a test of our young lady's traveling manners. She kept her head down and her mouth shut; but when I shrieked at her to ask how she was standing it, she plucked her dusty veil from between her lips and smiled for answer.

We two sat on the back seat, Tom in front with Billings, and the «swamper» sat anywhere on the lumps and bumps which our baggage made, covered by the canvas wagon-sheet. He might have ridden his horse—everybody supposed he would; but that would have separated him from the object of his existence; the object sternly ignoring him, and riding for miles with her face turned away, her hand to her hat, which the wind persistently snatched at. It was her wide-brimmed sketching-hat—rather a daring creation, but monstrously becoming, and I had persuaded her to wear it, the morning being delusively clear, thinking we were to have one of our

midsummer scorchers, that would have burned her fair English face to a blister.

Mr. Harshaw seemed to think she would be tired, wearing her hand continually in the air, and suggested various mechanical substitutes—a string attached to the hat-trimming, a scarf tied over her head; but a snubbing was all the reward he got for his sympathy.

«When this hand is tired I take the other one,» she said airily.

We lunched at Ten Mile, by the railroad track. Do you remember that desolate place? The Oregon Short Line used to leave us there at a little station called Kuna. There is no Kuna now; the station-house is gone; the station-keeper's little children are buried between four stakes on the bare hill—diphtheria, I think it was. Miss Kitty asked what the stakes were there for. Tom did n't like to tell her, so he said some traveler had made a «cache» there of something he could n't carry with him, and the stakes were to mark the spot till his return.

«And will nobody disturb the cache?» asked Miss Kitty. I could n't bear to hear them. «They are graves,» I whispered. «Two little children—the station-keeper's—all they had.» And she asked no more questions.

Mr. Harshaw had got possession of the canteen, and so was able to serve the maiden, both when she drank and when she held out her rosy fingers to be sprinkled, he tilting a little water on them slowly—with such provoking slowness that she chid him; then he let it come in gulps, and she chid him more, for spattering her shoes. She could play my Lady Disdain very prettily, only she is something too much in earnest at present for the game to be a pretty one to watch. I feel like calling her down from her pedestal of virgin wrath, if only for the sake of us peaceful old folks, who don't care to be made the stamping-ground for their little differences.

The horses were longer at their lunch than we, and Miss Kitty requested her traveling-bag. «And now,» she said, «I will get rid of this fiend of a hat,» whereas, she had steadily protested for miles that she did n't mind it in the least. She took out of her bag a steamer-cap, and when she had put it on I could see that poor Harshaw dared not trust himself to look at her, her fair face exposed, and so very fair, in its tender, soft coloring, against that grim, wind-beaten waste of dust and sage.

I shall skip the scenery on the road to Walter's Ferry, partly because we could n't see it for the dust; and if we had seen it, I would not waste it upon you, an army woman. But Walter's Ferry was a hard-looking place when we crawled in last night out of the howling, dirt-throwing wind.

The little hand-raised poplars about the ferry-house were shivering and tugging and straining their thin necks in the gale, the windows so loaded with dust that we could barely see if there were lights inside. We hooted and we howled,—the men did,—and the ferry-keeper came out and stared at us in blank amazement that we should be wanting supper and beds. As if we could have wanted anything else at that place except to cross the river, which we don't do. We go up on this side. We came down the hill merely to sleep at the ferry-house, the night being too bad for a road camp.

The one guest-room at the Ferry that could be called private was given to Kitty and me; but we used it as a sitting-room till bedtime, there being nowhere else to go but into the common room where the teamsters congregate.

We stood and looked at each other, in our common disguise of dust, and tried to find our feet and other members that came awake gradually after the long stupor of the ride. There was a heap of sage-brush on the hearth laid ready for lighting. I touched a match to it, and Kitty dropped on her knees in front of its riotous warmth and glow. Suddenly she sprang up, and stared about her, sniffing and catching her breath. I had noticed it too; it fairly took one by the throat, the gruesome odor.

«What is this beastly smell?» She spoke right out, as our beloved English do. Tom came in at that moment, and she turned upon him as though he were the author of our misery.

«What *has* happened in this horrid room? We can't stay here, you know!» The proposition admitted of no argument. She refused to draw another breath except through her pocket-handkerchief.

By this time I had recognized the smell. «It 's nothing but sage-brush,» I cried; «the cleanest, sterilest thing that grows!»

«It may be clean,» said Kitty, «but it smells like the bottomless pit. I must have a breath of fresh air.» The only window in the room was a four-pane sash fixed solid in the top of the outside door. Tom said we should have the sweepings of the Snake River valley in there in one second if we opened that door. But we did, and the wind played havoc with our fire, and half the country blew in, as he said, and with it came Cecil, his head bent low, his arms full of rugs and dust-cloaks.

«You angel!» I cried, «have you been shaking those things?»

«He 's given himself the hay-fever,» said Tom, heartlessly watching him while he sneezed and sneezed, and wept dust into his handkerchief.

«Does n't the man do those things?» Miss Kitty whispered.

«What, our next Populist governor? Not much!» Tom replied. Kitty of course did not understand; it was hopeless to begin upon that theme—of our labor aristocracy; so we sent the men away, and made ourselves as presentable as we could for supper.

I need not dwell upon it; it was the usual Walter's Ferry supper. The little woman who cooked it—the third she had cooked that evening—served it as well, plodding back and forth from the kitchen stove to the dining-room table, a little white-headed toddler clinging to her skirts, and whining to be put to bed. Out of regard for her look of general discouragement we ate what we could of the food without yielding to the temptation to joke about it, which was a cross to Tom at least.

«Do you know how the farmers sow their seed in the Snake River valley?» he asked Miss Kitty. She raised eyes of confiding inquiry to his face.

«They prepare the land in the usual way; then they go about five miles to windward of the plowed field and let fly their seed; the wind does the rest. It would be of no use, you see, to sow it on the spot where it 's meant to lie; they would have to go into the next county to look for their crop, top-soil and all.»

Now whenever Tom makes a statement Miss Kitty looks first at me to see how I am taking it.

IT is a fair, pale morning, as still as a picture, after last night's orgy of wind and dust. The maiden is making her first sketch on American soil—of the rope-ferry, with the boat on this side. She is seated in perfect unconsciousness on an inverted pine box—empty, I trust—which bears the startling announcement, in legible lettering on its side, that it holds «500 smokeless nitro-powder cartridges.» Now she looks up disgusted, to see the boat swing off and slowly warp over to the other side. The picturesque blocks and cables in the foreground have hopelessly changed position, and continue changing; but she consoles herself by making marginal notes of the passengers returning by the boat—a six-horse freight-team from Silver City, and a band of horses driven by two realistic cow-boys from anywhere. The driver of the freight-team has a young wildcat aboard, half starved, haggard, and crazed with captivity. He stops, and pulls out his wretched pet. The cow-boys stop; everybody stops; they make a ring, while the dogs of the ferry-house are invited to step up and examine for themselves. The little cat spits and rages at the end of its blood-stained rope. It is not a pretty show, and I am provoked with our men for not turning their backs upon it.

SUNDAY, at Broadlands. From Walter's Ferry, day before yesterday, we climbed back upon the main road, which crosses the plateau of the Snake, cutting off a great bend of the river, to see it again far below in the bottom of the Grand Cañon.

The alkali growth is monotonous here; but there was a world of beauty and caprice in the forms of the seed-pods dried upon their stalks. Most of these pretty little purses were empty. Their treasure went, like the savings of a maiden aunt, when the idle wind got hold of it. There is an almost humorous ingenuity in the pains Nature has taken to secure the propagation of some of the meanest of her plant-children. The most worthless little vagabond seeds have wings or fans to fly with, or self-acting bomb-receptacles that burst and empty their contents (which nobody wants) upon the liberal air, or claws or prickers to catch on with to anything that goes. And once they have caught on, they are harder to get rid of than a Canadian quarter.

«And do you call this a desert?» cries Miss Kitty. «Why, millions of creatures live here! Look at the footprints of all the little beasties. They must eat and drink.»

«That is the cheek of us humans,» said Tom. «We call our forests solitudes because we have never shown up there before. Precious little we were missed. This desert subsisted its own population, and asked no favors of irrigation, till man came and overstocked it, and upset its domestic economies. When the sheep-men and the cattle-men came with their foreign mouths to fill, the natives had to scatter and forage for food, and trot back and forth to the river for drink. They have to travel miles now to one they went before. Hence all these desert thoroughfares.»

And he showed us in the dust the track of a lizard, a kangaroo-mouse, and a horned toad. We could see for ourselves Bre'r Jack-rabbit and Sis' Gopher skipping away in the greasewood. The horses and cattle had their own broad-beaten roads converging from far away toward an occasional break

in the cañon wall, where the thirsty tracks went down.

We plodded along, and having with much deliberation taken the wrong road, we found ourselves about nightfall at the bottom of the cañon, in a perfect cul-de-sac. The bluffs ahead of us crowded close to the river, stretching their rocky knees straight down into deep water, and making no lap at all for our wagon to go over. And now, with this sweet prospect before us, it came on steadily to rain. The men made camp in the slippery darkness, while we sat in the wagon, warm and dry, and thanked our stars there were still a few things left that men could do without our aid or competition. Presently a lantern flashed out, and spots of light shifted over them as they slaved —pounding tent-pegs, and scraping stones away from places where our blankets were to be spread, hacking and hewing among the wet willows, and grappling with stovepipes and tent-poles; and the harder they worked the better their spirits seemed to be.

«I wish some of the people who used to know Cecil Harshaw in England could see him now,» said Kitty.

«What did he do in England?» I asked.

«Well, he did n't hammer stovepipes and carry kitchen-boxes and cut fire-wood, you know.»

«Don't you like to see men use their muscle?» I asked her. «Very few of them are reflective to any purpose at his age.»

«Why, how old, or how young, do you take him to be?»

«I think you spoke of him as a boy, if I remember.»

«If I called him a boy, it was out of charity for his behavior. He 's within six months of my own age.»

«And you don't call yourself a girl any longer?» I laughed.

«It 's always ‹girls› and ‹men,›» she said. «If Cecil Harshaw is not a man now, he never will be.»

I did n't know, I said, what the point at issue was between us. *I* thought Cecil Harshaw was very much a man, as men go, and I saw nothing, frankly, so very far amiss with his behavior.

«It 's very kind of you, Mrs. Daly, to defend him, I am sure. I suppose he could do no less than propose to me, after he had brought me out to marry a man who did n't seem to be quite ready; and if it had to be done, it was best to do it quickly.»

So *that* was what she had been threshing out between whiles! I might have tried to answer her, but now the little tent among the willows began to glow with fire and candlelight, and a dark shape loomed against it. It was Cecil Harshaw, bareheaded, with an umbrella, coming to escort us in to supper.

I never saw such a pair of roses as Kitty wore in her cheeks that night, nor the girl herself in such a gale. Tom gave me a triumphant glance across the table, as if to say, See how the medicine works! It was either the beginning of the cure, or else it was a feverish reaction.

I shall have to hurry over our little incidents: how the wagon could n't go on by way of the shore, and had to flounder back over the rocks, and crawl out of the cañon to the upper road; how Kitty and I set out vainglorioously to walk to Broadlands by the river-trail, and Harshaw set out to walk with us; and how Kitty made it difficult for him to walk with both of us by staving on ahead, with the step of a young Atalanta. I was so provoked with her that I let her take her pace and I took mine. Fancy a woman of my age racing a girl of her build and constitution seven miles to Broadlands! Poor Harshaw was cruelly torn between us, but he manfully stuck to his duty. He would not abandon the old lady even for the pleasure of running after the young one, though I absolved him many times, and implored him to leave me to my fate. I take pride in recording his faithfulness, and I see now why I have always liked him. He wears well, particularly when things are most harassing.

It certainly was hard upon him when I gave out completely, toiling through the sand, and sat down to rest on the door-stone of a placer-miner's cabin (cabin closed and miner gone), and nowhere through the hot morning stillness could we catch a sound or a sight of the runaway. I could almost hear his heart beat, and his eyes and ears and all his keen young senses were on a stretch after that ridiculous girl. But he kept up a show of interest in my remarks, and paid every patient attention to my feeble wants, without an idea of how long it might be my pleasure to sit there. It was not long, however it may have seemed to him, before we heard the wagon-wheels booming down a little side-cañon between the hills. The team had managed to drag it up through a scrubby gulch that looked like no thoroughfare, but which opened into a very fair way out of our difficulties.

«When we had come within sight of Broadlands Ferry, all aboard except Kitty, and still not a sign or a sound of her, our hearts began to soften toward that wilful girl.

Tom requested Harshaw to jump out and

see if he could n't round up his countrywoman. But Harshaw rather haughtily resigned—in favor of a better man, he said. Then Tom stood up in the wagon and gave the camp call, «Yee-ee-ip! yee-ip, ye-ip!» a brazen, barbarous hoot. Kitty clapped both hands to her ears when she was first introduced to it, but it did not fetch her now. Tom «yee-iped» again, and as we listened there she was, strolling toward us through the greasewood, with the face of a May morning! She would n't give us the satisfaction of seeing her run, but her flushed cheeks, damp temples, and quick, sighing breath betrayed her. She *had* been running fast enough.

«Kitty,» I said severely, «there are rattlesnakes among those rocks.»

«Are there?» she answered serenely. «But I was n't looking for rattlesnakes, you know. See what lovely things I did find! I 've got the ‹prospecting› fever already.»

She had filled her pockets with specimens of obsidian, jaspers, and chalcedonies, of colors most beautiful, with a deep-dyed opaqueness, a shell-fracture, and a silken polish like jade. And she consulted us about them very prettily—the little fraud! Of course she was instantly forgiven.

But I notice that since our arrival at Broadlands Harshaw has not troubled her with his attentions. They might be the most indifferent strangers, for all that his manner implies. And if she is not pleased with the change, she ought to be, for she has made her wishes plain.

(Conclusion next month.)

Mary Hallock Foote.

A BALLAD OF MARJORIE.

«WHAT ails you that you look so pale,
O fisher of the sea?»
«'T is for a mournful tale I own,
Fair maiden Marjorie.»

«What is the dreary tale to tell,
O toiler of the sea?»
«I cast my net into the waves,
Sweet maiden Marjorie.

«I cast my net into the tide,
Before I made for home;
Too heavy for my hands to raise,
I drew it through the foam.»

«What saw you that you look so pale,
Sad searcher of the sea?»
«A dead man's body from the deep
My haul had brought to me!»

«And was he young, and was he fair?»
«Oh, cruel to behold!
In his white face the joy of life
Not yet was grown a-cold.»

«Oh, pale you are, and full of prayer
For one who sails the sea.»
«Because the dead looked up and spoke,
Poor maiden Marjorie.»

«What said he that you seem so sad,
O fisher of the sea?
(Alack! I know it was my love,
Who fain would speak to me!)»

«He said, ‹Beware a woman's mouth—
A rose that bears a thorn.›»
«Ah, me! these lips shall smile no more
That gave my lover scorn.»

«He said, ‹Beware a woman's eyes.
They pierce you with their death.›»
«Then falling tears shall make them blind
That robbed my dear of breath.»

«He said, ‹Beware a woman's hair—
A serpent's coil of gold.›»
«Then will I shear the cruel locks
That crushed him in their fold.»

«He said, ‹Beware a woman's heart
As you would shun the reef.›»
«So let it break within my breast,
And perish of my grief.»

«He raised his hands; a woman's name
Thrice bitterly he cried:
My net had parted with the strain;
He vanished in the tide.»

«A woman's name! What name but mine,
O fisher of the sea?»
«A woman's name, but not your name,
Poor maiden Marjorie.»

Dora Sigerson.



IN BOHEMIA WITH DU MAURIER.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ARTIST LIFE IN THE FIFTIES.

WITH SKETCHES BY DU MAURIER.

WE first met in Antwerp, in the classrooms of the famous academy. I was painting and blaguing, as one paints and blagues in the storm-and-stress period of one's artistic development. It had been my good fortune to begin my studies in Paris, where, in the Atelier Gleyre, I had cultivated the essentially French art of chaffing, known by the name of «la blague parisienne,» and I now was able to give my less lively Flemish friends and fellow-students the full benefit of my experience. Many pleasant recollections bound me to Paris, so when I heard one day that a «nouveau» had arrived straight from my old Atelier Gleyre I was not a little impatient to make his acquaintance.

The newcomer was Du Maurier. I sought him out, and, taking it for granted that he was a Frenchman, I addressed him in French. We were soon engaged in lively conversation, asking and answering questions about comrades in Paris, and sorting the threads that associated us both with the same place. «Did you know *un nommé Poynter?*» he asked, exquisitely Frenchifying the name for my benefit. I mentally translated this into equally exquisite English, my version naturally being «a man called Poynter.» Later on an American came up, with whom I exchanged a few words in his and my native tongue. «What the deuce are you? English?» broke in Du Maurier. «And what the deuce are you?» I re-

joined. And we then and there made friends on a sound international basis.

It seemed to me that at this first meeting Du Maurier took me in at a glance—the eager, hungry glance of the caricaturist. He seemed struck with my appearance, as well he might be. I wore a workman's blouse that had gradually taken its color from its surroundings. To protect myself from the indiscretions of my comrades I had painted various warnings on my back, as, for instance, «Bill-stickers, beware!» «It is forbidden to shoot rubbish here,» and the like. My very black hair, ever inclined to run riot, was encircled by a craftily conceived band of crochet-work, such as only a fond mother's hand could devise, and I was doubtless coloring some meerschaum of eccentric design.

It has always been a source of legitimate pride to me to think that I should have been the tool selected by Providence to sharpen Du Maurier's pencil. There must have been something in my «verfluchte Physiognomie,» as a very handsome young German whom I used to chaff unmercifully called it, to reveal to Du Maurier those dormant capacities which had been betrayed in his eager glance.

This was, I believe, in 1857. Not feeling over sure as regards that date, I refer to a bundle of Du Maurier's letters before me, but they offer me no assistance. There is but one dated, and that one merely headed, «Düsseldorf, 19th Cent.» Well, in 1857 then, let us take it, the Antwerp Academy was under the direction of De Keyser, that most urbane of men and painters. Van Lerius, well known to many American and English lovers of art, her Majesty included, was professor of the painting class, and among the students there were many who rapidly made themselves a name—as Tadema, M. Maris, Neuhuys, Huysmans, and the armless artist whose foot-painted copies after the masters in the Antwerp gallery are well known to every tourist. The teaching was of a sound, practical nature, strongly imbued with the tendencies of the colorist school. Antwerp ever sought to uphold the traditions of a great past. In the Atelier Gleyre you might have studied form and learned to fill it with color, but here you would be taught to manipulate color and to limit it by form. A peculiar kind of artistic kicks and cuffs was administered to the student by Van Lerius as he went his rounds. «That is a charming bit of color you have painted in that forehead,» he said to me on one occasion; «so delicate and refined. Do it again,» he added, as he took up my palette-knife and scraped off the «delicate bit.» «Ah, you see, *savez-vous*, you can't do it again; you got it by fluke—some stray tints off your palette, *savez-vous?*» And taking the biggest brush I had, he swept over that palette and produced enough of the desired tints to cover a dozen foreheads.

The comrade without arms was a most assiduous worker. It was amusing to watch his mittened feet step out of their shoes and at the shortest notice proceed to do duty as hands. His nimble toes would screw and unscrew the tops of the color-tubes, or handle the brush, as steadily as the best and deftest of fingers could handle it. Very much unlike any of us, he was most punctilious in the care he bestowed on his paint-box, as also on his personal appearance.

Du Maurier was soon installed in the painting class, and made a vigorous start. I particularly recollect a life-size, full-length painting of an old woman and a boy, a pen-and-ink drawing of which is in my father's album (see page 105), that showed talent enough and to spare; but his artistic aspirations were soon to meet with a serious check. His eyesight began to give him trouble, and before long put a stop to his studies in atelier or academy. He was not to become a painter, as he had fondly hoped, but, as we now know, was to work out his destiny in another direction.

In those days we called all that caricaturing, and caricature he certainly did, mainly of me and himself. From the first he imagined he saw a marked contrast between us. His nose was supposed to be turned up and mine down, whereas really neither his nor mine much deviates from the ordinary run of noses; my lower lip certainly does project, but his does not particularly recede. But the imaginary contrast inspired him in the earliest days of our acquaintance, and started him on the war-path of pen and ink. He drew us in all conceivable and in some inconceivable situations. «Moscheles and I,» he says on one page, «if we were artistically beautiful»; then again, «if we were of the fair sex, or soldiers, or, by way of showing our versatility, if we were horses.» In that page he seems to have focused the essence of our characteristics while appearing only to delineate our human and equine possibilities.

In consequence of the growing trouble with his eyes, Du Maurier left Antwerp for Mechlin, to place himself under the care of an eminent oculist who resided within easy reach of that city. In those days railway traveling was not as rapid as it is now, but one could get from Antwerp to Mechlin in about an hour, a cir-

cumstance which I frequently turned to account. Du Maurier's mother had come to live with him, his sister joining them for a short time, and the home in quiet old Mechlin soon became a sort of haven of rest. I spent many a happy day and night there, on which occasions I am bound to say that the piano, requisitioned by me for some special purposes of musical caricature, detracted somewhat from the restfulness of the haven. However that may have been, such intrusion was never resented: my qualifications as a basso profondo or a brass-bandsman were always treated with the greatest indulgence by the ladies, and my high soprano reached unknown altitudes under the beneficent sunshine of their applause. (For all that, I never attempted Chopin's «Impromptu.»)



«M. & I, IF WE WERE OF THE FAIR SEX.»

Then Du Maurier would sing the French «romance» or the English song, or he would «dire la chansonnette»; and what with his sympathetic tenor and his intuitive knowledge of music he seemed to be able to express more than many who had had the advantage of a musical training. A few old letters of his remind me that we were audacious enough to write verses and music, he doing the former, I the latter.

Here 's something I particularly want you to do [he writes]. Take strong coffee, inspire yourself, think of your «ideal,» and compose some very pretty music to the inclosed words with which Rag's ideal flame has inspired Rag; *surtout*, let it be as good as possible, with accompaniment *à l'avenant*.

(How Du Maurier came by the name of «Rag» and I by that of «Bobtail» I must tell later on.) Then follow the words:

CHANSON.

(*D'après un barde Britannique.*) [1]

Les sources vont à la rivière,
Et la rivière à l'océan;
Les monts embrassent la lumière,
Le vent du ciel se mêle au vent;
Contre le flot, le flot se presse;
Rien ne vit seul; tout semble ici,
Se fondre en la commune ivresse—
Et pourquoi pas nous deux aussi?

Vois le soleil étreint la terre,
Qui rougit d'aise à son coucher;
La lune étreint les flots qu'éclaire
Son rayon doux comme un baiser;
Les moindres fleurs ont des tendresses
Pour leurs pareilles d'ici-bas,
Que valent toutes ces caresses
Si tu ne me caresses pas?

Soon afterward he sends me another poetical effusion, and writes:

DEAR BOBTAIL: I send you the serenade composed *tant bien que mal* last night, not «*entre la poire et le fromage*,» but between the tea and the pears. I am afraid you will not find it as dramatic as you wished, but I don't feel it otherwise, and as Mahomet can't write words to the mountain's music, the mountain must try and adapt its music to the verses of Mahomet.

SÉRÉNADE APRÈS LA SIESTE.

Berthe aux grands yeux d'asur, ouvre donc ta paupière,
Chasse les rêves d'or de ton léger sommeil—
Ils sont là, nos amis; cêde à notre prière.
Le trône préparé n'attend que ton réveil;
Le soleil a cessé de régner sur la terre;
Viens régner sur la fête et sois notre soleil.
Réponds à nos accords par des accents plus doux.
Au jardin des Amours viens, oh! viens, avec nous!

Au jardin des Amours ta place est réservée
Parmi des feux de joie et des lilas en fleurs.
Viens réveiller en nous de nouvelles ardeurs;
Descends avec la nuit, ainsi que la rosée.
Tant que l'astre d'argent sourit à la vallée,
Toi bel astre d'amour, viens sourire à nos cœurs!

[1] See Shelley's «Love's Philosophy.»



«MOSCHELES OR MEPHISTOPHELES, WHICH?»

Réponds à nos accords par des accents plus doux.
Au jardin des Amours, Berthe, viens, oh! viens, avec nous!

Viens avec ta couronne, et viens avec ta lyre;
Tes chants pour nos amis, tes doux regards pour moi!
Déjà j'entends les jeux de la foule en émoi
Sur des gazons fleuris—oh, le joyeux délire!
Si tu ne descends pas, hélas! on pourra dire,
«Berthe aux grands yeux d'asur, on a chanté sans toi!»
Réponds à nos accords par des accents plus doux.
Berthe aux grands yeux d'asur, viens, oh! viens, avec nous!

What the result of his appeal to my inspiration may have been I do not remember, but I find this is what he writes on the subject:

CARISSIMO: In vain have I taxed Rag's inventive powers to alter the last stanza; we must e'en stick to «*Ce baiser-la.*» The lines I have underlined mean that I don't quite approve the part of the music that comes just there, as in the musical phrase you have set to it I fancy there is a want of tenderness. All the rest is stunning; the more I hums it the more I likes it, but I can't exactly come your accompaniment.

No wonder, for my accompaniments were usually rather indefinite quantities, subject to the mood of the moment. «Moscheles or Mephistopheles, which?» he asks, as he depicts me at the piano, perhaps evolving some such accompaniment from the depths of «untrained inner consciousness.» Another drawing there is, of a somewhat later period, which he calls «Inspiration Papillotique.» Again I am at the piano, my eyes raised to the «she» in curl-papers who floats as a vision in the clouds issuing from my ever-puffing cigar, while at my feet is stretched the meditative form of my friend, and under them is crushed some work of our immortal colleague Beethoven.

And who was «she» thus to inspire us? On the supposition that most people are, like myself, interested in the «shes» that can inspire, I may permit myself to say something about the attractive young lady who was able to lead us by easy stages from the vague «inspiration papillotique» to an admiration which might be said to culminate in flirtation. I don't remember that either of us ever tried to cut the other out. We rather shared fraternally in the enjoyment of her good graces.

These occasions were productive of a great number of drawings and sketches illustrating our little adventures, and all plainly showing that the incidents recorded occurred to us at that pleasant time of life when bright illusions and buoyant spirits lead the way, and when sorrow itself has more of the rose-color than many a rose of a later day.

Mechlin was, and perhaps is still, a dull, deserted city, at best up to the date of the last



INSPIRATION PAPILLOTIQUE.

century, beating the record for dry-as-dustiness, with little blades of grass between its cobblestones. It boasts a great many churches and a great many more priests. In addition to these attractions there was, however, a factor of paramount interest to us. Then and there, just as now and elsewhere, there were pretty girls about; and I need not say that, as both of us were studying art and devoting our best energies to the cult of the Beautiful, we considered it our duty to take special notice of these pretty girls wherever we came across them. It is probably the conscientious performance of his duty in that direction which enabled Du Maurier to evolve those ever attractive and sympathetic types of female beauty with which we are all so familiar. Nor would it have been becoming in me, who had everything to learn, to lag behind or to show less ardor in the pursuit of my studies.

Thus, while Du Maurier's facile pen was throwing off black-and-white sketches of Miss Carrie, it was reserved for me to paint her portrait in oils. Her real name was not Carrie; that appellation we had most unceremoniously and unpoetically derived from «Cigar.» All else about her we invested, if not with ceremony, with a full amount of poetry. And certainly there was a subtle quality in Carrie well worthy of appreciation, a faculty of charming and being charmed, of giving and taking, of free-and-easiness coupled with ladylike reserve. She seemed to have been born with the conviction that there was only one life worth living, that of the Bohemian, and to be at the same time well protected by a pretty reluctance to admit as much. She was seventeen, and had a rich crop of brown curly hair, very blue, inquisitive eyes, and a lithe figure.

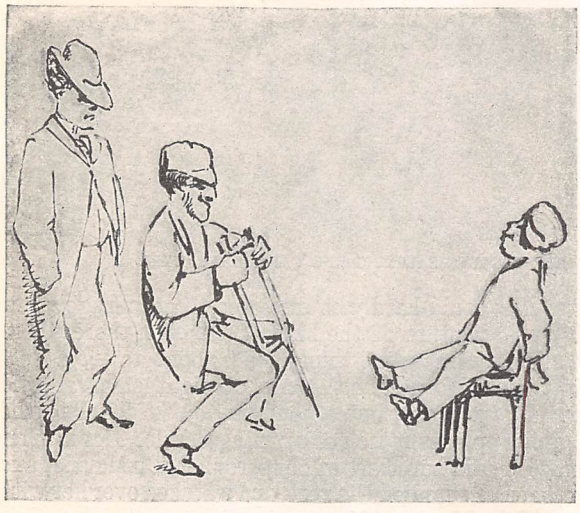
Carrie was the daughter of an organist who had held a good position in one of the principal churches of Mechlin. When he died he left but a small inheritance to his widow. With what she could realize she purchased the good-will of the small shop of a tobacconist and set up in business. Neither the mother nor the daughter had much previous knowledge of the concern they had started, and they were consequently not very discriminating in the selection of their brands; but what was lacking in connoisseurship was fully made up for by the widow's obliging manners and by Carrie's blue eyes. Customers soon came, and for a time the little business was as flourishing as anything could well be in Mechlin. The average citizen of so ecclesiastically conservative and hereditarily stationary a city could hardly be expected to encourage a new venture of the kind. Still, even there, there were some young men about town, a sort of *jeunesse dorée*, not of eighteen-carat gold perhaps, but a jeunesse quite equal to the pleasant task of courting Carrie. Her mother did her share of chaperoning; Du Maurier and I supplied the rest, and watched over her with chivalrous if not quite disinterested devotion. We differed in every respect from the type of the young man of the period above mentioned, so naturally we were bright stars in Carrie's firmament. She looked upon us as superior beings, and from her points of comparison not without cause: Du Maurier could draw and I could paint; he could sing and I could mesmerize; and could n't we both talk just beautifully! We neither of us encourage hero-worship now, but then we were *bons princes*, and graciously accepted Carrie's homage as due to our superior merits. Above is a



THE KNIGHTS SALUTING THE FAIR TOBACCONIST.

drawing illustrative of that chivalrous if not quite disinterested devotion of ours, showing us as knights saluting the fair tobacconist.

Mesmerism—or, as the fashion of to-day calls it, hypnotism—formed so frequent a topic of conversation and speculation between Du Maurier and me that it takes a very prominent place in my recollections. In Paris I had had opportunities of attending some most interesting séances, in consequence of which I soon proceeded to investigate the mesmeric phenomena on my own account. Now I have not touched the fluid for some thirty years: I swore off because it was taking too much out of me; but I look back with pleasure on my early experiments,—successes, I may say,—for I was fortunate enough to come across several exceptional subjects. Du Maurier was particularly interested in one of these,—Virginie Mersaudon,—and had a way of putting puzzling questions concerning her faculties and my mesmeric influence. Virginie was a *femme de ménage* of the true Parisian type, a devoted, elderly creature, who performed the duties of charwoman and housekeeper. I was not yet eighteen when I



A HYPNOTIC EXPERIMENT.

first went to Paris to study under my cousin, the eminent painter Henri Lehmann. At his studio I found Virginie installed as the presiding genius of the establishment, using in turn broom or tub, needle, grill, or frying-pan, as occasion might require. The wide range of her powers I further extended by making a truly remarkable mesmeric subject of her. My début in Paris was that of the somewhat bewildered foreigner, speaking but very indifferent French; and she had from the first done what she could to make me feel at home in the strange city, treating me with truly motherly care and devotion. How completely she took possession of me is shown by a passage in a letter she wrote when I was ill in Leipsic, where I had gone on a visit to my parents. After expressing her anxiety and her regret at not being there to nurse me, she emphatically says: «Je rends madame votre mère responsable de votre santé.»[1] It needed but little to lead her on from a state of docile and genial dependence to one of unconscious mesmeric subjection; and so, a few passes shaping her course, I willed her across the boundary line that separates us from the unknown—a line which, thanks to science, is daily being extended. Mme. Mersaudon was herself an incorrigible disbeliever in the phenomena of mesmerism, but as a subject her faculties were such as to surprise and convert many a scoffer.

At the séances, to which I invited my friends and a few scientific outsiders, I always courted the fullest investigation, taking it as the first duty of the mesmerizer to show cause why he should not be put down as a charlatan. So we had tests and counter-tests, evidence and counter-evidence; there were doctors to feel the pulse and to scrutinize the rigidity of the muscles, experts to propound scientific «ifs» and «buts,» and wiseacres generally to put spokes in the wheel of progress, as is their playful way wherever they find that wheel in motion. It was doubly satisfactory, then, that the good faith of subject and mesmerist could be conclusively proved.

One of these séances led to a rather amusing incident. One night I was awakened from first slumber by a sharp ring at my bell, and when, after some parleying, I opened the door, I found myself confronted by two persons. One I recognized as an «inquirer» who had been brought to my rooms some time before; the other was a lad I had not seen before. The inquirer, I ascertained, having carefully watched my *modus operandi* on the occasion of his visit, had next tried experiments of his own. In this instance he had succeeded in mesmerizing a lad, but had found it impossible to recall him to his normal condition. So, securing him by a leather strap fastened round his waist, he led him through the streets of Paris to my rooms. There we both tried our

[1] «I make your mother responsible for your health.»



«THE MIDNIGHT PRESENCE OF THE UNCANNY.»

powers upon him, the result being very unsatisfactory. The youth, feeling himself freed from one operator and not subjected by the other, refused allegiance to either, and being of a pugnacious temperament, squared up and began striking out at both of us. It was not without considerable difficulty that I remesmerized him completely; and then, having previously prepared his mind to account naturally for his presence in my rooms, I succeeded in awakening him, and all ended happily. The inquirer was duly grateful, the youth went home strapless and none the worse for the adventure, and I proceeded to do some very sound sleeping on my own account.

I would say more of my séances and all the recollections they evoke were I not impatient to get back to Du Maurier and to Mechlin. Using the privilege of the mesmerist, I elect to will the reader—that is, if natural slumber has not before this put him beyond my control—across the frontier into the back parlor of the widow's tobacco-shop. There I am operating on a boy—such a stupid little Flemish boy that no amount of fluid could ever make him clever. How I came to treat him to passes I don't remember: probably I used him as an object-lesson to amuse Carrie. All I recollect is that I gave him a key to hold, and made him believe that it was red-hot and burned his fingers, or that it was a piece of pudding to be eaten presently, thereby making him howl and grin alternately.

But mesmerism meant more than incidental amusement or even scientific experiment to us in those Antwerp and Mechlin days. And it was on one or the other of these excursions, I feel confident, that Du Maurier picked up and was inoculated with the germs that afterward developed in his novels. No wonder, then, if in more than one of his letters and sketches he embodies bold dreams and fancies, or if on one occasion he depicts himself with fixed gaze and hair erect, sitting bolt upright on my hospitable sofa, thrilled and overawed by the midnight presence of the uncanny, which I had evoked for his benefit. Of this he wrote to me:

> Yes, governor; it 's all very well to ask a nervous fellow to Antwerp, and amuse him and make him ever so jolly and comfortable. . . . But why, when the bleak November wind sobs against the lattice and disturbs the dead ashes in the grate, when everything is —— queer and dark, and that



«RACHEL» IN THE STUDIO.

sort of thing, you know,—*why* should you make a nervous fellow's flesh creep by talk about mesmerism, and dead fellows coming to see live fellows before dying, and the Lord knows what else? Why, Gad! it 's horrid!

My rooms in Antwerp were the scene of many a festive gathering. We always spoke of them in the plural; it sounded better, but in reality there was only one room with two small alcoves. Studies and sketches covered the walls or littered the floor, and the genial figure of a skeleton in very perfect condition stood in the corner by the piano. We had music, recitation, and acting, mostly of an improvised, home-made character. Among the milder forms of entertainment was my impersonation of Rachel. That great actress I had often seen in Paris, and more than once had shivered in my shoes as she annihilated the tyrant, pouring forth the vials of her wrath in the classical language of Racine or Corneille. With those accents still ringing in my ear, I came to Antwerp, and there, surrounded by sympathetic friends, the spirit would sometimes move me, and I would feel—excuse the conceit of youth—as if I too could have been a great female tragedian had fate not otherwise disposed of me. In such moments I would drape myself in the classical folds of the bed-sheet, seize the blade of the paper-knife, use the blood of the beet-root, and denounce the tyrant, hissing fearful hexameters of scorn and vituperation into his ears, and usually winding up with a pose so magnificently triumphant that it would bring down any house which was not of the most solid construction.

The celebration of one of my birthdays was an event rescued from oblivion by Du Maurier's pencil. His sketch contains striking likenesses of the friends assembled on that occasion. They had come together in the evening, much in the same spirit that had led them under my windows in the morning with a brass band and an enormous bouquet of cabbages, carrots, and cauliflowers. There on the left is Van Lerius with his hands in his pockets; next to him, Du Maurier; then Huysmans, Bource, and the other chums, and, though last not least, the proud bearer of the steaming punch-bowl. What a set of jolly good fellows! It is quite a pleasure to pore over the sketch, and contemplate Du Maurier's phiz expressing his unbounded capacity of enjoyment. I can see him taking points that fell flat with the other fellows. Quite a pleasure, too, to think of Huysmans's big nose and Van Lerius's bald head, of the tall and the short, of spindle-shanks and chubby face. Where shall I find them now, those friends and boon companions of my Bohemian days?

I WELL remember a certain *barrière* that protected the level crossing just outside the

Mechlin station. It was there one evening that we adopted our never-to-be-forgotten aliases, «Rag» and «Bobtail.» We had chanced upon a chum of ours, named Sprenk, lounging across that old barrière; and some fortuitous circumstance having revealed the fact that his preceding initials were T. A. G., we forthwith dubbed him «Tag.» Out of that very naturally grew the further development, Rag, Tag, and Bobtail.

Tag was an Englishman, strong and hearty, and considerably taller than either of us. That alone would have sufficed to secure him the friendship of Du Maurier, who worshiped at the shrine of physical greatness. He loved to look up to the man of six feet something, or to sit in the shadow of the woman of commanding presence, his appreciation of size culminating in the love of «Chang,» that dog of dogs, whom we have all learned to admire as we followed his career through the volumes of «Punch.»

Tag was engaged, or at least he was generally just about to be engaged, in some business, and while waiting for the opportune moment to begin operations he would settle down to an expectant present. The golden opportunity he was looking for was plainly visible on his horizon, but it had a way of remaining stationary; and as it was contrary to Tag's nature to move unless under great pressure, the two never met. In the mean while Tag was one of our trio. He was a good deal with us when we were out and about bent on storming the world or climbing Parnassus: we did the climbing, he the looking on, the parts thus being distributed to our common satisfaction. He was always pleasantly acquiescent, and had the rare gift of making himself useless agreeably. A common bond of interest we had in the Colorado claro and oscuro, whether the fair or dark applied to the friendly weed or the still more friendly fair sex. These lines of Du Maurier's describe him and our chumship much better than any words of mine can do. He says:

TO BOBTAIL.

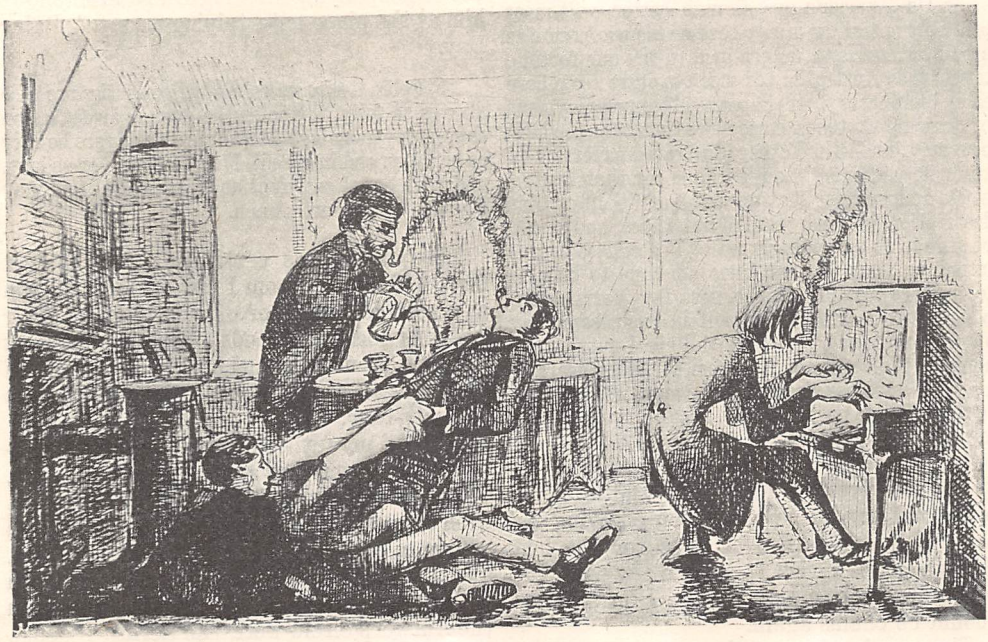
In the sunshine of April, the April of life,
You and I and our Tag make three;
And few will deny that for such close chums
A queer set of fellows are we.

For I walk slowly, and you walk fast,
And Tag lies down (not to fall);
You think of the present, *I* think of the past,
And Tag thinks of nothing at all.

Yet who shall be lucky and who shall be rich?
Whether neither, or both, or all three
Is a mystery which Dame Fortune, the witch,
Tells neither Tag, Bobtail, nor me!

RAG.

Apropos of plans and prospects on Tag's distant horizon, I find a passage in one of his letters dated November, 1857, which is well



A RAINY DAY.



MISS CLARA MOSCHELES.

worth recording. I quote it to give myself and my fellow-Europeans an opportunity of rejoicing that Tag's scheme belonged to those that were not to be realized. It runs thus:

As Du Maurier's eye, though better, will most probably not allow him to resume his profession as a painter, we have determined to try our fortune together in Australia, and mean to start from here early in February. He hopes to obtain employment by drawing sketches, caricatures, etc., for the Melbourne «Punch» and other illustrated papers. You know how eminently suited he is for that kind of work, and we hear that an artist of talent of that description is much wanted out there, and would be sure to do exceedingly well. I of course do not intend to start in that line, but hope to be able to support myself for the first few years, after which I shall establish myself in business on my own account; and I trust, with luck, I may return home in the course of from ten to fifteen years, if not with immense riches, at all events with enough to enable me to pass the remainder of my «old age» in peace and comfort.

Did Tag ever go, I wonder? Did he come back, and has he perhaps been enjoying his old age somewhere over here for the last thirty years? I wish you would say what *has* become of you, my dear Tag. I 'm sure we should be chums again.

That music of a certain spontaneous kind, the music within us which we were ever longing to bring to the surface, was a bond of union between Du Maurier and me I have already mentioned; but that bond was to be greatly strengthened by the music that great musicians on more than one occasion lavished on us. First came Louis Brassin, the pianist. He had studied under Moscheles at the Conservatory of Leipsic, the city of Bach and Mendelssohn; and there from the days of his boyhood he had belonged to the little circle of intimates who frequently gathered about the master at his house. When, a few years later, he came to Belgium on a concert tour, he and I found no difficulty in taking up the old friendship contracted in my father's house just where we had left it. The boy had become the man, the student had developed into the artist and thorough musician. There was something decidedly interesting about Brassin's looks, but his figure gave one the impression of having been very carelessly put together. When he walked his head went back on his shoulders and his hat went back on his head, his long arms dangled pendulum-like by his sides, while his lanky legs, dragging along anyhow, were ever lagging behind each other. But when he opened the piano and put hands and feet to keys and pedal he was not the same person. He would turn on nerve- and muscle-power, and would hurl avalanches of music at his audience till he in his turn was overwhelmed with thunders of applause. In the accompanying drawing Du Maurier shows him at the piano entertaining us on «A Rainy Day.»

Ah, Felix, *amico mio* [he says], may thy room be always as jolly, thy coffee be ever as sweet, as on that happy morning! May Brassin's fingers be ever as brilliant and inspired! May Tag be ever as lazy, and with equal satisfaction to himself! And may I never be blinder! Amen.

The pianist was certainly a fine subject for Du Maurier, whom I always looked upon as a sort of vivisector of musicians, of their methods and their moods. Brassin's brilliant career was suddenly and unexpectedly cut off by his death some ten years ago, at the age of forty-four.

In 1858 my father came on a visit to Antwerp with my mother and my youngest sister, Clara. Wherever my father took up his abode, even temporarily, a grand piano in the natural course of events would gravitate toward him, and a select circle of art lovers would soon be grouped around it. Among the friends in the Antwerp circle were Van Lerius, Tadema, Baron Leys, Huysmans, and Bource. My sis-

ter at that time was a bright and happy creature, not long out of her teens, full of hopes, alas! never to be realized, and of talents never to be matured. The large dark eyes—they seemed the gift of her godmother, the famous Malibran—reflected the artist's soul, and a grand soprano voice spoke its powerful language. Du Maurier and she were soon on a brother-and-sisterly footing, and they ever remained so.

Of the pleasant evenings we of the circle spent together I recall one in particular. My sister had been singing one song after another, my father was engaged in an animated conversation with Stefani, the pianist, on the relative merits of Mendelssohn and Schumann. Du Maurier and I had been sitting at the farther end of the room, talking of his eyes. At that time one doctor held out hopes; another, a great authority, had considered it his painful duty not to conceal «the truth» from his patient, and with much unction and the necessary complement of professional phraseology had prepared him for the worst: the sight of one eye had gone, that of the other would follow. Those were anxious days both for him and for his friends; but whatever he felt, he could talk about his trouble with perfect equanimity, and I often wondered how quietly he took it, and how cheerfully he would tell me that he was fearfully depressed. That evening I had been putting the chances of a speedy recovery before him, and making predictions based, I am bound to admit, on nothing more substantial than my ardent hopes. But Du Maurier was too much of a philosopher to be satisfied with such encouragement as I could give, and said: «No; I had better face the enemy and be prepared for the worst. If it comes, you see, my dear fellow, there is nature's law of compensation. I firmly believe that one cannot lose one faculty without some great gain elsewhere. I suppose one gets to see more inside as things grow darker outside. If he can't paint, he must do something else—write perhaps—that is, as long as he can; and then if the steam accumulates, and he wants a safety-valve to let it off, dictate.» Happily, to this day he writes, and need not have recourse to dictation.

When we joined our friends we found Van Lerius and Huysmans making sketches for my sister's album. Du Maurier took up a pencil, and with a few characteristic touches drew that sister's eyes, and wrote underneath his sketch:

Quand je les vois j'oublie les miens. (Reflection d'un futur aveugle.)

Or in English:

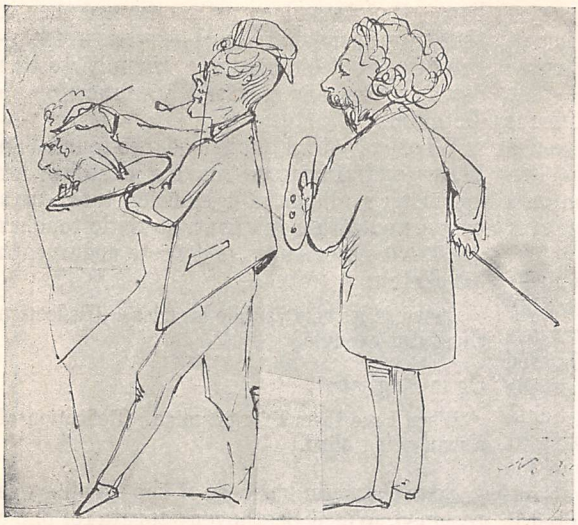
When I see them I forget mine. (Reflection of a man going blind.)

Soon the main business of the evening was resumed. Was it Beethoven's sonata for piano and violin or a mighty improvisation on classical themes that came first? I do not recollect; but I remember that Du Maurier's rendering of Balfe's «When other lips and other hearts,» with my scratch accompaniment, was warmly greeted by all lips and hearts present. When these pleasant evenings had come to an end the friendly intercourse was not allowed to drop, and so a number of sketches by her new friends found their way into my sister's album.



«AN INDISCREET FELLOW.»

Du Maurier's talent manifested itself not only in a desire to illustrate this or that incident or adventure, but also in his inexhaustible capacity for making something out of nothing.



DU MAURIER AT WORK.

DEAR BOBTAIL: I will never write without sending my compliments to thine album.

He starts a short missive with a sketch of himself seated in his trunk, pipe in mouth, and says:

I write to you out of sheer idleness, so as to have an excuse not to pack up for the next half hour.

Or he draws himself looking over my shoulder while I am writing to my sister, and puts the supposed context of my letter thus:

BOBTAIL writes (in German of course): «I won't write any more, because there 's an indiscreet fellow looking over my—»

RAG: «It 's not true, I swear!»

Another time he asks me to send him some brushes and various other painting-materials; among which he enumerates, «Oh, and a little thing like this for oil to do the thing cheesy.» He depicts himself quite elated. His eyes seemed so much better that he had once more resumed work in the studio of his friend Goyers.

Another drawing shows what happened when, for once in a way, he presumed to accept the homages of the fair.

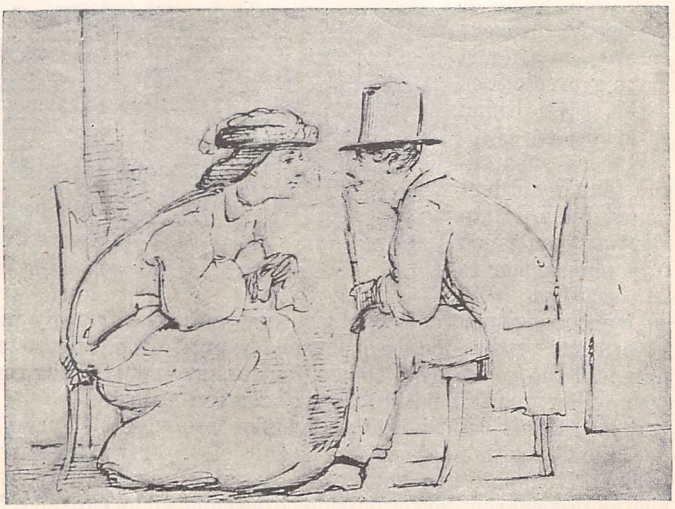
One fine morninge, earlie, at ye café de la Plage, Blankenberghe, ye celebrated Rag, deeming himself alone, treateth himself to a private performance of ye padre furioso e figlia infelice, in imitatione of his illustrious friende Felix Bobtailo. Presentlie a voice exclaimeth behind him, «Monsieur, permettez moi de vous féliciter,» and a ladie politelie maketh him complimente on his talente. Rag replieth that she must not be surprised thereat, as hys life has been spent among ye great musicians, and that therefore he can scarcelie helpe being a consummate musician himselfe. Shortly after, as he lighteth hys cigarre at ye barre, he enquireth bumptiously: «Who might that good ladie be?» «She is the prima donna of the Munich Opera, monsieur.» Whereupon ye soul of ye humiliated Rag sinketh into hys bootes, and he retireth for ever under a perpetual extinguisher.

Ye hero of ye above unfortunate adventure presenteth hys compliments to Miss Clara Moscheles, and beggeth she will deigne to accepte ye sketche in acknowledgment of ye last box of «accidulated lemon-flavoured droppes» entrusted to her brother's care (need he remark that they have not yet reached their destination?).

Miss Clara is invited to observe how cunninglie ye profile of Rag is made to imitate that of her talented brother.

Du Maurier's stay in Blankenberghe was but short. He soon went to Düsseldorf to put himself under the treatment of a famous oculist who resided not far from there, at Gräfrath. He wrote in high spirits:

Spent yesterday in Gräfrath; jolly place, lots of beauties, plenty of singing and sketching, and that



THE BEAM IN HER EYE.

sort of thing, you know. Long walks in beautiful valleys, most delightful. The fact is, I 'm so merry I only want your periodical visits, and permission to have my fling on Saturday nights, to be in heaven. Doctor says *he* 'll do me good; have to go to Gräfrath once a week. *Ça me botte joliement.*

He had met some old acquaintances and fraternized with some English and American artists, had got into the swim of Gräfrath society, such as it was, and was soon placed on a pedestal while sundry beauties sat at his feet and, to the best of my belief, sighed.

thirty-six periodical papers which I have got for you. In haste, BOBTAIL.» Eyes the same as ever. Write soon, and tell all about that portrait.

The letter is headed by a drawing representing me soaring heavenward, while he, chained to the spot, is philosophically consulting the cards on his prospects of release.

Before his final return to England we met once more in Antwerp and Mechlin. And that takes me back to Carrie. We found her changed to her advantage—so at least the world of Mechlin thought. We were not quite



«IMITATIONE OF HIS ILLUSTRIOUS FRIENDE.»

Among his sketches sent to me at this time was one called «A New Adaptation from the New Testament.» He and a charming «she» sit waiting their turn at the oculist's door. He is looking into her eyes, and she into his. «Really, I don't see the slightest mote in your eyes,» says she. «No; but I can see the beams in yours,» he replies.

In Paris I was probably absorbed in some work I had in hand, and must have neglected Du Maurier, for he writes:

DEAR BOBTAIL: Est-ce que tu te donnes le genre de m'oublier par hazard? I have been expecting a letter from you every day running thus: «DEAR RAG: Come to Paris *immediately* to illustrate

so sure that the change would prove altogether to her advantage. She had been quite pretty enough before, and we thought she could well have done without developing further physical attractions. She had always known how to use her eyes, not unfrequently shedding their beneficent light on two persons at the same time, and we considered that that number should not be exceeded.

«Now, Bobtail,» said Rag, as we walked along the sober old streets of Mechlin discussing the state of Carrie's mind and heart [he has omitted the streets, but has put us into our very best medieval suits]—«now, Bobtail, what do you think? Is she in love? And if so, with whom?»



«OUR VERY BEST MEDIEVAL SUITS.»

«She may be, or she may be not,» said Bobtail, with oracular discretion; «but if she is, it can be with only one of us. She would not waste her sentiment on a native while we were within reach.»

«But which of us is it?» asked Rag, somewhat alarmed.

«I know not; but I hope neither,» answered the oracle thus appealed to; «but the state of her mind I believe is this: if she were to marry you she would fall in love with me, and if she were to marry me she would fall in love with you.»

This dictum must have impressed Du Maurier, for it started him on a series of drawings with accompanying text in illustration of it. There were to be two volumes. The first, in which I figure as the husband, was rapidly produced; the second, in which he was to be the husband, never saw the light. It was shelved *sine die*, a proceeding I always thought particularly unfair, as he never gave *me* a chance of being loved. I am compensated, however, by the possession of the first volume of the «Noces de Picciola,» or «Cari-catures,» as they are called. Suffice it to show how Félix and Georges produced the portrait of Picciola. Félix put all his talent and Georges all his good-will into it; for, once completed, Picciola was to select a husband from the two suitors. After much cogitation she decides for Félix while offering her friendship to Georges, who seems but moderately satisfied with this arrangement; and then, when husband and wife leave for distant countries, Georges, who cannot bear the thought of being parted from his dear Picciola, enters the service of the young couple, and accompanies them on their honeymoon. This mythical journey gives the author opportunities for the subtle psychological analysis of a young lady's heart strongly inclined to revolt against some of the conventions laid down by society for its regulation.

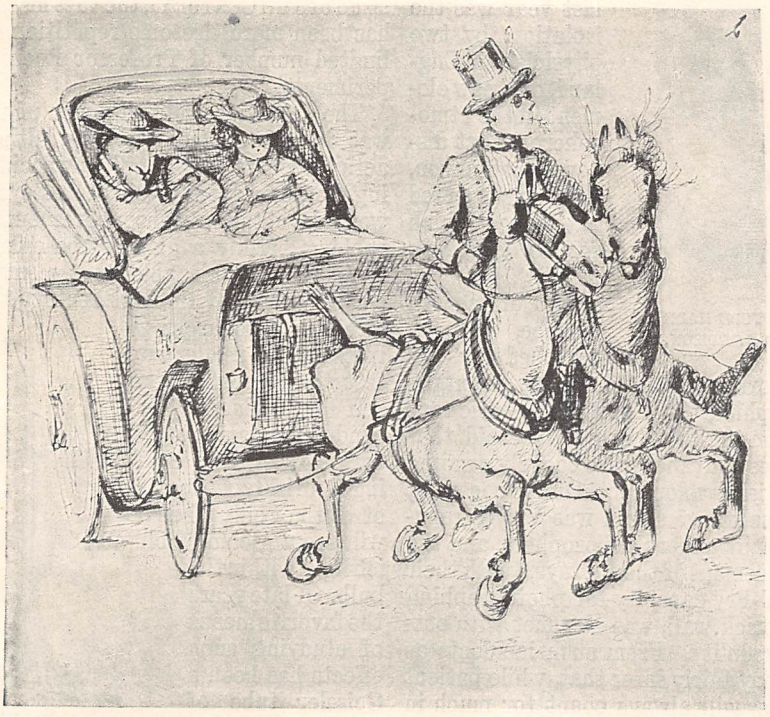
But it was not to be, for Carrie married a young doctor, a Southerner of the French meridional type, excitable and impulsive, and went to Paris. We only knew, and that we learned in a roundabout way, that she was the happiest little wife in Paris. Once, and only once, she wrote to us to tell us how complete was her happiness in the birth of a child. It was not till three years later that I was in Paris, and succeeded in picking up the thread of Carrie's story. One morning the young



HOW FÉLIX AND GEORGES PRODUCED THE PORTRAIT OF PICCIOLA.

doctor, hale and hearty, overflowing with health and happiness, had gone to his work at the hospital. That night he came home blood-poisoned, to die in his wife's arms.

Du Maurier's stay on the Continent came to a close some time before mine, and to that circumstance I owe several letters in which he speaks of his first experiences in London. He reveled in the metamorphosis he was undergoing, and illustrated the past and the present for my better comprehension. There on one side of the Channel he shows the dejected old lion of Mechlin gnawing his tobaccoless clay pipe, and then on the other the noble beast stalking along jauntily with tail erect and Havana alight. He wrote in high spirits:



«ACCOMPANIES THEM ON THEIR HONEYMOON.»

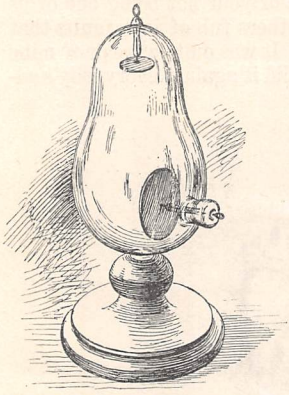
How strange to think of such a change! I 'm leading the merriest of lives, and only hope it will last. Living with Henley, No. 85 Newman street; very jolly and comfortable. Chumming with all the old Paris fellows again; all of them going ahead. There 's Whistler, already one of the great celebrities here; Poynter getting on. This is a very jolly little village, and I wish you were over here. They do make such a fuss with an agreeable fellow, like you or me, for instance. I think you would precious soon get more portraits than you could paint here; but if you are getting on so well in Paris, of course it would be madness to leave. But I do not like the idea of your not being one of us —such a band of brothers full of jolly faults that dovetail beautifully. It was quite a freak of mine coming over here; I did it against everybody's advice. Came over with a ten-pound note, and made the rest. « Your friend Bobtail seems to be the only man who had no doubt of your talent,» writes my mother. *Enfin c'est prouvé que je suis au moins bon à quelquechose.* Do you go much into the world? I go knocking about as happily as possible, singing, and smoking cigars everywhere. Jimmy Whistler and I go « tumbling » together, as Thackeray says. Would you were here to tumble with us! *Enfin, mon bon, écris moi vite.*

When at last I too returned to London, I was privileged to take my humble share in the « tumbling,» as also in the steady process that was gradually to wean us from Bohemia.

Felix Moscheles.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE UNSEEN.

A SYMPOSIUM ON THE ROENTGEN RAYS.



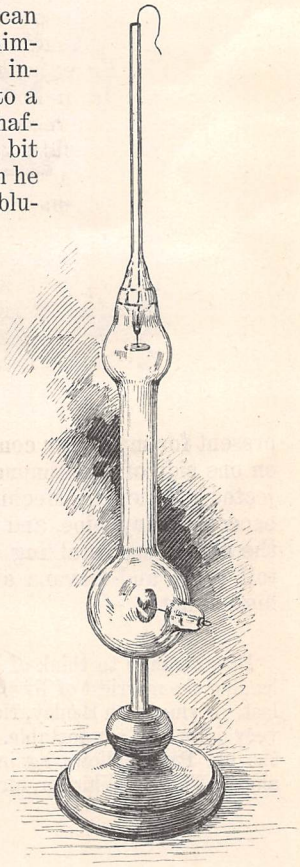
DRAWN BY AUGUST WILL.

A CROOKES TUBE MADE BY THOMAS A. EDISON.

THE most notable event in scientific history last year was the isolation, by two physicists of England, of a new element in the atmosphere. That discovery of argon, the unsuspected existence of which for so long was hardly to the credit of modern science, is now matched by the beautiful work of Professor W. C. Roentgen in photographing the unseen by electric rays from vacuum-tubes. It cannot be said that either of these advances was eagerly awaited as a sequential development. On the contrary, the individuality of argon was very strenuously denied by expert philosophers, and the first announcement of the « X rays,» with their curious Paul-Pry capacity for photographing through a brick wall, was also met with outspoken incredulity. From such incidents as these one may fairly infer that, while patient investigation will always count for much in science, happy chance is an important factor. Innumerable eyes are strained in their gaze upon the gloom, and just at what moment and at which point the veil of fog may casually lift is forever uncertain.

This country is proverbially alert in matters of discovery, yet it was several days before any one repeated the Roentgen experiments, news of which had been cabled in graphic detail by European correspondents. As if to compensate for the delay and inertness, the other extreme has since been rushed to, and no school or college has considered the day well spent in which, with endless iteration, it has not taken « cathodographs » of hands and coins. The sheep-like tendency of human beings is once more exemplified in the fact that, while a large proportion of the inhabitants of the United States have had their hands «taken,» only a single foot, so far as the writer is aware, has been made to reveal the secrets of its flesh-clad anatomy. It is even more remarkable that, outside of the work done by a few investigators (some of it recorded in this issue of THE CENTURY), the vast mass of effort has been mere tiresome repetition of a very limited number of Professor Roentgen's experiments.

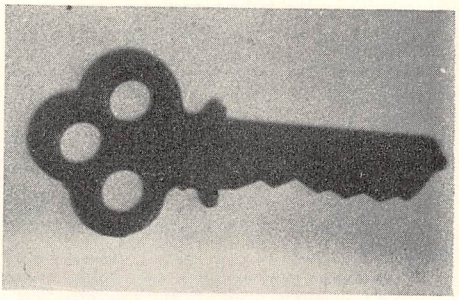
The detection and utilization of the X ray was in a sense evolutionary, although the actual occurrence was quite by accident. Dating, perhaps, from Hauksbee's Royal Society work in obtaining phosphorescent light by rubbing briskly a glass globe exhausted of air, it was a fashionable amusement throughout the whole of the last century to witness electrical discharges *in vacuo*. The reader can test the thing for himself by taking any incandescent lamp into a dark corner, and chafing it briskly with a bit of cloth or silk, when he will see a gleam of bluish light within the bulb. Of late years the favorite means of studying such effects has been a Geissler tube of glass, into which, little wires of platinum being sealed at each end, high-tension currents can be passed, with the help of an induction-coil. The discharge in the tube across the space from wire to wire creates beautiful effects of colored light, dependent on the nature of the rarefied gases within the tube. Professor Crookes followed up this line of work by improving such



DRAWN BY AUGUST WILL.

ANOTHER FORM OF CROOKES TUBE MADE BY THOMAS A. EDISON.

tubes, and by his brilliant demonstrations in them of matter in the fourth, or «radiant,» state, of which Faraday spoke eighty years ago. From these experiments by Crookes dated new phenomena of phosphorescence



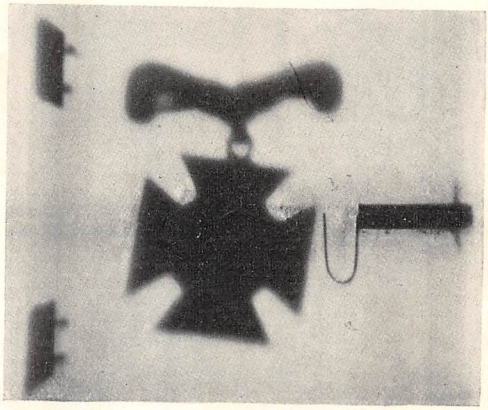
KEY CATHODOGRAPHED THROUGH A BOOK OF 526 PAGES IN THE CHEMICAL DEPARTMENT, U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT, N. Y.

and fluorescence created by electric action. When the current is passed into a vacuum-tube which has wires or disks sealed into each end or side walls, the glow, starting from the positive, or anode, tip, fades out as it approaches the negative, or cathode, end. Around the cathode exists a dark space, a little No Ray Land, or buffer state, at the outer edge of which the deep violet radiations utterly die out. Just what the conditions are, and just what happens in the dark cathode region, seems uncertain, but the subject has been deeply investigated, and Professor Roentgen's discovery is one fruit of exploration in that mysterious auroral territory.

It was first pointed out by the late Professor Hertz of Germany that these ultra-violet rays from the cathode could penetrate opaque bodies, such as aluminium, in a vacuum. This was interesting, but Dr. Philip Lenard further showed that such rays would also pass out into the air and through any substance lying beyond the vacuum. They would travel a considerable distance, would cause phosphorescence, and would act on photographic plates. From this to the discovery of Roentgen, who has caused the permeable substances interposed in the lines of these rays to register their shadows on a photographic plate, is but a step, though a long and memorable one.

At this moment discussion is rife as to the nature of the Roentgen ray, and many old theories as to light, electricity, and the ether are threatened with change. The obedience of the ordinary cathode rays to a magnet is one of their characteristics; but the X rays are still Bezonians whose king is unknown, for they not only do not respond to magnetic influence, but they refuse to be reflected, and go through various prisms without any sort of apparent refraction. They persist in following absolutely straight lines, starting from the point on the glass bulb that is seen to be faintly fluorescing with a blue-green light, under the action of the invisible rays from the cathode to the glass. While they present analogies with the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, their close identity with light is still regarded as doubtful. Light is attributed to transverse vibrations of the ether, but Professor Roentgen has suggested that his rays may be longitudinal vibrations, like sound-pulses in the air. They do at least throw shadows, cause chemical action, and set up fluorescence, while the last fact would obviously suggest that they may engender heat. Some trustworthy experimenters find the rays peculiarly irritating to the eye, and others have been making suggestive experiments to prove the similarity of these subtle emanations with non-luminous ultra-violet portions of the spectrum, to which the word «light» is not usually applied.

The electrical conditions involved are of interest by themselves, and hence the energy of investigation is now concentrating upon them. The most striking of the new results is that announced by Professor J. J. Thomson, who discovers that the Roentgen rays dissipate the electrostatic charge of any substance upon which they fall, no matter how the body may be protected against discharge. From this the writer would infer that the Roentgen rays are those which, on emerging from their prison of glass or aluminium, have lost their own electric charge, perhaps entirely. Professor Thomson states, moreover, that the nature of the charge, whether posi-



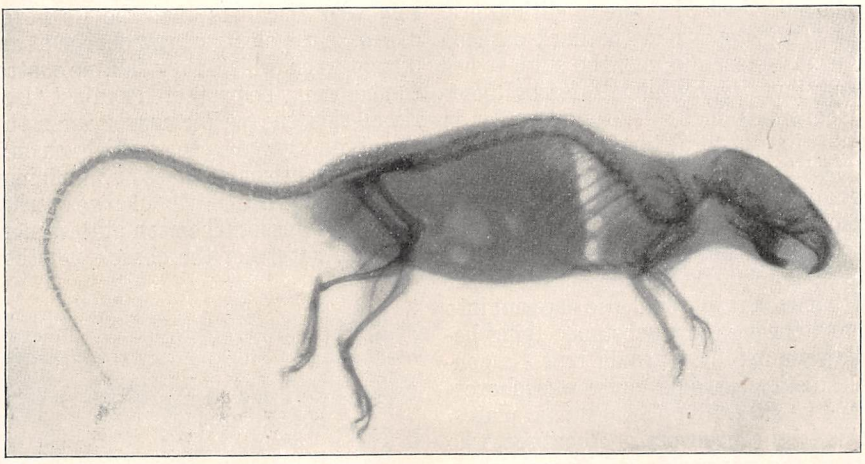
PENDANT AND PIN IN A BOX. CATHODOGRAPH MADE IN 4½ SECONDS AT THE TORONTO UNIVERSITY. (SEE P. 130.)

tive or negative, is immaterial. The corollary drawn by him from this is that all bodies under the influence of these rays become conductors. One such fact indicates many possibilities in the electrical arts and sciences.

There is no need now to dwell upon the value of the Roentgen rays in surgery and dentistry, for the newspaper press of Europe and America has been full of their use in revealing the condition of the bony structure of the body. Their employment in the testing of metals, the inspection of objects in closed or concealed packages, and the detection of differences in various substances, is obvious. One immediate and important application already made on both sides of the Atlantic is to the study of moving objects projected on a fluorescent screen, while yet another invention is aimed at seeing and photographing objects hidden by darkness.

It will conduce much to the utility of these rays, however, to determine, first of all, their nature; that is, whether they are simply streams of matter under electrical impulse, or light of short wave-length, or some new phenomenon of vibration in the ether itself.

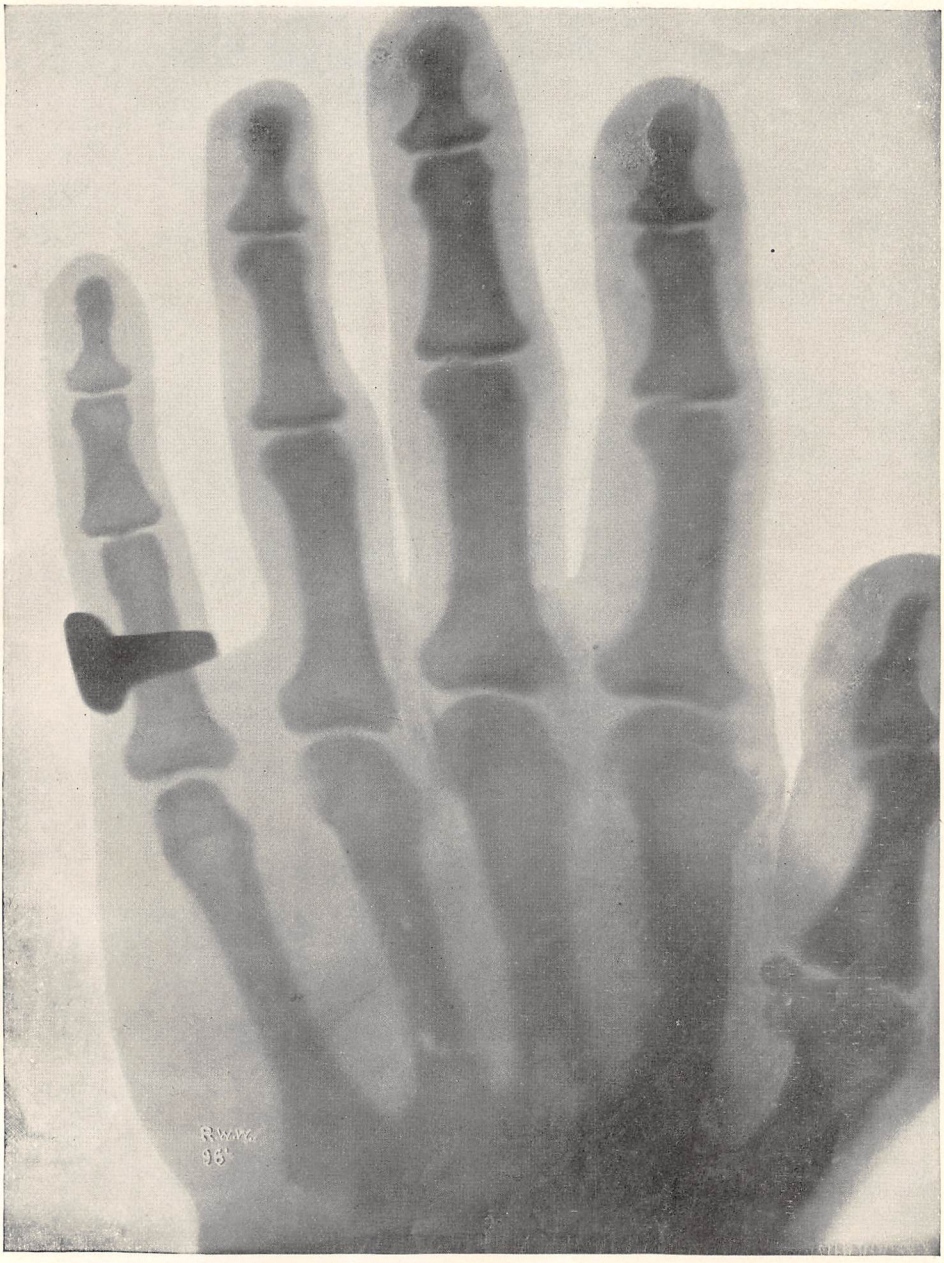
Thomas Commerford Martin.
EDITOR OF "THE ELECTRICAL ENGINEER."



A LIVE MOUSE. (UNDER CHLOROFORM.) CATHODOGRAPH MADE BY DR. KAUFMAN, BERLIN UNIVERSITY.

ON entering the room in which are arranged the elaborate paraphernalia necessary for the production of the Roentgen phenomena, the self-acting mercurial air-pump, with its labyrinth of tubes and bulbs, is the first object that attracts notice. Connected with this by a slender tube is the small glass bulb, with its two electrodes of aluminium, which is the source of the new energy; while just below it is the huge Ruhmkorff induction-coil, furnishing the high-tension electricity necessary for its excitation. At the start the bulb is full of air, and as soon as the coil is set in action crooked blue sparks pass freely between the aluminium plates within. The pump is now used, the silvery fluid alternately rising and falling within its tubes, and driving out the air before it. With its first stroke we observe a change in the bulb. The blue sparks cease, and in their place appears a waving purple flame, which, as the air becomes rarer, broadens, and finally breaks up into stratifications. The room is now darkened. Little disks of bluish-white light fill the tube, resembling somewhat a pile of saucers. The spaces between them widen, and finally a dark space appears about one of the electrodes. The discharge is now approaching the form described by Crookes as "radiant," the light becomes fainter, and the dark space widens out until it touches the glass wall, which instantly glows with its characteristic green phosphorescence. A few more strokes of the pump and the vacuum is practically perfect. The resistance to the passage of the current is now so great, and the potential on the wires rises to such a point, that purple fringes of electric fire spring forth into the air. Sparks occasionally leap about the outside of the bulb, preferring the long air-gap to the shorter but vacuous one within. The entire inner surface shines with a pale emerald light, while directly in front of one of the disks is a very bright spot of a yellowish color, where the full force of the cathode rays falls. This spot is the source of the mysterious "X rays," which, though unseen, radiate from it in all directions like light.

The bulb is now covered with a thick black



HAND OF A LIVING PERSON. CATHODOGRAPH MADE BY R. W. WOOD.

cloth to shut in the green phosphorescent light, which would interfere with the observation of the phenomena, and the room becomes absolutely dark. A large wooden screen, one side of which has been painted with barium platinocyanide, is set up before the bulb, with its coated side toward us. The invisible rays, passing through the board, excite fluorescence in the barium salt, and the entire surface of the screen shines with a bluish-green light. Placing a few coins in the center of a thick book, we hold it between the screen and the apparatus. The coins instantly appear as circular black shadows on the luminous background. A brass stencil-plate is placed in an aluminium cigarette-case and held against the screen. The light metal is more transparent to the rays than the dense,



PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION.

BIRD WITH BROKEN LEG AND TWISTED NECK. CATHODOGRAPHED IN THE LABORATORY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, CHARLOTTENBURG.

and we see a shadow of the plate with its stenciled word. A wooden box of lead-pencils shows only the shadows of the leads as a number of narrow parallel lines. And now comes the most startling experiment of all. We hold our hand behind the screen, and, closely observing the luminous surface, perceive within the dim outlines of the flesh the sharp and distinct image of its skeleton. Every bone is perfect, even the cartilaginous spaces between being discernible. It is impossible to describe the feeling of awe that one experiences on actually seeing the image of his own skeleton within the enshrouding flesh.

Wonderful as are these phosphorescent pictures, even more so are the photographic images. The X rays, though making no impression on the eye, exert a very powerful

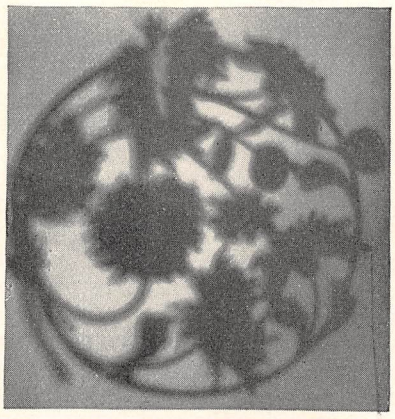
action on the photographic plate. It is this property which renders the discovery of such value; for in place of the transient shadows on the luminous screen, sharp and clear photographs can be made, which may be examined at leisure. These photographs can be taken in broad daylight. The plate, protected from light by a holder of the usual kind or by several thicknesses of black paper, is placed at a distance of eighteen or twenty inches from the vacuum-tube, and the object to be photographed is laid upon it. The photograph of the human hand which appears on page 123 was made by the writer with the apparatus of the Berlin Physical Institute. The seal-ring on the little finger shows the opacity of the heavy metals to the rays, its image being much darker than that of the bones. In taking this picture the hand was placed near the exhausted tube, which was directly over the little finger; here the rays fell perpendicularly, while those that cast the shadows of the other fingers struck the plate in an oblique direction, which caused a slight distortion or broadening of the image. The photograph of a bird was made by Herr Klingenberg in the laboratory of the Technical High School in Charlottenburg. One of the legs was broken, and the position of the splintered ends is distinctly shown in the picture. The dislocation of the vertebræ in the neck, caused probably by wringing, is also noticeable.

The other picture illustrating this note was taken by Dr. Kaufman in the physical laboratory of the University of Berlin, and shows the anatomy of a living but chloroformed mouse. This is perhaps the most interesting of all. Beginning with the head, we see within the outline of the creature's profile the sharp contours of the skull and teeth. A trace appears of the thin, delicate ears. Just behind the skull are the almost transparent shoulder-blades, in shape not unlike the wings of a bee. Through the ribs we discern an almost white area, the lungs, which, being filled with air and of trifling density, allow the rays to pass. Just in front of and below this white patch is seen the faint outline of the heart. Even the tendons of the hind legs appear, and the entire skeleton stands out almost as clearly as if the flesh had been removed.

BERLIN, GERMANY. *R. W. Wood.*

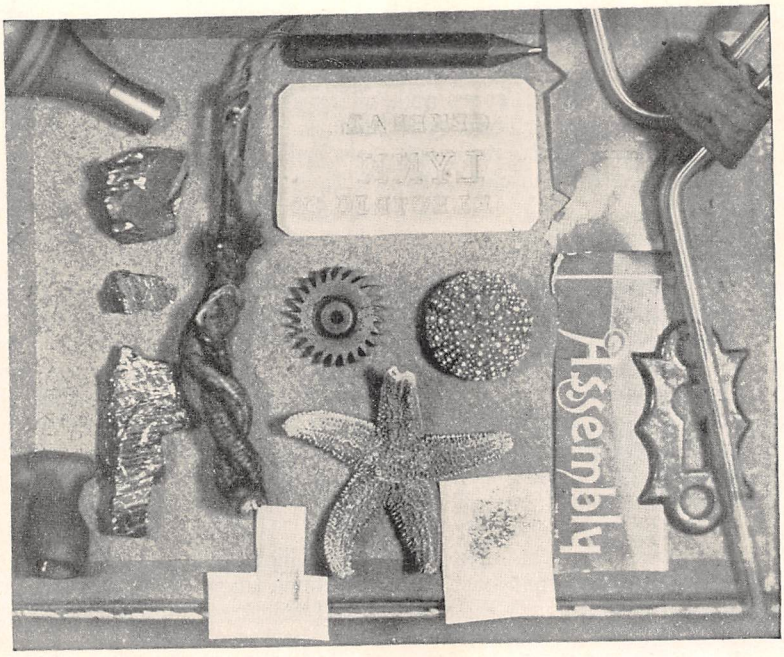
THE cathodograph on page 127 was taken by me in an exposure of about an hour. The source of current was a Wimshurst machine with two plates about sixteen inches in diameter. The Crookes tube was connected between the outside foils of a pair of Leyden jars, the knobs of which were connected with the terminals of the machine respectively, discharges at the rate of about thirty per minute taking place between the separated terminals.

The sensitive plate (5 × 7) was placed in a pasteboard box, face up, and had a sheet of black paper wrapped about it. It was thus shielded by a layer of paper and another of pasteboard. Just above the plate, and on the top of the box, were laid a variety of objects; and above them, at a distance of about four inches, was the under side of the Crookes tube. An ordinary photograph of the objects was taken by the camera, a print of which is shown on the following page. It shows several things which do not appear in the cathodograph, the reason being that they were practically transparent. Near the center is a small brass gear-wheel which is quite opaque; it was one eighth of an inch thick, except the hub, which gave a full thickness of one fourth of an inch. Near the brass wheel is a small sea-urchin, the structure of which is partly calcareous. The rays have gone through and revealed a portion of the interior structure. Likewise, the rays have passed through a small starfish



SILVER ORNAMENT IN A BOX. CATHODOGRAPHED BY WILLIAM JAMES MORTON. (SEE P. 130.)

and rendered considerable detail, which is better distinguished in the negative than in the print. By the starfish was a piece of white paper with a collection of blue-black crystals of silicon. These are too transparent to show in the ray-print. Adjoining the wheel and the sea-urchin is a plate of aluminium about three sixty-fourths of an inch thick, having letters stamped into it. The stamp depressions go about half-way through. The whole plate is seen to be partly transparent as compared with the brass wheel, and the



THE PHOTOGRAPH. MADE BY ELIHU THOMSON.

letters more than the body of the plate. Adjoining the objects mentioned may be seen a pair of insulated wires tightly twisted together. In the ray-print the insulation is almost invisible, and the wires stand wide apart. The three irregular pieces seen near the twisted wire are coal: one piece, in the form of a wedge or prism, is of anthracite three eighths of an inch at its thickest part, and tapering to an edge; the other two are of bituminous coal varying in thickness from one sixteenth of an inch to over one fourth of an inch. The coal is relatively quite transparent, and the bituminous somewhat more so than the anthracite. The negative clearly shows by darker marks the presence of seams probably richer in earthy matter.

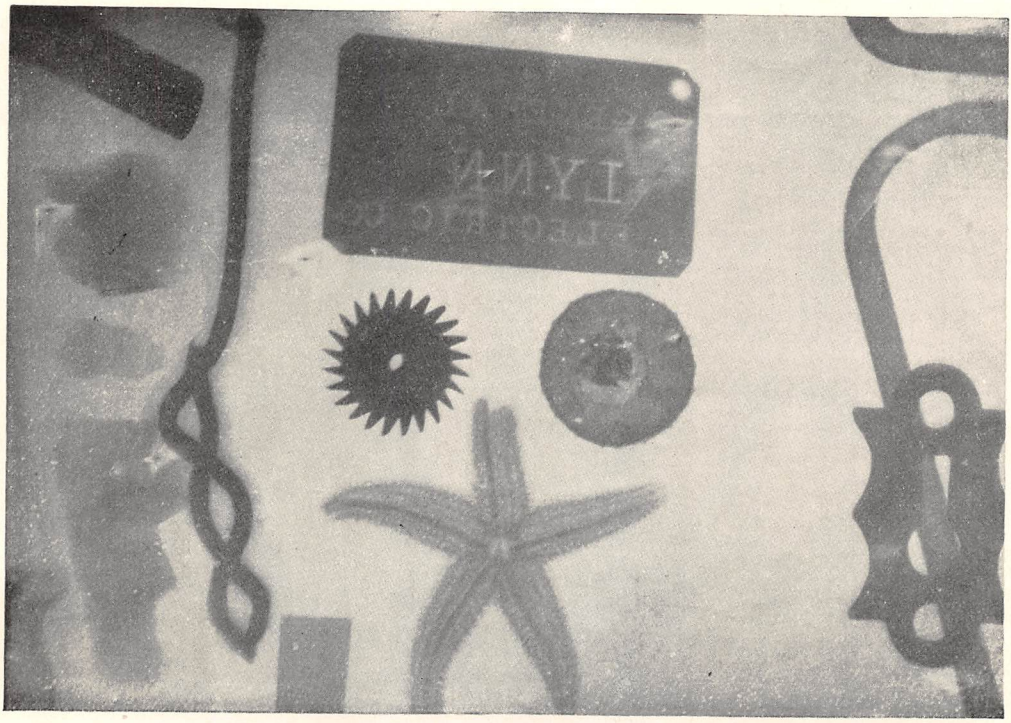
In this connection I make a suggestion. Instead of analyzing the coal for ash percentage, take a cathodograph of a definite thickness of it along with coals bearing known percentages of ash, and compare the shadows.

At the upper left-hand corner of the photograph on this page is a small hardwood awl-handle, the awl being broken. The cathodograph shows the brass ferrule to be opaque, and shows that the wood is fairly transparent—sufficiently so to reveal the end of the broken awl above the ferrule in the wood.

Adjoining the lettered aluminium plate was placed a piece of cellulose about one thirty-second of an inch thick. It was too transparent to show in the cathodograph. By the cellulose was a piece of bromide print in black, with white letters, «Assembly.» This was too transparent to be visible in the shadow-picture. The keyhole escutcheon seen near it is of iron, about one sixteenth of an inch thick, with chamfered edges. It is opaque, but by inspection of the negative the edges are clearly seen to transmit rays. In the upper right-hand corner of the photograph is a cork about one inch in diameter, having two glass tubes passing through it. The cork has disappeared in the shadow-picture, being too transparent. (Cathodography of corked bottles would *uncork* them.) The glass tubes are seen to be partly transparent.

It is indeed surprising to find the dense black coal masses transmitting the rays so freely that an inch or more in thickness would be no particular obstacle to the taking of a picture.

In developing a cathodograph picture it is noticeable that the development goes on all through the film, back as well as front. This is not the case with ordinary camera exposures, which develop from the front toward the back of the plate. The behavior noted is with the cathodograph an indication of the fact that the sensitive film itself is largely transparent to the cathode rays, and therefore lets them through without fully utilizing them. If they could all be absorbed and made to do chemical work, our time for making an impression would be much abbreviated.



THE CATHODOGRAPH. MADE BY ELIHU THOMSON.

To test this, I placed in front of a sensitive plate, and between it and its slide in the plate-holder, four thicknesses of sensitive bromide paper. It was then placed under the Crookes tube, with a few objects—one of which was a small permanent magnet—on the cover of the plate-holder containing the plate and paper. There were thus five superposed sensitive layers traversed by the rays. A picture was obtained on each of them. These pictures were of equal intensity, and the glass had a strong impression. The indication that a dozen or twenty paper pictures might have been obtained at one time, I have since verified.

This looks as if only a small portion of the silver bromide is susceptible to these rays, and that to get the best results special preparation of the sensitive materials will be needed; or the impression may depend on fluorescence, in which case strongly fluorescent chemically inert powders should be incorporated with the sensitive substances.

There is every reason to believe that much greater speed will be attained by the use of highly sensitive materials and of greater energy in the Crookes tube apparatus.

The detection of cathode rays by fluorescence will undoubtedly be of great service in saving time in making explorations in surgery, etc. With a highly fluorescent screen placed within the range of vision, in a dark box provided with sight-holes, the observer will be able at once to detect the presence or absence of the rays, the forms of the shadows, etc., instead of photographing them. He will be able also easily to change the direction of the rays and make observations in the different directions without loss of time.

It is possible also that an exploring apparatus, consisting of a negatively electrified body with an electroscope, may be so arranged as to give a record, or map, as it were, of the shadows cast by the cathode rays. In this case the sensitiveness can be made exceedingly great.

It is too early to settle upon any theory as to the nature of the rays. They agree in several particulars with what is called ultra-violet light, or with ultra-violet rays. Yet they are not refracted or reflected, or at least no observations have as yet been made showing that they possess the capability of refraction or reflection. Certain delicate markings which I have observed on a few cathodographs would almost indicate a trace of refraction or reflection existing; still, there may be another explanation of these markings.

May it not be that high-pitch waves in the ether, even when transverse like light-waves,



HAND OF A GIRL, AGED 11, SHOWING DISEASED BONES. CATHODOGRAPH MADE BY PROFESSOR S. P. THOMPSON.

can pass between the molecules and travel in free ether between them, or otherwise undergo absorption in the molecule itself when the latter is across the path?

Be they what they may, the study of cathode rays will open up the way to further discoveries in that borderland between matter and ether. We know that magnetism concerns the ether far more than it does ordinary matter. We know that light and radiant heat are electromagnetic vibrations of high pitch in the ether. It is more than probable that gravitation is dependent on some form of ether vibration. We shall await the proof of the true nature of cathode rays, fully assured that it will come in due time.

LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS. *Elihu Thomson.*

FOR success in producing electric shadows the first requisite is a Crookes tube having a very perfect vacuum. The highest exhaustion is essential, many tubes failing from having only a sufficient vacuum to produce phosphorescence. The glass should be thin and preferably containing no lead. An ordinary Ruhmkorff coil, capable of throwing a spark four or five inches in length, suffices to stimulate the tube, provided its break works with sufficient rapidity. With the ordinary slow break very long exposures are necessary. If the bulb or tube is large, sharply defined shadows will not be obtained. The rays that produce the shadow effects do not emanate exclusively from the phosphorescent patches on the glass bulb, as Roentgen himself sup-

posed. One of my tubes cast distinct double shadows, the stronger shadow falling in a direction as if the rays had come straight from the cathode, the fainter shadow in a direction straight from the phosphorescent patch on the glass. Interposing a piece of pine-wood, I have found shadows of the grain of the wood upon the sensitive plate, which proved that the dark resinous streaks are more transparent to these rays than the lighter-colored tissue. I have obtained shadows of coins shut up in a leather purse, of pens inclosed in a wooden box, of a pair of spectacles lying in its case, and of gems of various sorts inclosed in a wooden box. Olivine appears to be more opaque than topaz, sapphire, or diamond. Diamond is more opaque than black carbon of equal thickness. A piece of amber inclosing flies shows no shadows of the flies. I have found no difficulty in getting shadows of the bones of the hand, even down to the wrist; but in my sciographs, as in those of Mr. Swinton, the flesh always casts a shadow also. Magnetized iron and non-magnetized iron appear to be equally opaque. Bones are not very opaque: one notices in the shadows of the carpal bones of the hand that the enlarged ends, where there is marrow, are more transparent than the parts where the bone is denser. At present there is not the slightest evidence that these rays can be polarized; that is the strongest argument in favor of the view that they consist of longitudinal vibrations. Neither, as yet, has any means been found of reflecting them. They apparently agree with ultra-violet light in one respect only, that of frequency. But of their wave-length, whether it is shorter or longer than that of ultra-violet light, nothing is certain. It depends on the velocity of propagation of the rays as to whether it is less or greater. The name of «ultra-violet sound» appears to me to be appropriate to the phenomenon. The thing most wanted now is a more powerful means of exciting the rays so as to shorten the time of exposure.

I find that metallic sodium is more transparent than metallic potassium, and slightly more transparent than aluminium. Metallic lithium is far more transparent than either. It is certainly ten times more transparent than aluminium, and can hardly be caused to cast any shadow at all. In fact, it appears as though the opacity of bodies to the Roentgen rays was proportional, not to density, but to atomic weight. Imitation rubies made of red glass are more opaque than natural rubies; imitation pearls are more opaque than real pearls. To obtain good sciographs of hands and feet, showing the bones only, a longer exposure is needed than will suffice to show the bones through the flesh. With prolonged exposure the flesh disappears, the rays penetrating it more and more.

The negatives frequently show as though much more fully exposed on the side next the glass than on the front of the film. This gives color to the notion that the photographic effect is of a secondary order, the Roentgen rays penetrating the film to the surface of the glass, where by some transmutation akin to phosphorescence they generate the photographic effect. Abney says that if the sensitive films are spread on ferrotype iron instead of on glass no shadows are produced.

The statement attributed to me in various quarters, that I have found Roentgen rays in the arc-lamp, has never been made by me. What I have found is that, using an arc-lamp, I could get photographic shadows of metal objects through a wooden screen; but they are stopped by an aluminium sheet, and hence are not due to Roentgen rays.

I have succeeded in reading the contents of a sealed letter by the Roentgen method. The ink was of a metallic nature; writing in vegetable inks produces no appreciable shadow.

In the sciograph of the hand of a child aged eleven, in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, suffering from growth of bony tumors upon the bones of hands, feet, etc., the distortions of the joints so produced are very plainly shown.

Silvanus P. Thompson.

City of London and Guilds Technical College, London, England.

At the University of Toronto, as elsewhere, the announcement by Professor Roentgen of his discovery of a new form of radiation excited the most intense interest. Together with Mr. C. H. C. Wright and Mr. Keele of the School of Practical Science, I arranged a series of experiments to verify, if possible, the results said to have been obtained. Although we were successful in establishing the extraordinary penetrating power of the rays and their action on a sensitized photographic plate, we found that long exposures were necessary in order to obtain sharp and clearly defined images. As this limited to a very great extent the applications of the «new photography,» we directed our efforts to reducing, if possible, the time of exposure, and this we succeeded in doing to a very marked degree.

On making a careful test of all the tubes in the physical laboratory, we found one which

gave a much stronger radiation than any of the others. This tube was pear-shaped, and as it had one electrode inserted in the smaller end and the other in the side, we were able, by making the former the negative terminal, to obtain a large glass surface exposed to the action of the cathode rays. This tube was employed in all our later experiments. Thinking that probably the action would vary with different sensitized films, we conducted tests to determine the relative sensitiveness to the rays of various types of plates; but we observed marked difference, and concluded that any reduction in the time of exposure must be otherwise obtained. Experiments were also made with prisms and lenses of wood, pitch, and other materials, but no indication of refraction at their surfaces could be discovered.

The only remaining method for the concentration of the rays seemed to be an application of the principle of reflection. In order to determine whether the rays could be reflected, a surface of clean mercury was prepared, and it was found that when the rays were directed towards this sensitized films protected from direct radiation were fogged by some action coming from the mercury. To test this apparent reflection still further, a sensitized film, protected by a plate-holder, was placed at a distance of about twenty centimeters below the Crookes tube. A thick plate of glass was then inserted midway between the tube and the film, parallel with the latter, with the intention of screening the plate in part from the action of the rays. The tube was then excited for some time, and on developing the film it was found that the rays evidently traveled in straight lines, since the part of the film protected by the glass plate was well defined and entirely unaffected by them. This experiment was repeated, the arrangement of apparatus being identical, with the sole exception that a glass bell-jar was placed over the whole. Development of the film in this case showed (1) no action on the film outside the jar; (2) no indication that the interposed glass plate acted as a screen; (3) the action much more intense than in the previous experiment, proving conclusively the reflection of the rays from the surface of the jar.

By the employment of this method we reduced on February 11 the time of exposure almost to instantaneousness. The picture of the pendant given on page 121 was taken with the bell-jar over the apparatus, and was obtained by an exposure of four and a half seconds, the object being a medal placed within a leather-covered wooden jewel-case. Very good results were similarly obtained by an exposure of one second through five folds of black paper.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO. *J. C. McLennan.*

ALL about and within us exist rates of vibration known as forms of energy, some of them forced by man's ingenuity to record themselves by aid of mechanisms, others yet awaiting this sort of detection. Recording devices to reveal laws of light, heat, or chemical affinity are familiar, but no one has in a similar manner recorded thought or gravitation. Electricity yields its secrets slowly. While Faraday divined and Maxwell proved mathematically its existence outside of the conductor, Hertz actually detected its vibration and its wave-lengths by means of his oscillator. Lenard detected and recorded cathodic rays outside of a vacuum-tube, and now Roentgen comes forward to show by a device that the leather of a purse and the flesh of the hand may be penetrated by a radiation, leaving coins within, and bones otherwise invisible, pictured. At once man's curiosity in uncovering the otherwise unseen became highly excited.

Reference to one's own personal participation in the development of the Roentgen process even now seems like a reminiscence, so rapidly have events moved onward. The announcement of its possibility found me fully equipped with all needful electrical apparatus, except a Crookes tube, which could not be purchased anywhere. I therefore turned my attention at once to the static machine and ordinary vacuum-bulbs, and with these simple appliances have progressed to a point of picturing all sorts of metallic objects upon six-inch by eight-inch, or even larger plates, in from three to five minutes, and have obtained a perfect shadowgraph of a small piece of a needle behind a bone in the foot. The bones of the hand have already become an old story. I find my X rays are very intense, so much so that over-exposure easily penetrates some bones and thin plates of metal.

My first experiments demonstrated that shadowgraphs could be obtained simply by causing a powerful spark from the static machine to pass around, but not through the plate-holder. One of my first working vacuum-bulbs was a radiometer such as is commonly sold by opticians, to which I attached external electrodes. Another form of vacuum-bulb had one external and one internal electrode. The illustration on page 125 represents an early effort with the radiometer bulb. I now use some bulbs a foot in diameter and having no enter-

ing electrodes. I make use of no coil or converter, but excite the vacuum-tube directly from the external armatures of Leyden jars in a manner published by me as novel in 1881, or I dispense entirely with the Leyden jars.

My chief pleasure in this work has been in its simplification, and in its possible adaptation to medical uses.

NEW YORK CITY. *William James Morton.*

MY experiments with the Roentgen rays have been almost entirely devoted to investigating the phenomena with a view to obtaining the most practicable and powerful form of apparatus—especially the fluorescent lamp, the photographic plates, and the best form of electric oscillation to energize the lamp. Having all the appliances for working with incandescent-lamp vacua, I have been enabled to try a large number of experiments with this end in view. I have not as yet attempted to take pictures other than a standard figure of a number of bars of metal, bone, etc., on cardboard.

I am now fitting up a complete apparatus, and expect soon to conduct a number of accurate experiments in the photography of animate and inanimate objects. From the rough experiments recorded in my note-book I «brief» the following:

1. The ray proceeds from all parts of the glass illuminated by fluorescence.

2. With the same degree of fluorescence, the effect is independent of the size or position of electrodes.

3. Under the same conditions as to the distance of the lamp from the plate, the distortion increases with the increase in the size of the lamp-bulb.

4. Records taken every three inches up to thirty-six inches show that the photographic effect of the ray diminishes as the square of the distance, as stated by Roentgen.

5. Commercial dry plates vary much in their sensitiveness to the ray. The most rapid plates for light are the slowest for the ray.

6. As nearly as can be ascertained at present, the power of the ray to photograph varies as the square of the illuminating power of the fluorescence.

7. The phosphorescence of the lamp after the current is stopped does not photograph. Powerful after-phosphorescence of a lamp is no indication of its value for photographic work.

8. High vacuum diminishes fluorescence and the sensitiveness to photographic work. The point of maximum fluorescence is where the residual gases just perceptibly glow.

9. Fluorescent lamps with aluminium electrodes gradually change to higher vacuum, with diminishing fluorescence and consequent lower sensibility. Gentle heating of the lamp restores the absorbed gases temporarily.

10. The smaller the lamp the less will be the distortion of the shadow, and the closer can the plate and the lamp be placed, thereby increasing the sensibility greatly.

11. Substances so far tried which powerfully phosphoresce in the bulb of the lamp do not photograph when phosphorescent after the current is stopped.

12. Heating the dry plate does not appreciably increase its sensitiveness.

13. A good lamp should give a clear photograph of thin metallic strips through eight inches of Georgia pine in fifteen minutes.

ORANGE, N. J. *Thomas A. Edison.*

THE GOOSE FEATHER.

(AN AMERICAN INDIAN SONG.)

BLACK lake, black lake—
The wild goose hid within the brake;
The string upon my bow fell loose,
The arrow slipped and missed the goose.

He heard my step and flew away;
I found a feather where he lay.
Arrow thin, arrow thin—
I stuck the black goose-feather in.

Black lake, black lake—
A goose lies dead within the brake.
This morn his own black feather whirred,
And sped the shaft that killed the bird.

Charles A. Collmann.

CINDERELLA UP TO DATE.

A ROMANCE OF ETNA.

PRINCE MICHAEL of Polkavia is a charming young man. His territory is one of the small independent states of the Balkan Peninsula; but you will search in vain for it upon the maps, even those war maps which make a strategical point of every mole-hill. He is *bon prince*, and lets his subjects do pretty much as they like, while he amuses himself in the pleasure resorts and the capitals of Europe, with a run now and then to Cairo or Constantinople. Indeed, I do not believe that his diversions are very reprehensible; there is in him a strong dose of ideality which restrains him from vulgar escapades.

The prince has hazel eyes that are rather dreamy; soft blond hair; and a waist slender, like that of a young girl; his manners are delightfully easy, with a childlike frankness which may be the last touch of his diplomatic training. Now and then a fine smile illumines the small red mouth under his carefully pointed and waxed mustache. One has heard women, by no means school-girls, declare that they became fond of Prince Michael from the moment when he was presented, and, standing before them, clicked together the high heels of his varnished boots, and executed a bow which, while wholly modern, yet appeared to include the antique homage of the days of the minuet, even of the times of medieval chivalry. Moreover, it is said that the prince does not lack courage, is a fearless rider, and very expert as a swordsman. He also speaks fluently at least half a dozen languages.

Is Prince Michael then perfection?

Alas! the justice of contemporary biography is obliged to admit that this pearl has a flaw: Prince Michael is deeply tinged with romanticism, a quality with which this end of the century does not know what to do. In the mingled races of the Balkan are strangely assorted characteristics, which set off one another by force of contrast. Prince Michael knows his Paris, his Vienna, his St. Petersburg, and one fears that he is not unaware of his Monte Carlo; but he is dominated by a fixed idea, incredibly fantastic, which has hindered him in the choice of a bride: he adores nothing so much as small, even microscopic feet. And of all the demoiselles of high descent and of fortune who were proposed for him in court circles not one had the sort of feet at which he could prostrate himself and sigh as he would have wished to do.

Not devoid of a smattering of the classics and gifted with a very pretty taste in composition, Prince Michael is author of a brochure on the comparative mythology of the famous nursery tale of Cinderella and the Greek legend of Rhodope. A copy of this treatise, elegantly printed between slip covers of blue-and-silver brocade, is a graceful gift to such acquaintances as the prince chooses to admit to a certain degree of friendship. He was so good as to present one of them to me because after the incident was closed I told him—

But instead this is the beginning of the anecdote. It all happened in the city of Catania and upon Mount Etna, whose majestic gloom ought to have been an effectual rebuke to so much frivolity.

At the table d'hôte of the Albergo Orientale the prince had begun an acquaintance with our small party—one of those passing relations of tourists without consequences. It amused Prince Michael, and he vowed that it was instructive to get the American ideas upon things. «You of the United States have a point of view rather original perhaps, but full of good sense,» he opined.

After a few days one had heard all the theories and some judicious selections from the experiences of this young man, who by grace of what Latin blood was in his veins had preserved a curious naïveté of mind. One was shown the photographs of his august dowager mama and of the princesses Wanda and Helena, his sisters. It seems to me that they traced their lineage back to Charlemagne; undoubtedly the young ladies, who were pictured in the short skirts of the peasant costume of Polkavia, inherited from the Emperor's mother, the famous Bertha Broadfoot. Hence, perhaps, the prejudice of their brother in favor of tiny feet. In showing the photographs, indeed, Prince Michael betrayed some regret.

«It must be avowed,» said he, shaking his head sadly, «that my sisters have *les pieds énormes*.»

You can judge of the sensation experienced one morning by this enthusiast when, as he

passed along the corridor of the floor where he lodged, he beheld in front of a closed door the prettiest, the most microscopic pair of shoes that had ever rejoiced his eyes. They were of russet-colored Russian leather, charmingly polished, waiting to be taken into that chamber whenever the indolent little feet of their mistress should be ready to put them on.

«I may have committed an indiscretion,» the prince told me quite gravely. «I confess that I could not refrain from lifting one of those shoes in order to examine it. It was miraculously small, numbered 1½ of exquisite proportions, not distorted anywhere by the slightest irregularity of the enchanting foot that it is privileged to contain. *J'en suis fou!*» he concluded.

«An amiable madness, prince,» said I.

«I ought to be chained; I certainly shall commit some folly.»

«The greatest folly might be to enchain yourself.»

«That is very true, madame.»

When finally the owner of the famous shoes appeared one was ready to believe that the prince really might do many a thing more foolish than to make her his princess. She was American—precisely, from New York. Her name was Angelica Van Doren; she was accompanied by her mama, who chaperoned her very conscientiously, although it was evident that the strict system of surveillance was entirely by will of the daughter. Sometimes it seemed as if the elder woman saw little use in so much watchfulness, and would not have disliked a brief vacation in which she might take naps, read novels, and rest her weary feet and mind from sight-seeing; but there is nothing so correct, so inexorable, as a modern girl who brings herself up well, and, incidentally, also her mother.

And truly Miss Van Doren was a nice girl, which in her case means amiable, gay, unaffected, self-possessed, with a reserve fund of common sense to draw upon when occasion should require. We all liked the Van Dorens, and as to the prince, it was quite his own affair. One had no disposition to make or to mar an international alliance. In fact, barring that weak fiber of romanticism, Prince Michael of Polkavia was, and no doubt is, abundantly able to take care of himself.

Every morning those delicious russet shoes stood sentinel before the door of the sleeping Miss Angelica. At a quarter past nine her maid carried them in to meet their happy destiny, to be trodden by her perfect feet. By the way,—and we thought it very nice of her,—Miss Angelica never made any display of her foot; she wore her gowns, indeed, rather long in the skirt, and took none of the careless and ungraceful attitudes which are affected by some women, crossing one ankle over the other. She appeared as nearly unaware of her charms as could possibly be expected of one so very, very pretty. For she was really beautiful, in the rather fragile, high-strung, finely modeled type of American. Her nose was a little masterpiece in ivory; her hair was chestnut, inclined to mutinous curls; her eyes were violet blue, very large and darkly fringed; her hands were not particularly small, but were daintily rounded, with pink nails. Her voice, alas! had certain wiry vibrations when raised, but even these were not wholly unmusical; and her costumes were innumerable and admirable, authentic creations of Doucet, Paquin, and the others.

Prince Michael complained to me of the adorable modesty which caused Miss Angelica to be chary of the view of her feet. «Always veiled in the discreet shadow of her skirts,» said he. «Once, indeed, in descending a stairway one foot was visible as far as the instep. But—will you credit me?—I, from respect for the chaste sentiments of the young girl, averted my gaze. I remained deprived of the sight, but I am content with myself.»

Now was there ever anything finer in the days of chivalry than this abnegation of the excellent prince?

It was impossible to judge whether Miss Angelica took the devotion of Prince Michael seriously. American girls are so accustomed to openly expressed admiration and to «attentions without intentions» that the compassed and rather formal homage of the prince might very well have failed to explain itself to her. At all events, she was quite at ease and companionable with him, precisely as with a young man of her set in New York. She had a very agreeable manner, independent, yet free from pertness; and this republican geniality of hers greatly attracted Prince Michael.

«I foresee, madame,» he told me, «that I shall kneel at her feet.»

«Always her feet, prince! You say nothing of her face or of her heart.»

He looked misunderstood. «You know that the foot of a fairy is my ideal,» he answered quite simply.

For several days it had rained; the winds swept back and forth through the Straits of Messina, storming, and the heavens above wept to see them so quarrelsome. Hence our excursion upon Etna had been postponed (a party of a dozen persons had been arranged), and what with the weather, added to a two

days' headache of Mrs. Van Doren and some minor obstacles which are now lost in the perspective of time, it seemed as if the adjournment were to be *sine die*.

Finally, however, there came a brilliant day when the sea sparkled like a bespangled dancer, the winds were mild and perfumed, and Etna waved invitingly its pennon of smoke. So we all set forth. It should have been premised that this was the final day of the sojourn of the Van Dorens; they were to go that evening to Messina, whence they would sail for Naples to meet there the husband of the one, the father of the other, lady. Prince Michael had alleged that a sudden crisis in affairs of state imperatively recalled him to his little capital and his court, like that of opera bouffe; so that, with permission of Mme. Van Doren, he also would embark on the same steamer, and hoped that he might be able to be of use to them as a courier. Certainly there was nothing to be said against a monarch's returning to his own principality, and no doubt they were glad of his escort; anybody would have been, for he was very agreeable, and, as has been said, *bon prince* to the ends of his finger-nails. So the monumental pile of the Van Doren boxes and the much lesser luggage of the prince were transported to the railroad station. The travelers took with them in the carriages that bore them up Etna small bags containing, doubtless, jewels and valuables, as well as the toilet articles necessary before they could rejoin their effects.

The scenery of Etna is of an indescribably tragic beauty: the fantastic shapes of the lava, long since extinct; the steeply climbing terraces planted with vines the fruit of which draws fiery juices from the soil; the clumps of Indian fig and of euphorbia; the olive-trees contorted by the pressure of the incandescent floods that have invaded them; the roads as if made of beaten coal-dust; the villages of somber stone; the people with their jetty eyeballs and grave faces—all are unlike those of any other region. The consciousness of tremendous imprisoned forces that at any moment may break out appears to have molded the nature of the dwellers on Etna.

Up this sinister way, however, we all went gaily enough, and nobody was so absorbed in the landscape as to be unable to glance now and then at the prince and Miss Angelica, whose romance was visibly progressing. He sat in the carriage with the Van Dorens, his back to the horses, and vis-à-vis with the mama as well as with the daughter, yet one would wager that Miss Angelica caught many expressive looks of which her mother was unaware; or perhaps not, because the prince was very scrupulous in his behavior, and may have thought it correct to include the chaperon in all his *œillades*.

In due time we reached the picturesque little inn of Nicolosi, where lunch had been previously ordered. The men of the party strolled to and fro on the road, smoking cigars and discussing the merits of the donkeys provided for our further ascent of the mountain as far as the sources of the lava of 1669. The women rested in the dining-room of the tavern, and examined the albums in which tourists record their names and impressions, some of the latter absurdly petty in presence of the vast and heaven-defying heights of Etna. The lunch was very gay; afterward the party, some mounted on donkeys, others afoot, undertook the climb to the craters of the Monti Rossi. The soil is rough and loose, with sand and scoriæ; but we attained the Altarelli, where a few years ago the lava stream parted as by miracle for the safety of the town of Nicolosi. There it was decided to let the patient little donkeys repose awhile, and everybody began to ramble about, gathering bits of lava and the black crystals called lapilli.

When of a sudden the clouds, which had withdrawn themselves only for an ambush, came wheeling over, and discharged a great volley of rain. There was a general scramble; the party hurried back as it could to the inn of Nicolosi; there fires were made in great braziers, and the good women of the house aided the ladies to dry themselves, while the host and his boy solicitously groomed the masculine contingent of tourists.

In half an hour we all joined forces in the dining-room, where some hot wine was set upon the table as a preventive of colds and as a cordial for the long drive back to the city. Most of us had found our russet shoes puckered to impossible shapes and sizes by the thorough wetting which they had undergone; but the application of oil had succeeded in restoring them to use, if not to beauty—all but the shoes of Miss Angelica, which, unluckily set too near the kitchen fire, were so scorched that their ruin was utter, and smelled to heaven—which knows that the fumes of singed leather have little in common with the odor of roses!

The rest of us hobbled more or less in our half-spoiled footwear, while Miss Angelica walked—fortunately, without heels her gown hung longer than ever—with the flat-footed patting of stocking-feet. But no doubt to the devoted prince even in that sort of gait the true goddess was manifest.

A wave of crimson swept over the face of Prince Michael as she entered the room (one must remember that he was a tenderly chivalrous creature). Miss Angelica, however, was as cool and fair as—well, as the weather, which, having played its ugly trick, was now serene and complacent, like a child after a crisis of naughtiness.

Why the prince had blushed was soon very evident. He quitted the room, and a moment later returned, bringing in his hands his bag, from which he took out a small pair of Oxford ties—not at all those which were ruined, and which, by the way, were of patent leather, but instead the shoes, the russet shoes, the divine, diminutive shoes of Cinderella, of Rhodope, of Miss Angelica Van Doren.

This dear prince was radiant, though somewhat shamefaced.

«Behold!» he said. «I hope that you will pardon my theft for the sake of—ah, well, for the moment let us say for the sake of the opportune appearance of a pair of dry shoes. It is the rain of heaven that has ruined the sandal of Rhodope; the ashes of Etna alone were poetic enough to cling to the slipper of Mlle. Cinderella. This morning,—I confess it,—after the luggage of Mme. and of Miss Angelica had been carried away, I saw these adorable shoes left, neglected, forgotten, near her door. I took them as a souvenir; that was my happiness. Now at need I restore them; this is my duty. Will you permit me, Mme. Van Doren, to place them upon the charming feet of your daughter? That shall be my reward.»

The married men of the party here got glances from their respective wives which meant, Take a lesson from the manners of this very polite prince. And they all signaled in reply, Not if we know ourselves.

Meanwhile, Prince Michael, encouraged by the silence of the mama and the lowered eyelids of the daughter, knelt at the feet of Miss Angelica, and with extreme delicacy and devotion proceeded to put the shoe upon her right foot. The toe went in, but she winced visibly. The prince coaxed and even squeezed that foot to make it enter the shoe, but it would not—or, rather, it could not. Then Miss Angelica rose, desperate, yet still mistress of the situation.

«It is no use, prince,» she said; «these are not my shoes—or, yes, they are my shoes, but I never could wear them; they are dummy shoes.»

«What!» gasped the prince, and «What?» inquired the chorus.

«Dummy shoes, don't you know,» continued Miss Angelica, more cheerfully. «Lots of New York girls have them; somebody brought the idea over from Paris. We keep them for show—for instance, to set outside the doors of hotel rooms. And some of the brides of this season have had in their trousseaux—oh, perhaps two dozen pairs to match the gowns—duplicates of what they will wear, only ever so much smaller; and the shoemakers take them back afterward. Do you understand, prince?»

For the poor young man looked confused and miserable.

«Now look at my foot,» resumed Angelica, frankly extending it. «It is rather big for my height; I wear a 4 B, and am comfortable. Don't you see, prince, that I might have reasons for leaving a 1½ A outside my door, where people would pass, or, rather, pause and admire? Of course I 'm a fraud, though it was n't so very wicked, either; but I never want to see those tight shoes again.»

One fancied that her voice broke slightly as she laughed.

Miss Angelica was mortified, of course—every woman present could see that; but she carried off the incident with a sang-froid and firmness that were simply heroic: for feminine heroisms are usually of about that size. They hurt, all the same.

The host announced that the carriages were ready for the descent of the mountain.

Now one of the nice traits of Miss Angelica was that she knew when she was defeated. Her mama was less clever.

«Some one will have to carry Angelica,» said Mrs. Van Doren, vaguely. «I cannot let her step upon that wet pavement.»

There was an awkward moment. Prince Michael stood silently contemplating the small but illusive russet right shoe, which he still held in his hand. One of the women of the party prompted her husband with a glance.

«Oh, certainly, my dear,» said he (and she withered him by another look). «Permit me, Miss Van Doren.»

«Pray do, Miss Angelica,» encouraged his wife. «He is so big and strong he will carry you beautifully.»

Which he did.

My gown caught on a nail in leaving the room. Prince Michael very kindly stopped to extricate it. He was so slow about the rescue that it was evident he had something that he wished to say to me. This was it:

«Madame, may I ask you, as an American, if in any way I am lacking toward Miss Angelica—in the way of respectful homage, of course? Although—at first—my hopes—» he stammered.

«Prince,» was my answer, «it can't be

helped. You are not to blame; it was the fault of her own vanity, which, after all, is very harmless.»

«I hope that it may prove so in this case,» he said quite humbly.

«Believe me, it will. This is only one of a thousand little flirtations on the part of Miss Angelica.» (For I perceived that he was generously thinking more for her self-esteem than for his own.) «She will feel much better to-morrow. And the sight of her father, who is a walking gold-mine, a check-book personified, will cure her completely. They will ransack the shops of Naples.»

If my last hint was in the line of experiment, the prince at least gave no sign of being tempted. Evidently his was an ideal above American dollars.

In descending the mountain, Prince Michael, who had ridden up with the Van Dorens, returned in another carriage.

Arrived at the Albergo Orientale, the whole party heard him declare that he had found waiting for him a telegram from his prime minister saying that affairs had been settled satisfactorily, so that the prince was left free to remain in Sicily.

«Therefore,» he added, «I take the next train in an hour for Taormina, where some English friends have been urging me to meet them.»

Nothing could be more perfect than the simplicity of the prince's manner in telling these amiable lies.

Just before his departure he came to bid good-by to his acquaintances. To me he said quite seriously: «Tell me, madame, as an American, if I do wrong to retain as a souvenir that discarded shoe of Miss Angelica? Understand me, please. As a reminder of a very charming illusion, amid whose ruin I still preserve the sentiments of the most perfect esteem for the amiable young lady, I should like to keep her shoe,—alas! that she cannot wear it,—and sometimes, when quite alone of course, never in company, to fill it with champagne and drink to the health of Miss Angelica.»

It was difficult not to laugh, Prince Michael was so boyish and so solemn as he propounded this delicate question.

«I assure you that I shall always cherish a tender memory of the beautiful American,» he continued. «I wish that I might have been able to devote myself to her forever.»

«Ah, you have been true—to the *last*.»

«I perceive, madame, that you jest; but I am not sufficiently perfected in the English language to understand always a play of words.»

«For which I beg your pardon.»

«Sometimes,» he said musingly, «I wish that I were a shoemaker, to measure the feet of the young beauties until I should succeed in finding my princess. In fact, everybody ought to have a useful trade, don't you think?»

«Certainly—even royalties.»

«Especially royalties—in case of a revolution, which in Polkavia is always possible; it is like living on the side of Etna. But we were talking of the little shoe. Am I to keep it? I beg you to answer me sincerely, madame.»

«Truly, I believe that there can be no harm in your keeping it, prince. And if you mean to fill it with champagne and drink her health without heel-taps—why, the better for your own health that the shoe does not fit her.»

He cast on me a reproachful look for this new offense against the gravity of the situation. Then he said farewell.

And so departed Prince Michael of Polkavia, whom I have never seen since that moment, nor have had any tidings of him. Perhaps he is still in quest of the modern Cinderella, of the reincarnation of Rhodope. But for a romantic young prince it is certainly safer to make comparative studies of myths and fairy-tales than of living feet and little russet shoes.

Elisabeth Pullen.

A WINTER TWILIGHT IN PROVENCE.

A STRANGER in a far and ancient land,
At evening-light I wander. Shade on shade
The mountain valleys darken, and the plain
Grows dim beneath a chill and iron sky.
The trees of peace take the last gray of day—
Day that shone soft on olives, misty green,
And aisles of wind-forbidding cypresses,
And long, white roads, whitely with plane-trees lined,

And farms content, and happy villages,—
A land that lies close in the very heart
Of history,—and brave, and free, and gay,
In all its song lingering one tone of pain.
But now the wintry twilight silent falls,
And ghosts of other days stalk the lone fields;
While through yon sunk and immemorial road,
Rock-furrowed, rough, and like a torrent's bed,
Far-stretching into night 'twixt twilight farms,
I see in dream the unhistoried armies pass,
With barbarous banners trailing 'gainst the gloom;
Then, in a thought's flash (centuries consumed),
In this deep path a stern, and refluent wave,
Brims the confined and onward-pressing march
With standards slantwise borne; so, to the mind,
The all-conquering eagle northward takes its flight,
And the great empire widens o'er the world.
There looms the arch of war where once, long gone,
In these still fields, against those thymy slopes,
An alien city reared imperial towers:
See sculptured conqueror, and slave in chains,
Mournful a myriad years; and near the arch
The heaven-climbing, templed monument
Embossed with horse and furious warrior!
Millenniums have sped since those grim wars
Here grimly carved, the wonder of the churl,
The very language dead those warriors cried
Through ages on a thousand battle-fields.
Deepens the dusk, and on the neighboring height
A rock-hewn palace cuts the edge of day
In giant ruins stark against the sky:
Ah, misery! I know their piteous tale
Of armed injustice, monstrous, treacherous force.
Deepens the dusk, and the enormous towers,
Still lording o'er a living city near,
Are lost to sight; but not to thought are lost
A hundred stories of the old-time curse—
War and its ravagings. Deepens the dusk
On westward mountains black with olden crime
And steeped in blood spilled in the blessed name
Of him the Roman soldiers crucified—
The Son of Peace. Deepens the dusk, and all
The nearer landscape glimmers into dark,
And naught shows clear save yonder wayside cross,
Against the lurid west whose dying gleam
Of ghastly sunlight frights the brooding soul.

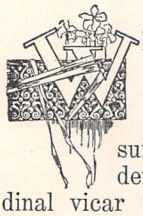
DEAR country mine! far in that viewless west,
And ocean-warded, strife thou too hast known;
But may thy sun hereafter bloodless shine,
And may thy way be onward without wrath,
And upward on no carcase of the slain;
And if thou smitest, let it be for peace
And justice—not in hate, or pride, or lust
Of empire. Mayst thou ever be, O land!
Noble and pure as thou art free and strong:
So shalt thou lift a light for all the world
And for all time, and bring the Age of Peace.

ST.-REMY DE PROVENCE,
January, 1896.

R. W. Gilder.

THE ELECTION OF A POPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «THE DAWN OF ITALIAN INDEPENDENCE.»



HEN the death of the reigning Pope draws near, the cardinal secretary of state informs the dean of the Sacred College, who summons his colleagues to the residence of the dying man; the cardinal vicar issues orders that prayers be offered in the Roman churches; the cardinal penitentiary attends the bedside of the Pope, to whom the sacristan of the Pope's chapel administers extreme unction. As soon as may be after death has occurred, the body must be formally recognized by the cardinal camerlingo, who, in obedience to an ancient custom, first knocks thrice on the door of the bedchamber. Getting no answer, he enters, and taps thrice with a silver mallet on the dead man's forehead, and thrice calls him by name. No response coming, the camerlingo declares that the Pope is dead. Thenceforth the camerlingo is the most important of the cardinals, having charge of the preparations for the conclave, of the government of the palace, and of the transactions with the representatives of foreign powers, to whom he officially announces the Pope's death; the papal guard of Swiss halberdiers attends him when he goes out; his arms are stamped on the medal of the vacant see; he takes an inventory of the property in the palace, and affixes seals to the dead pontiff's papers. But in order to prevent him from overstepping his authority the Sacred College appoints three cardinals—a bishop, a priest, and a deacon—who are called the Heads of the Orders, and whose business it is to oversee his acts. They serve for three days, being replaced by others chosen in rotation.

Meanwhile the great bell of the Capitol, the so-called «Paterine,» has tolled the news to the citizens in Rome. Formerly this was the signal for unlocking the jails and for unrestrained disorders. Brokers used to set up booths where pools, as at a horse-race, were sold on the probable next Pope, enormous sums being squandered in this species of gambling; more recently that scandal has been less open. Every one is on tiptoe with excitement; churchmen as well as laymen display an eagerness out of tune with the grief in which the church is officially declared to be plunged.

For during the novendial, or nine days succeeding the Pope's death, the celebration of his obsequies and the mourning for his loss are supposed to absorb universal attention. His body must first be embalmed and then attired in funeral apparel. When masses have been said over it in the presence of the cardinals, it is removed to St. Peter's, where, on a magnificent catafalque, it lies in state. Finally, on the ninth day, the public funeral—one of the great pageants of the world—takes place, after which the body is coffined and laid away in the temporary receiving tomb, to rest there until, when the next Pope dies, it is lowered into the crypt of St. Peter's for permanent burial.

Needless to say, the funeral ceremonies of the novendial cause no abatement in the preparation for the conclave. The day after the Pope dies as many cardinals as happen to be in Rome meet to confer. The oldest of their number, the dean of the college, presides; they swear to preserve the utmost secrecy concerning all their proceedings; they renew their oaths of allegiance to the holy see, binding themselves to defend and guard the rights, prerogatives, and temporal possessions of the church «up to the effusion of blood»; then they discuss questions of immediate urgency, listen to the reading of the laws governing the election, and hear the camerlingo's report of his business. The congregation reassembles each day, its numbers being constantly increased by the arrival of cardinals from a distance.

So soon as the last ceremonies for the dead Pope have been performed in St. Peter's, all is ready for the conclave to begin. As its sessions must be held, if possible, where the late Pope died, the Quirinal Palace was usually chosen; but the conclave of 1878 sat in the Vatican, where Pius IX. died. To preserve an appearance of secrecy, the quarters occupied by the cardinals are isolated from the rest of the building and from the outer world by the walling up of every door and window and aperture. Each cardinal has a separate room, which he draws by lot and may not exchange;

he is also accompanied by two conclavists, or attendants, who may be ecclesiastics or laymen, provided they have formed part of his household for half a year previous. But these are only a part of the personnel of a conclave, which has a master of ceremonies, a secretary, a confessor, a physician, barbers, carpenters, masons, and serving-men—in all some two hundred and fifty souls.

In St. Peter's, or other church, the cardinals gather. Their dean celebrates the mass of the Holy Ghost, after which an eminent prelate preaches a sermon admonishing them to set aside every personal consideration, and with all diligence to give the bereaved church a new shepherd. Then according to prescription the master of ceremonies takes the papal cross, and marches, followed by the cardinals in the order of their rank—first the bishops, next the priests, and last the deacons, all in violet capes. Their attendants precede them, followed immediately by the papal choir singing the hymn «Veni, Creator Spiritus.» The prelates follow behind the cardinals. Thus in procession they enter the conclave, and having reached the chapel, the cardinal dean at the altar recites the prayer «Deus qui corda fidelium,» after which the cardinals read the ordinances on the election of a pope and swear to uphold them; then they retire to their rooms, where they hold a general levee. Not until three hours after sunset, at the third ringing of a bell, are they left to themselves.

A great throng of spectators and friends escorts the procession into the palace. «Hither hie all the ambassadors and envoys and political agents in Rome, to snatch the last opportunity afforded for unrestricted conference, to give the last stroke to eager appeals of soft persuasion or deterring menace, the last touch to cunning combination, and particularly to deposit in the hands of an intimate confederate the knowledge of those whose nomination their courts will absolutely not brook.»

At the third ringing of the bell the master of ceremonies cries, «Extra omnes!» («All out!») Yet there are still laggards, who go only after vigorous persuasion. The last having departed, the cardinal camerlingo and his three colleagues lock the great door and draw the bolts on the inside, while the prince marshal, an officer who has for centuries been either a Colonna or a Chigi, turns the keys on the outside. Thenceforth the conclave has no ostensible communication with the world. There are, however, two cylindrical dumbwaiters, or wheel-boxes, through which food and other necessaries can be passed; and standing at one of these, the ambassador of a Catholic power delivers a final exhortation to the cardinals listening within. In 1829 it fell to Chateaubriand, in 1846 to Pellegrino Rossi, to give the Sacred College this lecture. When they have dispersed to their cells for the night, the camerlingo, lighted by men with torches, inspects the whole vast quarters, peering into each dark corner, looking under beds and into closets, to make sure that no unauthorized person is hidden there. Then, except for the whispered conferences of wakeful electioneers, the conclave sleeps.

On the morrow the balloting begins. Before describing that, however, let us see how the cardinals and their escort live during their seclusion. Formerly each cardinal had his food sent from his palace, and it was one of the features of this occasion for the cardinalitial lackeys, the so-called *dapiferi*, to pass daily with large hampers through the streets of Rome. A prelate specially appointed received these hampers at the wheel-boxes, and it was his duty, before allowing the food to go farther, to search every morsel of it for concealed letters. The oath of secrecy, fortified by menace of dire penalties to those who break it, has never constrained either the cardinals or their attendants or their friends in the city. It has simply sharpened the wits of would-be communicators to discover safe means of sending messages. Many an important missive, secreted in the belly of a capon or in the heart of an orange, or pasted under the label of a bottle of wine, has reached its destination in spite of the vigilance of the bishop inspector of viands; and answers have been slipped back through crevices in the plastered walls, or tossed out of the window in hollow coins. Thus from day to day certain members of the conclave and their associates outside exchange counsel; and it has happened, as in 1831, when Gregory XVI. was elected, that news from abroad has precipitated an election. When secrecy is violated in this way while the decision is still pending, we need not be surprised that the history of the proceedings, in their minutest details, is subsequently published by those who take part in them. The best account of the conclave of 1800, for instance, was written by Cardinal Consalvi, who acted as its secretary.

At the conclave of 1878, which sat in the Vatican, the food was not sent in, but was prepared in a common kitchen, whence it was carried to the cells by the servants of the respective cardinals. Gregory X., in 1271, with a view to hasten the election by making

the electors as uncomfortable as possible, provided that during the first five days the ration at each meal should consist of a single dish, after which only bread, wine, and water should be allowed. But this ascetic rule was not observed. Latterly cardinals have eaten what they pleased. Their ordinary fare consists of coffee or chocolate and rolls in the morning; soup, two dishes of meat, with vegetables, wine, and dessert, at the noontide dinner, and again at supper. The conclavists usually eat with their patrons; the servants and artisans mess together near the kitchen, and they grumble at their fare as loudly as college students at commons.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon the cardinals, having heard early mass and taken communion, assemble in the chapel,—the Pauline Chapel when the conclave met in the Quirinal, the Sistine when in the Vatican,—which has been arranged as a voting-place. A green carpet covers the floor, and round the walls are ranged as many chairs, or thrones, as there are cardinals. Over each throne is suspended a baldachin, hung with purple if the cardinal was created by the Pope just dead, and with green if he dates from an earlier pope. Before each seat is a table, with cloth of corresponding color, and paper, ink, pens, pencils, and the list of the Sacred College. In the middle of the chapel a large table bears two gilded vases: into one, chalice-shaped, with a lid, the ballots are cast; in the other, pyx-shaped, they are placed when they have been counted. The ebony box with lock and key beside them is used for getting the votes of those cardinals whom illness detains in their cells. Three gilt plates, other lists, inkstands, and a box of little balls for checking the names of the voters, complete the furnishings of the table, at which are set three stools for the scrutators.

In one corner of the chapel, near the Door of the Sovereigns (if we suppose the conclave to be in the Sistine Chapel), a long stovepipe leads up from a small stove to a window. To the right of the entrance a wooden booth incloses the water-closets. Farther on, another booth serves as a buffet, where the cardinals can refresh themselves with wine and biscuits. Near this are two chests, in which are kept three sets of pontifical garments, of large, medium, and small size.

Having come to order at the request of the dean, if the formality of recognizing the cardinals be dispensed with,—and in so small a body it is hardly necessary, because no impostor could hope successfully to palm himself off as a cardinal,—the first business is to choose three scrutators, one from each order, to count the ballots, and three *infermieri*, who collect the votes of the sick. The canons define three kinds of election: by inspiration, by compromise, and by ballot. Election by inspiration takes place when «all the cardinals, as if by inspiration of the Holy Ghost, proclaim one candidate as pontiff unanimously and *viva voce*.» A single dissenting voice vitiates this method, which, we may remark, has perhaps never been carried out in literal conformity to rule, although several popes, after more or less wire-pulling, have been chosen by acclamation.

Election by compromise has sometimes been resorted to, after a long deadlock, by the appointment of a committee consisting of representatives of the various rival factions. The conclave merely ratifies the candidate nominated by the committee.

But election by ballot is the ordinary method. The ballots, when open, are about four inches long and three broad. In the first or upper section the cardinal writes his name; in the middle, the name of the candidate whom he proposes; in the lower section, some motto from the Scriptures. When he folds the sheet his name, being inside, is covered by the lower section, and only the candidate's name or the seal comes uppermost. To guard against the ballot's opening he seals it with a seal he has chosen, but it must not be one which the scrutators might recognize. Going to the central table, he deposits the ballot in the chalice, repeating at the same time this formula: «Testor Christum dominum qui me judicaturus est, me eligere quem secundum Deum judico elegi debere et quod idem in accessu praestabo.»

When every one has voted, and the infermieri have brought the ballots of the sick members, the first scrutator takes each ballot from the chalice, and opening it (but only so far as to read the motto), hands it to the second, who, having entered the vote opposite the candidate's name on the list, passes it to the third, who reads it aloud. During this process the other cardinals keep the tally on the duplicate lists which each of them has before him. At the conclusion all the ballots are taken to the stove and burned, the smoke from the chimney being a signal which multitudes outside the palace await. According to common belief, when no smoke appears at the usual time it is a sign that the Pope has been elected. The last ballots are burned like the rest, however, the difference in the volume of smoke being due to the fact that as no straw is used at the last burning there is very little smoke.

There being no election, the cardinals now return to their quarters for dinner, after which, at three o'clock or a little later, they reassemble for another ballot. This differs from the morning one in that the cardinals, instead of voting for their favorite candidates, vote for their second choice. The process is called «acceding,» and seems devised for breaking a deadlock. Each must vote for some one who has received support at the morning trial; but if none of these suits him, being prohibited from again casting for his favorite, he may simply vote for «nobody.» Thus it might happen that the Pope chosen in the *accessus*, or acceding, was a candidate whom very few or none of the cardinals would select on their first choice. As a matter of fact, however, not many popes have owed their election to the *accessus*, in which the cardinals generally throw random votes for candidates who have little chance of success.

Such is the daily routine of the conclave, it being rare that more than two ballots a day are taken, until some candidate receives the requisite two-thirds vote of the members present. At the largest recorded conclave, that of 1878, sixty-one cardinals were present; the conclave of 1800, held in the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore at Venice, had only thirty-five. The duration of a conclave depends on many considerations—personal ambition, political intrigues, and factional jealousies. That of 1800 lasted one hundred and four days, that of 1878 only three days. It may be well to remark here that the canon law does not prescribe that the Pope must be a cardinal, or even a cleric. Nevertheless, since the election of Urban VI. in 1378 the successful candidates have belonged to the members of the Sacred College, although as late as 1758 a non-cardinal was voted for several times. At least two laymen—John XIX. (1024) and Adrian V. (1276)—have occupied the papal throne, and there is to-day nothing to prevent laymen from being created cardinals, although they are not entitled to vote in the conclave unless they can produce a special permit from the late Pope. Up to the meeting of the conclave of 1823, Cardinal Albani had never taken orders, and there is still some doubt as to whether he did so then.

The official routine of the conclave, which consists in the celebration of mass and the morning and afternoon ballots, represents only a small part of its activity. Long before politics, through the extension of constitutional government, became a trade in other countries, the princes of the Roman hierarchy were masters of political strategy. The preponderance of Italian cardinals practically limits the number of aspirants to the Papal office to about forty. Among these perhaps half are tacitly ruled out as unavailable. A candidate, to be «popeable,» as the phrase is, must have a happy combination of qualifications, among which mediocrity sometimes counts for much. Age also is an advantage, because old popes make frequent conclaves, which gives unsuccessful candidates another chance. In the case of Pius IX. mediocrity seems to have overcome the objection of comparative youth, he being fifty-four at his election; but Leo XIII., who was sixty-eight and apparently frail, has outlived most of his competitors. Leo XIII.'s election also broke the tradition that the cardinal camerlingo will not find favor with his colleagues, who cherish a similar hostility to the cardinal secretary of state. The camerlingo and the secretary of state, being the chief executive officers, have more occasion than any others to render themselves unpopular. They are regarded, besides, as the special beneficiaries of the late Pope, and on the theory that turn about is fair play, the Sacred College usually prefers, by ignoring them, to give a different faction its share of offices and powers. The Romans have a proverb, «No one can be pope twice,» which sums up the disappointment of many secretaries who aspired to the higher office.

Day and night, therefore, while the conclave lasts it is the scene of conferences. Faction quietly measures forces with faction; neutrals of the «flying squadron,» uncommitted to any candidate, are eagerly solicited by all. Rumors and innuendos do equal service with arguments. If a faction has reason to expect that one of the powers will veto its candidate, it first puts forward a sham candidate to draw the veto; that done, it can safely work for the election of its favorite. Sometimes still more disingenuous ruses are resorted to. When it became evident in the conclave of 1799–1800 that Cardinal Bellisomi would be chosen on the next ballot, Cardinal Herzan, by intimating that the choice might be distasteful to Austria, actually persuaded Bellisomi's supporters to postpone the final vote for a fortnight, until a messenger could be sent to Vienna and return. Whether the messenger ever came back is not reported; but it mattered not, for the delay sufficed to ruin Bellisomi's chances. In 1823 a candidate who had almost reached the goal was defeated by the rumor that he had once drunk chocolate on a fast day. In 1829 Cardinal Castiglione had thirty-five votes, more than the required

number, but it was announced that one vote was lacking from the total, which vitiated the ballot. Suspicion fell on two scrutators, one of whom is supposed to have hidden the missing vote in his sleeve. The next day, however, Castiglione was chosen by an increased majority. These instances, which might be indefinitely augmented from the testimony of those who took part in and left records of conclaves, will show that cardinals, whatever they may profess, do not rely wholly on divine guidance in their selection of a pope.

At last, however, the final ballot is reached, and the scrutators proclaim that, two thirds of the votes having been cast for one cardinal, he is elected. If he has only the required number of votes, they open the ballots to make sure that he did not vote for himself, a precaution rarely taken, because nearly always the outcome of the decisive ballot is foreseen, and there is a stampede to the candidate who has been agreed upon. As soon as he announces his acceptance of the triple crown, all the other cardinals lower the baldachins over their thrones, and conduct him to the altar. Papal robes are brought, and when he has been dressed in garments that fit him, the Sacred College performs the first act of adoration, or homage, to the new sovereign.

Meanwhile the news has spread from the chapel to the other parts of the palace. The masons tear down the plaster wall before one of the balconies, from which the cardinal dean proclaims the election to the expectant throngs beneath, as, for example, «Cardinal Pecci has been elected, and he takes the name Leo XIII.» When Pius IX. was elected he himself came to the balcony and blessed the people.

In due time other ceremonies, prescribed by canon or custom, are observed. In the Sistine Chapel the second act of adoration takes place. Then the pontiff is borne into St. Peter's on the papal litter, attendants waving huge fans of white peacocks' feathers beside him, and the cardinals and prelates follow in procession. Reaching the high altar, he sits on a cushion placed upon it, and while the Te Deum is chanted the cardinals go through the third act of adoration, kissing his hand and foot, and being embraced by him in return, after which he bestows the papal benediction on the multitudes in the vast basilica.

The final pageant, and the most gorgeous of all,—the coronation,—is celebrated a few days later. It begins in the atrium of St. Peter's, where the Pope, seated on a throne, receives the homage of the archpriest and clergy of the basilica. Thence he is borne in procession through the church to St. Gregory's chapel, where he is attired in the pontifical robes of state. As he comes out, a master of ceremonies stops him and, kneeling, holds before him a silver wand tipped with tow, which a cleric lights. As the tow burns, the master of ceremonies sings, «Sancte Pater, sic transit gloria mundi.» After a second burning of tow, which symbolizes the evanescence of even papal pomp, the Pope proceeds to the high altar to receive the pallium. Mass is celebrated, during which the general clergy do homage; that concluded, the Pope is borne to the balcony which overlooks the square of St. Peter's, and there, in the presence of tens of thousands of spectators, the miter having been taken off, the triple crown is placed on his head by the second cardinal deacon. «Receive the tiara adorned with three crowns,»—thus runs the ancient formula,—«and know that thou art the father of princes and kings, the rector of the globe, the vicar on earth of our Saviour Jesus Christ, to whom is honor and glory, world without end.» The Pope then gives his benediction, «urbi et orbi,» the multitude applauds, and the pageant ends.

William Roscoe Thayer.

NIGHTFALL.

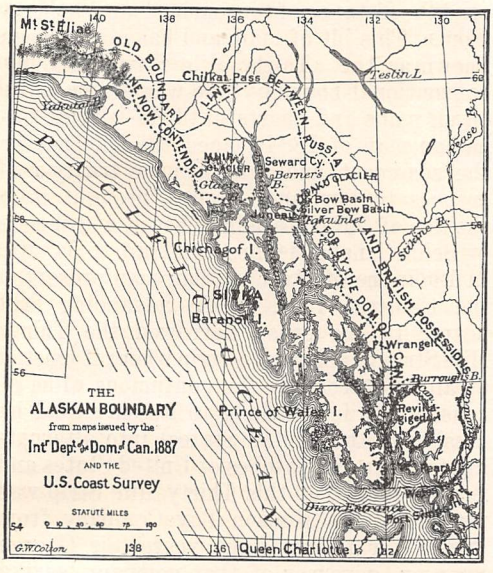
HER eyes so deep, the light
Looked in and was a shade;
Now on my spirit lies the night,
The tender night, they made.

Heaven's friendly shadows fall
Along the field and town;
A star burns on the mountain wall;
The world's night gathers down.

Hide, soothe the world, kind skies!
For me, below, above,
Only the night of her dear eyes,
The shadow of her love.

John Vance Cheney.

THE ALASKA BOUNDARY QUESTION.



IN THE CENTURY for July, 1891, attention was called by the present writer to the necessity for establishing definitely the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia. The accompanying map, there printed, shows the regular boundary line recognized by Russia, Great Britain, and the United States since 1824, and also the new or Cameron Line contended for by the Dominion of Canada since 1887. By convention of July, 1892, commissioners were appointed on the part of the United States and Canada to conduct surveys in the region in question, to ascertain «facts and data necessary to the permanent delimitation of the said boundary line.» The work was to be completed by December 31, 1894, but the difficult field-work in so great an extent of territory required an extension of time to December 31, 1895; and now, by a last convention, December 31, 1896, is the time set for all data relative to the boundary region to be laid before those who will be charged with negotiating the final treaty.

In the treaties between Russia and Great Britain, and Russia and the United States, in 1824 and 1825, and again in the treaty between Russia and the United States in 1867, it is provided that, from the well-known boundary line of 54° 40′,

> The said line shall ascend to the north along the channel called Portland channel, as far as the point of the continent where it strikes the 56th degree of north latitude; from this last-mentioned point, the line of demarcation shall follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast as far as the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude, (of the same meridian;) and finally, from the said point of intersection, the said meridian line of the 141st degree, in its prolongation as far as the Frozen ocean.
>
> 2d. That whenever the summit of the mountains which extend in a direction parallel to the coast from the 56th degree of north latitude to the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude shall prove to be at the distance of more than ten marine leagues from the ocean, the limit between the British possessions and the line of coast which is to belong to Russia as above mentioned (that is to say, the limit to the possessions ceded by this convention) shall be formed by a line parallel to the winding of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom.

The northern part of this boundary, being an astronomical one, was easily determined by careful observations made at United States Coast Survey stations on the Yukon and Porcupine rivers in 1889–91. Meridian stones were erected on the banks of those rivers, and the difference in position between them and the positions marked by Canadian surveyors is but trifling. An appropriation of $75,000 has been granted by Congress to defray the share of the United States in the expense of the joint commission to determine and mark the line of the 141st meridian in the Yukon region this season.

Circle City, just below the arctic circle, on the upper Yukon, and the mining camps on Forty Mile Creek and other tributaries, are now permanent settlements, with regular communication each summer with Seattle and San Francisco, by way of St. Michael's in Bering Sea, and receive an influx of miners each spring, by way of Juneau and Chilkat. Over two thousand miners are said to have been at work along the creeks and gulches of Yukon Alaska last season, and more than four hundred men started in January and February of this year to drag their supplies on hand sleds across the 750 miles of British territory lying between the boundary at the summit of Chilkoot Pass and the boundary at the crossing of the 141st meridian on the Yukon.

The United States does not recognize, protect, or control these mining communities in

any way. No geological explorations or surveys have been undertaken, and there are no official reports upon the location, formation, development, or yield of this rich placer region. There are no military posts and not a territorial or Federal officer in Yukon Alaska save one customs inspector and postmaster. There is no law, save as the miners maintain their own unwritten code. Church missionary societies have provided for the few peaceable Indian tribes, but even spiritual comfort is withheld from the miners. «Heaven is high, and the Czar is far off,» despairing Russian colonists used to say long ago. Since the military occupation of Alaska ceased in 1877, frequent appeals have been made for the establishment of a garrison at Chilkat, and the construction of a military road over the pass traversed by Yukon miners for the last sixteen years. General Miles once considered the matter to the extent of detailing an officer to make a reconnaissance. Mr. E. J. Glave explored the Chilkat country in 1891, and proved the feasibility of taking packhorses over the divide and grazing them in the rich bush country around the Yukon's head waters, so that the slow and expensive packing by Indian carriers or hand-sleds might easily be abandoned.[1]

The governor of Alaska has vainly recommended that government engineers should survey and build a wagon road to the boundary line by Mr. Glave's Chilkat route; and he urges, in his last annual report (1895), the establishment of a one-company military post in the Yukon valley, and a regular mail service between Circle City and Chilkat.

The Dominion of Canada maintains a force of mounted police at Fort Cudahy, near the boundary line on the Yukon; its gold commissioner visits the few British camps to issue miners' licenses and to gather taxes and statistics; its customs officers levy duties on the supplies United States miners drag or raft through British territory from southeastern Alaska; and some months ago the Dominion's efforts to provide a regular mail service between Fort Cudahy and Chilkat aroused the most absurd and unfounded excitement in the Jingo prints in the United States.

The demarcation of the line southward from Mount St. Elias to Portland Channel presents remarkable physical difficulties, and there all the differences of opinion between Canadian and United States authorities arise. The treaties provided that the line should there follow the summits of the mountains running parallel with the coast, save when that summit line proves to be more than ten marine leagues, or thirty miles, from the coast, when the line shall be drawn «parallel to the winding of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom.» This bit of mainland has always been known as the «Thirty Mile Strip,» and its conventional boundary line was drawn alike on all maps and charts until the official Canadian map of 1884 placed the line nearer the sea-coast, and, ignoring the treaty references to Portland Channel, brought it to the line of 56° on the Unuk River, and thence by Behm Canal and Clarence Strait to 54° 40′. In 1887, the official Canadian map presented the Cameron Line, which, advancing still nearer to the coast, narrowed the Thirty Mile Strip to a five-mile strip where it existed at all, and broke up the continuous «line of coast which is to belong to Russia» (and by cession to the United States) into alternating tongues and patches of United States and British soil. Yet this Thirty Mile Strip was rented by the Hudson Bay Company from Russia for twenty-eight years, Sir George Simpson, governor of that company, saying that all the British possessions in the interior adjacent to it were worthless without this coast strip.

In an informal discussion of this international boundary line held at Washington during the Fisheries Conference, 1887–1888, Mr. William H. Dall of the Smithsonian Institution, and Dr. G. M. Dawson of the Dominion Geological Survey, represented their respective governments. The map was presented on which General Cameron had drawn his surprising line, and the argument advanced that the words «Portland channel» in the treaties could not mean Portland Channel, because that tidal inlet does not extend to the line of 56°—not by all of five or six minutes of latitude, it seems. British surveyors charted that supposed boundary inlet immediately after the transfer of Russian America to the United States; and on the «fly» to the British Admiralty chart No 2431, published in 1869, they appropriately named the heights on the east, or British side, for their own contemporary statesmen, and honored the heights on the west, or Alaskan, shore with the names of Lincoln, Seward, Rousseau, Halleck, Adams, Peabody, and Reverdy Johnson. The Canadian conferee suggested to Mr. Dall that the United States yield some portions of the Thirty Mile Strip giving access to the interior in exchange for a great block of territory south and west from the upper Yukon and between the latter

[1] See CENTURY MAGAZINE, September and October, 1892: «Pioneer Packhorses in Alaska.»

and the present boundary of Alaska. Then Mr. Dall inquired if Canada would take all Arctic-fronting Alaska north of the Yukon River, and give the United States the Queen Charlotte Islands in exchange. Later, Sir John Robson, premier of British Columbia, quite unofficially voiced the suggestion that the United States relinquish its few patches of coast line between 56° and Mount St. Elias in exchange for certain concessions in sealing. The American sense of humor is evidently not restricted to the lower half of the continent, and the game of «bluff» is a recreation and accomplishment alike in the Dominion and the States.

For three seasons the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey and the Dominion Survey have maintained camps on the different inlets and rivers of the Thirty Mile Strip of Alaska between Mount St. Elias and Portland Channel. For two seasons a Canadian surveyor accompanied each party of United States surveyors, and a Coast Survey officer was included in each Canadian camp; but the practice was discontinued. The reports of these Coast Survey parties are confidential to the Department of State, and not published; but the general features of the surveyors' work are known. In 1893 elevations were taken, and astronomical, topographical, and triangulation work was done, along the Unuk, Stikine, and Taku rivers, the points of triangulation being marked by monuments, cairns, or beacons. In 1894 more work was done on the Unuk and in Lynn Canal, and observations at Yakutat, added to the astronomical work of 1892, definitely fixed the height of the summit of Mount St. Elias at 18,024 feet above the level of the sea, and its position in latitude 60° 17′ 35″ N. and longitude 140° 55′ 47″ W. This puts the actual summit within British lines, the meridian line and the thirty-mile line touching on its lower slope. The great white peak remains a sufficient corner-stone for the domain, but it is overtopped to eastward by the neighboring British peak of Mount Logan (19,539 feet), which is now the highest mountain on the North American continent. In 1895 a traverse was run from the line of 56° N., on Bear River at the head of Portland Channel, and triangulation carried to Fort Simpson, and along the north shore of Dixon Entrance which forms a natural water boundary along the line 54° 40′. In the mean time the regular work of the United States Coast Survey steamer *Patterson* in Alaska has not been interrupted, and the careful charting of the routes of commerce through the Sitkan archipelago has been continued.

The change of boundary indicated by the Cameron Line would not only take from Alaska several rich mineral sections, but our most unique scenic possessions. Portland Channel itself is a fiord of surpassing beauty; Behm Canal is justly extolled as the finest landscape reach on the coast; Revillagigedo is the scenic island; and John Muir is author of the saying that the Stikine River is «a Yosemite one hundred miles long.» The Cameron Line would annex all these to Canada, crossing the Stikine at its muddy mouth, and taking away over sixty miles of that navigable Yosemite, on whose banks four places have been accepted as the temporary boundary in the past. Three times the Hudson Bay Company post and the British custom-house were removed and rebuilt, until at last, during the Cassiar mining boom, the British custom-house was allowed to remain on acknowledged Alaskan soil, at the foot of the Great Glacier, for the temporary convenience of the British authorities and the United States military officers at Fort Wrangell, near the mouth of the Stikine River. Later a town site was surveyed around this very custom-house, and entered at Victoria, B. C.

The most beautiful tide-water glacier on the coast would be lost to us by General Cameron's penciled annexation of Taku Inlet. The boundary line, which had always been drawn at the crest of the mountain range at the head of Lynn Canal, was moved down to tide-water on the Canadian map of 1884; and in 1887 General Cameron moved the line sixty miles farther south, to the very entrance of that magnificent fiord, gathering in all the Berner's Bay mines, the canneries at the head of Lynn Canal, the great Davidson Glacier, and the scores of lesser ice-streams that constitute the glory of that greater Lyngenfiord of the New World. Least pleasant to contemplate in this proposed partition or gerrymandering of scenic Alaska is the taking away of Glacier Bay, which, discovered by John Muir [1] in 1879, visited and named by Admiral Beardslee in 1880, has been the goal of regular excursion steamers for thirteen seasons past. Alaska tourists learn with dismay that the Cameron line, cutting across Glacier Bay at its very entrance, would transfer the great glaciers to the British flag, and prevent United States steamers from landing passengers at Muir Glacier, just as the Canadian excursion steamer has been debarred from landing visitors in Muir Inlet for want of a United States custom-house.

[1] See CENTURY MAGAZINE, June, 1895: «The Discovery of Glacier Bay.»

So far the so-called Canadian «aggressions» are all on paper. The Cameron Line has been drawn, but has only imaginary existence. For a quarter of a century there has been complete indifference to the unsettled Alaska boundary line on the part of the United States, followed recently by excited and intemperate utterances in the newspapers, based on half information, miners' yarns, and imagination, as deplorable in effect as the former indifference. Public opinion is being misled and prejudiced to a degree that renders peaceable consideration of the question difficult. Wild editorials have given such hints, points, and suggestions for Canadian «aggressions,» were such intended, that one might believe the Jingo journalists hypnotized from across the border, so much better do they serve the Dominion's ends than those of our «neglected estate» of Alaska.

Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore.

ARE NERVOUS DISEASES INCREASING?

IT is the generally accepted belief that the present age is characterized, especially in America, by a great increase in the amount of so-called «nervousness,» and of actual disease of the nervous system. Few have been bold enough to question this belief,[1] which statistics apparently confirm.

It would be tedious to cite the statistics which seem to prove such an increase. One or two examples may suffice. In Massachusetts, from 1860 to 1890, according to the Registration Reports, the deaths from diseases of the brain (paralysis, apoplexy, convulsions, etc.) increased from 12.06 to 19.61 for each ten thousand inhabitants; from 1855 to 1885, according to the State census, the insane increased from 1 in every 590 inhabitants to 1 in every 369 inhabitants. Each new edition of the treatises on diseases of the nervous system, moreover, is bulkier than its predecessor, and contains descriptions of new affections which even ten years ago were unrecognized or unknown. One of the latest elementary text-books (Dana's) describes 176 different nervous affections. The increase in this country has been especially noted: books have been written upon American nervousness, nervous prostration has been called the «American disease,» and I have heard a college president, who ought to have known better, even though it was after dinner, speak of «Americanitis,» which really means the inflammation of the American, but by which he meant this same nervous excitability.

The causes of this alleged increase have been so often rehearsed that it is needless to do more than mention a very few of them here. Nordau, in his much-discussed «Degeneration,» has given them in considerable detail, with an appalling array of figures. They are also enumerated quite fully in Beard's «American Nervousness.» The chief cause is thought to be the much greater demand which the conditions of modern life make upon the human brain. In almost every department of human industry brute force has been replaced by skill, and thus the brain has been compelled to preside more directly over muscular movements, and to make the muscles contract with greater rapidity and precision, although with less strength. The workman finds less satisfaction in his work; he is only a peg in a great machine, and takes little pleasure in the endless polishing of pin-heads. Modern methods of doing business are such that fortunes may be won or lost in a moment, and combinations are daily made involving millions. Everything is done in a hurry. We telegraph to London or Berlin, talk through the telephone with customers in Chicago or Philadelphia, and think little of a trip to Omaha for an hour's interview.

With the advent of democracy the whole social condition has been filled with unrest. We are no longer content in the state unto which it has pleased God to call us, but we long for something better, to get into a higher stratum of society. We are daily incited by the story of the humble origin of many of the world's leaders, and we see no reason why we cannot become leaders ourselves. Few of us, however, have the ability so to do; and therefore to the striving and unrest is added the despondency of unfulfilled desire. In our religious life, too, we have been wandering, without map or guide, in the wilderness of doubt.

With all this has come an enormous increase in the complexity of our mental life. Not only do we take our pleasures sadly, but

[1] The belief, however, has recently been attacked by Dr. Clifford Allbutt of London, in the «Contemporary Review» for February, 1895, and by Professor Freund of Strasburg («Wie steht es um die Nervosität unseres Zeitalters?» Leipsic, 1894).

we make a task of our play. We must have lessons in whist before we dare to play the game. Elinor Dashwood's painting would not be tolerated, and instead of «Shakespeare and the musical glasses» we must go to a dinner prepared to discuss more subjects than even Major-General Stanley knew. We must read or glance at countless papers, magazines, and new books, and even with Spartan firmness we cannot avoid some taint of Maeterlinck, or what Mr. Warner has so aptly termed the «yellows» in literature. Not only must we sympathize with our neighbors, but the morning paper calls upon us for tears—and subscriptions—for the Armenians, Coreans, Malagasy, and a host of people of whom we never wished to hear.

As a result, they say, we become dyspeptic, we cannot sleep, we have nervous prostration or hysteria, and finally we become insane. We take all the digestive ferments and hypnotic drugs, or else we try to deaden our pains and ease the struggle for existence with chloral, alcohol, or opium.

If all this were true, it would condemn our present social conditions, or the people who live under them; and it would also check the enthusiasm of the optimist who pronounces this age to be the best and the healthiest that the world has yet seen.

But this whole belief, that there is at the present day a great increase in the amount of nervous disease, due to the greater demand which the conditions of modern life make upon the human brain, is based upon very incomplete data, and the question cannot be decided hastily. We must first know whether there has actually been any increase in the amount of nervous disease in recent years, and then determine which, among the many causes, are responsible for such increase. For such a task, however, our present data are insufficient. We have no tables of statistics which can give us accurate information as to the relative prevalence of nervous affections in the past and at the present day. We may gather a few indications, but a little consideration will show that the problem is more complex than at first appears.

The Registration Reports of Massachusetts, and of other States and countries as well, show that there has been, in the main, a diminution in the mortality from certain forms of disease. Disastrous epidemics of smallpox are rarely heard of in civilized countries; leprosy and the plague are almost unknown; typhus fever is a rarity; cholera is less wide-spread; pulmonary consumption, although still the most frequent cause of death, is diminishing; and most of the other infectious diseases are becoming less deadly. This is due to our improved methods of living, and to our better knowledge of the means of preventing and treating these diseases. We must die of something, however, and we have not yet reached that ideal state where all die of old age. It is fair, then, to assume that those who escape death from the infectious diseases, which are commoner in youth, will grow up and die of the diseases commoner to adult life, and, as a corollary, that many weaklings who would inevitably have succumbed to a mild infectious disease if they had had it in childhood, will as inevitably succumb to any mild disease they may have in middle age. This assumption is to some extent borne out by the vital statistics; for the Registration Reports show a still greater increase in deaths from heart and kidney diseases—affections more common in middle life—than they do from brain diseases. Therefore, the increase in deaths from diseases of the brain is not unique. Our hearts and our kidneys are giving out much more frequently, in proportion, than our brains.

Furthermore, paradoxical as it may seem, a large number of the deaths from diseases of the brain are not due to any disease of the brain itself. An increasing number of the deaths classed as from brain disease are deaths from paralysis and apoplexy. Now paralysis and apoplexy are in most cases due either to the breaking or the plugging of a blood-vessel in the brain. When a blood-vessel breaks in the brain, it breaks because its wall is diseased, and therefore weaker, and because the blood-pressure is normally greater in that particular vessel than in similarly diseased vessels elsewhere. The disease of the vessel-wall has nothing to do with the brain itself; it is merely the local manifestation of a more or less general disease of the blood-vessels. When a vessel is plugged the plug comes from some diseased tissue in the vascular system, and is carried by the blood-current into some vessel in the brain, as a chip is carried by the current of a brook. In neither case is the brain itself at fault; the disease is in the circulatory apparatus.

The increase in insanity may be more apparent than real. Popular ideas as to insanity have undergone a radical change of late years. It is now regarded by the laity as a disease, and not as a disgrace, so that people are more ready to admit its existence in their relatives or friends, and to submit its victims to the physician's care. The treatment of the insane in asylums is also generally recognized as humane, and the old notion that sane people

are illegally incarcerated in asylums has well nigh disappeared, so that insane people are much more frequently sent to asylums, and often go to them of their own accord, as the sick go to other hospitals. Physicians also recognize as forms of insanity many mild forms of mental disturbance which in old days were disregarded; and it often happens that asylum treatment is beneficial for them.

The opinion that the increase in insanity is more apparent than real has been confirmed by a very careful study of the subject which has recently been made. I have already cited the figures which show an apparent great increase in Massachusetts in the thirty years from 1855 to 1885—from 1 in 590 to 1 in 369 inhabitants. In Scotland, where the social conditions are not very different, there has apparently been an equal increase. In 1858 there was 1 insane person registered to every 520 inhabitants; in 1888, 1 to every 345; and in 1894, 1 to every 315—an increase which corresponds very closely to that in Massachusetts. These figures have been studied with great care, in a report to the Commissioners in Lunacy for Scotland, by Sir Arthur Mitchell, Dr. Sibbald, and Mr. Spence. Their researches have been made on three different lines of inquiry, but in each line they have shown very conclusively that the increase in insanity has been apparent rather than real—an opinion which has been maintained for a number of years by the Commissioners in Lunacy for both Scotland and England. It would take too long to rehearse their arguments in full, but they attribute the appearance of an increase to certain changes in the laws whereby patients with milder forms of mental disease may be admitted to asylums, to the greater willingness which people show in sending their relatives to asylums, and to an accumulation of the insane in asylums. They show that the annual number of commitments to asylums has not increased, relatively to the population, during this period. It is clear that, with an absolutely stationary population, if one hundred persons become insane annually, there will be no increase in the amount of insanity. If, however, with one hundred new insane patients annually added to the asylum population, only eighty of those in the asylums recover or die annually, there will be, by accumulation, an annual increase of twenty in the whole number of the insane. It is not, however, fair to ascribe this annual increment to any increased susceptibility to insanity, for it is clear that there might be a decrease in the number becoming insane each year, for thirty years, from 100 to 85, and yet this annual increment by accumulation might still exist. It has, furthermore, been found in Scotland that the alleged increase has been noted among the pauper insane; that among the insane able to pay their board—a class, be it noted, where the various factors tending to mental breakdown cited above might be expected to be more powerful—there has been absolutely no increase either in England or Scotland.

As for the many new forms of nervous disease lately described, they are to be attributed in large measure to greater knowledge and refinements in diagnosis. We know of no reason why most of them should be more prevalent to-day than in the past, except that we have learned to differentiate them from similar diseases. Most of them, too, are among the curiosities of practice; and when we search medical literature through, from Japan to Brazil, we are lucky if we can collect a hundred reported cases. Some few diseases, however, are due to certain conditions which did not formerly exist. Writer's cramp has probably existed ever since men began to write, but the similar disorder, telegrapher's cramp, due to the excessive use of the Morse key, has of course existed only since the introduction of telegraphy.

Although I have necessarily touched upon the subject very briefly, I have said enough, perhaps, to show that many of the statistics cited to prove the great increase in nervous diseases at the present day are misleading, and that the arguments based thereon are fallacious. There may be such an increase, but as yet it is not proved.

Granting, however, that there is such an increase, we must bear in mind that there are other causes beside those mentioned which may account for it—causes which have nothing to do with any increased demands made upon the brain, or with any inherent weakness of that organ.

A certain proportion of the cases of nervous disease which the physician sees are due to physical injury. If a man be hit on the head with a club, the inevitable result, if the blow be hard enough, will be a break of the skull, bleeding from the torn vessels beneath, and crushing of the substance of the brain itself. If the blow be lighter, the brain may still be injured, but the injury will be less severe. A blow upon the back may break the spine and seriously injure the spinal cord. The injury may be slight, merely a pressure upon a single nerve for a few hours, yet that may cause trouble for weeks. Between these two extremes the nervous system may

suffer to almost any degree from injury. In none of these cases need there be any previous nervous weakness or overstrain; the effect is purely physical. If, therefore, we note in the neighborhood of Donnybrook Fair a great increase in nervous diseases, such increase may be due, not to the greater demand which the conditions of modern life make upon the human brain, but to the shillalagh.

Another very large proportion of cases of nervous disease is due directly or indirectly to the action of different forms of bacteria, or disease germs. Nearly all the forms of meningitis, or brain fever, are due to the direct action of different forms of bacteria upon the membranes that cover the brain. Other forms of nervous disease are now thought to be of infectious nature, due to some specific organism. Others still are due to the action of poisons produced by the germs of other diseases. There is, for example, a form of paralysis which not infrequently follows diphtheria, which is due, not to any weakness of the nervous system, but to the action of the diphtheritic poison upon the peripheral nerves. Similar forms of paralysis may follow smallpox, typhoid fever, pneumonia, or influenza. Many of the diseases of the spinal cord are of similar origin. Locomotor ataxia and general paresis, two common and fatal diseases, are in most cases the result of one of these infectious diseases.

Other poisons, not of bacterial origin, may also cause various forms of nervous disease. The so-called lead palsy, from which painters are apt to suffer, is the most familiar of these; but arsenic, alcohol, absinthe, mercury, and other substances, also give rise to disease.

The number of such cases of nervous disease must, therefore, vary with the number of cases of infectious disease and the amount of poisoning from other causes. A wide-spread epidemic of diphtheria or influenza might increase the amount of nervous disease in a given community. The whole amount of infectious disease is probably diminishing; but at the same time the number of cases of any one infectious disease, as we have recently seen with regard to influenza, may increase. With the decrease in the amount of infectious disease, there ought also to be a decrease in the amount of nervous disease due to this cause. Some writers, however, have claimed that the nervous system has become more vulnerable, and that, therefore, it is more often affected by the poison of infectious disease. Concerning this point no definite opinion can at present be expressed. One form of nervous disease, general paresis, has in several countries become relatively and absolutely more common. This may be due to an increased vulnerability of the nervous system, or it may be due to an increase in the predisposing infectious disease, the statistics of which are altogether indefinite in comparison with the statistics of acute infectious diseases, like scarlet fever or diphtheria. If we could compare the percentage of cases of this disease who have later developed general paresis with the percentage of similar cases fifty or a hundred years ago, we might speak definitely; but such statistics do not exist.

Finally, there are a large number of cases of nervous disease due directly to overwork, or rather overworry, and to the inability of the brain to meet the demands upon it. The affections most frequently due to such cases are nervous prostration, hysteria, and some of the forms of insanity. The liability to these troubles is increased by bad heredity and poor nutrition; they are often developed in those who are weak and broken down from other diseases; they may be caused, like other forms of nervous disease, by injury or poisoning: but they are very often due to too great nervous strain, such as may arise from the defective social conditions previously enumerated.[1]

The increased nervousness of our age, therefore, is not proved; but even if it exist, we cannot attribute the increase to the greater demands which the conditions of modern life make upon the human brain until we have shown what forms of nervous disease actually have increased. If there be a great increase in hysteria, nervous prostration, and similar disorders, the conditions of modern life may well be at fault; but if there be a great increase in broken heads and broken backs and other traumatic nervous affections, or in diphtheritic paralysis, locomotor ataxia, and meningitis, other conditions are to blame, and the special conditions above enumerated have nothing to do with the case; and if there be an increase in apoplexy, it shows only an increase in disease of the blood-vessels, without any disease in the brain itself.

The argument thus far has been general. It may be perfectly true that there has been no increase in the amount of nervous disease in the world at large, and possibly no increase

[1] A bad heredity plays, of course, a very important part in the production of certain forms of nervous disease. It is possible that this factor may also be on the increase; but in the absence of any data I have omitted considering it, in order to avoid unnecessary complication of the main argument. It would, of course, have little influence in the cases due to injury or poison.

in this country; but the question of chief interest to us must necessarily be, Is there not a much greater amount of nervousness in America, and do not the conditions of American life tend to cause an increase in that nervousness and in the amount of nervous disease?

Once again we must deplore the lack of conclusive statistics. The belief in the greater nervousness of the American seems very widespread. The late Dr. Beard of New York was one of the first to describe nervous prostration, and to give it its medical name of neurasthenia, so that it has often been spoken of as «the American disease.» In his work on «American Nervousness» he treats chiefly of the causes of the nervousness, and its symptoms, accepting almost as an axiom the statement that Americans are more nervous than any other race, and that there is a vastly greater amount of nervous disease in this country than in Europe. He admits, however, that the severer forms of organic nervous disease, such as locomotor ataxia and apoplexy, are probably less frequent, the increase being in the so-called functional conditions, neurasthenia, hysteria, and the like. It is probable that the majority of educated people not physicians in this country would admit without a murmur that as a people we are peculiarly subject to nervous disease.

Although, as I have said, the statistics are not conclusive, nevertheless such statistics as we have, and the conclusions drawn from various general impressions, absolutely contradict this belief. It is only since the War of 1812 that the American has acquired his reputation for restless energy; before that he was denounced as indolent and sluggish. Up to the period of the Civil War he was also denounced as physically degenerate, inferior in bulk, strength, and endurance to his English cousin. The Civil War put an end to such talk. No armies endured more than ours in the field; no people endured more than those who stayed behind waiting and helping. The record of the first Kentucky brigade in the Confederate army, almost continuously in action or on the march for a hundred days in 1864; retreating from their homes, with the hope of success steadily fading away; 1140 strong at the beginning, suffering 1860 fatal or hospital wounds, with only 50 left unwounded, yet mustering 240 at the end, with less than 10 desertions—such a record has never been surpassed. These men were of the purest American stock.

At about the same time Dr. Brown-Séquard found that the American mammals survived injuries that were inevitably fatal to the European, and our surgeons found a surprising percentage of recovery from severe gunshot wounds, greater probably than had ever been observed in Europe. Dr. B. A. Gould found that the American soldier was physically as well developed as the European, and Dr. H. P. Bowditch found that the American school-boy was the equal in measurement of the boys of Eton and Rugby. American life-insurance underwriters, too, have found that the longevity in this country is as great as it is in Europe, or greater. The rise of the South since the Civil War, and the prompt recovery of individual communities, such as Chicago, Boston, and Portland, after great conflagrations, are further instances of the great recuperative power of our people.

Since the Civil War our physical condition has greatly improved. The greater interest in athletics, and better cooking, have probably had something to do with this improvement. We have held the *America's* cup for nearly fifty years. In shooting, cricket, rowing, and tennis we have not been inferior in international contests. In track athletics Yale has recently shown her superiority to Cambridge, and the New York athletes have not only surpassed their London rivals, but have established new world's records in more than one event. In the famous ride a few years ago between Berlin and Vienna the picked riders and horses of the Austrian and German armies were used up, yet our cavalrymen and express messengers on the plains, with ordinary mounts, have made better records both for time and distance, without the slightest injury to horses or men.[1]

These, and many similar facts that might be collected, show very conclusively that neither in size, strength, skill, endurance, nor recuperative power is the American inferior to the European. These are, to be sure, physical qualities; but endurance and recuperative power such as our people have shown time and again in these last fifty years, cannot exist without a sound nervous system. The one thing that the victim of nervous disease is, as a rule, incapable of is steady and persistent effort.

The American is energetic, pushing, restless, impatient; he may move more briskly, his apprehension may be quicker, he may have a keener wit, and he certainly is in more of a hurry, and perhaps lives under a greater

[1] For these and other data, compare the first chapter of the third volume of Rhodes's «History of the United States,» Shaler's «Nature and Man in America,» and Colonel T. A. Dodge's «Riders of Many Lands.»

strain and with less ease, than the European. This, however, is not being nervous, in the sense of having a weaker or a diseased nervous system. Though nervous in manner, he is distinctly not as neurotic, he much less frequently shows signs of nervous degeneracy, and he probably is less frequently the victim of severe nervous disease.

Such a statement, so at variance with the popular belief, demands further proof. One of the affections which is indicative of nervous degeneracy and bad heredity, and is often the direct result of breakdown from overwork,—an affection on which Nordau has recently laid much stress in treating of the alleged increased nervousness of our age,—is hysteria. Now hysteria, although common in France and by no means rare in Germany, is not very common in America. It is seen most frequently among the Russian and Polish Jews; in patients of American stock it is distinctly rare. Gilles de la Tourette, the author of the best recent French treatise on hysteria, has claimed that hysteria is a wide-spread disease, and he implies that it is as frequent in England and America as in France. The opinion given above is based, not merely upon personal experience, but upon statements made to me by many of the leading specialists in nervous diseases in our large cities; statements in the American treatises on nervous diseases; and the following table. This table shows the relative frequency of hysteria and neurasthenia in a number of the large clinics in different cities:

	Paris. (La Salpêtrière.)	Berlin.	Vanderbilt Clinic, New York.	Boston City Hospital.	Massachusetts General Hospital.
Whole number of cases of nervous disease	1,760	11,225	1,879	2,017	1,269
Hysteria	244 (13.8%)	1,224 (10.9%)	44 (2.3%)	65 (3.2%)	17 (1.3%)
Neurasthenia	214 (12.1%)	.....	209 (11.1%)	221 (10.9%)	.....

Nervous prostration, or neurasthenia, is very common in all large clinics for nervous diseases, but the table shows no special preponderance in this country. Bouveret and Löwenfeld, two of the ablest recent writers on the subject in France and Germany, utterly scout the idea that it is exclusively or chiefly an American disease. Less than one half the cases in my own clinic in Boston in the last four years have been born in the United States. A year or two ago I selected five cases for a clinical lecture on neurasthenia as illustrating typical varieties of the disease. One could not speak English, another dropped her h's, and on inquiry I found that only one was of American birth, and he was a Nova Scotian.

The statistics of insanity in Massachusetts and Scotland—1 in 369 in the former in 1885, and 1 in 345 in the latter in 1888—show no greater amount of insanity in Massachusetts. We note, too, much less of that much-discussed degeneracy in literature in America than in England or on the Continent. It would seem, therefore, as if the burden of proof rested upon those who claim that the American is peculiarly subject to nervous affections. It seems to be a mere vulgar error, with as little to recommend it as the error that once obtained as to our physical degeneracy.

Apart from all questions as to the increased nervousness of our age in general, or as to American nervousness in particular, it is certainly a fair question to ask whether these much-discussed conditions of modern life do, after all, make so much greater demands upon the human brain, and whether our modern civilization has made the world so much harder to live in. This article, however, is already too long to discuss such a question in detail; but there are some conditions, well within the knowledge of the average man, which may fitly be compared with those of the past.

There are, of course, many injurious conditions in our modern civilization which may cause nervous affections; but the question is whether these conditions, taken as a whole, are more or less detrimental than the social conditions of the past.

In the first place, we must recognize that human life and liberty are far more secure to-day than in the past. The civilized world suffers less and less from great epidemics; the plague has not entered Europe since the middle of the last century; the last cholera epidemic, a few years ago, was of merely local significance as compared with the epidemics early in the century; yellow fever never enters our Northern cities, and is becoming less and less the scourge of the South; a journal of the influenza year in London or New York would be jovial in comparison with Defoe's grisly story of the plague. The dangers from war and oppression are less. Non-combatants do not suffer as they did at Magdeburg. The Red Prince's Uhlans were missionaries compared to Tilly's troopers. No Frenchman is to-day hurried to the Bastille by *lettres de cachet.*

No Italian patriot is immured in an Austrian prison. The press-gang no longer travels the streets of English seaports. The criminal on trial for his life in England can now have counsel, and in America can testify in his own behalf. Imprisonment for debt is disappearing. The New England farmer plows his field without dread of the red man's arrow. Alva's autos da fe no longer smoke in the Netherlands. All these things mean greater security to life, lessened anxiety and mental strain, and inevitably sounder mental health.

With this the material comforts of life have increased. With easy transportation and abundant food supply, few communities in this country, except remote and isolated regions, are reduced to the straits of the early Plymouth settlers, and we thus know nothing of the horrors of famine. Bad as our American cooking is (and it is still the worst in the civilized world), saleratus and the frying-pan are less dominant. Our churches, schools, and sleeping-rooms are less of an arctic temperature in winter. We have more fresh air, purer water, and cleaner houses. The «athletic craze» is giving us sounder bodies. In a thousand ways life is made easier and more comfortable at home and abroad.

The novelist may not rank as a scientific authority in comparison with tables of vital statistics, but there is a curious and suggestive contrast between the maiden up to date and the heroine of the old novelists, which in some ways, as far as physical health and nervous stability go, is in favor of the former, although Sophia Western would never have sunk to the moral level of Gallia or Mildred Lawson. The bicycling, golfing, tennis-playing young woman of the day seldom complains of the vapors and megrims of which we heard a good deal in the last century. I once tried to keep a record of the number of times that Miss Clarissa Harlowe swooned in her sad career, but the task was too great. One thing is certain, that the modern girl does not swoon, either in ordinary life or in novels. Does she still, even when she meets unexpectedly a long-absent lover, «utter a fearful shriek, and faint in the arms of her companion,» like Narcissa? All these differences indicate that the girl of to-day has greater control over her emotions, which is one indication of a more stable nervous system.

Such conditions of greater security, greater material comfort, better nutrition, a diminution of infectious diseases, sounder bodies, and greater self-control, all imply a better standard of physical health, and with it a higher standard of nervous health, and, naturally, a diminution in the amount of nervous disease.

Property has also become more secure. Taxation, although often excessive, usually follows some definite rule, and is not so extortionate, in the literal sense, as in the days of King John. A man's goods are not taken from him without due process of law, which means much to the ordinary man. Possibly a greater portion of our wealth to-day is in securities, which have a more fluctuating value, and afford a somewhat uncertain income; but income has always been somewhat uncertain, whether derived from crops, rents, or interest on bonds. We do business, perhaps, on different methods; but there has always been a tendency toward speculation and gambling. The victims of Erie, Reading, and the Cordage Trust were fewer in number, and lost less money, than the victims of the Mississippi Scheme or the South Sea Bubble.

The railway undoubtedly claims many victims, because more people travel to-day than ever before; but in comparison to the number of passengers carried, the railway is the safest mode of travel yet discovered. A trip from Boston to New York to-day may cause a headache from the heat and bad air of the car. A hundred and fifty years ago the man who made that journey took a solemn leave of his wife and family before he started, and requested the prayers of the congregation. The telegraph may give us a sudden shock, but it also adds to our security by assuring us that no disaster can happen to distant friends without instant warning. Other new inventions have their drawbacks, they sometimes do harm, they often try our tempers; but on the whole, they make life smoother, and add to our comfort.

With the decay of faith have come doubt and pessimism. Schopenhauer, Leopardi, and Thomson are all of this century, but they are descended from Omar and Ecclesiastes. With the decay of faith have come the extinguishing of the fires of Smithfield, the vanishing of a personal devil and his witches and wizards, and a hope for unbaptized infants. The dread of hellfire has played a greater part in the delusions of the insane than any doubt as to theological doctrines.

Life has always been a struggle, and to-day the struggle seems to be more toward social advancement, since democracy has made it possible for any one to attain preferment. In many cases the struggle is a failure, with all the despair that that implies. With that evil, however, has come the hope of success, which in the past was far less possible. The struggle

for advancement may be greater, but the struggle for life and for the means of living against wild nature, wild beasts, and wild men has grown less.

We may be burdened with the necessity of a knowledge of too many things; yet I question whether many people are in danger from too much knowledge. There are people who, by some vice of constitution, have brains which are unequal to the task of steady or protracted work, and they succumb under the effort of even a moderate education. People with healthy brains, however, although they may succumb to worry and anxiety, are not broken down by ordinary brain-work. We see, of course, many a child of an unstable, nervous organization who breaks down, especially at the period of adolescence, under an absurd curriculum of a public school; yet, in looking over the records of a large number of cases of nervous disease in children of the school age, I have been surprised to find that overwork in school was in only a small percentage of the cases responsible for the trouble. The average child is, after all, capable of absorbing just so much; then he grows weary, and he will take no more until he has assimilated or forgotten what he has already been taught. It is much the same with the brain of the adult; we can learn only a little. If we try to do more, we must either forget the old or give up the attempt from fatigue. We must, therefore, if we can, choose. If we prefer to fill our minds with Ibsen and Tolstoi, there will be so much less room for Shakspere and Dante, and those who to the average man still shine amid the «gross darkness of English fiction.»

I have compared only a few of the conditions of life at the present day with those of the past. The task would be too great, even if my knowledge were sufficient, to strike the balance between all those conditions, and to determine which were the most detrimental. Some conditions are undoubtedly better and others worse than they were five, or two, or one century ago. Many of us, especially here in America, as is apparent to the most superficial observer, live in too much of a hurry and under too great a strain. We should undoubtedly be better off if we led quieter lives, if we relaxed the tension under which we work, and if we went more slowly and took life more easily and comfortably. Our life to-day is certainly more complex, but there is no reason for condemning it wholly in comparison with the past. The golden age is, after all, a mere superstition; and there is good reason for asking whether, on the whole, our social conditions are not to-day more favorable for mental and nervous health than they ever have been before.

We should not, then, chatter glibly about the increased nervousness of our age, due to the greater demands which the conditions of modern life make upon the human brain. It is not a matter to be settled by a few phrases, or by tables of very general and questionable statistics. We are by no means certain that there is any increased nervousness; and even if it do exist, we do not know whether it is due to these greater demands, or to injury or infection. It is also doubtful whether the conditions of modern life make as great demands upon the brain as did the conditions of life in the past. Finally, without more evidence in its favor, we must regard the belief in the greater nervousness of Americans as an error.

Philip Coombs Knapp.

AN ACCOUNT.

WHEN in the sleepless watches of the night
I cast account with Fate, and set the ill
Against the good of life, then Fortune's flight
Seems in remembrance yet more bitter still.
Then I recall how hopes have led me on—
Will-o'-the-wisps that over quagmires play;
How treacherous Joy has fled as soon as won,
And hooded Sorrow darkling dogged my way;
How quickly into bitter turned the sweet,
How lightly clouds have hid the heaven's blue;
How that which feigned most fair has been most fleet,
And that has proved most false which looked most true.
But when against all this thy love I set,
I find myself Fate's bankrupt debtor yet.

Arlo Bates.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Country for the Gold Standard.

THERE was only one interpretation to put upon the wonderful success of the new government loan which was offered in February last. It meant that the people of this country were determined to preserve its credit against all assaults. They were asked to pay gold for a loan of one hundred million dollars, the object of the loan being to enable the Government to maintain the gold standard. They responded by offering nearly six hundred million dollars of gold for that purpose, and at far better rates for the Government than previous loans had commanded. The offers to do this were confined to no section, but came from all parts of the country, mainly from banks and other institutions which represent the hoarded earnings of the people. All these said to the National government: « We believe in your policy of maintaining the gold standard, and we will give you five and six times the amount of gold you want for that purpose. We are determined that this country shall not pass to the silver standard, for that would mean illimitable disaster to its credit, its commerce, its business, and its industry, and to all its people.» So eager were the people to sustain the country's credit that they not only paid in the twenty per cent. required for a first instalment, but nearly or quite three times that amount; and when the date for the second instalment arrived over ninety per cent. of the entire amount was paid in, although there were two periods, of ten days each, which might pass before the final two instalments of twenty per cent. each needed to be paid.

In view of this inspiring demonstration of patriotic spirit, it is needless to pay further attention to the claims of the free-silver champions that they have the people behind them. They received the news of the loan's success in silence, realizing fully what it meant. Nobody knew better than they did that failure to place the loan on a popular basis would have given a powerful stimulus to the free-silver cause. They would have construed it as a verdict by the country against the gold standard. They cannot successfully dispute the meaning of the verdict because it went against them. We do not believe that the verdict represented any sudden change of opinion on this subject. The people have always been sound on the money question, far more so than the politicians who have pretended to be their leaders. The controlling class in this country is the business class, the men who are engaged in affairs which require the constant use of money. They know that there is only one kind of money that is worth having for their purposes, and that is the best money. Every man who buys or sells, borrows or lends, enters into contracts or bargains, or ventures into enterprises of any kind involving the use of money, knows that unless the value of that money is so stable that it will be worth as much next month or next year or ten years hence as it is to-day, it is virtually useless for his purposes. Doubt about it paralyzes all transactions with it save those which are the absolute necessity of a hand-to-mouth existence. This being the case, how preposterous it is for our politicians to imagine for a moment that the people of the country are going to permit their own business, to say nothing of their country's credit, to be ruined!

A distinguished financier called his fellow-financiers and business acquaintances together when the last loan was proposed, and said to them: « We must unite to save the credit of the Government and the gold standard, or go to smash with them.» The business interests of the whole country took the same view, and served notice upon the enemies of the country's credit and financial stability that they would not permit them to succeed in their plans. We believe there has been no time since the silver delusion began its disturbing and harmful career in which the country would not have given a similar response had the question been placed squarely before the people. The moral to Presidential candidates and President-makers is: stop underrating the intelligence and morality and patriotism of the people, and appeal to those qualities rather than to their ignorance. The votes which decide National elections in this country come from the men who represent its commercial, financial, and business interests. When they come to make up their minds about candidates, they will not give their support to any man whose position on the financial question is doubtful. They must have in the President's chair a man whom they know will not give his consent to any measure which impairs the standard of value. Self-preservation, if nothing else, compels them to this course. The clamor of politicians, and the claptrap noises of a campaign, do not dull their senses on this point. More than ever will that be the case this year, since there is really no pressing issue before the country except that of a sound currency and sound financial system. Every business man in the land is looking eagerly for a candidate who can be trusted on this point; and in the looseness of party ties which everywhere exists, he will give his vote to the party which has the wisdom and patriotism to place such a candidate in the field. We are not a nation of idlers, but workers—a people with homes and vested interests and hard-earned savings. The business interests of such a country comprise a large majority of the population, and woe to the Presidential candidate who thinks he can safely ignore them.

The Growing Impudence of the Bosses.

It would be a great gain for good politics in this country if we could separate our bosses completely from our political parties, and keep them in a separate political rogues' gallery of their own. They have no right to the party names under which they conduct their operations, for they have no sympathy for or interest in the principles of government which lie at the foundation of great

parties; and they would work in one party as readily as in another, their affiliation being determined by the amount of personal advantage to themselves. They are really political freebooters, using party names as cloaks for their reprehensible practices. They are usually self-constituted, and are merely tolerated by the parties to which they ally themselves because of their following and their supposed power. If the parties were to repudiate them, and refuse them admission to their conventions and councils, they could not exist. Deprived of the sheltering name of a great party, they would have to carry on their business openly, to avow the methods and purposes which they practise, and this would ruin them.

No boss could retain his power by declaring to the world that he purposed to build up a great political machine by selling offices to the highest bidder, by collecting blackmail from corporations and individuals as the price of immunity from hostile legislation, and by passing laws which would rob the public for the benefit of himself and his followers. Yet this has been and is the occupation of some of our most powerful bosses. Several of them have acquired great wealth by means of it, and have flaunted their riches in the faces of the very people whom they have robbed. Not content with that, they have, from time to time, issued addresses through the press to the same people, informing them that they should be grateful for the excellent government which their robbers have given them. Other bosses, taking the blackmail which they have collected, use it, in the primaries and nominating conventions, to secure the selection for office of men whom they can control; and when these have been chosen by the people to legislative and other positions, the bosses turn about, and say to the people: « You are our servants, not we yours. We will give you the kind of laws and the kind of public service which suit us best. As for those of you who are reformers and think it your business to draft reform legislation, you are wasting your time. We shall not pay the slightest attention either to your measures or to your protests. We possess the government, and we intend to run it to suit ourselves.» Still other bosses, who have succeeded in advancing themselves to high office by corrupt and dishonest methods which have been so notorious as to constitute national scandals, have not hesitated to offer themselves as candidates for the highest office in the gift of the people—the Presidency of the United States.

Impudence of these colossal proportions, we repeat, would not be possible were not the bosses able to shield themselves behind party names. They are the most damaging members any party can have, for the scandals which their doings bring upon it are the most frequent causes of its defeats. The people are compelled to defeat the party in order to overthrow the boss, and they do this whenever his conduct becomes particularly offensive. He works at all times for the injury of his party, for he fights desperately against every attempt of its reputable members to reform it; and when he cannot defeat them in any other way, he unites forces with the boss of the opposite party, and the two together carry the day. In fact, the bosses of all parties reveal their common piratical character by uniting for the defeat of every reform movement which shows signs of succeeding. Any boss will always help the rival boss to win when he sees there is danger of his own party winning a reform victory, for he knows that the success of reform men and reform principles means the end of his power.

A boss is, in fact, the most expensive attachment a great party can have. The more impudent he is the more does he detract from the moral force of his party, and weaken the public confidence in it. When he forces himself into a position of controlling absolutely all branches of a State government, because the party to which he belongs has possession of them, issuing quite openly his orders about legislation, and making no secret of the fact that he is really assuming to be the dictator of the State, he invites for his party the popular indignation and odium which his performances are certain to arouse. When, in the name of his party, he defies the moral sentiment of the country by offering himself as a candidate for the office of President, he does his utmost to bring that party into contempt. There is not a particle of doubt that the people despise bosses, and will condemn and repudiate them whenever they can get the opportunity to do so. Time and again they have defeated boss-named candidates, and they can be depended upon to do so in future. So well aware of this are the delegates to our State and National conventions, that they are usually very unwilling to nominate for important office men who are known to be the favorites of a boss.

There is ample reason for this popular distrust. The boss is the worst enemy of popular government, for the chief object of his labors is to steal away from the people their right to govern themselves. He poisons popular government at its fountainhead, in the primaries and nominating conventions, by foisting his tools into public offices. Having got possession of the offices, he uses them for barter and sale, for extortion and blackmail, taking into his own hands all the functions of government for his own enrichment and that of his corrupt and corrupting machine. Formerly our bosses carried on their operations mainly in secret. We knew who they were, and what their business was, but they allowed us to see very little of their methods. Now they give their orders to their tools in office more or less openly, declare through the press what their plans and purposes are, and without concealment summon their official servants to come to them for direction and counsel. They declare openly what their plans are in regard to presidential nominations, « pack » the State delegations to National conventions in accordance with those plans, and even offer themselves as candidates. The greatness of their success has turned their heads, and they reason that a public which has tolerated so much from them will revolt at nothing which audacity and impudence may suggest.

That they are inviting disaster, complete and overwhelming, we do not for a moment doubt. Every boss that we have had has run his career in a very brief time. The American people are not fools. They are slow to anger, but when their wrath is aroused there is no escape for those against whom it is directed. Tweed said, when his bossdom tumbled about his head and the penitentiary doors yawned before him, « There are some elections in which money has no influence.» So will it be with Tweed's successors, all of whom have his dull moral sense, and all of whom, with certain modern im-

provements, use his methods for filching power from the people. Their impudence is hastening the day of wrath, and the political party which wishes to escape all share in that wrath had best have as little to do with them as possible, and needs, above all, to avoid even the appearance of following their counsel.

The Mischief of the A. P. A.

THE bigot is generally devoid of that saving sense of humor which greatly helps to make life worth living. If it were not so those secret societies, like the so-called American Protective Association, which are engaged in a deadly warfare against all that is most significant and precious in American institutions, would not insist on parading themselves as «the patriotic orders.» Strange patriotism is this, which begins by denying the first tenet of American liberty,—freedom to worship God,—and proposes to punish religious beliefs which it does not share by depriving those who hold them, not only of their political rights, but, if possible, of the means of livelihood. The very enormity of the sworn purposes of these orders seems to be what gives them their opportunity; for the majority of honorable men find themselves incapable of believing that such purposes can be cherished by civilized human beings, and therefore fail to make any effective resistance to them. Thus they have the field to themselves; and with scarcely a protest, they creep in and intrench themselves in one community after another, gathering together a large mass of the ignorant and intolerant, and by their secret methods and their compact military organization making themselves a power in the local elections. Many communities have awakened when it was too late to find the grip of these secret orders firmly fastened upon their municipal machinery. There should be no need of warning intelligent citizens against the dangers of such organizations. They are the deadly enemies of democratic institutions. There may be business which can be legitimately carried on behind closed doors, but the public business is not of this nature. The attempt to control our politics in this way is an amazing usurpation of power; yet the subversion of republican government which has thus been accomplished in many localities has excited but little comment. On this question the great majority of newspapers are dumb, while thousands of Protestant ministers are helping on the fatal work. Some resistance, indeed, has been made to this domination in a few instances: Massachusetts, in the persons of Senator Hoar and the late Governor Greenhalge, has furnished a commendable example, but very few conspicuous politicians have ventured to challenge the secret power.

The political success of this conspiracy is due, of course, to the machine politicians. A secret organization whose vote can be controlled almost absolutely, whose official head can promise to throw it bodily into either side of the scale, does not need to have a very large membership in order that it may dictate nearly all the nominations of one or the other of the two parties. If twenty or even ten per cent. of the voters of a community can be handled in this way, one of the parties will be sure to give their leaders nearly everything they ask for. Ambitious minor politicians will make haste to join the society, there will be candidates enough in its membership to fill all the offices, and for a time the party which secures its alliance is sure to elect its candidates. In this way, in many communities, the control of one or the other of the parties has passed almost entirely into the hands of the «patriotic» orders.

The mischief of this movement has lately begun to reveal itself at the National capital. The defeat of the appropriation for Indian schools, because most of these schools are under the care of Roman Catholics, is due to these societies, and it is to their hostility that we owe the shameful proposal to exclude from the National gallery of statuary the effigy of the great pioneer and discoverer Father Marquette. With respect to the schools, they avail themselves of a sentiment which widely prevails, and which is reasonable enough, but which, in this case, is greatly overstrained, with the result of depriving the Indian pupils of educational privileges. The spirit of the organization is exhibited also in the semi-official announcement that Senator Hawley of Connecticut is to be denied a reëlection because of the part he took in securing the promotion to a generalship of Colonel Coppinger, whose fault is that he is a Roman Catholic. Not only are Roman Catholics to be refused permission to take part in the defense of their country, but those who decline to ostracize them must themselves be ostracized.

The Père Marquette incident is such an illustration of bigotry as ought to bring a blush to the cheek of every American. That the great French priest was a brave and noble man can be disputed by nobody; that his work among the Indians was one of beautiful devotion is not a matter of controversy; that to him was largely due the discovery of the upper Mississippi River, and the opening of the great Northwest to civilization, is the testimony of history. Yet simply because he was a Roman Catholic priest the «patriotic» orders would deny the State which is most closely associated with his beneficent activity the right of celebrating his services to the nation.

The inopportuneness of this recrudescence of bigotry is not the least of its mischievous features. At the very time when all the truly conservative forces of the country are needed to fight for its life against the civic treason of its politicians and the greed of its spoilers, these organizations are raising false issues to befog the ignorant and mislead the unthinking. But this is not all. No intelligent observer of events in the United States within the last five years can fail to be aware of the contest for supremacy that has been going on between the progressive and the reactionary elements of the Roman Catholic communion, or to note what a signal advance has been made thereby in the liberalizing and Americanizing of that historic institution. We do not share its creed, but it would be wickedly provincial not to wish that it may contribute its greatest influence toward the uplifting of mankind and toward the support of the free institutions of the country, rejecting all political alliances as fatal to its highest usefulness. It is remarkable that, just as its wisest leaders have apparently succeeded in cutting it loose from certain degrading political affiliations in the State of New York, its opponents have entered upon the very course they denounce.

To the student of current politics the operations of this new political force present an interesting problem.

To what extent will it be able to dictate the Presidential nominations? Will its adhesion to either party prove a gain or a loss? Will the party managers court it or shun it? Will its influence be offset by the open, unpartizan, and patriotic political activity of the Christian Endeavor movement? The exigencies of the next election always press upon the mind of the partizan leader, and the hope of securing the solid support of such a formidable contingent will powerfully affect his imagination. But it should not require any exceptional far-sightedness to discern the ruin which must overtake any party, in a free government, that identifies its fortunes with these «patriotic» orders. Such principles and purposes as their oaths reveal cannot be harbored by any political organization without forfeiting the confidence of the people.

A Model Forestry Commission.

THE readers of THE CENTURY are familiar with the various efforts that from time to time have been made during the last seven years to arouse members of Congress and the public to the peril of neglecting the National forests.[1] The indifference of our lawmakers to the preservation of our largest and most valuable agricultural crop has been phenomenal—the only bright spot in the dark record being the system of forest reservation advocated in these pages, and authorized by act of Congress, March 3, 1891. Under this law 17,000,000 acres of forest land of high altitude have been set aside by Presidents Harrison and Cleveland as reservoirs of timber and of water; but the enemies of the reservation policy have succeeded in defeating all measures looking to the proper defense and use of these lands, while the sheep-herders of the West go on in their depredations, unawed by the «paper bullets of the brain» fulminated against them by the Secretary of the Interior, who is powerless to call to his support a single soldier of the United States army. Even as we write a vigorous organization of the sheep-herders of Oregon is besieging the Secretary to consent to give up three fourths of the great Cascade Forest Reserve in that State. To yield to them would not only be against the immediate interests of Oregon, but would be a reversal of the beneficent policy of two administrations for which there would be no adequate reason, and would be a positive enactment of the principle, «After us the deluge,» heretofore negatively shown in our legislative inaction.

But at last the whole policy of the Government has been turned in the right direction. By the official initiative of the Secretary of the Interior, the Honorable Hoke Smith, a National investigation has just been set on foot, which, by the sheer force of its authoritativeness, must compel legislative attention. By the constitution of the National Academy of Science it becomes the duty of this body to undertake the investigation of any scientific problem upon the request of the head of a department of the Government, and such a request for the study of the subject of forestry Secretary Smith has made of the president of the academy, Professor Wolcott Gibbs, who has responded in a spirit commensurate with the importance of the Secretary's wise and patriotic action. In his acceptance of the task President Gibbs says:

> It is needless to remind you that the matter you refer to the Academy is important and difficult. No subject upon which the Academy has been asked before by the Government for advice compares with it in scope, and it is the opinion of thoughtful men that no other economic problem confronting the Government of the United States equals in importance that offered by the present condition and future fate of the forests of western North America.
>
> The forests in the Public Domain extend through 18 degrees of longitude and 20 degrees of latitude; they vary in density, composition, and sylvicultural condition from the most prolific in the world, outside the tropics, to the most meager. In some parts of the country they are valuable as sources of timber-supply which can be made permanent; in others, while producing no timber of importance, they are not less valuable for their influence upon the supply of water available for the inhabitants of regions dependent on irrigation for their means of subsistence. The character of the topography, and the climate of most of the region now embraced in the Public Domain, increase the difficulty of the problem. Scanty and unequally distributed rainfall checks the growth of forests, while high mountain-ranges make them essential to regulate the flow of mountain streams.
>
> You have done the Academy the honor of asking it to recommend a plan for the general treatment of the forest-covered portions of the Public Domain. That its report may be valuable as a basis for future legislation, it must consider:
>
> 1. The question of the ultimate ownership of the forests now belonging to the Government; that is, what portions of the forest on the Public Domain shall be allowed to pass, either in part or entirely, from Government control into private hands.
>
> 2. How shall the Government forests be administered so that the inhabitants of adjacent regions may draw their necessary forest supplies from them without affecting their permanency.
>
> 3. What provision is possible and necessary to secure for the Government a continuous, intelligent, and honest management of the forests of the Public Domain, including those in the reservations already made, or which may be made in the future.

This admirable statement of the scope of the work is accompanied by the appointment of a commission of experts to undertake the investigation which, in character and in range of scientific knowledge of the sort that qualifies for a given task, has seldom, if ever, been equaled in the record of governmental work. The members are: Professor Charles S. Sargent of Harvard, chairman; Professor Wolcott Gibbs, ex-officio; Alexander Agassiz; Professor W. H. Brewer of Yale; General Henry L. Abbott, U. S. A. (retired); Arnold Hague of the Geological Survey; and Gifford Pinchot, practical forester.

These gentlemen, serving without pay, will proceed to make a scientific and practical study of the public forests from every point of view, and on the ground, and

[1] Among the articles on this subject printed in THE CENTURY during the last seven years, are these: «How to Preserve the Forests,» June, 1889; «The Treasures of the Yosemite,» August, 1890; «Features of the Proposed Yosemite National Park,» September, 1890; «Amateur Management of the Yosemite Scenery,» October, 1890; «Forestry in America,» November, 1890; «Trees in America,» December, 1890; «The Pressing Need of Forest Reservation in the Sierra,» June, 1892; «A Memorable Advance in Forest Preservation,» April, 1893; «Our New National Forest Reserves,» September, 1893; «The Forest Reserves and the Army,» January, 1894; «Forestry Legislation in Europe,» April, 1894; «The Depletion of American Forests,» May, 1894; «Congress and the Forestry Question,» November, 1894; «A Plan to Save the Forests,» February, 1895; «The Need of a National Forest Commission,» February, 1895; «The West and her Vanishing Forests,» May, 1895; «Reforesting Michigan Lands,» July, 1895; «Hope for the Forests,» September, 1895; «The Plight of the Arid West,» February, 1896; «Plain Words to Californians,» April, 1896.

their report and their recommendations, whatever they may be in detail, cannot fail to carry such weight with the press and the public that it will be as impossible to go back to the old policy of neglect as to reënact literary piracy, or the toleration of lotteries, or any other outworn system of robbing the many for the benefit of the few.

We regard the establishment of this commission as a landmark of national progress. While of extraordinary value to the whole country, it will prove, particularly, the salvation of the West from those who would sacrifice its entire future to the greed of the immediate moment.

OPEN LETTERS

Recent American Sculpture:

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH'S O'REILLY GROUP. (SEE PAGE 89.)

HISTORY does not become ancient so fast but that many people will remember the coming and the going of John Boyle O'Reilly. He has been dead only half a dozen years, and it was so late as 1869 that he first landed in America. He came as an escaped Fenian after three years of confinement in English prisons and a final transportation to Australia. On his arrival here he took out naturalization papers, began lecturing, and soon became a reporter for the «Pilot.» In 1876 he became the editor and manager of the «Pilot,» and remained so until the time of his death. In addition to his political writings he addressed himself to the Muse. The Irish Americans of New England accepted him as a leader, and when he died a memorial committee was appointed for the purpose of erecting «a statue or other monument to John Boyle O'Reilly.» The sculptor chosen for the work was Daniel Chester French, and the group for the base of the monument shown in the illustration is the first result of Mr. French's labor.

The monument (to be erected in a small triangular park in the Back Bay district of Boston) is to take the form of a granite monolith of Celtic design. There will be a bronze bust of O'Reilly on the front of the shaft and this group of three figures in bronze at the back. It was fitting that the monument should show the features of the man in the bust, and symbolize the dominant qualities of the man's life in the group. As was abundantly shown in his verse, O'Reilly had his tender and sympathetic side. He had a love for the shepherd's pipe and the arts of peace; and this Mr. French has effectively represented by the figure of the genius of Poetry. He had also his sterner side, a nature quick to passion and resentful of wrong; and this Mr. French has represented by the strong figure of the soldier—the genius of Patriotism. Between the two sits the figure of Erin, the mother for whom he fought and sang. The two natures seem to support and console her: each has offered something to the leaves that lie in her lap; and as she sits sadly tranquil, forming the wreath of glory from shamrock, laurel, and oak, she seems to be thinking with pride of the deeds he has done in her name, and of the love that he in common with other sons has borne her.

The figures are types, not portraits, and they lean toward an expression of the Irish type in the Erin and in the Patriotism; but in other respects they are classic, yet with something too much of individualism and modern spirit about them to be called either Greek or Italian. The Poetry, modestly offering a laurel leaf for the wreath, has a face of tender sadness which the light and shade seem to emphasize, and in pose is restfully relaxed, slightly leaning against the mother as though in sympathy. The lines of the figure, and the sweep of the wing which repeats the outer curve of the body and leg, are exceedingly graceful, and the lyre of Apollo, held in the left hand, relieves while it accents the rhythm of the lines. The figure of Patriotism is something of a contrast. The costume is that of a Roman or a Celtic warrior, the left hand clutches the flag, and slung at the back by a strap is the shield. The whole figure is heroic, strongly muscled, iron-like of frame, and stern of visage, as befits the soldier. The lines are shorter, rougher, more angular than in the Poetry, and instead of the soft relaxation of the gentler genius we have the half-strung rigidity of the guardsman ready to spring into action at a moment's notice. It is not a restless, but an alert figure—one that holds the oak leaf in the right hand easily enough but has something suggestive of nervous strength in the grasp of the left hand upon the flag. The Patriotism seems expressive of restraint; the Poetry indicates repose.

The entire group forms a pyramidal, balanced composition, and while the figures at the sides relieve each other, they also form the diagonal lines, and help support the pyramid of which the Erin is the center and the apex. She is seated erect upon a raised platform, and has a footstool or bench under her feet. The figure is massive, and is clad in a robe of heavy woven stuff that emphasizes the strength of the body by its breadth of treatment. The arms, bust, shoulders, and head are of corresponding proportions, and in their modeling give the feeling of structure and substance. The very largeness of the figure is impressive, and helps the dignity and majesty of the pose. The head is covered and the face is partly shadowed by a gracefully turned headcloth, which not only lends to the evenness of the composition by sustaining the large proportions of the body, but produces an admirable effect of light and shade upon the face. Little of the Greek is to be seen in the features: the cheek-bones are too high, the jaw is too square, the mouth too large, the nose too heavy, for the ideal classic proportions; but the ruggedness and boldness of the features create the heroic type. It is a face of great nobility, tinged by sadness, it is true, and yet with something of pride in the sorrow. Sorrow is shown, but

rather by suggestion than demonstration. It is present but restrained, held in check by fortitude. The result is that essential quality in all good sculpture—repose, restfulness, quiescent unity.

Mr. French won his spurs as a sculptor some years ago. His «Minute Man» at Boston and his «Death and the Sculptor»[1] gave him artistic rank; and the thousands who visited the Columbian Exposition cannot fail to remember his colossal statue of the «Republic» in the Court of Honor.[2] Like many another artist, his American education has been broadened by years of residence and study in Europe. He has served his apprenticeship and had his day of foreign travel; to-day he is among us living in his age of production. He is well equipped, and, in company with several other sculptors of note, he is giving forth work that is not only creditable to his native land, but would be distinguished in any land.

John C. Van Dyke.

[1] See THE CENTURY for April, 1893.

[2] See THE CENTURY for May, 1892.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Protégé.

«THERE was a right curious case in this neighborhood,» my visitor said. I was sinking into something like a state of hypnotism, and the long-continued flow of words and click of knitting-needles were beginning to produce a faintly pleasurable sensation.

«I don't know whether you might call it curious either, but there was right much talk about it at the time, and a heap of people were down on Miss Delia and Miss Lidy. And it *did* look foolish the way they did; but I reckon people next door to starvation have their feelings, like the rest of us.

«I reckon you 've seen that little miserable-looking house that sets right in the edge of the woods by Drake's Branch, with the stained-glass windows, and the little cupelo on top? That 's where they lived, Miss Delia and Miss Lidy, and I never did see a house that favored the people inside it like that did, somehow.

«Many 's the time I 've been there with waiters of things for them—bread and butter, and bacon and tea, and I don't know what all. People in the neighborhood certainly were good to them; but they were real nice old ladies, if they were sorter thin and fidgety and fly-up-the-creek. Nobody ever took 'em things but in a waiter, no matter what it was, not wanting to hurt their feelings. They were mightily outdone with Mrs. Wilkins once for sending 'em a basket. 'T was just about Christmas time, and she sent them a turkey, and a bucket of sausage, and cake, and mince-pie, and everything. But it certainly did hurt their feelings—being in a basket. It 'most spoilt that Christmas for them, having things sent them like she 'd send them to a beggar; because they certainly were nice old ladies. But Mrs. Wilkins did n't mean a bit of harm.

«I reckon it was right lonesome there in the edge of the woods, with the owls and the whippoorwills, and nothing much to occupy them, on account of their eyes. Both their eyesights had given out long before my time. I reckon it is 'most always that way with twins—they fail along together.

«Well, they were so exactly like each other I expect they did n't find each other any company at all. It was like sitting up all day and looking in the looking-glass. And there war n't any use in talking, any more than in talking out loud to yourself, when you knew beforehand just exactly what the other one was going to say to you. And so that Christmas Mrs. Wilkins insulted 'em with that basket it came over me that I had n't sent 'em a thing for going on a fortnight. Jemmy had had the measles, and Mr. Tompkins's sister, Emma Jane, had been staying with me, with five children that I thought sure were going to catch it, and I 'd been so worried that Miss Delia and Miss Lidy had clean slipped out of my mind. And so I fixed up a real nice waiter of everything good I had, and a box of meat and flour and things like that (they did n't mind boxes like they did baskets), and I got Jack to drive me over in the spring-wagon, though 't was a mighty cold winter, and I thought I 'd have frozen solid before I got there.»

She paused a moment to count her stitches.

«Thirty-one, thirty-two— They always were sort of finicky about their house. On each side of the walk they kept nice white rocks fixed in rows, and everything just as nice as they could make it; but 't was a mighty forlorn, tumbledown-looking little house—real pitiful looking.

«Well, I drove over there in the spring-wagon, and I certainly was glad when I saw a sorter flickering on the windows like fire. I never did see the place look so cheerful and lit up before.

«Miss Delia and Miss Lidy made a heap of fuss over me, like they always did, but there was something real funny and excited about them. They always *did* do like they were a heap gladder to see me than to see the things I 'd brought them. The more they needed bread and meat to keep them from starving, the more they looked like they did n't care much about anything but the compliment of being thought of.

«Well, they hurried me in to the fire, and, if you 'll believe me, sitting there as comfortable as you please was a great strong-looking young fellow about as old as my Jack.

«‹We have a guest,› Miss Delia whispered in one ear and Miss Lidy in the other. You might have knocked me down with a *feather!*

«He was a mighty ordinary-looking young man, I

thought, sorter sheepish and lazy-looking; but they seemed as proud of him as if he 'd been the governor of Virginia.

«I reckon from what they said afterward this Rooney Cravens must have been the son of an old beau of one of them, I don't know which; and it amused the neighborhood mightily. We thought he was just going to be there a day or two, and everybody around sent in all sorts of things to help Miss Delia and Miss Lidy out. I reckon he lived high, and thought he was in right good quarters.

«If you 'll believe me, he stayed on and on and *on;* and it got to be pretty clear that he had no notion of going—a great strapping man he was, too.

«People got to be tired of it after a while, and there were some that talked right plainly to Miss Delia and Miss Lidy. And it *did n't* seem right for us to be supporting that good-for-nothing. He was just as good-for-nothing as he could be, and, if the truth was known, he was nothing but a tramp when they took him in. I 'd get so mad thinking of him sometimes I 'd feel like I 'd never send another morsel there for him to eat up; but then what would become of Miss Delia and Miss Lidy if people stopped helping 'em?

«Well, this went on I don't know how long,—a year or more,—and all the time Miss Delia and Miss Lidy were pinching and screwing and pampering that—that—I don't know what to call him (there ain't a bad enough word in the dictionary)—till they were nearer skin and bone than ever, and quoting him all the time like he was Solomon, till everybody was down on them. Some people left off sending them anything, and other people sorter grudged them what they did give, so that things went right hard with them. But their heads were just as hard as rocks about that Rooney.

«Well, they managed to get on some way, and all the time that Rooney Cravens just flourished. You could see him, any time of day, sitting on a barrel out in front of the Cross Roads store, cutting sticks and telling jokes. I never had the patience to listen to him myself, but they say he could make you split your sides laughing; specially when he took off Miss Delia and Miss Lidy.

«There did n't seem to be any chance of a change for the better, and we just did n't know what to do, when suddenly, lo and behold, Mr. Rooney took himself off!

«We certainly did congratulate ourselves. We just laughed in our sleeves, and thought we 'd sorter starved him out. We had a real rejoicing all over the neighborhood.

«But you 'd have been sorry for poor Miss Delia and Miss Lidy if you 'd seen how they grieved. They did n't know where he 'd gone any more than the rest of us, and they looked like they 'd lost their last friend. I could n't help feeling for them, but I 'd get right mad with them, too, to hear them talk.

«‹He was so sensitive,› they were always saying, over and over and over again. ‹He knew people in the neighborhood had taken a prejudice against him, and it hurt him so he could n't stay.›

«I got mighty tired of hearing all these lamentings over Rooney, but so long as he was n't there I tried to do what I could for the poor old ladies. I don't know but what we did more for them than we had before he ever came, to make up for the sorter boycott we 'd been carrying on. We all went there real often, and carried them things, and we did think we were shut of Rooney Cravens forever.

«Well, I don't reckon it was more than two months after he left that I drove over there one day with two dressed chickens and a pat of butter, and some other things. I put my knitting in my pocket, thinking I would pay the old ladies a nice long visit. I never could bear to go when that Rooney Cravens was hanging around, and I 'd been trying ever since to make up for it.

«I 'd been sitting there about an hour when I heard feet come tramping up the walk and into the house. We all three looked at each other, and jumped up, and, if you 'll believe me, Miss Delia and Miss Lidy clapped their hands like they had clean gone distracted. They ran and opened the door faster than I thought they could, and such a 'miration as they made over that Rooney Cravens I never saw since I 've been born.

«I sat there mighty stiff and awkward, not saying a word, just turning off my knitting as hard as I could, so I could go. I think Miss Delia and Miss Lidy had forgotten I was there—'mirating over that precious Rooney!

«He sorter hung back, as they tried to draw him in to the fire, and I thought at first it was on account of me, because he always had a shamefaced, hangdog way about him when the neighbors were around, as well he might.

«But he put his hands in his pockets, and stood on his heels, and actually kinder winked at me. ‹Wait a minute,› he said; ‹I—I left something outside I 've got to get.› Miss Delia and Miss Lidy looked at each other, and I could see what they thought shining in their faces. I could n't help softening to him a little myself.

«‹I do believe he 's brought them a nice ham or turkey, or a pair of blankets, or something,› I was saying in my mind when the door opened.

«He *had* brought them something! Bless your heart, he surely had brought them something!—Fifty-six, fifty-seven, fifty-eight—»

She finished her counting before she went on. «He surely had brought them something!

«He kinder giggled, and shoved in a big yellow-haired girl, who looked around her as cool as a cucumber.

«‹My wife, ladies,› says Mr. Rooney, just like that.

«We all started like we 'd been shot,—I know *I* did,—and Miss Delia and Miss Lidy looked at her for a minute, real stupid.

«I was just looking for the old ladies to show 'em the door, but, lo and behold, if you 'll believe me, they went right up to that girl and put their arms around her! And what do you reckon they said to her—both of them?

«‹Welcome home, my dear,› just that way—Sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two—‹welcome home, my dear,› if you 'll believe my words!

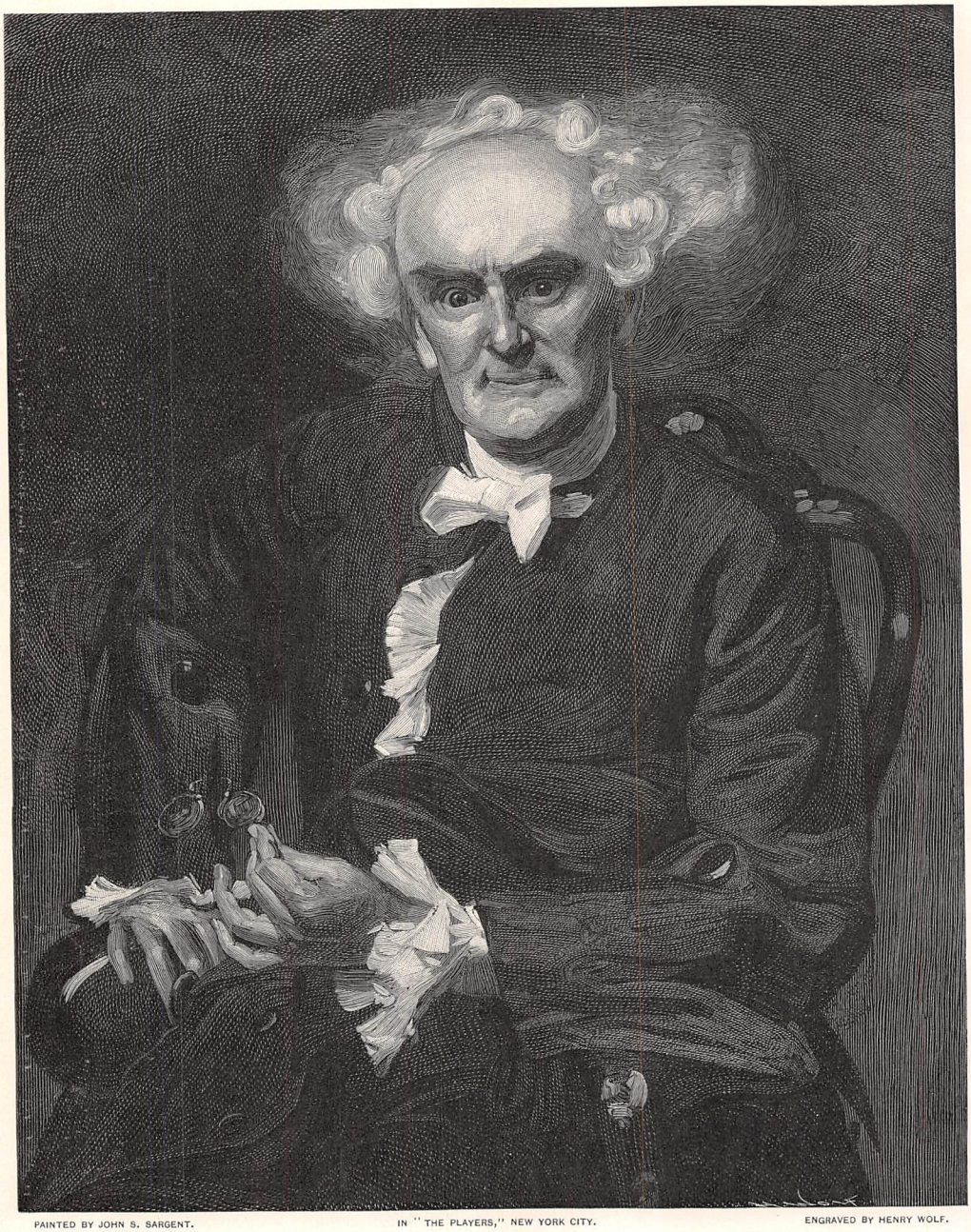
«‹What made you do it?› I said to Rooney, feeling like I 'd like to wring his neck.

«He was sitting on the arm of the little haircloth sofa, chewing the end of a match and swinging his feet.

«‹A fellow dared me,› he said, just like that.»

Annie Steger Winston.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



PAINTED BY JOHN S. SARGENT. IN "THE PLAYERS," NEW YORK CITY. ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS «DR. PANGLOSS.»

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LII. JUNE, 1896. NO. 2.

SARGENT AND HIS PAINTING.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO HIS DECORATIONS IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

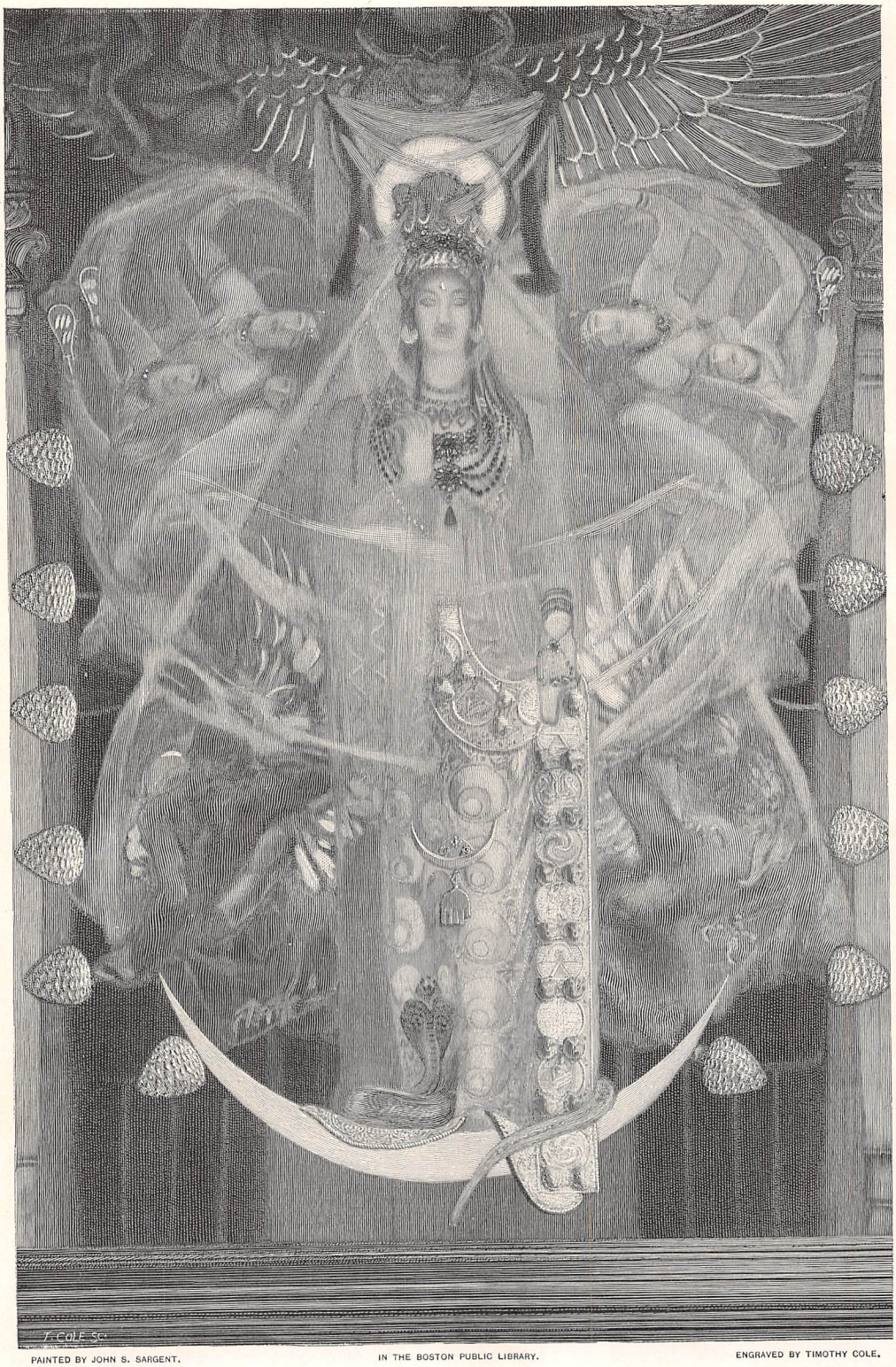
I.

THE first question to be asked about a work of decorative art is, «Is it in itself decorative?» This may be answered in one sense when the work is seen detached from its setting, as on the walls of an exhibition gallery. It may be more completely and decidedly answered when the work is looked at in place. We may have a good room with bare walls —a well-proportioned room. If the painter decorates it he must take care that it remains good in this sense. Not much more than this may be required of him, except that the subject of his work be appropriate to the uses of the room, and that the treatment be in accord with the architectural environment. He may even enhance architectural effects, but the first point is to beautify. Within certain architectural limitations he has a wide field in which he may exercise his decorative fancy.

Sargent's work in the Boston Public Library fills only one end of a hall, and consists of a frieze, a lunette, and an arched ceiling. All the rest of the hall is bare. The walls, which are of a very light yellowish-gray tint, have an effect that can only be described as garish, lighted as they are by skylights in the ceiling high above the floor. If these walls, now bare, were covered with temporary hangings of dark, quiet tints, the decorations would appear to far better advantage. The pictures cover such a small part of the entire wall and ceiling space that, even from a near, and consequently unfavorable, point of view, it is impossible to avoid the damaging effect of their harsh surroundings. With their present environment, the pictures might well be compared to a fine ruby set in a plaster brooch. Mr. Sargent's work suffers in this respect as the work of Puvis de Chavannes or Edwin A. Abbey does not. The pictures by Abbey are suitably framed by the dark-colored wainscoting and other woodwork in the delivery-room. The yellow marble of the splendid stairway and corridor, as well as the prevailing general tint of that part of the walls not intended to be decorated, were taken account of, of course, by Puvis de Chavannes when he painted the beautiful composition, «The Muses Welcoming the Genius of Enlightenment.»[1] When his work in the stairway is finished there will still be large wall-spaces undecorated. How admirably the composition now in place fits its surroundings, how complete in itself it is, we need only walk up the steps and through the corridor to appreciate. It does not obtrude, it does not distort the architectural proportions, and it harmonizes in the most subtle

[1] See THE CENTURY for February, 1896.

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PAINTED BY JOHN S. SARGENT. IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY. ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLE.

CEILING—ASTARTE.

and delicate way with everything that comes in sight when looked at from any point of view. There may be in the work certain portions—one or two heads of the muses, perhaps—that do not seem to be as good as the average of Puvis's work, and the white of the robes seems a little cold and harsh when looked at piece by piece, lacking in the tender quality of color that characterizes other work by the great artist; but as a whole it is the acme of successful decoration, simple, beautiful, and absolutely fitting.

Where Mr. Sargent has had a somewhat similar problem to solve he also has succeeded. The color of the stone floor in Sargent Hall is permanent. So, too, I take it, is the color of the wall below the frieze. The composition of the prophets is admirably colored to unite the wan effect of what is below it with the brilliant tints of the lunette and arch. The transition is made easily and without a jar. It is only when we look above that we feel the sharp and disagreeable contrast with the rest of the room. There can be no doubt whatever that when the work, which includes the decoration of the entire room, is completed, the pictures now in place will gain immeasurably in general effect.

Let us now consider them by themselves. The frieze begins at the height of the door in the end wall, over which is placed a figure of Moses, modeled in relief, and colored. There are five painted figures on each side of the Moses, and four on each of the side walls, all representing Hebrew prophets.

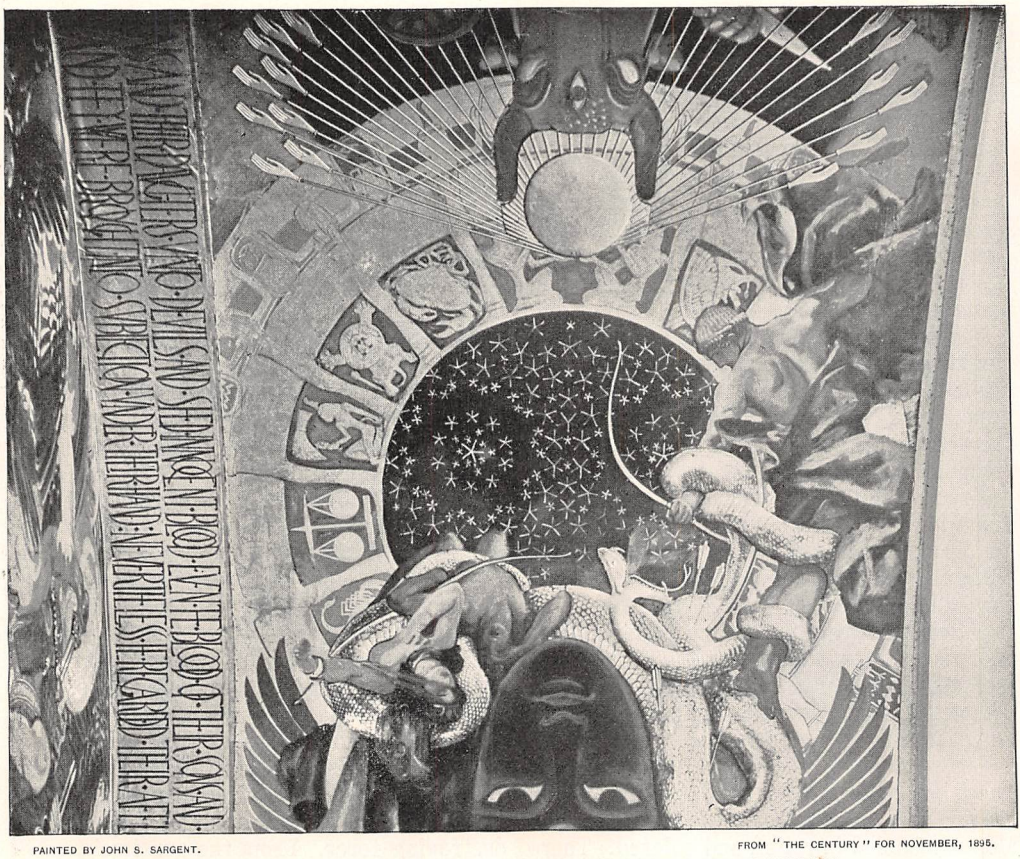
In the ceiling are depicted the gods of polytheism and idolatry. A dark figure of the goddess Neith, the All Mother, treated almost as a flat mass, stretches over the entire arch from base to base, and serves as the groundwork of the composition. This figure typifies the eternal forces to which the first religious instincts in mankind may be attributed. The head of Neith appears in the upper right-hand portion of the arch of the ceiling; her hands reach down to the cornice on one side, her feet to that on the other. The firmament is her body; a golden zodiac forms her collar or necklace; a serpent with silver scales is coiled around her neck; an archer, caught in the huge folds of the serpent, represents the forces of warmth and summer struggling with those of cold and winter, typified by the serpent.

The story is a development of the primeval myth of the eternal conflict between the sun and the dragon, in which the sun is conquered in the winter months, but conquers during the summer. In the Phenician mythology Tammuz (the sun), a beautiful youth beloved by the goddess Astarte (typifying the productive forces of nature), was slain on Mount Lebanon by a boar (the dragon); but by the intercession of Astarte he was allowed to spend a portion of each year on earth. Annually the river Adonis, which rises in Mount Lebanon, ran red with his blood, the signal for a period of lamentation for his death, which was changed to rejoicing when he revived, and the river again flowed clear. From this story the familiar myth of Venus and Adonis was developed.[1]

In the decoration the archer in the serpent's coils on one side of the zodiac drives it back with his arrows far enough to reveal the signs of the six warm months. On the other side he is depicted lifeless in the serpent's strangling folds, and the six cold months are covered up. The figure of Astarte, the lover of Adonis, or Tammuz, occupies the lower right-hand portion of the ceiling. The left-hand portion shows the giant figure of Moloch, with the head of a bull, and four arms, seated on his throne. The sun is over his head; at his feet are the figures of the Egyptian trinity, Osiris, Isis, and Horus, the father, mother, and son. With two of his hands he crushes human victims, in a third he holds a dagger, and in the fourth the Assyrian disk. Five golden lions about his knees typify the heat of the sun and its destroying force. From the sun itself, however, radiate long golden beams, each terminating in a hand holding a seed between the thumb and finger, symbols of life-giving power.

In the lunette the Jews, represented by a group of twelve nude figures, are shown in subjection to the Egyptian and the Assyrian, typified by figures of Pharaoh and the Assyrian king. Behind the one is a heap of dead captives, the male sphinx of Egypt, and the goddess Pasht, with the head of a lioness, the body of a woman, and great wings of black and gold. Behind the other is the Assyrian lion trampling on the slain, and an Assyrian god, with the body of a man and the head of a vulture. Over and above all, dominating the mighty rulers, their gods and symbols, is Jehovah, whose hands stretch out from the clouds and restrain the oppressors. His face is veiled by a group of cherubim with crimson wings, who fly before him. The lunette, thus showing the overwhelming of the heathen oppressors, unites by its subject and by its middle position in the decoration the ceiling and the frieze.

[1] Handbook of the New Public Library in Boston. Compiled by Herbert Small, with contributions by C. Howard Walker and Lindsay Swift.



PAINTED BY JOHN S. SARGENT. FROM "THE CENTURY" FOR NOVEMBER, 1895.

"THE ZODIAC," FROM THE CEILING ARCH IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

At least as much as is given in this brief description is necessary to an understanding of Mr. Sargent's subject. The work now in place illustrates Confusion, the first part of his theme. Unity, in which Christ preaching the gospel will be the subject, and Conventionality, depicting the rites and symbolism of early Christianity, will follow. There are details, both of subject and of pictorial representation, in the part under consideration that I have not touched upon, but we may now not unintelligibly speak of the work in its artistic aspects.

The work as a whole is like a casket of jewels. Let not conventional theories prevent us from seeing that it is intensely decorative. There is a difference between it and such decoration as that of which the work of Puvis de Chavannes may serve as an example. Beautifully tinted and chastely designed papers are suitable for wall-hangings, but so, too, are richly embroidered stuffs. The difference reduced to its lowest terms may be expressed by such a comparison. The Puvis picture is admirably simple. The Sargent pictures, though they comprise pieces of painting of great simplicity of treatment, are complicated; but they are brilliant, almost dazzling, in effect. You may prefer one sort of work to another, but it is not fair to condemn either for its difference from the one you like better, if both are good. I fancy that here in America, unaccustomed as we are to palaces, we may forget some of the magnificently gilded and painted rooms we have seen in Europe. Readers may recall one or two where grand effects were produced by a profusion of ornament and glowing color. And the East? No doubt Mr. Sargent had in mind the jeweled architecture of India, the lacquers of Japan, and the polychromatic temples of the Egyptians.

There are some things in the work that are finer than any other fine things, and there are three imperfections. The choice of red as the color for the wings of the cherubim I cannot but think unfortunate. I know that to change them would upset a part of the general color-scheme, and so involve in a measure the painting of something different from what we now see. But if they had been orange instead of

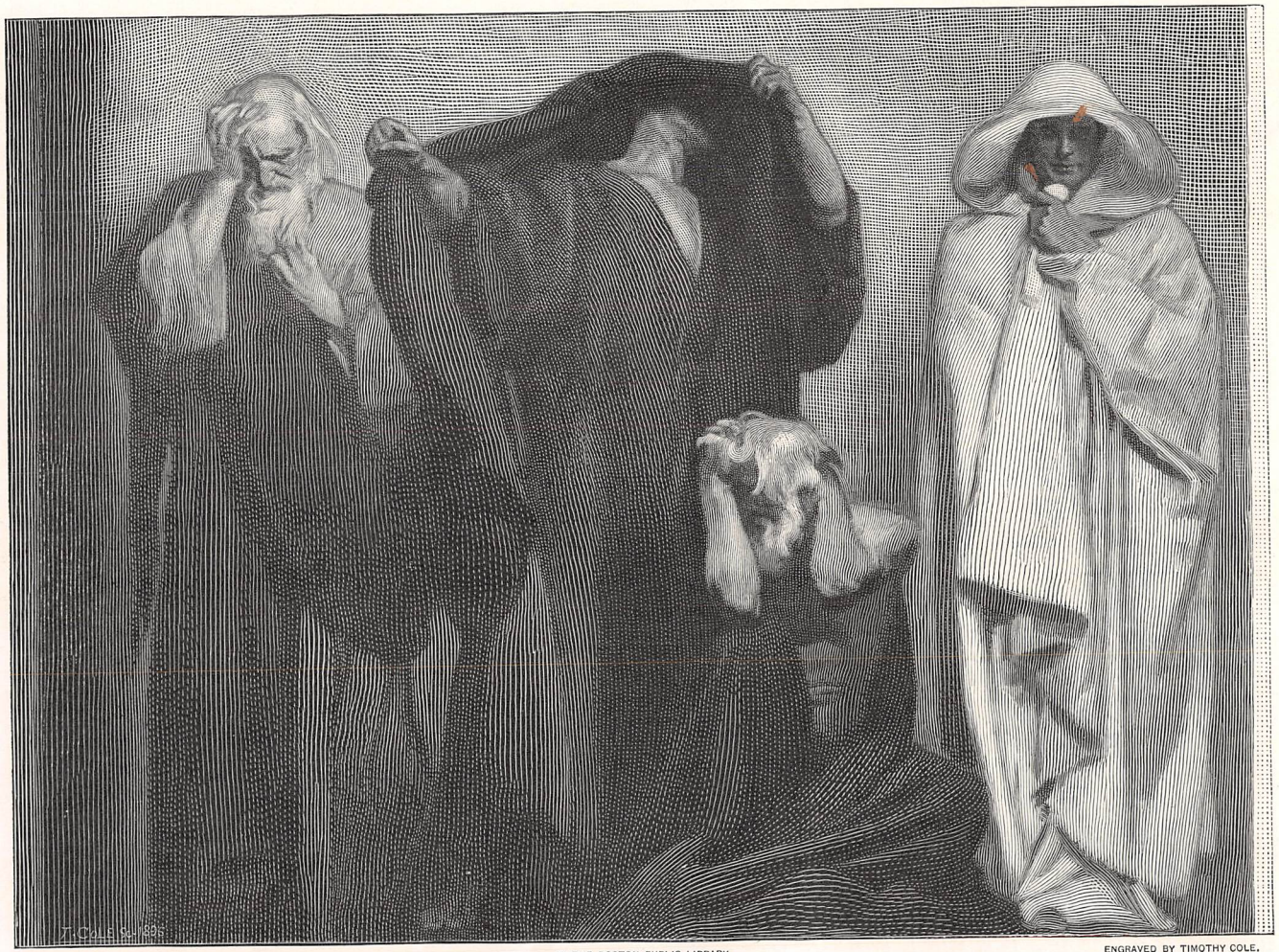
red, they could have been made to appear luminous in the decoration; and as they are now, they are not. Red, by its inherent quality, is a dark, non-luminous pigment; it can be made to glow only by skilful juxtaposition of combative tints. The effect of the mass where the cherubim are flying before Jehovah is dark. Would not a light, a luminous mass, have been better in this important central position if it could have been attained? Might not even the uncovered face of Jehovah have been better? As it is, too, one does not see the heads of the cherubim. They are «lost,» and the wings seem to be flying alone in a whirl impelled by some hidden centripetal force. The second defect is that the distinctly dark parts of the composition, while it is easy to see that they are not actually very low in tone, *appear* so dark that their form is not clear. This is so in the case of the whole figure of Neith, though the head is plain enough. In the lunette the head of the goddess Pasht is invisible. The third fault is in the Moses. No valid objection may be made to modeling this figure in relief, nor to relief employed in other parts of the work. On the contrary, the placing of the Moses in the center of the frieze, with the importance given to it by the relief, was a masterly stroke, but the head seems small and without much dignity. In actual measurement it may be as large as the heads of the prophets, even larger, but it looks smaller. This may be partly owing to the head-dress which hems it in on each side, and it may also be that it is the result of the lighting on the modeled forms. If the shadows cast are not strong enough, or fall in the wrong way, a head may look weak that under other conditions would look strong. The body of the Moses, with the arms outstretched to grasp the tables of the law, is vigorous, imposing, and filled with a fine sense of mystery. Apart from these points, I can see nothing in Mr. Sargent's work that can be found fault with even by the hypercritical.

The particular portions of the decoration that are marked by the highest achievement, both in imaginative and technical qualities, are the figure of Astarte, the fighting archer



PAINTED BY JOHN S. SARGENT. IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

PANEL—THE PROPHETS MICAH, HAGGAI, MALACHI, ZECHARIAH.



PAINTED BY JOHN S. SARGENT. IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY. ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLE.

PANEL—THE PROPHETS ZEPHANIAH, JOEL, OBADIAH, HOSEA

and the serpent, the Pharaoh, and the group of the Jews. In his portrait work Mr. Sargent has often given evidence of the possession of the most sensitive appreciation of form and color, but he has seldom, if ever, given better proof of it than in the conception and execution of this figure of Astarte. As long ago as 1880, in the early days of his artistic career, having made a winter's journey to Morocco, he exhibited in the Salon at Paris a picture called «Smoke of Ambergris,» a Moorish woman in white, holding some of the ample folds of her mantle above her head like a canopy. At her feet on the marble floor burned the ambergris, and the thin vapors, rising, filled her improvised hood as she inhaled the delicious fragrance. There was a mysterious charm in the picture, though, apparently, it was only a direct, cleverly handled study from nature, and in looking at it one felt a sensation as of the Orient brought to one's door. When I saw the Astarte at Boston I thought of this early canvas, and while there is no analogy between the two, it caused me to reflect that in the Salon picture there was an indication of the same phase of the artist's temperament that dominated him when he produced the Astarte. The love of things weird and mysterious, manifested in the fanciful portrayal of the Moorish woman, found a wider scope for expression in the mythical personality of the Phenician goddess. Originally, she was worshiped as the goddess of the moon, and the female, or productive principle.

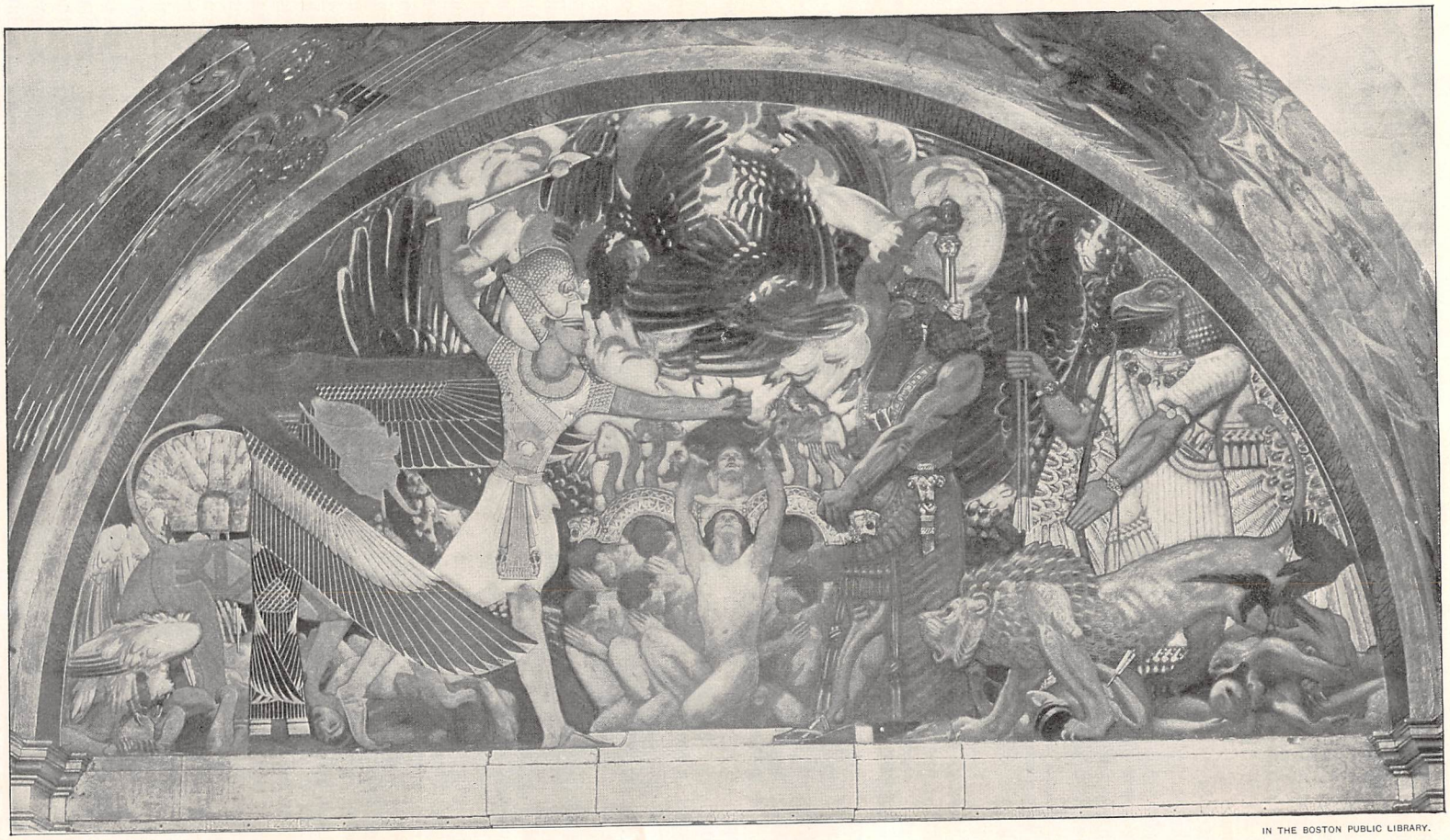
The worship of Astarte was degraded by the Phenicians into a lascivious and wanton rite. She is depicted, therefore, not as the kindly and abundant mother of fruits and grains, like Ceres, but as the goddess of sensuality. . . . She stands upon the crescent, and a cobra is coiled at her feet. Around her is a floating blue veil. The hem of her robe is richly embroidered with gold, the ornament including figures of the sun and moon, and lions, fishes, birds, and other emblems connected with her worship. On either side of her are the columns used in her temples. Behind her is the tree of life, only the pine cones which terminate its branches, however, being visible. Through her veil may be seen, on either side of her form, a group of three priestesses, shaking the sistrum, or rattle, and swaying to the measure of a wanton and luxurious dance. At her feet are her victims, whom her lusts have lured to their ruin, a vulture tearing at the flesh of one, and a chimæra devouring the other.[1]

We are told that Mr. Sargent painted this figure in a single day, and we can well believe it. It bears the marks of intrepid execution, and every part of it vibrates in harmony. Brain and hand must have worked in perfect unison, and the figure and its accessories seem to have been carried to completion in a single sustained effort. The insinuating charm of the face, the vague, inscrutable enticement of the figure, with its diaphanous veiling of tender, gas-like blue, fascinate the eye. The dexterity of the work is amazing, its grace is irresistible.

The portion of the ceiling which includes the zodiac and the archer struggling with the serpent is admirable in composition, movement, and color. The figure of Adonis, with his robe flying from his shoulders, seen in back view, with the head in profile, one arm drawn up to pull an arrow, and the other straight to hold the bow, is as broadly rendered as the sculpture of the ancient Greeks. It is Hellenic in conception, and appears in fine contrast with the conventionalized forms of Egyptian and Assyrian art which environ it. That, while so different in spirit from these weird, symbolical figures, it does not seem in the least out of place, affords proof of what is indeed plain throughout the decoration—the rare skill with which the artist has woven a picturesque and harmonious whole out of so many incongruous elements.

In the figure of Pharaoh the artist has adapted the conventional design of the Egyptians, placing the head and legs in profile, and the body and arms in full-face view. This figure, and that of the Assyrian king, also following archaic conventions, are represented as of great stature. In both the uncouth forms of the earliest art are so skillfully translated that they do not conflict with the realistic treatment of the nude figures of the Jews. The slight proportions of Pharaoh, the slim waist, the long arms extended, and the ferret-like face, with the long, black-encircled eye, combine to produce an impression of sinister cruelty. The massive golden crown, dome-like in shape, adds an air of majesty and power. In the treatment of this figure, as in those of the Assyrian god and lion, in the right-hand portion of the lunette, the artist has accomplished a *tour de force* such as has been rarely attempted. How able is this treatment is shown by the telling importance of the group of the Jews in the middle of the composition. Unlike the oppressors and their gods, they are painted life-size only, and with as much realism as the decorative limitations allow. Here there are no problems involving the adaptation of archaic forms, and, as in the figures of the prophets, the painter appears as we know him in other work—a draftsman of force, style, and confident sureness, a col-

[1] Handbook of the New Public Library.



PAINTED BY JOHN S. SARGENT. IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

LUNETTE.

orist of restrained strength and comprehensive breadth of scale. The central figure of the group, on his knees, like his companions, but with his arms uplifted, and his face raised to Jehovah, while the other heads are bowed, is a fine piece of painting, simply conceived and as simply wrought. Its place in the group, and the contrasting attitudes of its fellows, not subordinated, but helping to show the idea expressed by this one for all,—the wail of agony and supplication from the twelve tribes of Israel, who have forgotten their God and worshiped the idols of the heathen, and now, with his altar-fire rekindled, turn to implore his mercy and protection,—constitute one of the best illustrations in modern art of a subject interpreted in the plain language of painting, which may not transgress the laws of truth to nature.

The color-scheme of the frieze, as has been said, serves well its purpose in the ensemble of the decoration. The figures of the prophets, taken separately, present some fine characterizations, and in painting them, the composition having been determined, the artist has had a task difficult enough to cause him to exert his best powers, but uncomplicated by the archaic considerations in the lunette and the ceiling. Particularly worthy of note is the management of the strong reds in the figures of Joshua and Elijah, on each side of the Moses, and the intermingling of reddish tints with the gold in the garment and wings that envelop this commanding figure. Not less effective is the strong note given by the blue robe of Isaiah on the right, and those of blue and brown in the group of Zephaniah and Joel on the side wall at the left. Through these, and the prevailing white and neutral tints of the garments in the other groups, there is a fine play of color, subdued in just proportion to meet the requirements of the position of the frieze.

II.

THE high reputation of John Singer Sargent, the painter of this remarkable work, makes him one of the most prominent figures in the modern world of art. No American artist has occupied such an exalted position as he has attained before reaching his fortieth year; none is more celebrated in Paris, London, and the other art centers of Europe. He has painted some of his best portraits in the United States, and «La Carmencita,» the picture which represents him in the famous Luxembourg Gallery in Paris, was painted in



DRAWN FROM LIFE BY CARROLL BECKWITH, APRIL 16, 1876.

JOHN S. SARGENT AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.

New York, and first publicly shown at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists. His career has been a cosmopolitan one, and his youth was passed among surroundings very different from those that affect the intellectual bent of most American boys who become painters and sculptors. He was born in Florence, Italy, in 1856, whither his parents had gone to live some years before. His father was Dr. Fitz-Hugh Sargent, a Boston physician, and his mother, whose maiden name was Newbold, and who belonged to a well-known family of Philadelphia, possessed the accomplishment of painting very cleverly in water-colors. Educated partly in Italy and partly in Germany, young Sargent entered the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence at a comparatively early age, and before he was eighteen had spent several years in art study. He learned to paint in water-colors, as well as to draw with the pencil or charcoal, and one summer, when he was in the Tyrol with his mother, Frederick Leighton, not yet a peer and president of the Royal Academy, but a famous English artist notwithstanding, meeting them, commended the boy's work, and counseled him to continue. His advent a year or two later in the studio of the pupils of Carolus Duran is thus described by Sargent's intimate



MODELED BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.

BAS-RELIEF PORTRAIT IN BRONZE OF JOHN S. SARGENT.

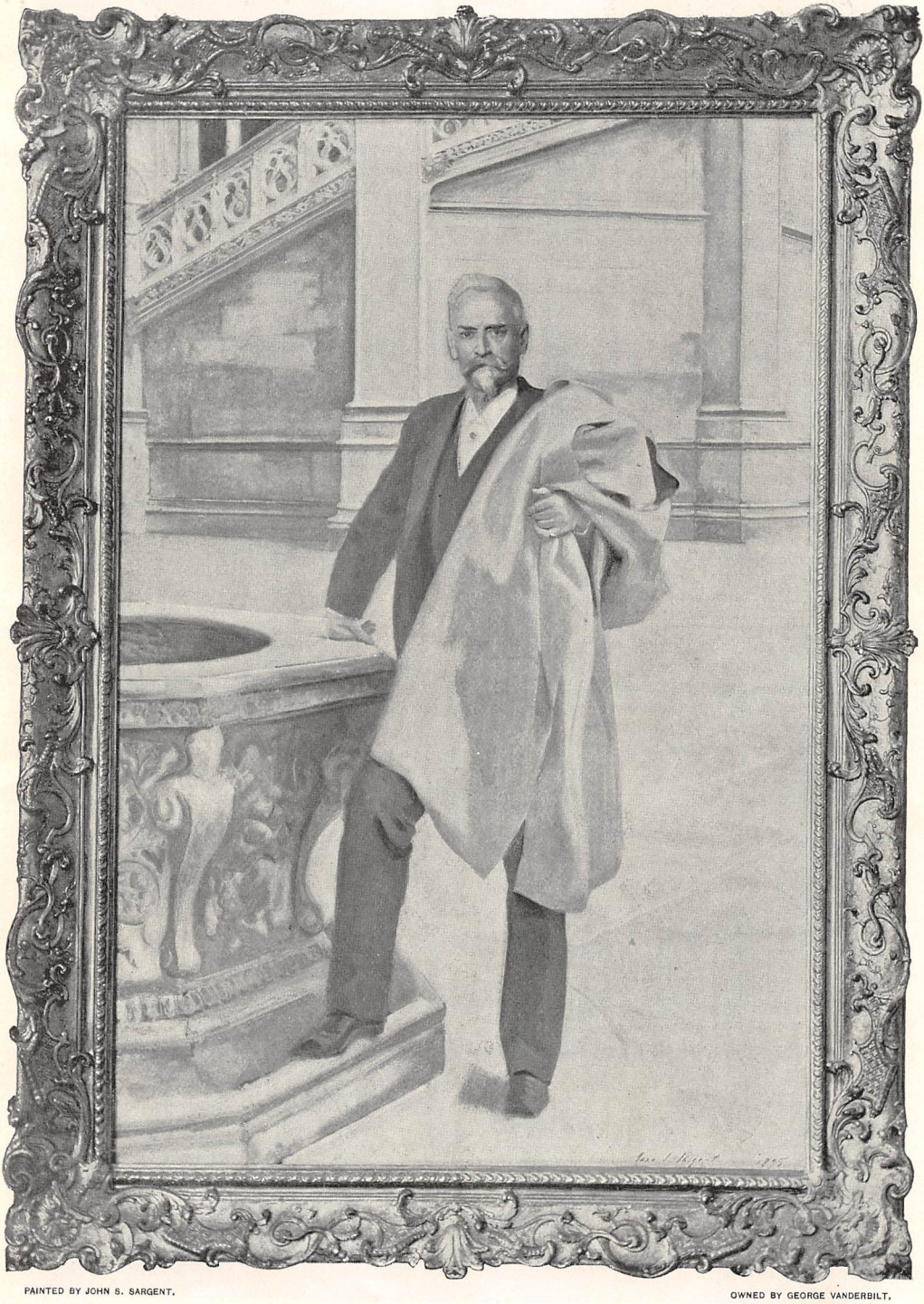
friend and fellow-student in Paris, the well-known portrait-painter, Carroll Beckwith:

It was on a Tuesday or Friday, the days when Carolus came to criticize our work, in the spring of 1874, at the old studio on the Boulevard du Mont-Parnasse. I had a place near the door, and when I heard a knock I turned to open it. There stood a gray-haired gentleman, accompanied by a tall, rather lank youth, who carried a portfolio under his arm, and I guessed that he must be a coming *nouveau*. The gentleman addressed me politely in French, and I replied in the same language, but with less fluency, for I had not been long in Paris myself, telling him that the «patron» was in the studio at the moment, and asking him if they would wait. He evidently saw that I was a fellow countryman, for he then spoke in English, and we held a short conversation in subdued tones; for the school etiquette of course forbade talking while the patron was within the walls. At any other time the visitors might have had a more demonstrative reception. Carolus soon finished his criticism, and I presented my compatriots. Sargent's father explained that he had brought his son to the studio that he might become a pupil; the portfolio was laid on the floor, and the drawings were spread out. We all crowded about to look, and Carolus spoke favorably. He told the young artist that he might enter his class, and when he had departed we all crowded about again to look more closely at the drawings. We were astonished at the cleverness shown in the water-color and pencil work, and his début was considered a most promising one. He made rapid progress from the day he entered the school, and gradually rose to perfection in academic study.

The serious and earnest side of Sargent's character always impressed his fellow-students in those Latin Quarter days. He had no taste for dissipation, though he was by no means puritanical. The lighter side of his temperament found satisfaction in music, the theater, and literature, and in the keen appreciation of everything in the tastes and amusements of the day that had a new or original flavor. Though an eager reader, he was not a bookman, but an observer. «Alert» is the adjective which perhaps best expresses the quality of his predominating characteristic. He was quick to see, and ready to absorb, everything that struck him as novel.

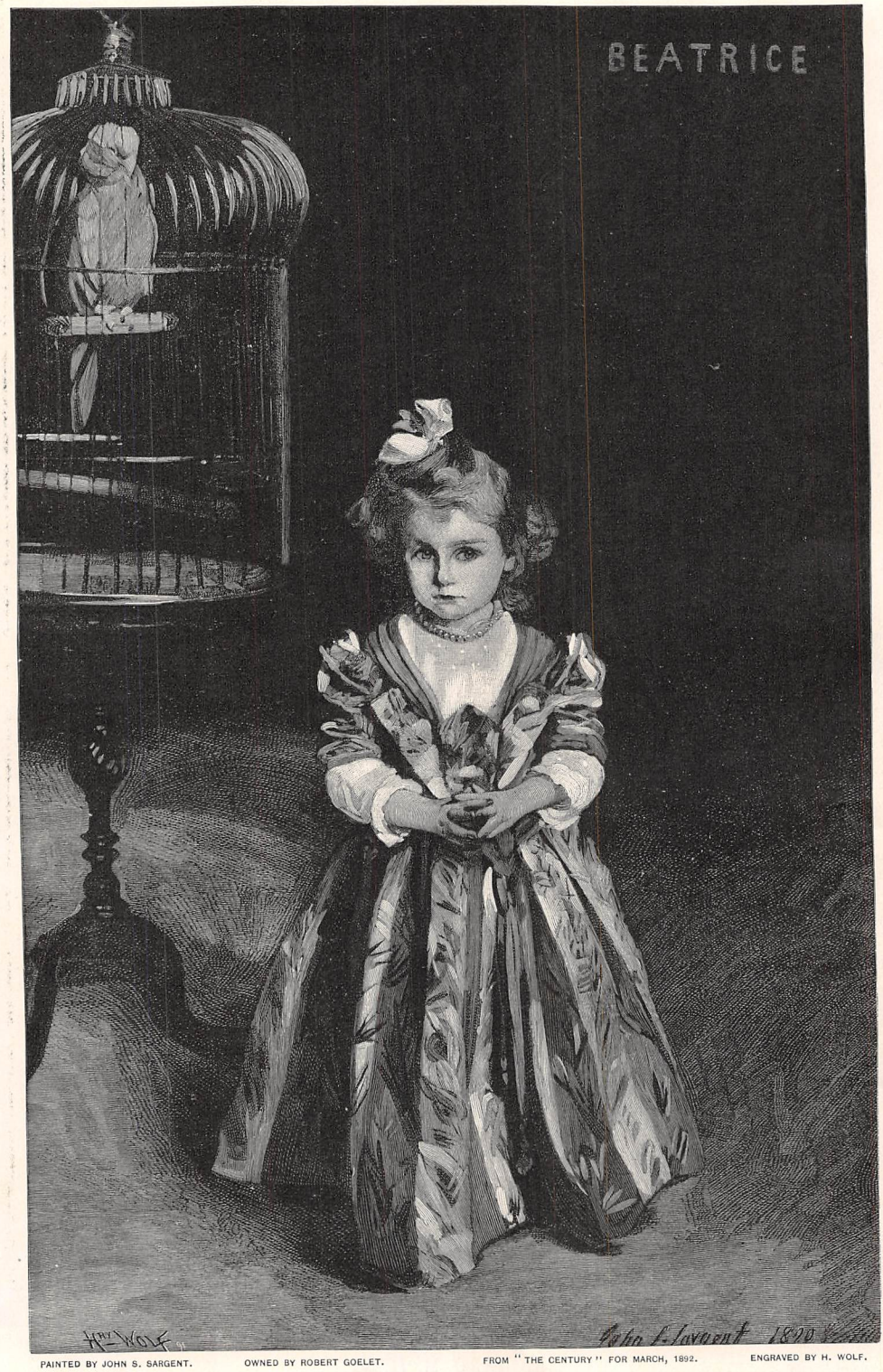
I remember how much we used to like to go to the Colonne concerts at the Châtelet, and to those given by Maître Pasdeloup at the Cirque d'Hiver, on Sunday afternoons. Some of us had heard Berlioz's «Damnation de Faust» at the former place fifteen or sixteen times. Sargent, who dearly loved the music, was struck by the odd picturesqueness of the orchestra at Pasdeloup's, seen in the middle of the amphitheater, the musicians' figures foreshortened from the high point of view on the rising benches, the necks of the bass-viols sticking up above their heads, the white sheets of music illuminated by little lamps on the racks, and the violin-bows moving in unison. While he listened he looked, and one day he took a canvas and painted his impression. He made an effective picture of it, broad, and full of color. Sargent's musical perceptions should be particularly mentioned in an analysis of his temperament, for they are very keen, and his knowledge of good music and his love of it are strong factors in his personality. Another strong temperamental trait is his susceptibility to the impress of race characteristics. He has shown this in the eager grasp of the picturesque, not only in foreign lands, but whenever he met with anything markedly racial in subject for a picture at home. His large canvas, «El Jaleo,» a woman dancing, with a company of Spanish singers and time-makers behind her, and the studies he made of the Javanese dancing-girls at the Paris Exposition of 1889, are among the tangible results of this tendency. Besides his native language, he speaks and writes French, Italian, and German.

Sargent's studio is always a sociable place. Unlike many artists, the presence of visitors or companions does not disturb him when he is painting. He seems to work without obvious exertion even in his intensest activity. «When his models are resting, he fills up the gap by strumming on the piano or guitar,» says one of his friends; «his manner while at work is that of a man of consummate address, and does not show physical or mental effort.» He



PAINTED BY JOHN S. SARGENT. OWNED BY GEORGE VANDERBILT.

RICHARD M. HUNT.



PAINTED BY JOHN S. SARGENT. OWNED BY ROBERT GOELET. FROM "THE CENTURY" FOR MARCH, 1892. ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

PORTRAIT OF MISS BEATRICE GOELET.

knows thoroughly well what he is about and what his capabilities are, so that, while he searches the truth in his pictorial rendering of what is before him, and often repaints a part of his picture entirely in the effort to make it as perfect as possible, he works with confidence. He has never been allied with any revolutionary movements in art, and, while novelty appeals to him in things seen, he shuns all passing crazes or new doctrines. His feeling in art is of the most intense sort. Skill and accomplishment in every field excite his admiration, but his own creed is stable and unaffected by transitory influences. Possibly, in his youthful days, when he made pencil drawings from the heroic figures in the great canvases by Tintoretto, Titian, and Paul Veronese in Venice and Florence, and drew them again from memory to show his comrades in Paris the grandeur of line in these compositions which had so deeply stirred him, he laid the foundations of this stability. This quality has been of much benefit to him. Confronted by one difficult artistic problem after another, he has presented in every case solutions which, though sometimes more complete and more brilliant than others, have been uniformly sound—audacious sometimes, but always sane.

«En Route pour La Pêche» was the title of a picture of modest dimensions signed by John S. Sargent, and exhibited at the Paris Salon of 1878. It represented fisher-girls at Cancale, setting out for their work with their baskets under their arms, and was bright and pleasing in color. It bore a look of cleverness that was unmistakable, but it was no more remarkable than the first picture of many another young painter of right education. In the same year, in the American gallery of the Universal Exposition, Mr. Sargent showed a competent, well-drawn portrait of a lady. At the Salon of 1879 appeared a charming little picture of a young girl among the olive-trees at Capri, and a portrait of Carolus Duran. The latter canvas at once attracted attention, and the jury of award voted an honorable mention to the painter. In 1880 came the «Smoke of Ambergris,» already mentioned, and a portrait of Mme. Pailleron, wife of the celebrated author of «Le monde où l'on s'ennuie.» In 1881 there were two portraits of young ladies, and these were of such merit that the jury decreed a medal of the second class, and so placed the artist *hors concours*. In these successive exhibits there was ample proof of artistic ability, and increasing evidence of individuality of style. In 1882 «El Jaleo,» which is now in the possession of a gentleman in Boston, and the portrait of Miss Louise Burckhardt, which together made Sargent's Salon «exhibition,» drew so much notice that his reputation took on a quality of generally admitted excellence, and his work was considered of such distinction that he was in a fair way to become, if he had not already become, a portrait-painter of fashion in Paris. About this time the studio in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs was given up, and a new and larger one taken on the Boulevard Berthier, on the north bank of the Seine. At the Salon of 1883 a very large canvas, called «Portraits of Children,» in which four little girls were depicted in a spacious hall, evoked high praise from critics and public, more than ever confirming the opinion that Sargent's work possessed the highest sort of qualities, and that he was destined to become a great figure in modern art. In the summer of the same year at her country place at Houlgate he painted the portrait of Mme. Gauthereau, a celebrated Parisian beauty, and exhibited it at the Salon the following spring. It aroused a storm of disapproval. Mme. Gauthereau is painted full-length, in a ball gown of black, the head turned in profile to our view, and, judged merely from a reproduction, the picture is seen to be one of exquisite style. It is certainly masterly in line and general disposition; that much may be seen from a photograph. Painters who have seen the picture speak of its marvelous technical qualities, and of the sensitive drawing of the head. Some of Sargent's friends speak of it as his masterpiece, and others declare that he himself so considers it. But it was severely criticized. The admirers of Mme. Gauthereau talked in the salons and clubs of the extremely poetic type of her beauty, and of the realistic rendering of externals only that this portrait, in their opinion, presented. There was an uproar about it, in fact, and most of the critics took the side of her partizans. The great artistic merits of the work were almost entirely overlooked. That spring Sargent went to London to execute some commissions for portraits, and events have so shaped themselves in his career that he has never since had a studio in Paris.

The village of Broadway, England, is about twelve miles south of Stratford. In 1885 Sargent and other artists were spending the summer there, and their days passed pleasantly with tennis and cricket in their leisure hours. Every day an hour before the sun went down there was commotion in the little colony, for with the last rays came the time when the effect was on for



PAINTED BY JOHN S. SARGENT.

PORTRAIT OF MISS ——.

Sargent's picture of two little girls, children of the draftsman Barnard. They posed in a garden, and everybody lent a hand in lighting paper lanterns, and hanging them in the rose-bushes and shrubbery. Canvas, easel, and paint-box were brought, and all made ready. Then for twenty or thirty minutes, at most, the painter worked assiduously in the twilight. The whole day seemed to lead up to that brief period, so much did every one become interested as the picture grew and its beauty developed. It was finished, and entitled «Carnation Lily, Lily Rose.» Everybody in London saw it the next year at the New Gallery, and it was purchased by the Chantrey Fund, thus finding a permanent place in an English public collection.

The artist now found himself so successfully launched that he took a studio in the British capital, and spent the next two years in painting portraits. In the summer of 1887 he came to the United States (his second visit, for he had spent a short time in Philadelphia during the Centennial Exhibition in 1876) to paint a portrait of Mrs. Henry G. Marquand. This portrait, one of the most dignified and excellent in the long series of his works, was painted at Newport, and the following winter Sargent passed in Boston and in New York painting others. Then the painter went back to London. He returned to America in 1890, and spent nearly a year painting the portraits of Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, and Lawrence Barrett, which hang in the club-house of The Players; the «Carmencita»; the child portrait of «Beatrice»; and a number of others. In the autumn his father died in England, and he took ship from New York. The commission for the Boston decorations had been offered to him, but the order had not yet been definitely given. Just as the steamer was leaving he received the papers, and so it happened that he carried the commission with him, fittingly crowning a most successful year's work in his own country. In the winter of 1891–92 he went to Egypt, and settled down at El Fayoum, where he made a number of studies, and then returned to England. He joined Edwin A. Abbey at Fairford, where they built a studio of corrugated iron, suitable in its dimensions for the handling of large canvases, and during the next two years he worked there on his decorations, retaining his studio in London meanwhile, and painting portraits, among them being that of Miss Ellen Terry. The decorations were brought to Boston in the summer of 1895, and put in place in the library under the artist's supervision. Before returning to England in the autumn Mr. Sargent made a visit to Biltmore, North Carolina, and painted there the portraits of Frederick Law Olmsted and the late Richard Morris Hunt for Mr. George Vanderbilt. The owner of «Biltmore» was happily inspired when he gave the commissions for these portraits of the distinguished men who created his beautiful estate, so that they might hang on his walls as memorials in time to come. Mr. Hunt's striking figure is fittingly portrayed in the courtyard of the house he built, and Mr. Olmsted's poetic face is so faithfully and sympathetically interpreted that his most intimate friends have nothing but praise for the work.

Mr. Sargent was elected a member of the Society of American Artists in 1880; he became an associate of the Royal Academy in 1893; he is a member of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, which holds the Salon of the Champ de Mars, and an associate of the National Academy of Design. When his election as an A. R. A. was talked of in London some time before it came to pass, he is said to have remarked that if it were necessary to become a British subject in order to receive this honor he preferred to do without it, as he would rather retain his American citizenship. He received the election, however, and will probably be made an academician in due time. His list of medals and exhibition honors is a choice one, but it will suffice to note here that, besides being *hors concours* at the Salon, he received a medal of honor at the Paris Exposition of 1889.

III.

A SPECIES of conservatism generally prevents the same enthusiastic praise being given to a work by a living painter that is so often freely accorded to the creations of men who have lived in the past. Books have been written about the works of Titian, Rembrandt, Velasquez, and other great painters of portraits, but I fear that if I say that Mr. Sargent has painted one that deserves to be classed with the works of these masters I shall be thought to have overstepped the mark. Yet I feel sure that posterity will give its judgment in just about such terms. The apprehension that a living painter may, before he comes to the end of his career, fall far below the standard set by some single fine work that he has produced is in part the reason why critics shrink from unstinted praise of the work of their contemporaries. It is so easy to deride them if such a falling off occurs. But if the work justifies the highest word, is it not only fair to say it unhesitatingly? Few great artists have collapsed, but

there have been many whose work has deteriorated, and never again reached a certain high plane once attained in some supreme achievement. I do not think that there is anything in Mr. Sargent's work since he painted the «Beatrice» to lead us to imagine that he may not again paint a portrait as perfect as this, or even a finer one; but all things being considered, and the factor of personal preference being admitted in the judgment, it is the one that I choose as the best, and if limited to a single canvas, the one upon which I should rest his claim to rank with the world's great painters. This little girl, with pale golden hair tied with a pink ribbon, in a gown of silk with stripes of pink and gray, her small hands joined before her with the finger-tips touching, and the cockatoo in his high gilt cage behind her, presents an adorable picture. That the portrait is delicate and harmonious in color, that the figure and accessories are painted with facile grace and sure precision, that it is captivating in aspect, and that it is complete in the sense that nothing may be taken away, changed, or added to—it is easy to say all this, and it is easy to support the assertions before the picture. To explain its great charm is more difficult than to analyze its merits. The charm seems to lie in the marvelous excellence of the painter's handiwork, expressing, as it does so perfectly, the sweet attraction of beautiful childhood. There are other ways of painting than the manner in which this picture is painted. There are certain more naïve ways of interpreting nature, some that appeal more touchingly, perhaps, by a sort of timidity perceptible in the painter's heart, and made seductive by the justness of the final rendering; but nothing better in this particular way could well be accomplished.

Quite different from the «Beatrice,» but potent in the quality of attraction, is the «Portrait of Miss——» (shown on page 176). A characteristic expression is here so rendered in paint as to be almost startling in reality. It is also one of the best examples of his work in composition, and there is great beauty of tone in the black satin gown. In the portrait of «Joseph Jefferson as Dr. Pangloss,» the embodiment of a dramatic rôle, is a picture of live personality (see frontispiece). In that of Miss Dunham there are tenderness of color in the simple painting of the white draperies and sympathetic translation of character. We might go through the whole list of his portraits and find in almost every one of them some distinguishing quality. If we feel impelled to think of prototypes, we may be reminded at times of Velasquez, at other times of Vandyke. The beautiful «Portrait of Mrs. Davis and Her Son,» sober and restrained in color, noble in conception, and painted with a fine swing of the brush, will suggest a comparison with the latter master, as the «Beatrice» does with Velasquez. Again Mr. Sargent turns our thoughts to the English school of the last century, as in the «Portrait of Mrs. Manson.» It bears a general resemblance to the school, but a particular resemblance to none of the painters that belong to it. It is suggestive in style only, and not in treatment; for the loose drawing and conventional construction of the famous English masters have nothing in common with the firm yet graceful strength that marks this charming work.

Mr. Sargent's great success as a painter of portraits is no doubt due to the fact that, in addition to a technical equipment of the highest order, he possesses intuitive perceptions which enable him to grasp his sitters' mental phases. His cultivated eye quickly determines the pose which naturally and easily harmonizes the physical side with the mental, and his artistic feeling dictates unerringly by what attributes of costume and surroundings the picture formed in his mind's eye may be best presented on canvas. He rarely neglects to compose his picture; that is, not only to determine the lines of the figure, but also to fill the canvas and balance it. How much this part of the art counts for in portrait-painting every intelligent painter knows; but how many fail to appreciate it, how many are satisfied with a haphazard arrangement, that suffices to bring the figure within the frame, and leaves balance and symmetry to take care of themselves, may be seen in the numerous portraits in the current exhibitions, both at home and abroad, in which good intention and serious study are shorn of their force by careless composition.

Working with a mastery of his tools and medium surpassed by none of his contemporaries, and bringing to the interpretation of his themes concentration of ideas and facility of expression, Mr. Sargent is peculiarly well fitted to paint portraits. Though he may win high honors in other walks of art, we may hope that different ambitions will never draw him away from this field, in which belong some of the world's greatest masterpieces of painting, and in which he has so clearly proved his right to rank with some of the best of those who have made it bright with their glory.

William A. Coffin.

SIR GEORGE TRESSADY

By Mrs Humphry Ward

Author of "Robert Elsmere" "The History of David Grieve" "Marcella" etc

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

XV.

GEORGE went back to the House, and stayed for half an hour or so, listening to a fine speech from a member of a former Liberal cabinet. The speech was one more sign of the new cleavage of parties that was being everywhere brought about by the pressure of the new collectivism.

«We always knew," said the speaker, referring to a ministry in which he had served seven years before, «that we should be fighting socialism in good earnest before many years were over; and we knew, too, that we should be fighting it as put forward by a Conservative government. The hands are the hands of the English Tory, the voice is the voice of Karl Marx.»

The Socialists sent forth mocking cheers, while the government benches sat silent. The rank and file of the Conservative party already hated the bill. The second reading must go through. But if only some rearrangement were possible without rushing the country into the arms of revolutionists, if it were only conceivable that Fontenoy, or even the old Liberal gang, should form a government and win the country, the committee stage would probably not trouble the House long.

Meanwhile, in the smoking-rooms and lobbies the uncertainties of the coming division kept up an endless hum of gossip and conjecture. Tressady wandered about it all like a ghost, indifferent and preoccupied, careful, above all, to avoid any more talk with Fontenoy. While he was in the House itself he stood at the door or sat in the cross benches, so as to keep a space between him and his leader.

A little before twelve he drove home, dressed hastily, and went off to a house in Berkeley Square, where he was to meet Letty. He found her waiting for him, a little inclined to be reproachful, and eager for her ball. As they drove toward Queen's Gate she chattered to him of her evening, and of the people and dresses she had seen.

«And, you foolish boy,» she broke out, laughing, and tapping him on the hand with her fan, «you looked so glum this morning when I could n't go to see Lady Tressady; and—what do you think? Why, she has been at a party to-night—at a party, my dear!—and *dressed!* Mrs. Willy Smith told me she had seen her at the Webers'.»

«I dare say,» said George, rather shortly; «all the same, this morning she was very unwell.»

Letty shrugged her shoulders, but she did not want to be disagreeable and argue the point. She was much pleased with her dress,—with the last glance of herself that she had caught in the cloak-room looking-glass before leaving Berkeley Square,—and, finally, with this well-set-up, well-dressed husband beside her. She glanced at him every now and then as she put on a fresh pair of gloves. He had been very much absorbed in this tiresome Parliament lately, and she thought herself a very good and forbearing wife not to make more fuss. Nor had she made any fuss about his going down to see Lady Maxwell at the East End. It did not seem to have made the smallest difference to his opinions.

The thought of Lady Maxwell brought a laugh to her lips.

«Oh, do you know, Harding was so amusing about the Maxwells to-day,» she said,

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turning to Tressady in her most good-humored and confiding mood. «He says people are getting so tired of her,—of her meddling and her preaching, and all the rest of it,—and that everybody thinks him so absurd not to put a stop to it. And Harding says that it does n't succeed even—that Englishmen will never stand petticoat government. It 's all very well—they have to stand it in some forms!»

Stretching her slim neck, she turned and gave her husband a tiny flying kiss on the cheek.

Mechanically grateful, George took her hand in his, but he did not make her the pretty speech she expected. Just before she spoke he was about to tell her of his evening—of the meeting, and of his drive home with Lady Maxwell. He had been far too proud hitherto, and far too confident in himself, to make any secret to Letty of what he did. And, luckily, she had raised no difficulties. In truth, she had been too well provided with amusements and flatteries of her own since their return from the country to leave her time or opportunities for jealousy. Perhaps, secretly, the young husband would have been more flattered if she had been more exacting.

But as she quoted Harding something stiffened in him. Later, after the ball, when they were alone, he would tell her—he would try to make her understand what sort of woman Marcella Maxwell was. In his trouble of mind a confused plan crossed his thoughts of trying to induce Lady Maxwell to make friends with Letty. But a touch of that charm, that poetry—he asked no more.

He glanced at his wife. She looked pretty and young as she sat beside him, lost in a pleasant pondering of social successes. But he wondered uncomfortably why she must use such a thickness of powder on her still unspoiled complexion, and her dress seemed to him fantastic, and not over-modest. He had begun to have the strangest feeling about their relation, as though he possessed a double personality, and were looking on at himself and her, wondering how it would end. It was characteristic, perhaps, of his half-developed moral life that his sense of ordinary husbandly responsibility toward her was not strong. He always thought of her as he thought of himself—as a perfectly free agent, dealing with him and their common life on equal terms.

The house to which they were going belonged to very wealthy people, and Letty was looking forward feverishly to the cotillion.

«They say, at the last dance they gave the cotillion gifts cost eight hundred pounds,» she said gleefully to George. «They always do things extraordinarily well.»

No doubt it was the prospect of the cotillion that had brought such a throng together. The night was stifling; the stairs and the supper-room were filled with a struggling mob; and George spent an hour of purgatory wondering at the gaieties of his class.

He had barely more than two glimpses of Letty after they had fought their way into the room. On the first occasion, by stretching himself to his full height so as to look over the intervening crowd, he saw her seated in a chair of state, a mirror in one hand and a lace handkerchief in the other. Young men were being brought up behind her to look into the glass over her shoulder, and she was merrily brushing their images away. Presently a tall, dark fellow, with jet-black mustache and red cheeks, advanced. Letty kept her handkerchief suspended a moment over the reflection in the glass. George could see the corners of her lips twitching with amusement. Then she quietly handed the mirror to the leader of the cotillion, rose, gathered up her white skirt a little, the music struck up joyously, and she and Lord Cathedine spun round the room together, followed by the rest of the dancers.

George, meanwhile, found few people to talk to. He danced a few dances, mostly with young girls in the white frocks of their first season—a species of partner for which, as a rule, he had no affinity at all. But, on the whole, he passed the time leaning against the wall in a corner, lost in a reverie which was a vague compound of this and that, there and here: of the Manx Road school-room, its odors and heats, its pale, uncleanly crowd absorbed in the things of daily bread, with these gay, scented rooms, and this extravagance of decoration, that made even flowers a vulgarity, with these costly cotillion gifts—pins, bracelets, rings—that were being handed round and wondered over by people who had already more of such things than they could wear; of these rustling women, in their silks and diamonds, with that gaunt, stooping image of the loafer's wife, smiling her queer defiance at pain and fate, and letting meddling «lidies» know that without sixteen hours' «settin'» she could not keep her husband and children alive. Stale commonplace, that all the world knows by heart—the squalor of the *pauperum tabernæ* dimming the glory of the *regum turres*. Yet there are only a few men and women in each generation who really pass into the eclipsing shadow of it. Others talk; *they* feel and struggle. There were many elements in Tres-

sady's nature that might seem destined to force him into their company. Yet hitherto he had resolutely escaped his destiny, and enjoyed his life.

About supper-time he found himself near Lady Cathedine, a thin-faced, silent creature, whose eyes suddenly attracted him. He took her down to supper, and spent an exceedingly dull time. She had the air of one pining to talk, to confide herself; yet in practice it was apparently impossible for her to do it. She fell back into monosyllables or gentle banalities, and George noticed that she was always restlessly aware of the movements in the room,—who came in, who went out,—and throwing little frightened glances toward the door.

He was glad, indeed, when his task was over. On their way to the drawing-rooms they passed a broad landing which on one side led out to a balcony, and had been made into a decorated bower for sitting out. At the farther end he saw Letty sitting beside Harding Watton. Letty was looking straight before her, with a flushed and rather frowning face. Harding was talking to her, and, to judge from his laughing manner, was amusing himself, if not her.

George duly found Lady Cathedine a seat, and returned himself to ask Letty whether it was not time to go. He found, however, that she had been carried off by another partner, and could only resign himself to a fresh twenty minutes of boredom. He leaned, against the wall, yawning, and feeling the evening interminable.

Then a Harrow and Oxford acquaintance came up to him, and they chatted for a time behind a stand of flowers that stood between them and one of the doorways to the ball-room. At the end of the dance George saw Lady Cathedine hurrying up to this door with the quick, furtive step that was characteristic of her. She passed on the other side of the flowers, and George heard her say to some one just inside the room:

«Robert, the carriage has come.»

A pause; then a thick voice said in an emphatic undertone:

«D——n the carriage! Go away!»

«But, Robert, you know we *promised* to look in at Lady Tuam's on the way home.»

The thick voice dropped a note lower.

«D——n Lady Tuam! I shall come when it suits me.»

Lady Cathedine fell back, and George saw her cross the landing and drop into a chair beside an old general who was snoozing in a peaceful corner till his daughters should see fit to take him home. The old general took no notice of her, and she sat there, playing with her fan, her rather prominent gray eyes staring out of her white face.

Both George and his friend, as it happened, had heard the conversation. The friend raised his eyebrows in disgust.

«What a brute that fellow is! They have been married four months. However, she was amply warned.»

«Who was she?»

«The daughter of old Wickens, the banker. He married her for her money, and lives upon it religiously. By now, I should think, he has dragged her through every torture that marriage admits of.»

«So soon?» said George, dryly.

«Well,» said the friend, laughing, «no doubt it admits of a great many.»

«I am ready to go home,» said a voice at Tressady's elbow.

Something in the intonation surprised him, and he turned quickly.

«By all means,» he said, throwing an astonished look at his wife, who had come up to him on Lord Cathedine's arm. «I will go and look for the carriage.»

What was the matter, he asked himself, as he ran down-stairs—what was the meaning of Letty's manner and expression?

But by the time he had sent for the carriage the answer had suggested itself. No doubt Harding Watton had given Letty news of that hansom in Pall Mall, and no doubt also—He shrugged his shoulders in annoyance. The notion of having to explain and excuse himself was particularly unpalatable. What a fool he had been not to tell Letty of his East End adventure on their way to Queen's Gate!

He was standing in a little crowd at the foot of the stairs when Letty swept past him in search of her wraps. He smiled at her, but she held her head erect, as though she did not see him.

So there was to be a scene. George felt the rise of a certain inner excitement. Perhaps it was as well. There were a good many things he wished to say.

At the same time the Cathedine episode had filled him with a new disgust for the violences and brutalities to which the very intimacy of the marriage relation may lead. If a scene there was to be, he meant to be more or less frank, and at the same time to keep both himself and her within bounds.

«You can't deny that you made a secret of it from me,» cried Letty, angrily. «I asked you what had been doing in the House, and you

never let me suspect that you had been anywhere else the whole evening.»

«I dare say,» said George, quietly; «but I never meant to make any mystery. Something you said about Lady Maxwell put me off telling you—then. I thought I would wait till we got home.»

They were in George's study—the usual back room on the ground floor, which George could not find time to make comfortable, while Letty had never turned her attention to it. Tressady was leaning against the mantelpiece. He had turned up a solitary electric light, and in the cold glare of it Letty was sitting opposite to him, angrily upright. The ugly light had effaced the half-tones of the face and deepened the lines of it, while it had taken all the grace from her extravagant dress and tumbled flowers. She seemed to have lost her prettiness.

«Something I said about Lady Maxwell?» she repeated scornfully. «Why should n't I say what I like about Lady Maxwell? What does she matter either to you or to me that I should not laugh at her if I please? Everybody laughs at her.»

«I don't think so,» said Tressady, quietly. «I have seen her to-night in a curious and touching scene—in a meeting of very poor people. She tried to make a speech, by the way, and spoke badly. She did not carry the meeting with her, and toward the end it got noisy. As we came out she was struck with a stone, and I got a hansom for her, and drove her home to St. James's Square. We were just turning into the square when Harding saw us. I happened to be with her in the crowd when the stone hit her. What do you suppose I could do but bring her home?»

«Why did you go? and why did n't you tell me at once?»

«Why did I go?» Tressady hesitated, then looked down upon his wife. «Well, I suppose I went because Lady Maxwell is very interesting to watch; because she is sympathetic and generous, and it stirs one's mind to talk to her.»

«Not at all!» cried Letty, passionately. «You went because she is handsome—because she is just a superior kind of flirt. She is always making women anxious about their husbands, under this pretense of politics. Heaps of women hate her, and are afraid of her.»

She was very white, and could hardly save herself from the tears of excitement. Yet what was working in her was not so much Harding Watton's story as this new and strange manner of her husband's. She had sat haughtily silent in the carriage on their way home, fully expecting him to question her—to explain, entreat, excuse himself, as he had generally been ready to do whenever she chose to make a quarrel. But he too said nothing, and she could not make up her mind how to begin. Then, as soon as they were shut into his room, her anger had broken out, and he had not yet begun to caress and appease her. Her surprise had brought with it a kind of shock. What was the matter? Why was she not mistress, as usual?

As she made her remark about Marcella, Tressady smiled a little, and played with a cigarette he had taken up.

«Whom do you mean?» he asked her. «One often hears these things said of her in the vague, and never with any details. I myself don't believe it. Harding, of course, believes anything to her disadvantage.»

Letty hesitated; then, remembering all she could of Harding's ill-natured gossip, she flung out some names, exaggerating and inventing freely. The emphasis with which she spoke reddened all her small face again, and made it hot and common.

Tressady raised his shoulders as she came to the end of her tirade.

«Well, you know I don't believe all that, and I don't think Harding believes it. Lady Maxwell, as you once said yourself, is not, I suppose, a woman's woman. She gets on better, no doubt, with men than with women. These men you speak of are all personal and party friends. They support Maxwell, and they like her. But if some are jealous, I should think they might remember that there is safety in numbers.»

«Oh, that 's all very well; but she wants power, and she does n't care a rap how she gets it. She is a dangerous, intriguing woman, and she just trades upon her beauty!»

Tressady, who had been leaning with his face averted from her, turned round with sparkling eyes.

«You foolish child!» he said slowly; «you foolish child!»

Her lips twitched. She put out a shaking hand to her cloak, which had fallen from her arms.

«Oh, very well. I sha'n't stay here to be talked to like that, so good night.»

He took no notice. He walked up to her, and put his hands on her shoulders.

«Don't you know what it is»—he spoke with a curious imperiousness—«that protects any woman—or any man either, for the matter of that—from Marcella Maxwell's beauty? Don't you know that she adores her husband?»

«That 's a pose, of course, like everything else,» cried Letty, trying to move herself away; «you once said it was.»

«Before I knew her. It 's not a pose; it 's the secret of her whole life.»

He walked back to the mantelpiece, conscious of a sudden rise of inward bitterness.

«Well, I shall go to bed,» said Letty, again half rising. «You might, I think, have had the kindness and the good taste to say you were sorry I should have the humiliation of finding out where my husband spends his evenings from Harding Watton!»

Tressady was stung.

«When have I ever concealed what I did from you?» he asked her hotly.

Letty, who was standing stiff and scornful, tossed her head without speaking.

«That means,» said Tressady, after a pause, «that you don't take my word for it—that you suspect me of deceiving you before to-night?»

Letty still said nothing. His eyes flashed. Then a pang of conscience smote him. He took up his cigarette again, with a laugh.

«I think we are both a pair of babies,» he said, as he pretended to look for matches. «You know very well that you don't really think I tell you mean lies. And let me assure you, my dear child, that fate did not mean Lady Maxwell to have lovers, and that she never will have them. But when that 's said there 's something else to say.»

He went up to her again, and touched her arm.

«You and I could n't have this kind of scene, Letty, could we, if everything was all right?»

Her breast rose and fell hurriedly.

«Oh, I supposed you would want to retaliate—to complain on your side.»

«Yes,» he said deliberately, «I think I do want to complain. Why is it that—I began to like going down to see Lady Maxwell? Why did I like talking to her at Castle Luton? Well, of course it 's pleasant to be with a beautiful person—I don't deny that in the least. But she might have been as beautiful as an angel, and I might n't have cared twopence about her. She has something much less common than beauty. It 's very simple, too; I suppose it 's only sympathy—just that. Everybody feels the same. When you talk to her, she seems to care about it; she throws her mind into yours. And there 's a charm about it; there 's no doubt of that.»

He had begun his little speech meaning to be perfectly frank and honest—to appeal to her better nature and his own. But something stopped him abruptly, perhaps the sudden perception that he was after playing the hypocrite, perhaps the consciousness that he was only making matters worse.

«It 's a pity you did n't say all these things before,» she said, with a hard laugh, «instead of denouncing the political woman, as you used to do.»

He sat down on the arm of the chair beside her, balancing lightly, with his hands in his pockets.

«Did I denounce the political woman? Well, the Lord knows I 'm not in love with her now. It is n't politics, my dear, that are attaching; it 's the kind of human being. Ah, well, don't let 's talk of it; let 's go back to that point of sympathy. There 's more in it than I used to think. Suppose, for instance, you were to try to take a little more interest in my political work than you do. Suppose you were to try to see money matters from my point of view, instead of driving us»—he paused a moment, then went on coolly, lifting his thin, long-chinned face to her, as she stood quivering beside him—«driving us into expenses that will sooner or later be the ruin of us, that rob us, too, of self-respect. Suppose you were to take a little more account, also, of my taste in people. I am afraid I don't like Harding, though he is your cousin, and I don't certainly see why he should furnish our drawing-rooms and empty our purse for us, as he has been doing. Then, as to Lord Cathedine, I 'm really not over particular, but when I hear that fellow 's in the house, my impulse is to catch the nearest hansom and drive away from it. I heard him speak to his wife to-night in a way for which he ought to be kicked down Oxford street; and in general, I should say that it takes the shine off a person to be much seen with Cathedine.»

The calm attitude, the voice, just a shade interrogative, exasperated Letty still more. She too sat down, her cheeks flaming.

«I am *extremely* obliged to you! You really could n't have been more frank. I am sorry that *nothing* I do pleases you. You must be quite sorry by now you married me; but really, I did n't force you. Why should I give up my friends? You know very well you won't give up Lady Maxwell.»

She looked at him keenly, her little foot beating the ground. George started.

«But what is there to give up?» he cried. «Come and see her yourself; come with me, and make friends with her. You would be quite welcome.»

But as he spoke he knew that he was talking absurdly, and that Letty had reason for her laugh.

«Thank you! Lady Maxwell made it *quite* plain to me at Castle Luton that she did n't want my acquaintance. I certainly sha'n't force myself upon her any more. But if you 'll give up going to see her—well, perhaps I 'll see what can be done to meet your wishes; though, of course, I think all you say about Harding and Lord Cathedine is just unreasonable prejudice.»

George was silent. His mind was torn between the pricks of a conscience that told him Letty had in truth, as far as he was concerned, a far more real grievance than she imagined, and a passionate intellectual contempt for the person who could even distantly imagine that Marcella Maxwell belonged to the same category as other women, and was to be won by the same arts as they. At last he broke out impatiently:

«I cannot possibly show discourtesy to one who has been nothing but kindness to me, as she is to scores of others—to old friends like Edward Watton, or new ones like—»

«She wants your vote, of course,» threw in Letty, with an excited laugh. «*Either* she is a flirt—*or* she wants your vote. Why should she take so much notice of you? She is n't your side; she wants to get hold of you, and it makes you ridiculous. People just laugh at you and her.» She turned upon him passionately. A little more, and the wish to say the wounding, venomous thing would have grown like a madness upon her. But George kept his self-possession.

«Well, they may laugh,» he said, with a strong effort to speak good-humoredly; «but politics are n't managed like that, as you and they will find out. Votes are not so simple as they sound.»

He got up and walked away from her as he spoke. As usual, his mood was beginning to cool. He saw no way out. They must both accept the *status quo*. No radical change was possible. It is character that makes circumstance, and character is inexorable.

«Well, of course I did n't altogether believe that you would really be such a fool, and wreck all your prospects,» said Letty, violently, her feverish eyes intent the while on her husband and on the thin fingers once more busied with the cigarette. «There, now! I think we have had enough of this. It does n't seem to have led to much, does it?»

«No,» said George, coolly; «but perhaps we shall come to see more alike in time. I don't want to tyrannize—only to show you what I think. Shall I carry up your cloak for you?»

He approached her punctiliously. Letty gathered her wraps upon her arm in disdainful silence, warding him off with a gesture. As he opened the door for her she turned upon him:

«You talk of my extravagance, but you never seem to consider what you might do to make up to me for the burden of being your mother's relative. You expect me to put up with the annoyance and ridicule of belonging to her, and to let her spend all your money besides. I give you fair warning that I sha'n't do it. I shall try and spend it on my side, that she sha'n't get it.»

She was perfectly aware that she was behaving like a vixenish child, but she could not restrain herself. This strange new sense that she could neither bend nor conquer him was becoming more than she could bear.

George looked at her, half inclined to shake her first, and then insist on making friends. He thought that he could probably assert himself with success if he tried. But the impulse failed him. He merely said, without any apparent temper, «Then I shall have to see if I can invent some way of protecting both myself and you.»

She flung herself through the door, and almost ran through the long passage to the stairs, in a sobbing excitement. A sudden thought struck George as he stood looking after her. He pursued her, caught her at the foot of the stairs, and held her arm strongly.

«Letty, I was n't to tell you, but I choose to break my promise. Don't be too cruel, my dear, or too angry. My mother is dying!»

She scanned him deliberately, the flushed face, the signs of strongly felt yet strongly suppressed emotion. The momentary consciousness flew through her that he was at bottom a very human, impressionable creature; that if she could but have broken down and thrown herself on his neck, this miserable evening might open for both of them a new way. But her white heat of passion was too strong. She pushed him away.

«She made you believe that this morning? Then I 'd better hurry up at Ferth, for of course it only means that there will be a fresh list of debts directly.»

He let her go, and she heard him walk quickly back to his study and shut the door. She stared after him triumphantly for a moment, then rushed up-stairs.

In her room her maid was waiting for her. Grier's sallow face and gloomy eyes showed considerable annoyance at being kept up so late. But she said nothing, and Letty, who in general was only too ready to admit the woman to a vulgar familiarity, for once held her tongue. Her state of excitement and ex-

haustion, however, was evident, and Grier bestowed many furtive examining glances upon her mistress in the course of the undressing. She thought she had heard «them» quarreling on the stairs. What a pity she had been too tired and cross to listen!

Of course they must come to quarreling. Grier's sympathies were tolerably impartial. She had no affection for her mistress, and she cordially disliked Sir George, knowing perfectly well that he thought ill of her. But she had a good place, and meant to keep it if she could; to which end she had done her best to strengthen a mean hold on Letty. Now, as she was brushing out Letty's brown hair, and silently putting two and two together the while, an idea occurred to her which pleased her.

After Grier had left her, Letty could not make up her mind to go to bed. She was still pacing up and down the room in her dressing-gown when she heard a knock—Grier's knock.

«Come in!»

«Please, my lady,» said Grier, appearing with something in her hand, «does n't this belong to your photograph-box? I found it on the floor in Sir George's dressing-room this morning.»

Letty hastily took it from her, and, in spite of an instant effort to control herself, the red flushed again into a cheek that had been very pale when Grier came in.

«Where did you find it?»

«It had tumbled off Sir George's table, I think,» said Grier, with elaborate innocence; «some one must have took it out of your photo-box.»

«Thank you,» said Letty, shortly. «You may go, Grier.»

The maid went, and Letty was left standing with the photograph in her hands.

Two days before, Tressady had been in Edward Watton's room in St. James's street, and had seen this amateur photograph of Marcella Maxwell and her boy on Watton's table. The poetic charm of it had struck him so forcibly that he had calmly put it in his pocket, telling the protesting owner that he, in his rôle of great friend, could easily procure another, and must beware of a grudging spirit. Watton had laughed and submitted, and Tressady had carried off the picture, honestly meaning to present it to Letty for a collection of contemporary «beauties» she had just begun to make.

Later in the day, as he was taking off his coat to dress for dinner, Tressady drew out the photograph. A sudden instinct, which he himself could hardly have explained, made him delay handing it over to Letty. He thrust it into the top tray of his collar-and-shirt wardrobe. Two days later the butler, coming in a hurry before breakfast to put out his master's clothes, shook the photograph out of the folds of the shirt, where it had hidden itself, without noticing what he had done. The picture slipped between the wardrobe and the wall of the recess in which it stood, was discovered later in the day by the housemaid, and given to Lady Tressady's maid.

Letty laid the photograph down on the dressing-table, and stood leaning upon her hands looking at it. Marcella was sitting under one of the cedars of Maxwell Court, with her boy beside her. A fine corner of the old house made a background, and the photographer had so dealt with his picture as to make it a whole full of significance, and culminating in the two faces—the sensitive, speaking beauty of the mother, the sturdy strength of the child. Marcella had never looked more wistful, more attaching. It was the expression of a woman at rest, in the golden moment of her life, yet conscious—as all happiness is conscious—of the common human doom that nothing escapes. Meanwhile the fine, lightly furrowed brow above the eyes spoke of action and power; so did the strong waves of black hair blown back by the breeze. A noble, strenuous creature, yet quivering through and through with the simplest, most human instincts. So one must needs read her, as one looked from the eyes to the eager clasp of the arm about the boy.

Letty studied it as though she would pierce and stab it with looking. Then, with a sudden wild movement, she took up the picture and tore it into twenty pieces. The pieces she left strewn on the floor, so that they must necessarily strike the eye of any one coming into the room. In a few more minutes she was in bed, lying still and wakeful, with her face turned away from the door.

About an hour afterward there was a gentle knock at her door. She made no answer, and Tressady came in. He stepped softly, thinking she was asleep, and presently she heard him stop, with a stifled exclamation. She made no sound, but from his movement she guessed that he was picking up the litter on the floor. Then she heard it thrown into the basket under her writing-table, and she waited, holding her breath.

Tressady walked to a far window, drew a curtain back softly, and stood looking out at the starlight over the deserted street. Once,

finding him so still, she ventured a hasty glance at him over the edge of the sheet. But she could see nothing. After a time he turned and came to his accustomed place beside her. In twenty minutes at latest she knew, much to her chagrin, that he was asleep.

She herself had no sleep. She was stung to wakefulness by that recurrent sense of the irrevocable which makes us say to ourselves in wonder, «How can it have happened? Two hours ago—such a little while—it had not happened!» And the mind clutches at the bygone hour, so near, so eternally distant—clutches at its ghost, in vain.

Yet it seemed to her now that she had been jealous from the first moment when she and George had come into contact with Marcella Maxwell. During the long hours of this night her jealousy burned through her like a hot pain—jealousy mixed with reluctant memory. Half consciously she had always assumed that it had been a piece of kindness on her part to marry George Tressady at all. She had almost condescended to him. After all, she had played with ambitions so much higher! At any rate, she had taken for granted that he would always admire and be grateful to her; that in return for her pretty self she might at least dispose of him and his as she pleased.

And now what galled her intolerably was this discernment of the way in which, at least since their honeymoon, he must have been criticizing and judging her—judging her by comparison with another woman. She seemed to see at a glance the whole process of his mind, and her vanity writhed under it.

How much else than vanity? As she turned restlessly from side to side, possessed by plans for punishing George, for humiliating Lady Maxwell, and avenging herself, she said to herself that she did not care, that it was not worth caring about, that she would either bring George to his senses or manage to amuse herself without him.

But in reality she was held, tortured and struggling all the time, in the first grip of that masterful hold wherewith the potter lifts his clay when he lays it on the eternal whirring of the wheel.

XVI.

THE newspapers of the morning following these events—that is to say, of Saturday, July 5—gave very lively accounts of the East End meeting, at which, as some put it, Lady Maxwell «had got her answer» from the East End mob. The stone-throwing, the blow, the woman, and the cause, were widely discussed that same day throughout the clubs and drawing-rooms of Mayfair and Belgravia, no less than among the clubs and «publics» of the East End; and the guests at country-house parties, as they hurried out of town for the Sunday, carried the gossip of the matter far and wide. The Maxwells went down alone to Brookshire, and the curious visitors who called in St. James's Square «to inquire» came away with nothing to report.

«A put-up thing, the whole business,» said Mrs. Watton indignantly to her son Harding, as she handed him the «Observer» on the Sunday morning, in the dining-room of the family house in Tilney street. «Of course a little martyrdom just now suits her book excellently. How that man *can* let her make him a laughing-stock in this way—»

«A laughing-stock?» said Harding, smiling. «Not at all. Don't spoil your first remark, mother. For, of course, it is all practical politics. The handsomest woman in England does n't give her temple to be gashed for nothing. You will see what her friends will make out of it—and out of the brutal violence of our mob.»

«Disgusting!» said Mrs. Watton, playing severely with the lid of the mustard-pot that stood beside her.

She and Harding were enjoying a late breakfast *tête-à-tête*. The old squire had finished long before, and was already doing his duty with a volume of sermons in the library up-stairs, preparatory to going to church. Mrs. Watton and Harding, however, would accompany him thither presently, for Harding was a great supporter of the Establishment.

The son raised his shoulders at his mother's adjective.

«What I want to know,» he said, «is whether Lady Maxwell is going to bag George Tressady or not. He brought her home from the meeting on Friday.»

«Brought her home from the meeting? George Tressady?»

Mrs. Watton raised her masculine head, and frowned at her son, as though he were in some sense personally responsible for this unseemly fact.

«He has been haunting her in the East End for weeks. I got that out of Edward. But, of course, one knew that was going to happen as soon as one saw them together at Castle Luton. She throws her flies cleverly, that woman!»

«All I can say is,» observed Mrs. Watton, ponderously, «that in any decent state of society such a woman would be banned.»

Harding rose, and stood by the open window caressing his mustache. He had long known that his mother, in spite of her general ability, had no wit, but only a kind of forcibleness.

«It seems to me,» his mother resumed, after a pause, «that some one at least should give Letty a hint.»

«Oh, Letty can take care of herself,» said Watton, laughing. He might have said, if he had thought it worth while, that somebody had already given Letty a hint. Tressady, it appeared, disliked him. Well, people that disliked you were fair game. However, in spite of Tressady's dislike, he had been able to amuse himself a good deal with Letty and Letty's furnishing during the last few months. Harding, who prided himself on the finest of tastes, liked to be consulted; he liked anything, also, that gave him importance, if it were only with the master of a curiosity-shop; and under cover of Letty's large dealings he had carried off various spoils of his own for his rooms in the Temple—spoils which were not to be despised—at a very moderate price indeed.

«Who could have thought George Tressady would be such a weak creature,» said his mother, rising, «when one remembers how Lord Fontenoy believed in him?»

«And does still believe in him, more or less,» said Harding; «but Fontenoy will have to be warned.»

He looked at the clock to see if there was time for a cigarette before church, lighted it, and, leaning against the window, gazed toward the hazy park with a meditative air.

«Do you mean there is any question of his ratting?» said his mother.

Harding raised his eyebrows.

«Well, no; hardly anything so gross as that. But you can see all the spirit has gone out of him. He does no work for us. The party gets nothing out of him.»

Harding spoke as if he had the party in his pocket. His mother looked at him with a severely concealed admiration. There were few limits to her belief in Harding. But it was not her habit to flatter her sons.

«What makes one so mad,» she said, as she sailed toward the door in a stiff rustle of Sunday brocade, «is the way in which the people who admire her talk of her. When one thinks that all this 'slumming,' and all this stuff about the poor, only means keeping her husband in office, and surrounding herself with a court of young men, it turns one sick.»

«My dear mother, we must all have our little amusements,» said Harding, indulgently. «Don't forget, besides, that Lady Maxwell provides me with a deal of good copy.»

And after his mother had left him he smoked on, thinking with pleasure of an article of his on «The Woman of the Slums,» packed with allusions to Marcella Maxwell, which was to appear in the next number of the paper that he and Fontenoy were now running. Harding was not the editor. He disliked drudgery and office hours, and his father was good for enough to live upon. But he was a powerful adviser in the conduct of the new journal, and wrote, perhaps, the smartest articles.

The paper, indeed, was written by the smartest people conceivable, and had achieved the smartest combinations. «Liberty» was its catchword, but the employer must be absolute. To care or think about religion was absurd; but whoso threw a stone at the Established Church, let him die the death. There were only three crimes worth considering, and to be gibbeted on all occasions. The first was the crime of «doing good»; for no one ever supposed he could do his neighbor any «good» but a prig and a fool. The second was like unto it, and was known as the idiocy of «culture for the people.» To help a man who had toiled his ten or twelve hours in the mill or the mine to read Homer or Dante in the evening—that was the unpardonable sin, which struck at the roots of the State. Harding and his crew had required a good deal of help in their time toward the reading of those authors; that, however, was only their due, and in the order of the universe. The same universe had sent the miner below to dig coals for his betters, while Harding Watton went to college.

But the last and worst demerit in the eyes of Harding and his set was that old primitive offense that Cain already found so hard to bear. Half the violence which the new paper had been lavishing on Maxwell—apart from passionate conviction of the Fontenoy type, which also spoke through it—sprang from this source. Maxwell, in spite of his obvious drawbacks, threatened to succeed, to be accepted, to take a large place in English political life. And his wife, too, reigned and had her way without the help of clever young men who write. There was the sting. Harding, at any rate, found it intolerable.

MEANWHILE, in spite of newspapers to right of it and newspapers to left of it, the political coach clattered on.

The following day—Monday—was a day of early arrivals, packed benches, and much ex-

citement in the House of Commons; for the division on the second reading was to be taken after the Home Secretary's reply on the debate. Dowson was expected to get up about ten o'clock, and it was thought that the division would be over by eleven.

On this afternoon and evening Fontenoy was ubiquitous. At least, so it seemed to Tressady. Whenever one put one's head into the smoking-room or the library, whenever one passed through the lobby, or rushed on to the terrace for ten minutes' fresh air, Fontenoy's great brow and rugged face were always to be seen, and always in fresh company.

The heterogeneous character of the opposition with which the government was confronted, the conflicting groups and interests into which it was split up, offered large scope for the intriguing, contriving genius of the man. And he was spending it lavishly. The small eyes were less perceptible, the circles round them more saucer-like, than ever.

Meanwhile George Tressady had never been so keenly aware as on this critical afternoon that his party had begun to drop him out of its reckonings. Consultations that would once have included him as a matter of course were going on without him. During the whole of this busy day Fontenoy even had hardly spoken to him; the battle was leaving him on one side.

Well, what room for bitterness?—though, with the unreason that no man escapes, he was not without bitterness. He had disappointed them as a debater, and in other ways what had he done for them since Whitsuntide? No doubt, also, the mention of his name in the reports of the Mile End meeting had not been without its effect. He believed that Fontenoy's personal regard for him still held. Otherwise he was beginning to feel himself placed in a tacit isolation.

What wonder! During the dinner-hour he found himself in a corner of the library, dreaming over a biography of Lord Melbourne. Poor Melbourne! in those last tragic years of waiting and pining, every day expecting the proffer of office that never came, and the familiar recognition that would be his no more. But Melbourne was old, and had had his day.

«I wanted to speak to you,» said a hoarse voice over his shoulder.

«Say on, and sit down,» said George, smiling, and pushing forward a chair beside him. «I should think you 'll want a week's sleep after this.»

«Have you got some time to spare this week?» said Fontenoy, as he sat down.

George hesitated.

«Well, no. I ought to go down to the country immediately, and see after my own affairs and the strike before committee begins. There is a meeting of coal-owners on Wednesday.»

«What I want would n't take long,» said Fontenoy, persistently, after a pause. «I hear you have been going round workshops lately.»

His keen, peremptory eyes fixed his companion.

«I had a round or two with Everard,» said George. «We saw a fair representative lot.»

The thought that flashed through Fontenoy's mind was, «Why the deuce did n't you speak of it to me?» Aloud he said with impatience:

«Representing what Everard chose to show, I should think. However, what I want is this. You know the series of extracts from reports that has been going on lately in the ‹Chronicle›?»

George nodded.

«We want something done to correct the impression that has been made. You and I know perfectly well that the vast majority of workshops work factory hours and an average of four and a half days a week. You have just had personal experience, and you can write. Will you do three or four signed articles for the ‹Haymarket Reporter› this week or next? Of course the office will give you every help.»

George considered.

«I think not,» he said presently, looking up. «I should n't do it well. Perhaps I have become too aware of the exceptions—the worst cases. Frankly, the whole thing has become more of a problem to me than it was.»

Fontenoy moved and grunted uneasily.

«Does that mean,» he said at last, in his harshest manner, «that you will feel any difficulty in—»

«In voting? No; I shall vote right enough. I am all for delay. This bill does n't convince me any more than it did. But I don't want to take a strong public part just at present.»

The two men eyed each other in silence.

«I thought there was something brewing,» said Fontenoy at last.

«Well, I 'm not sorry to have had these few words,» was George's reply, after a pause. «I wanted to tell you that, though I shall vote, I don't think I shall speak much more. I don't believe I 'm the stuff people in Parliament ought to be made off. I shall be remorseful presently for having led you into a mistake.» He forced a smile.

«I made no mistake,» said Fontenoy, grimly,

and departed; then, as he walked down the corridor, he completed his sentence: «except in not seeing that you were the kind of man to be made a fool of by women.»

First of all, a hasty marriage with a silly girl who could be no help to him or to the cause; now, according to Watton (who had called upon Fontenoy that morning, at his private house, to discuss various matters of business), the Lady Maxwell fever in a pronounced form. Most likely. It was the best explanation.

The leader's own sense of annoyance and disappointment was considerable. There was no man for whom he had felt so much personal liking as for Tressady since the fight began.

SOMEWHERE before midnight the division on the second reading was taken, amid all those accompaniments of crowd, expectation, and commotion, that are usually evoked by the critical points of a contested measure. The majority for the government was forty-four —less by twenty-four votes than its normal figure.

As the cheers and counter-cheers subsided, George found himself borne into the lobby with the crowd pouring out of the House. As he approached the door leading to the outer lobby a lady in front of him turned. George received a lightning impression of beauty, of a kind of anxious joy, and recognized Marcella Maxwell.

She held out her hand.

«Well, the first stage is over,» she said.

«Yes, and well over,» he said, smiling. «But you have shed a great many men already.»

«Oh, I know—I know. The next few weeks will be intolerable; one will feel sure of nobody.» Then her voice changed—took a certain shyness. «A good many people from here are coming down to us at Mile End during the next few weeks, to meet workers of different kinds. I think it will be interesting. Will you come some time, and bring Lady Tressady?»

«Thank you,» said George, rather formally. «It is very kind of you.» Then, in another voice, «And you are really none the worse?»

His eyes sought the injured temple, and she instinctively put up her hand to the black wave of hair that had been drawn forward so as to conceal the mark.

«Oh, no. That boy was not an expert, luckily. How absurd the papers have been!»

George shook his head.

«I don't know what else one could expect,» he said, laughing.

«Not at all.» The flush mounted in the delicate hollow of the cheek. «Why should there be any more fuss about a woman's being struck than a man? We don't want any of this extra pity and talk.»

«Human nature, I am afraid,» said George, raising his shoulders. Did she really suppose that women could mix in the political fight on the same terms as men—could excite no more emotion there than men? Folly!

Then Maxwell, who was standing behind her, came forward, greeted Tressady kindly, and they talked for a few minutes about the evening's debate. The keen look of the elder scanned the younger's face and manner the while with some minuteness. As for George, his dialogue with the minister, at which more than one passer-by threw looks of interest and amusement, gave him no particular pleasure. Maxwell's qualities were not of the kind that specially appealed to him; nor was he likely to attract Maxwell. Nevertheless, he could have wished their ten minutes' talk to last interminably, merely because of the excuse it gave him to be near her, played upon by her movements and her tones. He talked to Maxwell of speeches and votes and little incidents of the day. And all the time he knew how she was surrounded; how the crowd that was always gathering about her came and went; with whom she talked; above all, how that eager, sensitive charm, which she had shown in its fullness to him,—perhaps to him only, beside her husband, of all this throng,—played through her look, her voice, her congratulations, and her dismays. For had he not seen her in distress and confusion—seen her in tears, wrestling with herself? His heart caressed the thought like a sacred thing all the time that he was aware of her as the center of this political throng—the adored, detested, famous woman, typical in so many ways of changing custom and of an expanding world.

Then, in a flash as it were, the crowd had thinned, the Maxwells had gone, and George was running down the steps of the members' entrance into the rain outside. He seemed to carry with him the scent of a rose—the rose she had worn on her breast, and his mind was tormented with the question he had already asked himself: «How is it going to end?»

He pushed on through the wet streets, lost in a hundred miseries and exaltations. The sensation was that of a man struggling with a rising tide, carried helplessly in the rush and swirl of it. Yet conscience had very little to say, and when it did speak got little but contempt for its pains. What had any clumsy code, social or moral, to do with it? When

would Marcella Maxwell, by word or look or thought, betray the man she loved? Not till

> A' the seas gang dry, my dear,
> An' the rocks melt wi' the sun.

How he found his way home he hardly knew, for it was a moment of blind crisis with him. All that crowded, dramatic scene of the House, its lights, its faces, its combinations, had vanished from his mind. What remained was a group of three people, contemplated in a kind of terror—terror of what this thing might grow to. Once, in St. James's street, the late hour, the soft, gusty night, suddenly reminded him of that other gusty night in February, when he had walked home after his parting with Letty, so well content with himself and the future, and had spoken to Marcella Maxwell for the first time amid that little crowd in the Mall. Nothing had been irreparable then. He had his life in his hands.

As for this passion that was creeping into all his veins, poisoning and crippling all his vitalities, he was still independent enough of it to be able to handle it with the irony it deserved. For it was almost as ludicrous as it was pitiable. He did not want any man of the world—any Harding Watton—to tell him that.

What amazed him was the revelation of his own nature that was coming out of it. He had always been rather proud to think of himself as an easy-going fellow with no particular depths. Other men were proud of a «storm period,» of feasting and drinking deep; made a pose of it. Tressady's pose had been the very opposite. Out of a kind of good taste he had wished to take life lightly, with no great emotion; and marriage with Letty had seemed to satisfy this particular canon.

Now, for the first time, certain veils were drawn aside, and he knew what this hunger for love and love's response can do with a man—could do with *him*, were it allowed its scope.

Had Marcella Maxwell been another woman, less innocent, less secure!

As it was, Tressady no sooner dared to give a sensuous thought to her beauty than his own passion smote him back, bade him beware lest he should be no longer fit to speak and talk with her, actually or spiritually. For in this hopeless dearth of all the ordinary rewards and encouragements of love he had begun to cultivate a sort of second or spiritual life, in which she reigned. Whenever he was alone he walked with her, consulted her, watched her dear eyes, and the soul playing through them. And so long as he could maintain this dream he was conscious of a sort of dignity, of reconciliation with himself; for the passions and tragedies of the soul always carry with them this dignity, as Dante, of all mortals, knew first and best.

But he could not long maintain the dream. It would break down, overwhelmed by very natural concrete thoughts—longing for what he could never have, impatient despair as to his marriage, remorse toward Letty, scornful disgust with himself.

Now, as he turned into Upper Brook street and mounted his own steps, he could think only of the problem which the house contained for him. What was he to do with it? What relation was he going to establish with his wife through all these years that stretched so interminably before them?

During the three days which had passed since their quarrel their common life had been such a mere confusion of jars and discomforts that George's hedonist temper was almost at the end of its patience; yet so far, he thought, he had not done badly in the way of forbearance. After the first moment of angry disgust, he had said to himself that the tearing up of the photograph was a jealous freak which Letty had a right to if it pleased her. At any rate, he had made no comment whatever upon it, and had done his best to resume his normal manner with her the next day. She had been, apparently, only the more enraged, and although there had been no open quarreling since, her cutting, contemptuous little airs had been very hard to bear. Nor was it possible for George to ignore her exasperated determination to have her own way in the matter both of friends and expenses.

As he took his latch-key out of the lock, and turned up the electric light, he saw two handsome marquetry chairs standing in the hall. He went to look at them in some perplexity. Ah, no doubt they had been sent as specimens. Letty had grown dissatisfied with the chairs originally bought for the dining-room. He remembered having heard her say something about a costly set at a certain Asher's, that Harding had found.

He studied them for a few moments, his mouth tightening. Then, instead of going upstairs, he went into his study, and sat down at his table to write a letter.

Yes; he had better go off to Staffordshire by the early train, and this letter, which he would put upon her writing-desk in the drawing-room, should explain him to Letty.

The letter was long and candid, yet by no means without tenderness.

«I have written to Asher,» it said, «to direct him to send in the morning for the chairs I found in the hall. They are too expensive for us, and I have told him that I will not buy them. I need not say that in writing to him I have avoided every word that could be annoying to you. If you would only trust me, and consult me a little about such things, trifles as they are, life just now would be easier than it is.»

Then he passed to a very frank statement of their financial position, and of his own steady resolve not to allow himself to drift into hopeless debt. The words were clear and sharp, but not more so than the course of the preceding six weeks made absolutely necessary. And their very sharpness led him to much remorseful kindness at the end. No doubt she was disappointed both in him and in his circumstances; and certainly differences had developed between them that they had never foreseen at the time of their engagement. But to «make a good thing» of living together was never easy. He asked her not to despair, not to judge him hardly. He would do his best, and if she would only give him back her confidence and affection all might be well. He would let no one stand between them if she would promise the same.

He closed the letter, and then paced restlessly about the little room for a time. It seemed to him that he was caught in a vise —that neither happiness, nor decent daily comfort, nor even the satisfactions of ambition, were ever to be his.

Next day he was off to Euston before Letty was properly awake. She found his letter waiting for her when she descended, and spent the day in a pale excitement. Yet by the end of it she had pretty well made up her mind. She would have to give in on the money question. George's figures and her natural shrewdness convinced her that the ultimate results of fighting him in this matter could only be more uncomfortable for herself than for him. But as to her freedom in choosing her own friends, or as to her jealousy of Lady Maxwell, she would never give in. If George had ceased to court his wife, then he could have nothing to say if she looked for the amusement and admiration that were her due from other people. There was no harm in that. Everybody else did it, and she was not going to be pretty and young for nothing. Whereupon she sat down and wrote a line to Lord Cathedine to tell him that she and «Tully» would be at the opera on the following night, and to beg him to make sure that she got her «cards for Clarence House.» Moreover, she meant to make use of him to procure her a card for a very smart ball, the last of the season, which was coming off in a fortnight. That could be arranged, no doubt, at the opera.

GEORGE returned from the North in a few days, looking, if possible, thinner and more careworn than when he went. He had found the strike a very stubborn business. Burrows was riding the storm triumphantly; and while upon his own side Tressady looked in vain for a «man,» there was a dogged determination to win among the masters. George's pugnacity shared it fully. But he was beginning to ask himself a number of questions about these labor disputes which, apparently, his co-employers did not ask themselves. Was it that here, no less than in matters that concerned the bill before Parliament, *her* influence, helped by the power of an expanding mind, had developed in him that fatal capacity for sympathy, for the double-seeing of compromise, which takes from a man all the joy of battle?

Letty, at any rate, was not troubled by anything of the sort. When he came back he found that she was ready to be on fairly amicable terms with him. Moreover, she had postponed the more expensive improvements and changes she had begun to make at Ferth against his will; nor was there any sign of the various new purchases for the London house with which she had threatened him. On the other hand, she ceased to consult him about her own engagements, and she let him know, though without any words on the subject, that she had entirely broken with his mother—would neither see her nor receive her. As her attitude on this point involved, or apparently must involve, a refusal to accept her husband's statement made solemnly under strong emotion, George's pride took it in absolute silence. No doubt it was her revenge upon him for their crippled income—and for Lady Maxwell.

The effect of her behavior on this point was to increase his own pity for his mother. He told her frankly that Letty could not get over the inroads upon their income and the shortening of their resources produced by the Shapetsky debt, just at a time when they should have been able to spend, and were already hampered by the state of the coal trade. It would be better that she and Letty should not meet for a time. He would do his best to make it up.

Lady Tressady took his news with a curious equanimity.

«Well, she always hated me,» she said; «I

don't exactly know why—and was a little jealous of my gowns, too, I think. Don't mind, George; I must say it out. You know, she does n't really dress very well, Letty does n't. Though, my goodness, the bills! Wait till you see them before you call me extravagant. You should make her go to that new woman—what do they call her? She 's a darling, and such a style! Never mind about Letty; you need n't bother. I dare say she is n't very nice to you about it. But if you don't come and see me I shall cut my throat, and leave a note on the dressing-table. It would spoil your career dreadfully, so you 'd better take care.»

But, indeed, George came without any pressing almost every day. He saw her in her bursts of gaiety and affectation, when the habits of a lifetime asserted themselves as strongly as ever, and he saw her in her moments of pain and collapse, when she could hide the omens of inexorable physical ill neither from herself nor him. By the doctor's advice, he ceased to press her to give in, to resign herself to bed and invalidism. It was best, even physically, to let her struggle on; and he was both astonished and touched by her pluck. She had never been so repellent to him as on those many occasions in the past when she had feigned illness to get her way. Now that Death was really knocking, the half-gay, half-frightened defiance with which she walked the palace of life, one moment listening to the sounds at the gate, the next throwing herself passionately into the revelry within, revealed to the son a new fact about her—a fact of poetry unutterably welcome.

Even her fawning dependents, the Fullertons, ceased to annoy him. They were poor parasites, but she thought for them, and they professed to love her in return. She had emptied her life of finer things; but this relation of patron and flatterer, such as it was, did something to fill the vacancy, and George made no further effort to disturb it.

It was surprising, indeed, how easily, as the weeks went on, he came to bear many of those ways of hers which had once set him most on edge—even her absurd outbursts of affection toward him, and preposterous praise of him in public. In time he submitted even to being flown at and kissed before the Fullertons. Amazing into what new relations that simple perspective of the end will throw all the stuff of life!

Meanwhile he discovered that she was actually trying to be economical in silly, spasmodic ways; and it looked like an attempt to thank him for giving her so much more of his time. He took notice of it by providing her with one or two invalid luxuries which, as she had rather ostentatiously announced, she could not provide for herself. To his surprise, she received them in a kind of anger, showing a disposition to cry. But he could not get out of her what she meant.

In Parliament the weeks rushed by. The first and comparatively non-contentious sections of the bill passed with a good deal of talk and delay. George spoke once or twice, without expecting to speak, instinctively pleasing Fontenoy where he could. They had now but little direct intercourse. But George did not feel that his leader had become his enemy, and was not slow to recognize a magnanimity he had not foreseen. Yet, after all, he had not offered the worst affront to party discipline. Fontenoy could still count on his vote. As to the rest of his party, he saw that he was to be finally reckoned as a «crank,» and let alone.

It was not, he found, altogether to be regretted. The position gave him a new freedom of speech. Meanwhile he and Marcella Maxwell rarely met. Week after week passed, and still Tressady avoided those gatherings at the Mile End house, of which he heard full accounts from Edward Watton. He once formally asked Letty if she would go with him to one of Lady Maxwell's East End «evenings,» and she, with equal formality, refused. But he did not take advantage of her refusal to go himself. Was it fear of his own weakness, or compunction toward Letty, or the mere dread of being betrayed into something at once ridiculous and irreparable?

At the same time, it was surprising how often during these weeks he had occasion to pass through St. James's Square. Once or twice he saw her go out or come in, and sometimes was near enough to catch the sudden smile and look which surely must be the smile and look she gave her friends, and not to every passing stranger. Once or twice, also, he met her for a few minutes in the lobby, or on the terrace, but always in a crowd. She never repeated her invitation. He divined that she was, perhaps, vexed with herself for having seemed to press the point on the night of the second reading.

July drew to an end. The famous «workshop clause» had been debated for nearly ten days, the whole country, as it were, joining in. One evening in the last week of the month Naseby and Lady Madeleine were sitting together in a corner of a vast drawing-room in Carlton House Terrace. The drawing-room was Mrs.

Allison's. She had returned about a fortnight before from Bad Wildheim, and was now making an effort, for the boy's sake, to see some society. As she moved about the room in her black silk and lace, she was more gentle, but in a sense more inaccessible, than ever. She talked with every one, but her eyes followed her son's auburn head, with its strange upstanding tufts of hair above the fair, freckled face, or they watched the door, even when she was most animated. She looked ill and thin, and the many friends who loved her would have gladly clung about her and cherished her. But it was not easy to cherish Mrs. Allison.

«Do you see how our hostess keeps a watch for Fontenoy?» said Naseby, in a low voice, to Lady Madeleine.

Madeleine turned her startled face to him. Nature had given her this hunted look—the slightly open mouth, the wide eyes, of one who perpetually hears or expects bad news. Naseby did not like it, and had tried to laugh her out of her scared ways before this. But he had no sooner laughed at her than he found himself busy—to use Watton's word—in «stroking» and making it up to her, so tender and clinging was the girl's whole nature, so golden was her hair, so white her skin.

«Is n't it the division news she is expecting?»

«Yes; but don't look so unhappy. She will bear up, even if they are beaten; and they will be beaten. Fontenoy's hopes have been going down. The government will get through this clause, at all events, by a shave.»

«What a fuss everybody is making about this bill!»

«Well, you don't root up whole industries without a fuss. But, certainly, Maxwell has roused the country finely.»

«*She* will break down if it goes on,» said Lady Madeleine, in a melancholy voice.

Naseby laughed.

«Not at all. Lady Maxwell was made for war; she thrives on it. Don't you, too, enjoy it?»

«I don't know,» said the girl, drearily. «I don't know what I was made for.»

And over her feather fan her wide eyes traveled to the distant ogress figure of her mother, sitting majestical in black wig and diamonds beside the Russian ambassador. Naseby's also traveled thither—unwillingly. It was a disagreeable fact that Lady Kent had begun to be very amiable to him of late.

Lady Madeleine's remark made him silent a moment. Then he looked at her oddly.

«I am going to offend you,» he said deliberately; «I am going to tell you that you were made to wear white satin and pearls, and to look as you look this evening.»

The girl flushed hotly.

«I knew you despised women,» she said in a strained voice, staring back at him reproachfully. During her months of distress and humiliation she had found her only comfort in «movements» and «causes»—in the moral aspirations generally—so far as her mother would allow her to have anything to do with them. She had tried, for instance, to work with Marcella Maxwell—to understand her.

But Naseby held his ground.

«Do I despise women because I think they make the grace and poetry of the world?» he asked her. «And, mind you, I don't draw any lines. Let them be county councilors and guardians and inspectors and queens as much as they like. I 'm very docile. I vote for them; I do as I 'm told.»

«Only you don't think that I can do anything useful.»

«I don't think you 're cut out for a ‹platform woman,› if that 's what you mean,» he said, laughing; «even Lady Maxwell is n't. And if she was, she would n't count. The women who matter just now (and you women are getting a terrible amount of influence—more than you 've had any time this half-century) are the women who sit at home in their drawing-rooms, wear beautiful gowns, and attract the men who are governing the country to come and see them.»

«Lady Maxwell does n't sit at home and wear beautiful gowns.»

«I vow she does!» said Naseby, with spirit. «I can vouch for it. I was caught that way myself; not that I belong to the men who are governing the country. And now she has roped me to her chariot for good and all. Ah, Ancoats, how do you do?»

He got up to make room for the master of the house as he spoke. But as he walked away he said to himself, with a kind of delight, «Good! She did n't turn a hair.»

Lady Madeleine, indeed, received her former suitor with a cool dignity that might have seemed impossible to any one so plaintively pretty. He lingered beside her, twirling his carefully pointed mustache, that matched the small Richelieu chin, and looking at her with a furtive closeness from time to time.

«Well, so you have just come back from Paris?» she said indifferently.

«Yes; I stayed a day or two after my mother. One did n't want to come back to this dull hole.»

«Did you see the new piece at the Français?»

He made a face.

«Not I. One could n't be caught by such *vieux jeu* as that. There was a splendid woman in one of the cafés chantants—but I suppose you don't go to cafés chantants?»

«No,» said Madeleine, eying him over her fan with a composure that astonished herself—«no; I don't go to cafés chantants.»

Ancoats looked blank a moment, then resumed with fervor:

«This woman 's divine—*épatant!* Then, at the Chat Noir—but—ah! well, perhaps you don't go to the Chat Noir?»

«No; I don't go to the Chat Noir.»

He fidgeted for a minute. She sat silent. Then he said:

«There are some new French pictures in the next room. Will you come and see them?»

«Thank you; I think I 'll stay here,» she said coldly.

He lingered another second or two, then departed. The girl drew a long breath, then instinctively turned her white neck to see if Naseby had really left her. Strange! he too from far away was looking round. In another moment he was making his way slowly back to her.

«AH, there 's Tressady! Now for news.»

The remark was Naseby's. He and Lady Madeleine were, as it happened, inspecting the very French pictures that the girl had just refused to look at in Ancoats's company.

But now they hurried back to the main drawing-room, where the Tressadys were already surrounded by an eager crowd.

«Eighteen majority,» Tressady was saying. «The Socialists saved it at the last moment, after growling and threatening till nobody knew what was going to happen. Forty Ministerialists walked out, twenty more, at least, were away unpaired, and the old Liberals voted against the government to a man.»

«Oh! they 'll go—they 'll go on the next clause,» said an elderly peer, whose ruddy face glowed with delight. «Serve them right, too. Maxwell's whole aim is revolution made easy. The most dangerous man we have had for years. Looks so precious moderate, too, all the time. Tell me, how did Slade vote after all?»

And Tressady found himself buttonholed by one person after another; pressed for the events and incidents of the evening—how this person had voted, how that; how ministers had taken it; whether, after this Pyrrhic victory, there was any chance of the bill's withdrawal, or, at least, of some radical modification in the coming clauses. Almost every one in the crowded room belonged, directly or indirectly, to the governing political class. Barely three people among them could have given a coherent account of the bill itself; but to their fathers and brothers and cousins would belong the passing or the destroying of it. And in this country there is no game that amuses so large a number of intelligent people as the political game.

«I don't know why he should look so d—d excited over it,» said Lord Cathedine to Naseby, in a contemptuous aside, with a motion of the head toward Tressady, showing pale and tall above the crowd. «He seems to have voted straight this time, but he 's as shaky as he can be. You never know what that kind of fellow will be up to. Ah, my lady! and how are you?»

He made a low bow, and Naseby, turning, saw young Lady Tressady advancing.

«Are you, too, talking politics?» said Letty with affected disgust, giving her hand to Cathedine, and a smile to Naseby.

«We will now talk of nothing but your scarlet gown,» said Cathedine in her ear. «Amazing!»

«You like it?» she said, with nonchalant self-possession. «It makes me look dreadfully wicked, I know.» And she threw a complacent glance at a mirror near, which showed her a gleam of white shoulders in a setting of flame-colored tulle.

«Well, you would n't wish to look good,» said Cathedine, pulling his black mustache. «Any fool can do that!»

«You cynic!» she said, laughing. «Come and talk to me over there. Have you got me my invitations?»

Cathedine followed, a disagreeable smile on his full lips, and they settled themselves in a corner out of the press. Nor were they disturbed by the sudden hush and parting of the crowd, when, five minutes later, amid a general joyous excitement, Fontenoy walked in.

Mrs. Allison forgot her usual dignity, and hurried to meet the leader as he came up to her, with his usual flushed and haggard air.

«Magnificent!» she said tremulously. «Now you are going to win.»

He shook his head, and would hardly let himself be congratulated by any of the admirers, men or women, who pressed to shake hands with him. To most of them he said impatiently that it was no good hallooing till one was out of the wood; that, for his own part, he had expected more, and that the government might very well rally on the next clause.

Then, when he had effectively chilled the enthusiasm of the room, he drew his hostess aside.

«Well, and are you happier?» he said to her in a low voice, his whole expression changing.

«Oh, dear friend, don't think of me!» she said, putting out a thin hand to him with a grateful gesture. «Yes, the boy has been very good; he gives me a great deal of his time. But how can one *know*—how can one possibly know?»

Her pale, small face contracted with a look of pain. Fontenoy, too, frowned as he looked across at Ancoats, who was leaning against the wall in an affected pose, and quoting bits from a new play to George Tressady.

After a pause he said:

«I think if I were you I should cultivate Tressady. Ancoats likes him. It might be possible some time for you to work through him.»

The mother assented eagerly; then said, with a smile:

«But I gather you don't find him much to be depended on in the House.»

Fontenoy shrugged his shoulders.

«Lady Maxwell has bedeviled him somehow. You 're responsible.»

«Poor Castle Luton! You must tell me how it and I can make up. But you don't mean that there is any thought of his going over?»

«His vote 's all safe—I suppose. He would make too great a fool of himself if he failed us there. But he has lost all heart for the business. And Harding Watton tells me it 's all her doing. She has been taking him about in the East End—getting her friends to show him round.»

«And *now* you are in the mood to put the women down—to show them their place?»

She looked at him with gentle humor, a very delicate, high-bred figure, in her characteristic black and white. Fontenoy's whole aspect changed as he caught the reference to their own relation. The look of premature old age, of harsh fatigue, was for the moment effaced by something young and ardent as he bent toward her.

«No; I take the rough with the smooth. Lady Maxwell may do her worst. We have the countercharm.»

A flush showed itself in her lined cheek. She was fourteen years older than he, and had refused a dozen times to marry him; but she would have found it hard to live without his devotion, and she had brought him by now into such good order that she dared to let him know it.

Half an hour later George and Letty mounted another palatial staircase, and at the top of it Letty put on fresh smiles for a new hostess. George, tired out with the drama of the day, could hardly stifle his yawns; but Letty had treated the notion of going home after one party when they might, if they pleased, «do» four, with indignant amazement.

So here they were at the house of one of the greatest of bankers, and George stalked through the rooms in his wife's train, taking comparatively little part in the political buzz all about him, and thinking mostly of a hurried little talk with Mrs. Allison that had taken up his last few minutes in her drawing-room. Poor thing! But what could he do for her? The lad was as stage-struck as ever; could barely talk sense on any other subject, and not much on that.

But if he, owing to the clash of an inner struggle, was weary of politics, the world in general could think and speak of nothing else. The rooms were full of politicians and their wives, of members just arrived from the House, of ministers smiling at each other with lifted eyebrows, like boys escaped from a birching. A tempest of talk surged through the rooms—talk concerned with all manner of great issues, with the fate of a government, the rousing of a country, the fortunes of individual statesmen. Through it all the little host himself, a small, fair-haired man, with the tired eyes and hothouse air of the financier, walked about from group to group, gossiping over the incidents of the division, and now and then taking up some new-comer to be introduced to his pretty and fashionable wife.

Somewhere in the din George stumbled across Lady Leven, who was talking merrily to young Bayle, and found her, notwithstanding, very ready to turn and chat with him.

«Of course, we are all waiting for the Maxwells,» she said to him. «Will they come, I wonder?»

«Why not?»

«Do people show on their way to disaster? I think I should stay at home if I were she.»

«Why, they have to hearten their friends.»

«No good,» said Betty, pursing her pretty lips; «and they have fought so hard.»

«And may win yet,» said George, an odd sparkle in his eye, as he stood looking over his tiny companion to the door. «Nobody is sure of anything, I can tell you.»

«I don't believe *you* care,» she said audaciously, shaking her golden head at him.

«Pray, why?»

«Oh! you don't seem at all desperate,» she

said coolly. «Perhaps you 're like Frank: you think the other side make so much better points than you do. ‹If Dowson makes another speech,› Frank said to me yesterday, ‹I vow I shall rat.› There 's a way of talking of your own chiefs! Oh, I shall have to take him out of politics!»

And she unfurled her fan with a jerk half melancholy, half decided. Then suddenly a laugh flashed over her face; she raised herself eagerly on tiptoe.

«Ah, bravo!» she said. «Here they are!»

George turned with the crowd, and saw them enter, Marcella first, in a blaze of diamonds, then the quiet face and square shoulders of her husband.

Nothing, he thought, could have been better than the manner in which both bore themselves as they passed through the throng, answering the greetings of friend and foe, and followed by the keen or hostile scrutiny of hundreds. There was no bravado, no attempt to disguise the despondency that must naturally follow on a division so threatening and in many ways so wounding. Maxwell looked gray with fatigue and short nights, while her black eyes passed wistfully from friend to friend, and had never been more quick, more responsive. Their cause was in danger; nevertheless, the impression on Tressady's mind was of two people consciously in the grip of forces infinitely greater than they—forces that would hold on their path whatever befell their insignificant mortal agents.

> I steadier step when I recall,
> Howe'er I slip, thou canst not fall.

So cries the thinker to his mistress Truth. And in the temper of that cry lies the secret of brave living. One looker-on, at least,—and that an opponent,—recalled the words as he watched Marcella and her husband taking their way through the London crowd, amid the doubts of their friends and the half-concealed triumph of their foes.

It seemed to him that he could have no chance of speech with her. But presently, from the other side of the room, he saw that she had recognized and was greeting him, and, do what he would, he must needs make his way to her.

She welcomed him with great friendliness, and without a word of small reproach on the score of the weeks he had let pass without coming to see her. They fell into talk about the speeches of the evening. George thought he could see that she, or Maxwell speaking through her, was dissatisfied with Dowson's conduct of the bill in the House, and chafing under the constitutional practice that made it necessary to give him so large a share in the matter. But she said nothing ungenerous; nor was there any bitterness toward the many false friends who had deserted them that night in the division lobby. She spoke with eager hope of a series of speeches Maxwell was about to make in the North, and then she turned upon her companion.

«You have n't spoken since the second reading—on any of the fighting points, at least. I have been wondering what you thought of many things.»

George threw his head back against the wall beside her, and was silent a moment. At last he said, looking down upon her:

«Perhaps very often I have n't known what to think.»

She started, reddened ever so little. «Does that mean»—she hesitated for a phrase—«that you have moved at all on the main question?»

«No,» he said deliberately,—«no; I think as I always did—that you are calling in law to do what law can't do. But perhaps I appreciate better than I once did what provokes you to it. It seems to me difficult now to meet the case your side is putting forward by a mere *non possumus*. One wants to stop the machine a bit, and think it out. So much I admit.»

She met his smile with a curious, tremulous look. Instinctively he guessed that this partial triumph in him of her cause—of Maxwell's cause—had let flow some inner fount of feeling.

«If you only knew,» she said, «how all this parliamentary rush and clatter seem to me beside the mark. People talk to me of divisions and votes. I think all the time of persons I know—of faces of children—sick-beds, horrible rooms.»

She had turned her face from the crowd toward the open window, in the recess of which they were standing. As she spoke they both fell back a little into comparative solitude, and he drew her on to talk, trying in his kindness, in a young, eager way, to make her rest, to soothe her weariness and disappointment. And as she spoke he clutched at the minutes: he threw more and more sympathy at her feet to keep her talking, to enchain her there beside him, in her lovely whiteness and grace. And, mingled with it all, was the happy guess that she liked to linger with him; that, amid all this hard clamor of public talk and judgment, she felt him a friend in a peculiar sense, a friend whose loyalty grew with misfortune.

As for this wild-beast world that was thwarting and libeling her, he began to think of it with a blind, up-swelling rage—a desire to fight and win for her, to put down—

«Tressady, your wife sent me to find you. She wishes to go home.»

The voice was Harding Watton's. That observant young man advanced bowing, and holding out his hand to Lady Maxwell.

When Marcella had drifted once more into the fast-melting crowd George found himself face to face with Letty. She was very white, and stared at him with wide, passionate eyes.

And on the way home George, with all his efforts, could not keep the peace. Letty flung at him a number of bitter and insulting things that he found very hard to bear.

«What do you wish me to do?» he said to her at last, impatiently. «I have hardly spoken six sentences to Lady Maxwell since the meeting till to-night—I suppose because you wished it. But neither you nor any one else shall make me rude to her. Don't be such a fool, Letty! Make friends with her, and you will be ashamed of saying, or even thinking, such things.»

Whereat Letty burst into hysterical tears, and he soon found himself involved in all the remorseful, inconsequent speeches to which a man in such a plight feels himself driven. She allowed herself to be calmed, and they had a dreary making up. When it was over, however, George was left with the uneasy conviction that he knew very little of his wife. She was not of a nature to let any slight to her go unpunished. What was she planning? What would she do?

(To be continued.)

Mary A. Ward.

THE RETURN.

NOW at last I am at home—
Wind abeam and flooding tide,
And the offing white with foam,
And an old friend by my side
Glad the long, green waves to ride.

Strange how we 've been wandering
Through the crowded towns for gain,
You and I who loved the sting
Of the salt spray and the rain
And the gale across the main!

What world honors could avail
Loss of this—the slanted mast,
And the roaring round the rail,
And the sheeted spray we cast
Round us as we seaward passed?

As the sad land sinks apace,
With it sinks each thought of care;
Think not now of aging face;
Question not the whitening hair:
Youth still beckons everywhere.

And the light we thought had fled
From the sky-line glows there now;
Bends the same blue overhead;
And the waves we used to plow
Part in beryl at the bow.

Hours like this we two have known
In the old days, when we sailed
Seaward ere the night had flown,
Or the morning star had paled
Like the shy eyes love has veiled.

Round our bow the ripples purled,
As the swift tide outward streamed
Through a hushed and ghostly world,
Where our harbor reaches seemed
Like a river that we dreamed.

Then we saw the black hills sway
In the waters' crinkled glass,
And the village wan and gray,
And the startled cattle pass
Through the tangled meadow-grass.

Through the glooming we have run
Straight into the gates of day,
Seen the crimson-edged sun
Burn the sea's gray bound away—
Leap to universal sway.

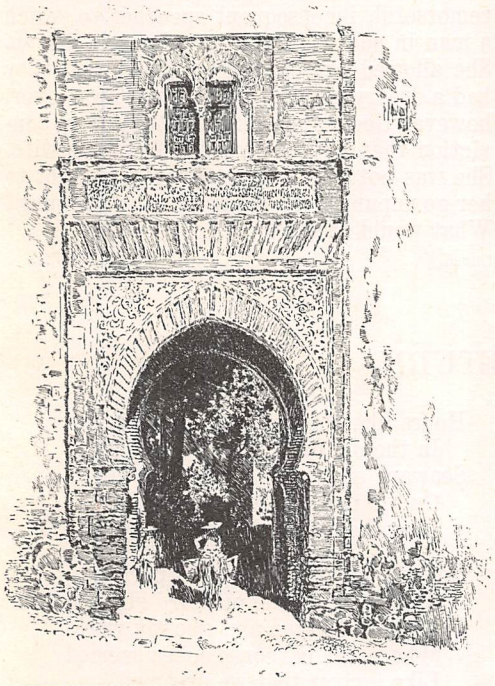
Little cared we where we drove
So the wind was strong and keen.
Oh, what sun-crowned waves we clove!
What cool shadows lurked between
Those long combers pale and green!

Gray-beard pleasures are but toys;
Sorrow shatters them at last:
For this brief hour we are boys;
Trim the sheet and face the blast;
Sail into the happy past!

L. Frank Tooker.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE ALHAMBRA.

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE GATE OF THE VINE.

I.

WHOEVER has dreamed the journey to Spain before making it, as Mr. Henley says of Borrow, knows that the best and quickest route is along that «northwest passage of romance» which leads to the fair spice country of Nowhere. For the Fortunate Isles may be passed by the way, and Avilion, and the garden paradise of Morgan le Fay; and Don Quixote is ever at hand to play the guide, or any one of the long-haired, red-waistcoated poets of the «Cénacle,» or a hundred others as inconsequent and picturesque. And in the land where the traveler is set ashore all life 's a dance to the strumming of guitars and the click of castanets.

The journey conducted by Bradshaw and Murray requires more serious thought and careful preparation. Perhaps that was why, even after we had actually started for Andalusia, our plans were still vague. We had determined upon nothing, though we hoped, once we were there, to follow the gray roads and stony tracks that go beckoning and winding through «vistas of change and adventure»; on mules, perhaps, or on bicycles, or in a diligence, or on foot, or in any fashion that did not mean dependence upon the railroad and other approved carriages of the Cook's tour.

II.

IT was July, and we had arrived at Malaga from Marseilles by water. The town lay white and shining under a barren amphitheater of mountains. Between it and the *Vinuesa* was a great stretch of hot, hazy, shimmering, sunlit water, over which little boats, each with white awning up, pulled out to meet us. We had read in Mr. Hare's «Wanderings in Spain» of the extortion and shocking manners of Malaga's boatmen; the same story was in Murray, with an added warning to keep our temper. But we had no trouble.

Once we had landed, and on the open quay J. had unstrapped and unlocked all our bags for a customs officer, who was too lazy to look into them; and at the Hotel Victoria the landlord had given us a large, clean, airy, brick-floored bedroom, for which he asked less than the guide-book told us to beat him down to; we were free, without further delay or bother, to make our plans and be off on the road at any moment we chose.

But first of all we went out to have a look at Malaga. Who was it said that sight-seeing is the art of disappointment? Surely we had not come all this way to the town of Hamet el Zegri, to walk through brand-new, wide streets, lined with big modern shops and clubs and cafés. The huge interior of the cathedral was unimpressive. The broken walls of the old Moorish fortress stood on the top of far too high a hill to be climbed in the staring sunshine of a July day. And even Murray could direct us to nothing else but a plain, bare church, where the banner of St. Ferdinand is said to hang, which we found fast shut; and an old Moorish arch, now neatly restored; and a river, dried up by the blazing sun of a tropical summer, with a railway track

running down the middle of its bed, between groups of wooden shanties. We met women in black lace mantillas, or else in long, pointed shawls, a gay flower stuck in their hair, and men with clean-shaven faces, in low, broad-brimmed hats and wide red belts. We saw plenty of donkeys in bright, gaudy trappings, but this was all the costume. We ought to have known better than to expect more. Still, somehow, its absence added to the grayness of our first impression.

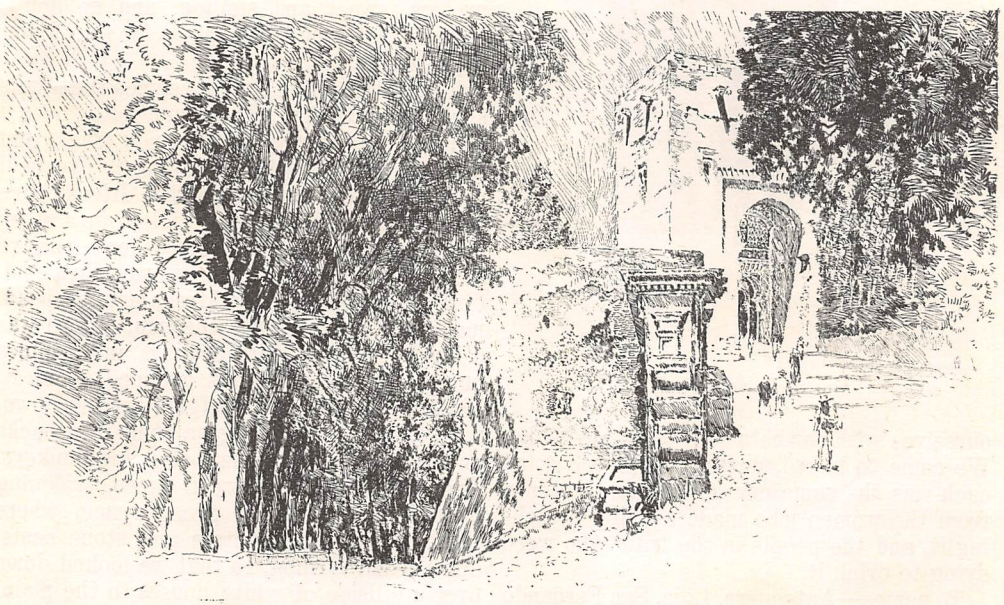
Altogether, Malaga was so hot and dull that it seemed a capital place to start from. But how? That was what we had now to decide, and it was far too hot to think. The one sensible, because the easiest, plan, we felt would be to take the first train the next day for Granada, and to wait until we were in the Sierra Nevada, cool under their «eternal snows,» to begin our journey into the land of adventure.

We had come to this conclusion by the time we sat down to the hotel table d'hôte with a large company of men, mostly fanning themselves with little paper fans, and a few women, as pale as De Musset's Andalouse. For dinner we had *puchero*, the national mess of boiled beef and sausage, and those big peas, *garbanzos*, that try to be beans and succeed only too well, and *gaspacho*, the floating salad which you eat with a spoon from a soup-plate, and red wine of Valdepeñas, with its classical but abominable flavor of pigskin. And the waiters, when they had a minute, smoked cigarettes, and so did the landlord as he passed between the tables; and there was more genuine character in that one dinner than in all the rest of Malaga put together.

Afterward not a single open-air café in the stifling town was to be found, and when we sat inside the airiest, as near the window as we could get, beggars tapped us on the shoulder and pulled us by the sleeve. In the Alameda, when we came to it, a crowd was gathering under trees already withered and burned up in the scorching heat. As we watched them walking up and down, up and down the long dusty place under the fast-dying foliage, their amusement seemed vastly innocent and harmless. But we had no word evil enough for it after we had gone to bed. For our hotel stood at one end of the Alameda, and there, all the night through, under our windows, men and women chattered and laughed, while we tossed and tumbled as we tried in vain to sleep. Their noise only made us long the more to be off and away to the wayside inn, standing alone and silent in the starlight, where so many of our coming nights were to be spent.

III.

THE Spanish train usually starts either in the middle of the night or somewhere about daybreak. Malaga was just going to sleep in the dawn as we got up, and when we bumped to



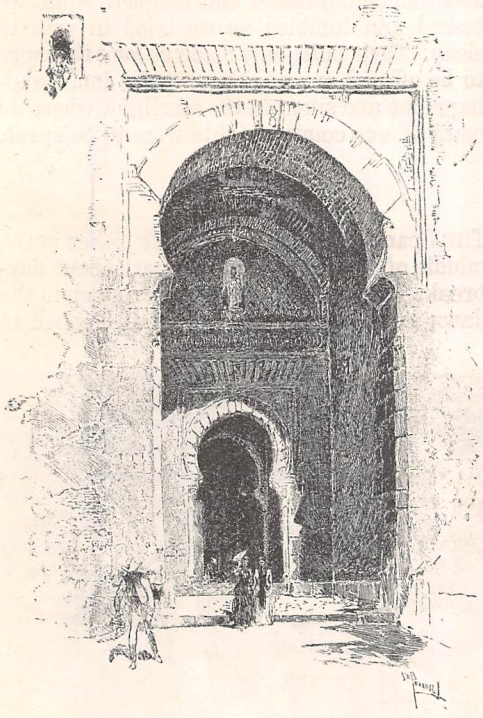
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE ROAD UP TO THE ALHAMBRA.

the station in the hotel coach, a yellow diligence, drawn by eight jingling mules, dashed past us in a whirlwind of dust. That was the way to be traveling in Spain!

Our train first dawdled across a green plain full of fig-trees and palms and strange tropical shrubs and trees, the horizon shut in by a belt of rugged hills. But at the other end of a tunnel we came right into the mountains, by the side of the great cañon of the Alpujarras, grim, bare, terrible.

It was fiery hot. It was noon when we reached the junction of Bobadilla, where we turned eastward toward Granada. The carriage seemed a furnace, its wood was fire to our touch, the air that came through the windows was burning. The country was scorched to a cinder; the mountains glittered in the heat; the shadeless towns quivered in a hot haze like a mirage. We lay back, panting, fanning



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE GATE OF JUSTICE.

ourselves with our hats and our guide-books. We came to baked, dust-driven stations; at each was the same cry of «Water! water!» from the women who made a living by selling it, and the people in the train who were dying to drink it.

To names—Antequera, Loja, San Fernando—that earlier had thrilled us in Murray and Washington Irving we were now indifferent, as they were spluttered by the dust-choked guard. For hours the horizon was bounded by low mountains, with here and there tiny patches of snow on their upper slopes. But where were the dazzling, glowing snow-peaks of the Sierra Nevada, that loom up so magnificently in the romance of Washington Irving, and in the story of every traveler who has been to Granada?

True, through the cane-brake, stifling in the torrid air, we had seen two or three low hills crowned with olive groves, planted like a map, and on the top of each something that looked like the ruins of gigantic brick-kilns or tumbled-down factories. Granada must be near, for we had passed San Fernando; but neither to the right nor to the left could we see the minarets of the Moorish city or the domes of Catholic Spain. Slower and slower went the train, and then it stopped. Every one got out, and we knew it was Granada.

On the platform we were stopped, first by hotel touts, who told us in bad French that we must go with them; and then by interpreters, who said that they could speak German, which was of no possible use to us, or English, which we could hear was no more fluent than our Spanish; and porters, who fought to carry our bags; and customs officers, who wanted to look into them; and of course the most hideous of beggars. J. got rid of the customs officer, and we went outside to find a hotel coach for ourselves. As we did so there mounted to its front seat the most odious of the interpreters, sweet and smiling, and no doubt later at the Roma he claimed a fee for having captured us.

The station stood in what seemed the town's shabbiest outskirts. The coach jolted over a rough, dusty, dirty, stony, sandy track, and through filthy, twisting alleyways. We held on with all our might, and the driver drove with all his. Then we were jolted up a steep hill. But at the top we drove under a massive stone gateway, and at once we were in a cool, dim, greenwood. The tall trees met overhead, making a roof against the sun. There was a lovely fountain, with beggars and cripples out of Murillo and Goya grouped about it. Water-carriers were trudging up and down, with their bottles slung on their own backs or in the panniers of neat-stepping donkeys. The road wound between trees, widening once into a circular green space, where there was also a fountain and stone seats, and beyond turning, so that we looked down over a hillside of white houses to the plain; then, with another turn, it brought us to two hotels that faced each other under the green

roof, and behind the Roma we caught a glimpse of the Alhambra's red walls.

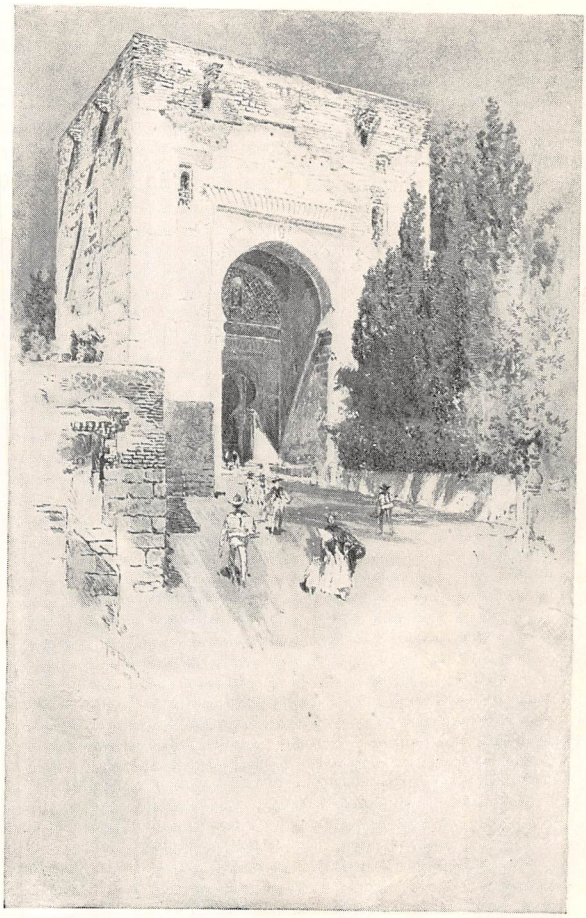
Here, at last, was the paradise we had come so far to see.

IV.

ON the morning after our arrival, instead of getting out maps, instead of looking up mules or a diligence, our first care was to consult the hotel manager about *pension* by the week. And it was not long before we were making arrangements to rival Washington Irving as adopted children of the Alhambra. For when, after a five minutes' walk from the hotel, we had passed under the Gate of Justice, and were wandering in a maze of old palaces and walls, towers and archways, gardens and shops, and streets of houses, with here a church with grass-grown steps, and there a deserted monastery still raising its belfry, and everywhere the flame of oleander, we chanced upon a house, somewhat apart, that hung out the sign, "To Let. À Louer." It was an absurdly international notice to find within the walls of Yusuf; but, no matter how many foreigners had been before us, we liked the idea of living inside the old Moorish precincts. What was more important, we liked the rooms to let when we were taken into them; and the landlady, who wore a flower in her hair, and who put her arm around my waist and gave me friendly little hugs while we bargained; and her barefooted husband, who showed us the fruit-trees and the tank in his garden, which was sweet with jasmine. They could not speak any English, less even than their sign; but we knew the word "peseta," and the first foundation sentence of Meisterschaft, and the fingers of one hand did the rest. It all seemed enchanting in its primitiveness. Here would be quite as much local color, and it would be quite as entertaining, as by the open roadside. Nothing could be more foolish than to hope to see the real world from its big hotels. But when we went back to the Roma there were bags to be repacked and a bill to be paid. We simply could not leave. It was too hot, and, besides, we were extremely comfortable.

We did not even try to find an excuse. To regret the little house and its garden, or the sudden collapse of plans of long years, would have been too great an effort. If we did exert ourselves to pretend that we meant, by staying, to see a great deal of Granada itself, it was the feeblest, puniest little pretense possible. In the evening we would say, "To-morrow we will walk down to the town, and visit its cathedral, and climb the Albaycin, and do everything expected of the tourist." But when the next day came we never got farther than through the Gate of Justice, astir with water-carriers and their donkeys, to the Alhambra's door, or along the cypress avenue, ablaze with oleanders, to the gardens of the Generalife.

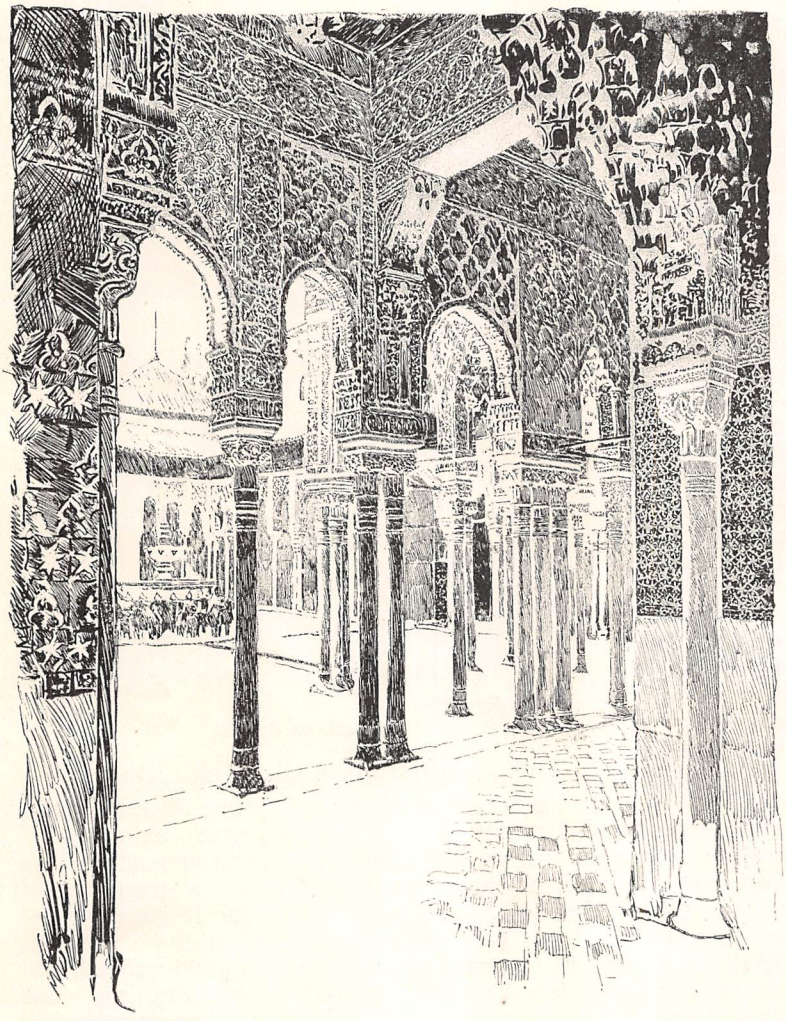
After all, when we had these two beautiful places—this paradise—to do nothing in, why should we have gone from them? I know the happy time has passed when the stranger is offered an apartment in the palace; probably Washington Irving himself nowadays would



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE GATE OF JUSTICE.

have to put up in the hotel of his own name, instead of the rooms of the fair Elizabeth of Parma; Gautier I do not believe would have a chance to wrap himself in his blanket, and sleep a single night in the open Court of Lions or the Hall of the Two Sisters, dreaming of the harem and its beauties, who had slept there so many ages before him. But by day, at least, we too can boast that in our castle of memory once our home was the Alhambra. It was easily managed. We had but to ask, and we got a ticket. This was supposed to enable us to pursue our studies, and, in proof of our claim to it, J. would start out in the morning with such an imposing assortment of sketch-blocks, stools, and ink-bottles that the ever-advertised Gipsy King was always at our heels to assure us that he had been Fortuny's model and Regnault's. I, for my part, bought from the guides the book which Señor Contreras has written about the Alhambra, and I carried Gautier and Irving with me wherever I went. But, for all this parade, our most serious study during the first days was to adapt courts and gardens to the passing hours. And why not? More than half a century ago was not Washington Irving afraid that the place had been already too well described to stand still another description? Has not its every story been told, its every ballad sung? Has it not been sketched and painted and «taken,» until the guide will tell you glibly how Fortuny used this for background, and Regnault that, down to the choice of the last stray amateur to come with his irrepressible kodak? Besides, ours really was the true way to study the Alhambra, to get to understand its loveliness. It is no better than a museum, and a very empty one, as melancholy a show place as the Roman Forum, when you follow the guide, stopping, as he bids you, to whisper for an echo, or to receive a sprig of myrtle, or to see on the pavement the freshly rubbed in blood of the Abencerrages. Ah! what secrets I could tell of the Alhambra to archæologist or architect, busy deciphering inscriptions and measuring arches! It is no better than a labeled specimen. Its real beauty is not felt until you come to know just how each room, each arcade, each wall-space, looks when drenched with sunlight, just

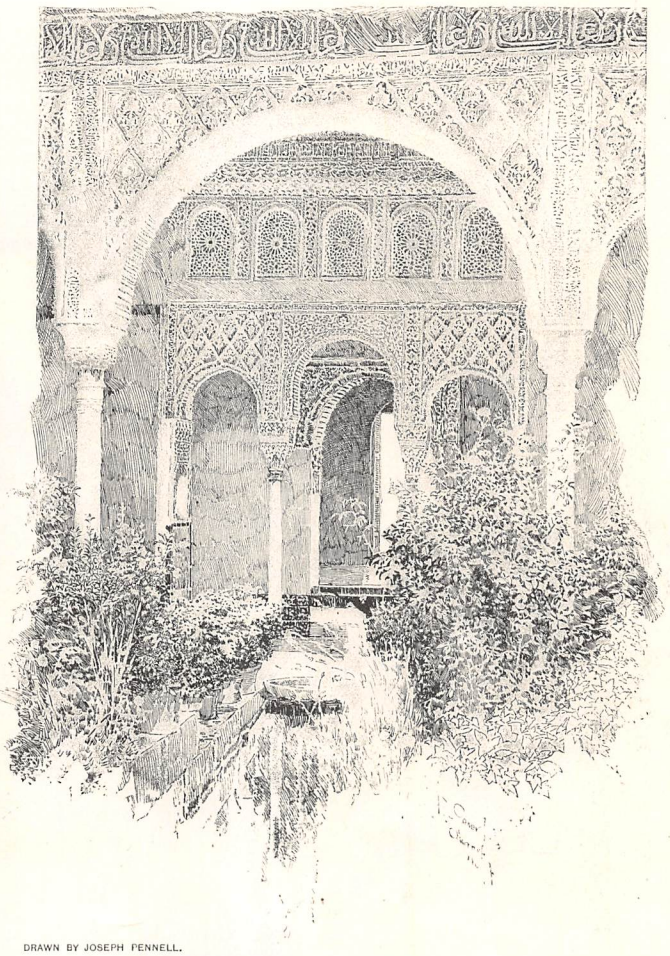


DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE COURT OF LIONS.

how its effects change when the shadows fall upon it, just at what moment a latticed window opens upon the coolest prospect, or a lofty hall is most soothing refuge from the heat.

These were the facts we mastered as the days went by. We learned in the early morning to go to the queen's high *tocador*, with the white town far below, and to the right, above a confusion of fig-trees and aloes, the walls and cypresses of the Generalife, the same lovely picture sultanas had gazed upon from their toilet. We learned that when courts were red-hot, and balconies and tocador overlooked a gasping *vega*, it was more sensible to take a hint from the califs, and retire to the baths, to stretch ourselves out luxuriously in the tiled alcoves. For there was no facing the sunlight at midday. One might as well try to paint Spain's sun itself as the town or country that lies blazing beneath it. Velasquez and the old men, in their wisdom, never made the attempt; Fortuny and Rico substituted a convention of their own—a very beautiful convention, it is true, but no more like the real thing than the prancing steed that bears Velasquez's Philip on its back is like a Muybridge horse. And again we learned that it was not only possible, but a delight, to leave the baths in time to see the shadows lengthening in the Court of Lions, or from the Hall of Ambassadors to watch, as the child Boabdil, in his prison below in the same tower of Comares, must have watched, the sun sinking lower and lower toward the purple mountains of Alhama, until, for us, the great door opening at the far end of the Court of Myrtles was the signal that the day in the Alhambra was at an end. Our «Buenas tardes» was said as the chief guide's wife, happier than we, brought her chair close to the goldfish pond among the myrtles. She was fat, and wore a thick purple merino gown; and somehow her hot, substantial person discouraged our first desire to clothe her in romance, and see in her the child of Irving's little Dolores.

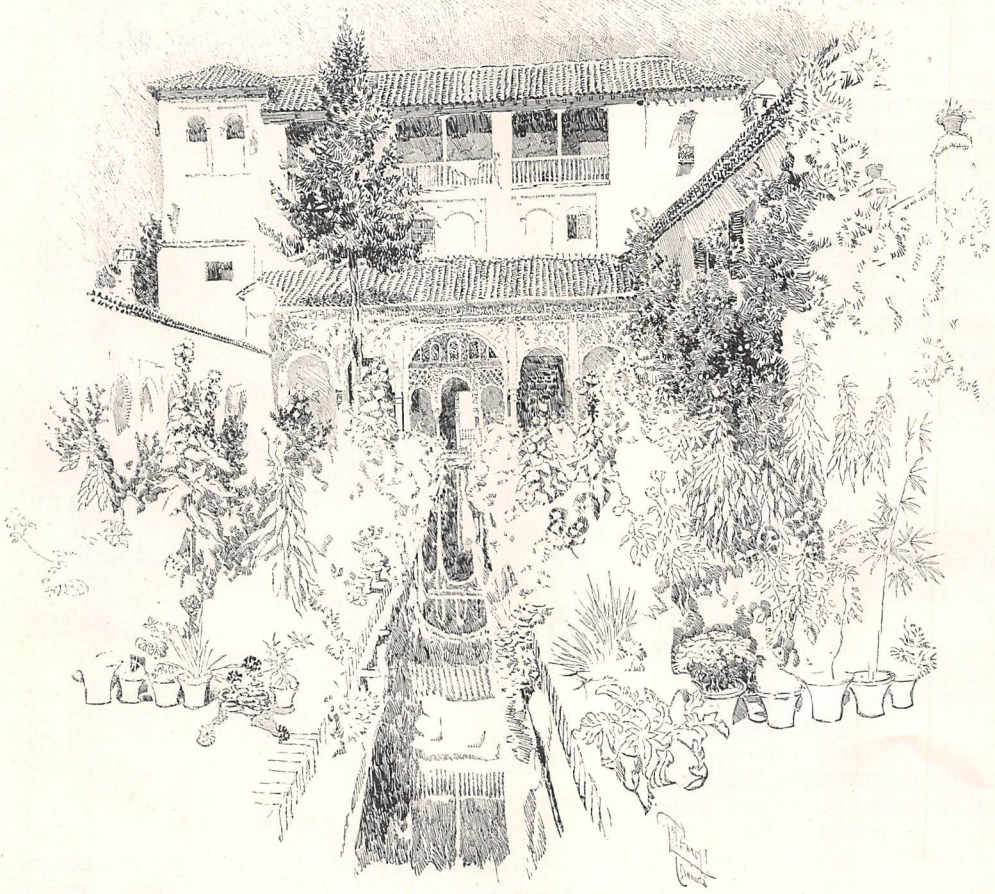


DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

IN THE GARDEN OF THE GENERALIFE.

Often I wondered why the Moor, who made the bliss of stupidity an article of faith, should have left the Alhambra to fight and conquer and be brave. Boabdil, the indolent, was the only one of Granada's kings who was worthy of its palace. Why, even the Spaniard, who is not half so fine a creature, shows to-day far greater wisdom. Nobody did anything on our hilltop except the water-carriers, who were always coming and going through the grove, or passing to and fro in the open sunshine of the Plaza de los Algibes, the place of their cisterns.

In the Alhambra it was sleep and silence all day long. Painters, mostly natives of Granada, sometimes set up their easels laden with canvases and paint-boxes that made J.'s most elaborate outfit dwindle into insignificance; but the only man who ever used his brushes for more than five minutes at a time was an elderly English artist, dressed in flannels, as if for the Thames, who, from ten in the morning until five in the afternoon, toiled away at exactly the same spot, sturdily indifferent to



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

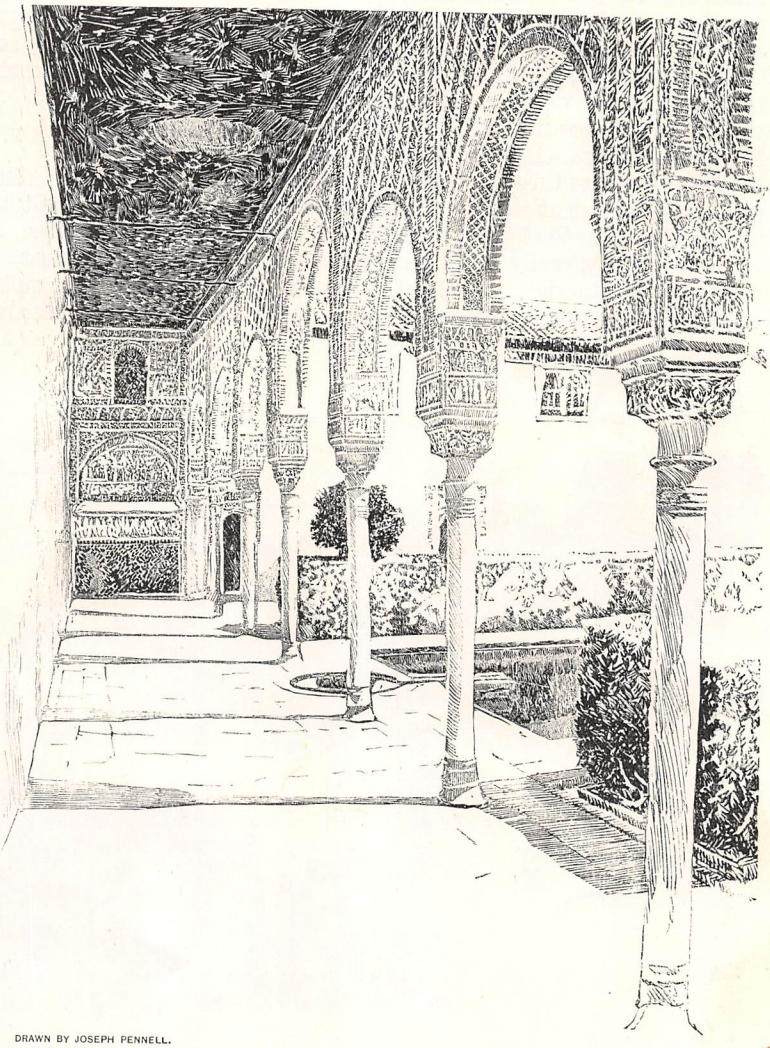
«THE FIRST COURT'S COOL CANAL»—THE GENERALIFE.

the shifting light and the changing play of sunshine and shadow, in a month covering about six inches of his paper, so that Mr. Ruskin, no doubt, would have applauded his sincerity. The guides sat near the door, somnolent and idle, nodding over their cigarettes. It was but rarely that they were disturbed, now and then by peasants, all smoking hard as they went the official round, though it is only five years since the place was almost burned down from just such a cause; or by priests who, for us, had lost all attraction when they gave up the wonderful boat-shaped hat which they wear so jauntily in many an old picture and drawing; or by newly married lovers, with clasped hands and languid eyes, flaunting their little love of a day through courts where the passion of a Zorayda, a Lindaraxa, an Amina, has outlived the centuries. But July and August, fortunately, were not tourist months. The stranger intruded only at long, long intervals; then the lazy silence was usually broken by the familiar voices of our countrywomen. When they came it was another thing. The native might let the drowsy guide lead the way like one in his sleep, but not they who had crossed the Atlantic to see and to know, though, as a rule, they already knew more than the guide himself, to say nothing of Washington Irving and all the Spanish chroniclers.

Some of our days were spent in the Generalife, where one first understands why the Moslem made his paradise a garden. And I think it can never be quite as enchanting as at midsummer, when the oleanders bend

low with the weight of blazing blossoms all along the cypress avenue, as old as Zorayda the frail, and hollyhocks spring, tall and crimson, among the roses and below the orange-trees, on each side of the first court's cool canal, and the air is heavy with the scent of jasmine. It is then, too, that the sun-swept house and its arcades are most dazzling in their whiteness, that shadows fall blackest and sharpest on those great blank wall-spaces, whose value in architecture the Moor knew how to use to such good purpose; then that the stillness is most musical with the sound of running waters—*le jet d'eau toujours en pleurs*—in Zorayda's beautiful court, with the vine-draped loggia at one end, and at the other stately steps to the terraces above, where, from under trees trimmed in fantastic fashion, and over flower-pots ranged on the high wall, we could look across the ravine to the Red Palace on the opposite hill. Here we were interrupted still more seldom. Even the sad-eyed guardian was hardly ever to be seen. The bare-legged little gardener rolled and smoked his cigarettes in quiet among the flowers. If children lived in rooms opening upon the hollyhocks, their voices were faint and low and distant, and could not drown the fountain's song. And the proprietor, a barbarian surely, was far away, somewhere in Italy, so that his garden was entirely ours for the time.

The desire to go into Granada grew less with the days. Where was the need? From the plain, white-washed rooms, hung with portraits of kings and the family of the Generalife's present owners, as from the deeply recessed windows in the Hall of Ambassadors, or the queen's high tocador, we looked right down upon the town below. On the other side of the Darro's narrow valley we could see the white houses spreading out to meet the vega, and straggling up the Albaycin, the gipsy caves riddling the high, terraced hillside. All day long we could have spied into courts and gardens, like Irving, and made a story for each. All day long we could look on at whatever life there was in the little Alameda on the Darro's bank, though its only spectacle was an occasional funeral, which passed, with pale flickering of candles, to the high-arched bridge over the river, where candles were put out and procession dispersed; for priest and mourners were as unwilling to come up as we were to go down, and the coffin was left with



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

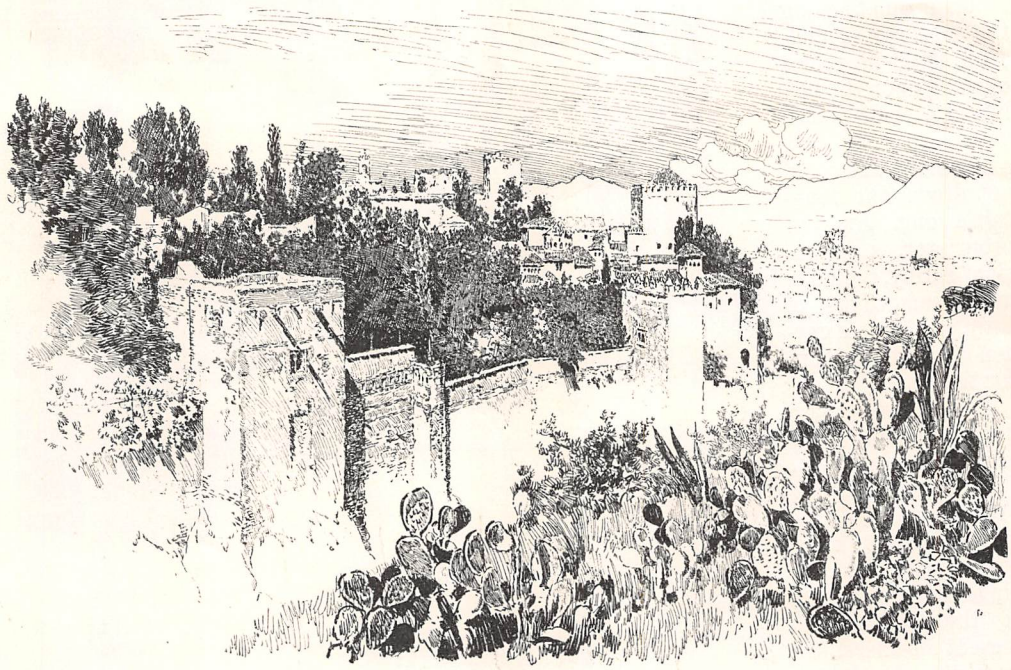
THE COURT OF MYRTLES.

the men who were to bear it along the steep, stony street of the dead, which makes its abrupt ascent between the Alhambra's outer walls and the orchards of the Generalife.

And it was not only the town our high windows and balconies commanded. From them we could also look far and wide over the vega, so that, had armies still met and marched upon it, we could have watched their every manœuver, much as Aben Habus kept guard upon his magic chess-board. Indeed, with the battle-ground lying like a map before me, I used to think that the siege of Granada, so fierce and stirring in history, could have been little more than an exciting game, a sort of tournament on an elaborate scale. For the illimitable plain of the chronicles seemed, in fact, so small and open a field, that soldiers, not understanding the rules, must have made quick end to those gallant sallies straight into the waiting ambush, to those brave raids, always promptly raided in their turn—in a word, to all those gay advances and panic-stricken retreats through the pass of Elvira. It was funny to read, in the new light thus thrown upon the old story, of the Englishman at the siege of Loxa, who, not knowing how to play the game of war in the Spanish way, really fought, and so upset completely the tactics, not only of the Moors, but of the Spaniards, who were his allies. Now there was nothing to see in the vega but the great dust clouds that would rise in a column and wander across it, and turn to flame in the sudden dark and cool following fast upon sunset—for all the world like the pillar of smoke by day, and of fire by night, that led the children of Israel through the desert. I never knew what these flames were, but they emphasized the scriptural, or Oriental, character of a land that is Western only in name. It was when there was a moon that, from the ramparts of the Plaza de los Algibes, Granada presented to us the most beautiful picture—a nocturne in soft, silvery grays and deep, dusky blues, with here a solitary touch of gold from the stray lamp in a court, and there tiny lines of light that gave the modeling of the gipsy's hill. It lay like a dream city in a trance of silence. Shadowy mountains shut in the vega, Elvira, in solitary abruptness, standing somewhat in advance, Granada's majestic sentinel.

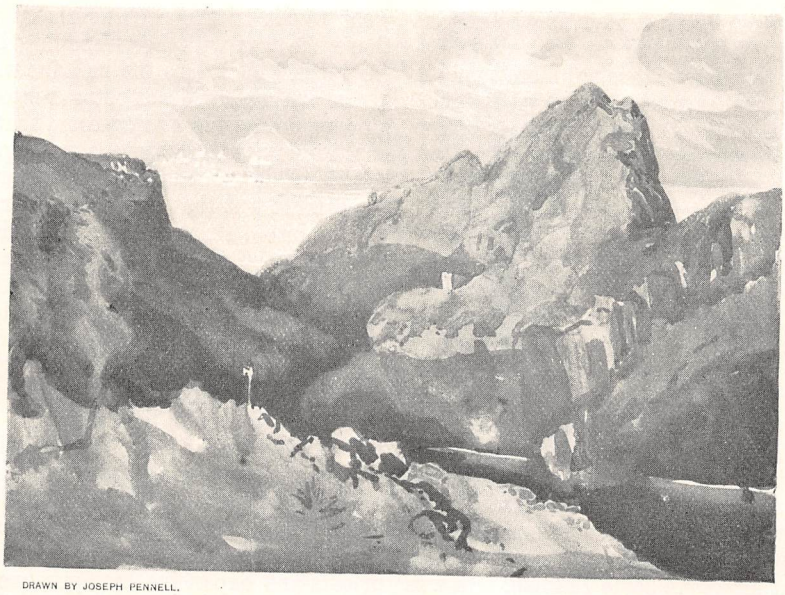
V.

HAD there been no Alhambra, no Generalife, I think we should still have been happy in the hotel under the elms. Perhaps I had better explain at once that, as it was, we could never at any hour quite forget the palace, whose red walls were always showing through



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE ALHAMBRA, FROM THE GENERALIFE—THE RED PALACE ON THE OPPOSITE HEIGHT.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

APPROACH TO GRANADA FROM NEAR ELVIRA.

the trees, whose huge tower of the Siete Suelos was little more than an arm's length from our bedroom windows, whose associations tinged the simplest sights and sounds with romance. If a lonely owl hooted we thought at once of Prince Ahmed and his messenger; in every water-carrier we saw the little bandy-legged Peregil; while not a Spanish woman would venture alone after dark through the grove for fear of spirits and spooks, every one of whom had come out of Washington Irving. In the beginning I could have wished the Alhambra easier to forget, and its ghosts less bold. The trouble was we slept too near that haunted tower, where, in the lowest of its Seven Floors, a chest of pearls and gold is shut up with two enchanted Moors, and the alcaid, alguacil, and barber who tried to carry it off by as mean a trick as was ever played by villains in quest of treasure.

There was no excitement at the Roma. From the time we got up until we went to bed nothing happened. Both hotels dozed under their elms as peacefully as the Alhambra and its gardens. At times waiters, clerks, and boarders sat rocking themselves to sleep on each side of the shady road. As often there was no one in sight but a lounging beggar, or the woman who, in the road beyond, dreamed over her stall and its nice new antiquities, which no one came to buy.

In the early morning there might be a moment's confusion when the tall man who seemed to be manager, steward, and porter in one started with his donkey for the market, and the bull-dog that went with them lingered to hunt the cats in the garden. In the late evening there might be a sudden bustle when the coach from the station, with loud slashing of whips and jingling of bells, drove up to one of the rival hotels, and was met by so many managers, clerks, porters, waiters, and chambermaids, that from the other side of the road it seemed as if a dozen people had come, though one was much the more likely number. But the only important event of the day was dinner in the garden dining-room. Nothing could have been more delightful. Under the cool arch of the trees lights glimmered gaily from the white table, laden with fruit and the red wine of Valdepeñas; and when parties came up from Granada, as they did now and then, one little white-draped table beyond another stretched to the far end of the terrace. All about was darkness, the branches of the elms, as they swayed in the soft breeze, now showing, now hiding, the starlit sky. And we ate to the music of running waters, and, on certain rare occasions, to the mandolins of blind musicians. Nor did daylight mar the beauty of the place. Even at noontide few were the sunbeams that penetrated the garden's leafy roof; on one side of our breakfast-table were the rose-red walls of the Alhambra; the other looked down upon a cool road through the wood; the beggar's wail or the bray of a distant donkey but marked the silence.

The breakfast hour, however, varied ac-

cording to each one's fancy. It was only at dinner that all the boarders sat down together. Generally we were not more than six or eight to gather round the lamp-lit table, and J. and I were the only foreigners. The others were natives of Granada who had left its heated streets for the cool grove, or else Andalusians from near towns taking a short holiday. They were, if anything, too friendly; for, though our conversation with many was limited to «Buenas dias» and «Buenas tardes,» this and a bow were expected every time we met. To us, of a less polite race, it became something of a nuisance. With a few friendliness went further, especially with an amiable and pious family from Cadiz, who were our neighbors at table for a fortnight. The mother and two daughters were always veiled in their mantillas, if by chance we saw them in the morning on their way to or from mass. But they were never without smiles for us, and the father spoke some English. He was so extremely civil at all times that we were the more surprised one evening when he lost his temper outright.

«I like everything in your country except your wine,» J. told him, in answer to a leading question; for we never could get used to the vile flavor of pigskin.

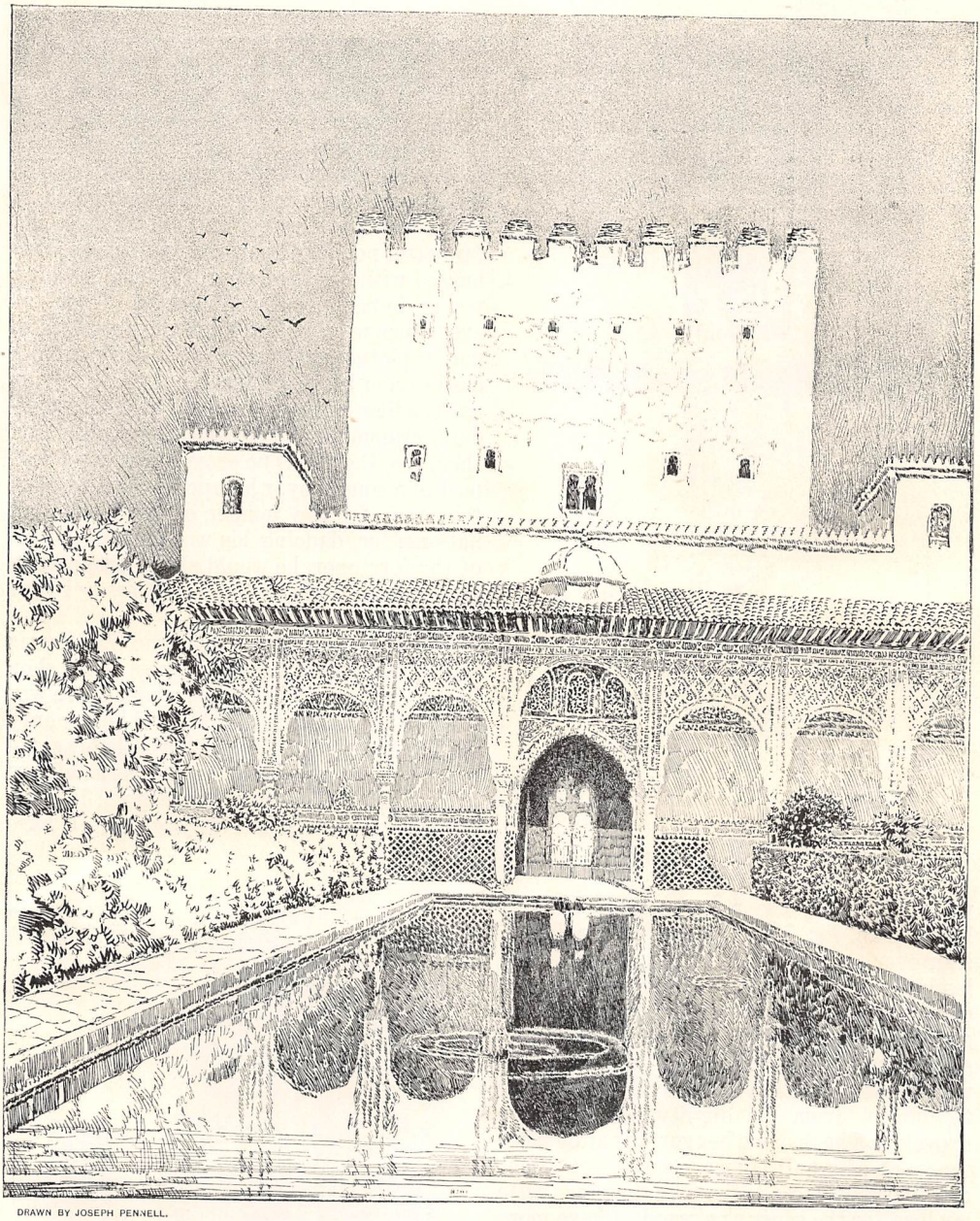
He turned upon us in a fury. «What! not like my wine? But it is good—the best. I send it almost all to England.»

The trouble was, he was a wine merchant, and he could not be convinced that J. meant nothing personal until we had kept awake the long evening with him over a bottle of his sherry.

Then we had a bride and groom from Malaga, and the groom also spoke English. He told us they had come that they might, during their honeymoon, hear little birds sing, and wander under green trees, which we thought a pretty sentiment until it had been repeated to every man, woman, and child in the hotel. From the beginning of dinner to the end one of the little girls from Cadiz would keep up a ceaseless guttural prattle. Those occasional mandolins would rouse the bride into a flutter of excitement: it was a song of Malaga they were playing, she would then lean over to explain. But their tranquil gaiety never jarred; it seemed as much a part of the summer silence as the chanting of the crickets in the grove.

The arrival of the Marchioness was the first shock that shook us out of our slumbers. She lived in Granada; two of her children had whooping-cough, and she had chosen the hotel as a pleasant hospital for them. I never knew any one to pervade a place as she did. If we went to sit in the rocking-chairs in front, there she was with her whooping babies; if we hurried back into the hall she was at our heels; and we could not retreat into the dull, gloomy, uninviting sitting-room that she and her nursery, whooping and yelling, did not follow. This was bad enough, but what mattered more was that she turned our peaceful garden into a sick-room, and our dinner into a public reception. By the second course one child or the other always began to whoop, and had to be carried away, purple and choking; by the third there was a great clattering of horse-hoofs in the road below the terrace, and the Marquis would pull up his horse, and the Marchioness would rush to lean over the balustrade and give him her harsh, voluble report; he was afraid, it seemed, of the contagion which he had passed on to us so cheerfully. By the fourth a party of friends would troop into the garden, and young ladies and priests and expansive dowagers would make a circle round the table, and watch us as we ate. I suppose it would have been a dreadful breach of Spanish etiquette had they been asked to dine, or, if asked, had they accepted! It was detestable. The whole atmosphere, the whole feeling, of the hotel and its garden was changed. But the other Spaniards did not like it a bit better. Everybody grumbled, everybody complained, and with heroic effort the manager got up enough energy to tell the Marchioness she must go, and we all dozed back into our accustomed habits.

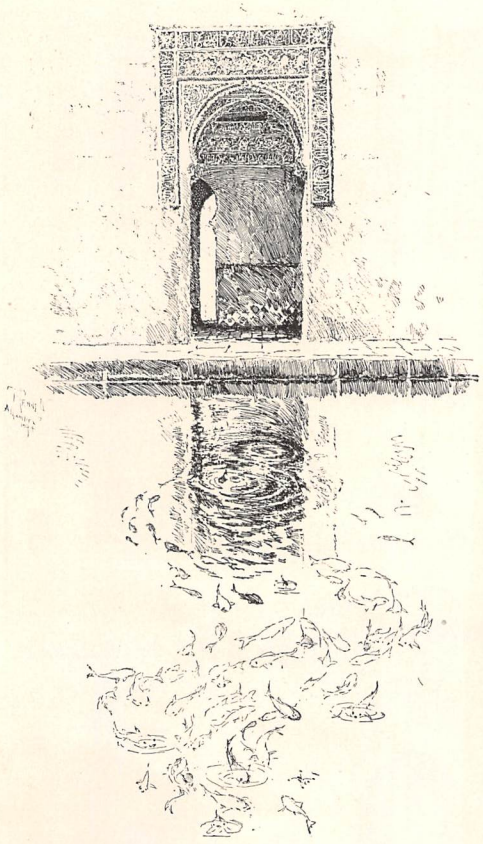
If more ephemeral travelers came and went in the garden we scarce noticed their passage. Once, as we sat down to dinner, we started to hear the rich, humorous accent of Glasgow close to our ear; once it was the familiar twang of our own Pennsylvania that greeted us, and another time we saw a fat, thick-necked French commercial installed, eating hard and looking at nobody. However, one after the other, Spaniards and strangers alike departed, and still we stayed on. I do not believe that any one, not even Washington Irving, ever remained so long on the Alhambra's hill. The manager grew so used to us that he gave up providing the French dishes prepared for the tourist; now the waiters brought only their own extraordinary messes, golden with saffron, scarlet with pepper, soft with oil, fragrant with garlic, most of which had hitherto been reserved for the family dinner in the office. We were even made to abstain on Friday, and very flamboyant was our abstinence. In fact, for those who like the rococo in cookery, the Spanish kitchen is unrivaled.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

COURT OF THE FISH-POND.

The very beggars and guides who hung about the grove and the hotel got to know us so well that they gave up hoping to make anything out of us. At the end—but after many weeks—even the Gipsy King ceased asking us to buy his photograph, and it was only a strange hand that was stretched out to us, only a strange voice that hissed «Mossou! Madama!» into our ears, as we passed the tree at the corner of the road under the garden dining-room, which was the beggars' headquarters. There they were at all hours—the diseased, the deformed, and the maimed, gipsies and dogs. Each new guest at the hotel coming down for early coffee, if unwary enough to go near the edge of the terrace, would be welcomed by a hideous chorus from under the tree, «Sst, sssst, mossou, madama; señora, sst, señora, sst, señor, sssst,» mingled with the loud yelping of half-starved mongrels. Or else they all had a way of disappearing, no one knew where, only to set a



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE FISH-POND IN THE ALHAMBRA.

worse snare for the unsuspecting. I saw a Frenchman, his first morning at the Roma, lean over the garden's balustrade and carelessly drop a penny to a small ragged boy, the only creature in sight. In a second the road swarmed with gipsies, babies, cripples, all struggling and fighting and screaming. It was the only time I ever knew the Gipsy King to unbend from his dignity, but then he groveled. The Spanish beggar was altogether too much of a bully to move me to sentiment or sympathy, and for the first time in my life my love for the gipsy weakened. I have more than once in my day wandered far and wide on the track of the Romany; but, now that he was here close at hand, he begged too impudently for me to want to hail him as brother, or to visit him on his hillside. Nor had any of the others that elegance and urbanity of manner of which one reads in books. None ever called J. « caballero »; they were far more apt to swear like troopers when we left them empty-handed.

The guides were as bad. It was an evil day for posterity when Washington Irving let himself be imposed upon by Mateo Ximenes. We might have been left in peace, but the evening coach had only to bring to the Roma a stray traveler for them all to reappear—in the hall, on the steps, in the garden—as inevitably as the beggars under the tree. Then we were sure to see the white flannels and red sash of Mariano, as unprincipled a young wretch as ever lived, knowing nothing but what he had far better not have known, though his pockets bulged with cards of approval from gushing young ladies, mostly American. Then, at every turn we stumbled upon the new Mateos, not in picturesque rags, but in very correct clothes and broad-brimmed hats, as likely as not reading Murray over their victims' shoulders, cramming for the coming walk. And then, too, there was no escape from a perfect pest of a small boy, who apparently had been too much for the temper of tourists of all nations; for, dancing his war-dance in front of the foreigner, he would shriek like a little fiend, «*Allez-vous en!* Get out! Go away! *Via!* Get out!»

At such times the bric-à-brac dealer was seen in the hotel. Usually he kept to his shop in the Calle de los Gomeres, where there was little to buy at a price that would be the envy of Wardour street. The guides probably could best have explained how it was that he always had prompt hint of a possible bargain. In these emergencies he was really great. I have

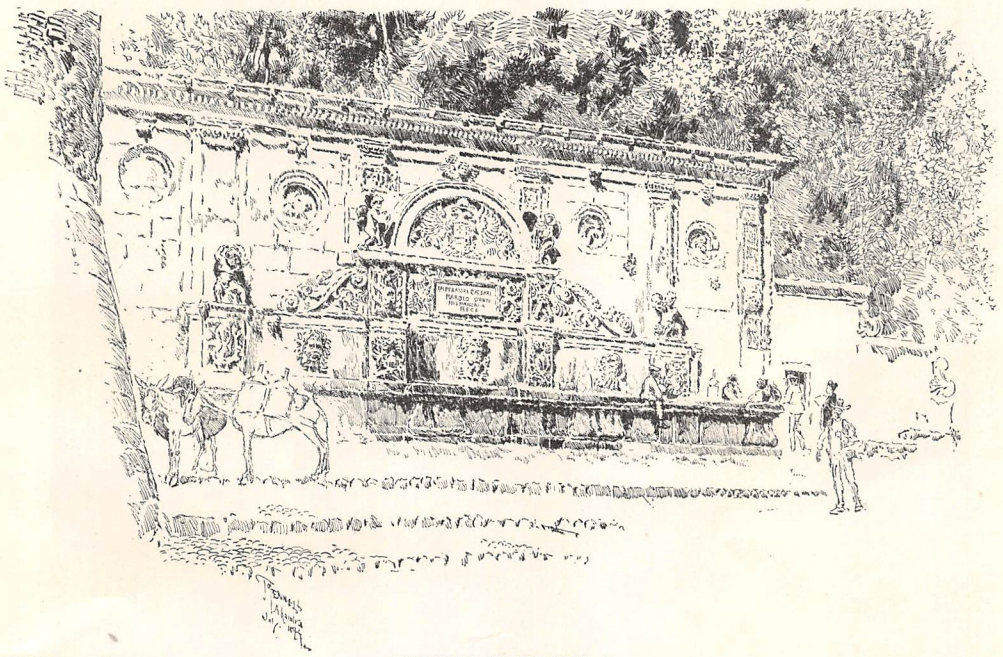


DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

«FORTUNY'S BACKGROUND»—COURT OF THE MOSQUE.

known him, with only two days' warning, to produce a special piece of tapestry of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, decorated with the arms of the Marquis of Cadiz, and even with that brave soldier's name woven in the borders, unquestionably by the fair hands of the Catholic Isabella, though in the plain lettering of the modern manufacturer's favorite alphabet!

Another time we went down to a fête in the Plaza Nueva, the square in front of the governor-general's palace at the foot of the hill. It was held after dark, which was an inducement for us to go. The waiters, from whom we got all the gossip we ever heard, said that it had something to do with Columbus; it might be the little affair of the egg, the discovery of America, or his own death, or any-



DRAWN BY JOSEFH PENNELL. FOUNTAIN OF CHARLES V.

VI.

Of course a time came when we did go down into the town. For one thing, we had to visit our bankers; that paid for the walk down the hill and the dreadful pull up again in the broiling sun, with not the faintest whiff of the cool breeze that, in fiction, always is blowing from the Sierra. For then we were sure to return with more money than we had expected. I do not pretend to explain these things, but for every hundred dollars we drew on our letter of credit we were given what seemed to us a hundred and twenty, or thirty, in pesetas, so that the exchange alone kept us going for a week. J. was so pleased that he had a wonderful scheme for turning every dollar he might earn into pesetas until he blossomed forth a millionaire. The afternoon the idea occurred to him was quite the most animated of the summer. His ardor cooled, however, when he realized that he would be a poor man when he left Spain.

thing else, for all they knew or cared. The celebration itself did not help to explain matters. Lanterns hung from every tree in the plaza. There was a crowd of water-carriers, and donkeys, and women, and priests, and children, and soldiers, and men selling big round cakes that looked like undersized New England pies with nothing inside. Rockets were let off at rare intervals, and a band, all drums and cymbals, played with just such a brazen, barbarous beating and clashing as the Moors must have made as they marched past to one of their periodical musters in the Vivarrambla. That was all, so that the connection with Columbus was not very obvious. But the prettiest part of the pageant was on our way back, when, at the top of the Calle de los Gomeres, we saw a group of girls in the gateway, a white barricade against the darkness of the wood. They broke away, dancing, as we came, and we followed them up the steepest of the three parting roads in pursuit of a distant sound of music. The scene held out



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

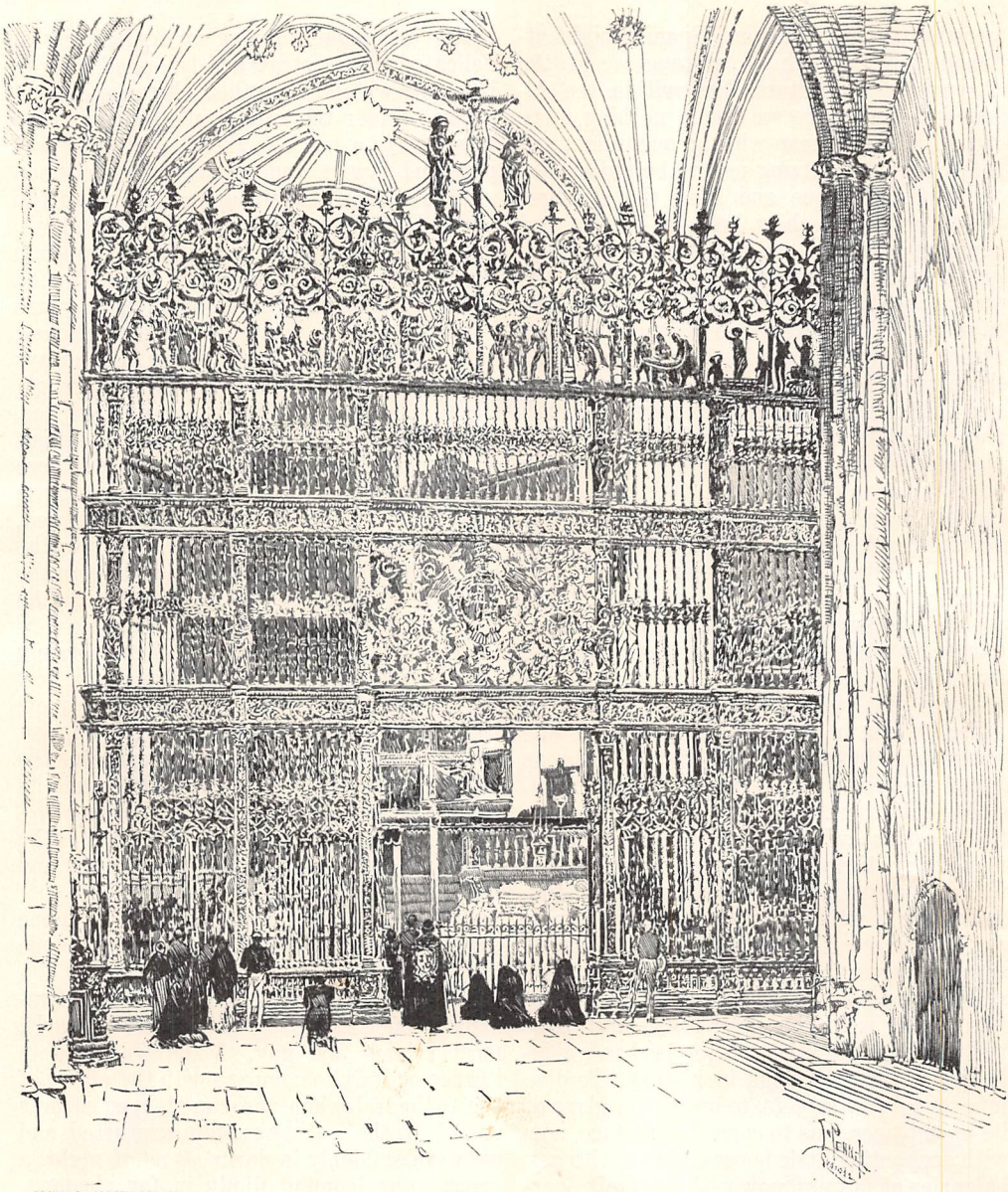
THE ALHAMBRA, FROM THE ALBAYCIN.

promise of the traditional Spanish night attuned to the click of castanets and the thrumming of guitars. But within the Alhambra's inclosure we found nothing more romantic than a man with an accordion, and a few couples waltzing under the trees. For the national dance and song the stranger must go to the show held by guides and gipsies somewhere on the Albaycin; it is supposed to be improper, though it is at the most only stupid, and for this you must pay in pesetas. But never once in Granada's open streets and courts, or in those of any other Andalusian town, did we hear the castanets and guitars that play so seductively through the Andalusia of romance and Murray. That they should still be expected really shows how hard tradition dies. «Am I, then, come into Spain to hear humstrums and hurdy-gurdies?» Beckford asked indignantly a hundred years ago. But every new traveler goes to the country, sure that for him, at least, there will be the sweet strumming and mad fandango all the long Southern night under the stars.

These first excursions into Granada led to others, when we learned that the town was not all shabby suburbs and dirty streets, as it had seemed on the afternoon of our arrival. I have said there was no music; there was as little costume, while the house making exhibition of its patio for the benefit of travel-writer was in modest minority. It was trying, too, to find the Zacatin restored; the Moors' Vivarrambla the most commonplace of the town's sunny squares; the Genil and Darro, that flow so gaily through ballad and story, tiny rivulets lost in wide, dry river-beds. But Granada had beauties less advertised in guide-books, less conspicuous in history. To dive into its narrow streets, to brave the glare of its open places, was to come face to face, now with enchanting little houses decked with gay balconies of flowers, now with a stately doorway ennobling the plainest façade; and again with convents, the delicious white bareness of their walls relieved by grille and loggia; or a monastery transformed into a prison, with prisoners chattering behind the bars of wide windows looking immediately upon the street; or high gardens full of palms and oleanders; or a palatial old poorhouse, its loveliness as small help to the aged and infirm grouped listlessly at its entrance, waiting for death, as is the greatness of Spain's Moorish past to its hopeless and decrepit present; or a chance open door showing a tumble-down Moorish patio and room hung with brasses; or an ancient courtyard become a mere public stable, horses and mules rubbing up against bits of delicate tracery, straw and hay piled high on balconies which retain their elegance even in decay. Under the cathedral's shadow there was always a market, all life and color and pots and flowers and beggars; up the steep streets of the Albaycin, and of the hill of the Vermilion Towers, there were always donkeys, and men in broad-brimmed hats, and women in long shawls, shading face and flower-decked hair with their fans; in front of the big inns below there were sometimes yellow coaches, with theatrical driver and mules; and always and everywhere were the water-carriers, their bottles swathed in cool green branches, their cry of «Agua! agua fresca!» sounding high above the noises of the street. Nor was there a walk that did not reward with lovely glimpse of vega or one of Granada's palace-crowned, house-laden hillsides; while to mount to the lonely church and grass-grown square on the Albaycin's top was to see, as in a picture, the Red Palace on the opposite height. As a view it savored perhaps too much of the panorama; but it explained, as nothing else could, how the great red walls and towers rise up from their tree-covered base at the very edge of the precipice; how a deep cleft separates the Alhambra from the Generalife, white amid its cypresses and oranges, backed by an olive-grown hillside; how beyond both stretches the great range of the Sierra Nevada, bare and brown in the midsummer sunshine.

And then, seeing, we realized that no one can describe the beauty of the place; no one has; no one ever will.

It was in its churches that I thought Granada at once most magnificent and beggarly, most solemn and gay. I know nothing in France or Italy to compare with the effect of the cathedral when the sun-steeped streets were left, the leather curtain was lifted, and we were suddenly in darkness as of night, a great altar looming dimly in far shadows, vague, motionless figures prostrate before it. Their silent fervor in the strange, scented dusk gave a clue to the ecstasy of a Theresa, of an Ignatius. But it was well to turn back quickly into matter-of-fact daylight. To linger was to be reminded that mystery has its price, solemnity its tawdriness. In cathedral and *capilla real*, if we ventured to look at the royal tombs, at the grille,—which even in Spain is without equal,—at the *retablos*, with their wealth of ornament, one sacristan after another kept close at our heels, impudently expectant. If in unknown little church our eyes grew accustomed to darkness, it was that they might be offended with Virgins



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

«THE GRILLE WHICH EVEN IN SPAIN IS WITHOUT EQUAL»—CAPILLA REAL, GRANADA.

gleaming in silks and jewels, with Christs clothed in petticoats. And if we did once visit the Cartuja, it satisfied our curiosity where other show churches were concerned. The word Cartuja hung upon the lips of every visitor at the Hotel Roma. Foreigners wrestled hopelessly with it. Spaniards repeated it tenderly, as if in love with its gasping gutturals. We never sat down to a meal that some one did not urge us to the enjoyment of its wonders. At last, in self-defense, we went. The Cartuja's architecture struck us as elaborate, its decoration as abandoned as the gush that had sent us to it. It had not even the amusing gaiety of Bohemia's rococo, but was pretentious and florid in a dull, vulgar way, more in keeping with gilded café or popular restaurant. But to this visit my record owes a place, since it was our one concession to the guide-book's commands. It pleased us better to forget the exaggerated, tortured flamboyance in the kindly twilight of churches the names of which we never troubled to ask.

But when all is said, in the end as in the beginning, for us the great charm of Granada was in the grove, with its cool shade, its soft green light, its incomparable outlook. Here was perpetual twilight when all the land beyond lay grilling in the sun. The chant of locusts was loud in the gardens of the Alhambra, loud the water-carrier's ceaseless cry of «Agua! agua fresca!» White-hot, the sky met the now snowless heights of the Sierra Nevada; as from an oven came the air that blew over the vega, burned and scorched the town's white houses, climbed its triple hill. Yet under the elms planted by the conquering Englishman there was always rest from blinding light and pitiless heat.

I think we never felt this more keenly than on the August evening which was to be our last. We were oppressed with the prospect of the return to the oven of the plains, and there was now no time for the tramp through the hills. We sat on a bench in an open space, on the way to the Vermilion Towers, where, toward sunset, we could best watch the play of light and cloud on the Sierra Nevada, or look over the cactus and palms of the English consul's garden to the vega. It was somewhere down there that Boabdil gave his last sigh as he turned from Granada forever. We could have taken him by the hand, and sighed with him, partly for the sorrow, partly for the effort, of leaving so fair and well-shaded a hilltop. We had done none of the things we had planned; we had not even been to Alhama or San Fernando or Santa Fe, or any of the places with familiar and romantic names that are within such easy distance of Granada; but we would not have had it otherwise. We had come to know the Alhambra and its grove as no one can who has not slept there peacefully the long summer, while a world without still goes on toiling and troubling, busy about foolish things.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

MR. KEEGAN'S ELOPEMENT.

WITH PICTURES BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

I.

THE northeast wind was very fresh that morning, and drove the seas before it briskly; but the *Denver* went at each of them in her bulldog fashion, and buried her white nose in them, and showered the crests of those which were specially boisterous in glistening spray over her forecastle. In the east the October sun was just beginning to peep over the sea-line, while to the northward lay the great mountain island of Madeira, already changing, by the magic touch of the light, from a phantom gray to that living green so dear to the eyes of a seaman. Soon signs of life began to appear; a village could be made out nestling in each of the valleys which furrowed the mountain-side, while yellow villas dotted its wooded slopes. In a bight at the south base, white in the morning sunlight, lay the town of Funchal, in front of which, like a huge sentinel, knee-deep, stood a towering rock crowned with a fort, reminding one of a castle on a chess-board.

Mr. Keegan, the chief boatswain's mate of the *Denver*, and his friend, Jimmy Legs,[1] the master-at-arms, sat on the weather side of the forecastle, under the forward eight-inch turret, with the collars of their pea-coats turned well up over their ears, taking a morning smoke. Mr. Keegan had a keen eye for the beautiful, and it was his wont on such occasions to sit in silence for as much as an hour at a time. The master-at-arms, being a 'tween-decks man, delighted in watching the seas break over the bows, although this amusement not infrequently cost him a wetting and a pipeful of tobacco.

Mr. Keegan was a young man with reddish hair and small, expressionless blue eyes, and his Christian name was Dennis. He had a round, full face, abnormally so on one side because of the large piece of navy plug which invariably distended it. I have said that he was chief boatswain's mate of the *Denver*, for the reason that he was so known at the department, and drew his pay as such. But, as a matter of fact, Mr. Keegan's status, and the scope of his influence on board that ship, would be as hard to define as the duties of the captain set forth in the new regulations. His friend the master-at-arms consulted him on all matters of importance; the junior officers of the ship never interfered with anything he might be doing; and the seniors showed unwonted deference to his opinions.

As the *Denver* drew more and more under the

[1] The name always given to the master-at-arms aboard ship.



DRAWN BY B. W. CLINEDINST.

THE MASTER-AT-ARMS IN THE «BULLA-CARTA.» (SEE PAGE 218.)

lee of the land the white-caps subsided into lateral swells, and the wind was no longer felt. On board active preparations were being made for coming to anchor, but with that noticeable absence of noise and bustle which is so characteristic of a modern man-of-war. Boat crews were clearing their boats for hoisting out, the lashings were being taken off the gangways, and the booms were ready to drop with the anchor. The master-at-arms shook the ashes out of his pipe, and broke the silence.

«I hate to see that young feller go, Dennis,» he said.

Mr. Keegan evidently understood clearly who the young person alluded to in this somewhat indefinite regret was, for he answered:

«He 's the finest young feller in the navy, Chimmy; you can put that down.»

«I hear the navigator say,» the master-at-arms went on, «there ain't no doubt but what he gets his orders for home when we strikes in here.»

Mr. Keegan fell into reminiscence.

«There 's two cadet cruises I took with him,—him and Mr. Morgan,—and wild cruises they was, too. There ain't much I would n't do for both of them young fellers; they 're two of a kind, and then they ain't.» But before Mr. Keegan could explain this apparent contradiction he was called upon to pipe all hands to breakfast. He watched the men reflectively as they filed below.

«Do you mind that English young lady as Mr. Pennington was consortin' with when we was here before, Chimmy, in the spring?»

The master-at-arms recalled her well.

«Mark my words, Chimmy,» said Mr. Keegan, impressively, as he went down the hatch, «he 'll be takin' her home with him.»

Now the master-at-arms was inclined to doubt this. He was a personal friend of the senhora who did the cooking at the villa where the young lady lived, and the senhora had told him a great deal about the affair in question. How Mr. Pennington and Mr. Morgan were in the habit of going to the villa almost every evening, and how Mr. Morgan talked to the young lady's father on the veranda, while Mr. Pennington and the young lady spent their time in the garden below or in the summer-house; and finally, a day or so before the ship sailed, how Mr. Pennington had asked her father a question (the character of which the senhora could only conjecture), and then had left the villa in haste. She had afterward overheard the young lady's father express himself on the subject of naval officers, against whom he seemed to be particularly prejudiced. All of this the master-at-arms had confided to Mr. Keegan at the time; but, nevertheless, Mr. Keegan had predicted trouble.

«He ain't goin' to heave to for the old one's blessin',» that worthy had said contemptuously; «not if I know Mr. Pennington, he ain't. He 'll go back and get her when he gets a chance.» At that time the people of the *Denver* did not expect the ship to be ordered back to Madeira.

AFTERNOON found Mr. Keegan and the master-at-arms going ashore in a surf-boat. They both sat in the stern, and the buttons on their new mustering-clothes shone like bright-work. Mr. Keegan was more than usually silent and preoccupied, and when they arrived at the pier, instead of having his customary argument with the boatman over the fare, Mr. Keegan gave the man a dollar, greatly to the astonishment and indignation of his side partner, the master-at-arms. Mr. Keegan paid no attention whatever to his friend's protestations, but climbed the stone steps, and led the way up the main street to the Plaza, where he turned into a wine-shop, and sat down at one of the tables.

«We 're not drinkin' to-day, you Dago,» he said, in response to the smiling inquiry of the proprietor. «Porto some cigarrettos!» Thus having aired his Portuguese, and obtained the desired articles, Mr. Keegan produced a roll of bills from his pocket, which he had just received from the paymaster, and proceeded to count them over carefully.

«There, Chimmy,» he remarked, rolling his tobacco from one cheek to the other, as he laid the pile on the table; «I don't get full this time, nor you don't; what 's more, I don't lend none of the bullies money. But if this here seventy-three dollars can help Mr. Pennington to get that there English young lady, and take her off in the packet to-night, he 's welcome to it; that 's all.» This was a very long speech for Mr. Keegan to make.

«Is he going to try it, Dennis?» asked the master-at-arms, incredulously.

«Is he goin' to try it!» Mr. Keegan repeated witheringly. «Ain't you ashamed, what 's been three years with him, for that there remark?»

The master-at-arms puffed at his cigarette in silence, and evidently felt the force of the rebuke.

«Yes, Chimmy,» Mr. Keegan went on in a milder tone, «he is goin' to try it»; and then he added, with an air of great secrecy, «He is leavin' a good deal of the particulars to you and me.»

Whereupon he unfolded a plan to the master-at-arms, who could not but wonder at its wisdom and completeness. It would almost seem as if Mr. Keegan had conducted a similar elopement on his own account. Mr. Keegan's powers of locution were not great, but he had a remarkable knack of conveying his meaning, the more remarkable because his face was absolutely without expression, and he never used any gestures. Perhaps one of the secrets of his ability to express himself lay in the fact that he alternated in his methods of explanation, now putting his hearers to shame at their stupidity, now leaving out a palpable conclusion, that they might give themselves credit for unusual perception. In any case, he never said any more than he had to.

«Now,» he concluded, when he had gone

into every detail, «you have got your sailin' orders, Chimmy. Get your friend, the senhora, to tell the young lady what I told you. We can't take no big trunks—nothin' but a small kit. I 'll be makin' sure of a boat and a sky-pilot, and be here at two bells.»

The master-at-arms went out into the Plaza, and hired a *bulla-carta*. A bulla-carta is in reality a covered sled, provided with curtains, and drawn by two oxen. For the proper management of these vehicles, according to Portuguese ideas, two men are necessary. One goes ahead, in order to check any ambitious intentions on the part of the oxen, and apparently does the guiding. The duties of the other are harder to define: he receives the fare incidentally, and urges on the oxen in those plaintive, wailing tones which he who has been to Madeira can never forget, and which incline him to believe that the Portuguese language is one of lamentation. As Mr. Keegan tersely remarked, everything is «on skates» in Madeira. The streets of Funchal are paved with small lava blocks, set on end, and polished to a degree that makes walking dangerous to people who wear the shoes of civilization. Hence the owners of the bulla-cartas do a thriving business with foreigners, especially up the slope, where a false step is fraught with no inconsiderable consequences.

It was up the hillside, or rather up the first slopes of the mountain, that the villa to which the master-at-arms was going was situated. Few visit Madeira who do not take that delightful ride up the mountain on horseback, and experience the delirium of the coast down, over the polished stones, in a wicker sled. Ascending, the traveler looks from his saddle over the high yellow walls on each hand into inviting gardens of tropical luxuriance, their shade-trees often completely arching the way over his head. But the master-at-arms cared nothing about looking into the gardens, and had a sailor's prejudice against horses; he discreetly preferred the bulla-carta. Even the picturesque procession of wine-growers which he met coming down the mountain, with skins slung over their shoulders, made no more of an impression on him than if they had been a draft of new hands. He sat back behind the curtains of his bulla-carta, and smoked brown-paper cigarettes, and meditated on the gravity of his mission; and he wondered whether the senhora would look with favor on the plan. Only once, when he had to turn out for a fat ecclesiastic from the convent above, was he aroused from these reflections. The priest was descending at a pace which would have defied a trolley-car, but sat in his sled with as much equanimity as if he were pronouncing a benediction, his guide deftly balanced on the runners behind.

«He 's sure swift for a holy father!» the master-at-arms exclaimed aloud, lifting the curtains in order to obtain a better view of the vanishing figure; «but Dennis ain't hirin' him for the ceremony—you can't trust them Dagos even for splicin'.»

It was almost dusk when the master-at-arms recognized the back gate of Mr. Inglefield's villa, and directed the gentleman at the side to draw up, which he accomplished with a great deal of unnecessary noise. Thereupon the master-at-arms alighted, and designated a point a little higher up for the men to wait for him. Then he opened the gate, and cautiously entered the garden. He sat down under a banana-tree to hit upon some method of attracting the senhora's attention; for the hour was unusual for a call, and the senhora was undoubtedly engaged in the kitchen. As the villa was on a rather steep portion of the slope, the house was considerably higher than the garden, its broad piazza being among the tree-tops. Here was a predicament! If he waited until the senhora finished cooking the dinner, put on her evening gown, and came down to the little porch where she received her callers, all would be lost. Bearing in mind the sentiments concerning his profession which the owner of the villa had expressed at various times, it was out of the question for him to go to the senhora, as he would undoubtedly be seen by Mr. Inglefield from the veranda. While he was vainly trying to hit upon an expedient, wishing ardently the while that Mr. Keegan might have undertaken this matter himself, he heard the rustle of a woman's skirts coming down the path. His first impulse was to climb the tree, but on second thought he decided to sit still; it was getting dark, and he might not be seen where he was.

He had barely reached this decision when there appeared in the path, directly before him, a young girl. She was tall and fair, with that wealth of color peculiar to Englishwomen; and as she stood there in the twilight, shading her eyes with her hand, the master-at-arms was transported with admiration. From where she stood one could look through an opening in the trees far out into the harbor, and he had no doubt that fortune had thrown him in the way of Miss Inglefield herself, and that she was looking at the *Denver*. He rose, took off his cap, and coughed slightly to attract her attention. At the sound the girl dropped her hand quickly,

and turned toward him, without, however, betraying the least alarm; her manner was a mixture of surprise and self-possession. The master-at-arms was anything but self-possessed; he was, on the contrary, very much disconcerted. Miss Inglefield, for it was she, waited for him to speak; but at length, despairing of this, she spoke herself:

«Did you wish to see any one?»

The voice was softer than any the master-at-arms had ever heard, and its tones were so kind that he took heart.

«Yes, miss,» he answered; «I guess it 's you I want to see.»

«Me?» she exclaimed, in evident wonder.

«I 'm from the *Denver*, miss,» he explained.

The master-at-arms watched the girl keenly to see what effect this announcement would have, but if her color deepened it was too dark to notice it.

«So you are from the *Denver*, and wish to see me,» she answered. «If that is the case, I think it would be well, for many reasons, to retire to the summer-house.»

She picked up her white skirts, and led the way down a secluded path lined with vines to a little arbor in the corner of the garden. The master-at-arms followed, not without misgivings concerning his ability to handle a mission of such delicacy as this promised to be. The ease and dignity of her bearing, and the simplicity of her speech, completely mystified him; he had expected any reception but this. When they reached the summer-house, she motioned him toward a wicker bench, and sat down beside him.

«I think we shall be safe from interruption here,» she said, with a smile of encouragement; and then she added, «Did any one send you?»

Although the master-at-arms thought the question a trifle strange, he could not but admit that it was pertinent.

«Dennis Keegan sent me, miss,» he replied.

«Dennis Keegan! And you wish to see me —are you sure?»

There was such an evident note of disappointment in this that the master-at-arms was more puzzled than ever. Was it possible that Mr. Pennington had not told her about Dennis?

«Dennis is the man who is actin' for Mr. Pennington, you know, miss—sorter under his orders.»

But Miss Inglefield, greatly to his discomfiture, did not seem to grasp the situation in the least.

«Who are you?» she demanded, with a touch of impatience.

«I 'm the master-at-arms of the *Denver*, miss,» he answered, in a tone of injured dignity.

«But the orders you speak of, what are they? I do not quite understand.»

What were the orders! There began to dawn on the master-at-arms, from various things he had noticed in Miss Inglefield's conversation and manner, a suspicion that she had had no previous intimation of the communication he was about to impart. This was a point which had not been touched upon by Mr. Keegan. He was in a quandary. To withdraw now might injure Mr. Pennington's honor, and, besides, make things exceedingly unpleasant for him, the master-at-arms. But if Mr. Keegan had by any chance made a mistake, to go on would involve Mr. Pennington in a difficulty the gravity of which the master-at-arms had not before considered. But his faith in Mr. Keegan, and the fear of his displeasure, finally predominated.

«You see, miss,» he began, «the reason I come up here, and not Dennis, was this: I happen to be acquainted with the seenora as does the cookin' for you, and Dennis he said for me to tell this here to the seenora, and the seenora—»

«Has Mr. Pennington sent a note?» Miss Inglefield broke in, in despair.

«A note!» the master-at-arms repeated deprecatingly; «he never insulted me or Dennis with a note yet, miss.»

«Please go on, then, quickly,» she said; «I may be called at any minute.»

«There ain't nothin' to it exceptin' this, miss,» he began, in no wise to be hurried, however: «Mr. Pennington's time 's up on the ship to-day, and he has bought tickets for *two*» —the master-at-arms thought the inference a very happy one, and emphasized the numeral —«on the steamer what leaves to-night. Then he goes to Dennis Keegan, who 's been on many a cruise with him in 's younger days, and in many a tight place, too, and he says, ‹Keegan, there 's a young lady what lives up here on the hill behind Funchal—› ‹What you 'd like to take off with you this evenin', Mr. Pennington,› Dennis puts in, ‹but there be cert'in reasons again' your goin' up and gettin' her yourself.› Mr. Pennington looked sorter surprised, but, Lord! miss, he ought to know there ain't much goin' on what Dennis ain't on to. ‹Well, sir,› Dennis went on, without givin' him a show to speak, ‹all you got to do is to leave this here business to me and Chimmy› —that 's me, miss,— ‹and if that there young lady ain't ready to go with you at whatever time you say, it won't be our fault, sir.›»

The master-at-arms paused, and wiped the perspiration from his face with his red handkerchief, watching Miss Inglefield anxiously the while. She had sat quietly by during this recital, but he could see that she was agitated now by her breathing, which came and went quickly, and his confidence in Mr. Keegan's judgment redoubled. Evidently, if the young lady in the case was as much in love as she appeared from these symptoms, the course he was taking was most justifiable. The master-at-arms had always deemed a little prevarication in a good cause no harm. There was, apparently, quite a mental struggle going on within Miss Inglefield. Once or twice she seemed about to speak, and then to change her mind. It was at this point that a hearty masculine voice was heard calling loudly from the garden above:

«Eleanor!»

Miss Inglefield rose.

«Coming, papa,» she answered; but to the astonishment of the master-at-arms, she did not betray the slightest alarm. She walked slowly toward the step, her head bent downward in thought; then she suddenly drew herself up to the full height of her commanding figure, and faced him.

«At what time will Mr. Pennington be here?» she demanded.

«At half-past eleven, at the back gate, miss,» he answered, doubting if he heard aright.

«Tell him I shall be ready,» she said; and before he could reply she had vanished among the vines.

The master-at-arms stood looking after her for a moment, and then made his way out of the garden, keeping a bright lookout for Mr. Inglefield. He found his bulla-carta, after some trouble, in front of a stray wine-shop which was built in the wall, and into which he dived precipitately in search of his Jehus. It is to be doubted if either of them understood the choice maritime invectives that he heaped upon them impartially for hiding themselves; but they motioned him into the vehicle with soothing urbanity, and started for the convent above, blissfully oblivious to the occasional mutterings from within.

Upon his arrival at the convent, the master-at-arms proceeded, by a judicious use of Mr. Keegan's funds, to make arrangements with the sled-owners, by which every sled was to be ready for descent at eleven o'clock. He impressed upon them that a large party of gentlemen of his acquaintance wished to make the descent by moonlight. One and all promised that it should be as the senhor wished, although each had his private doubts about the moonlight. This done, the master-at-arms descended to Funchal, where he found Mr. Keegan awaiting him in the wine-shop, engaged in making life unbearable for the Portuguese occupants. On the entrance of the master-at-arms he desisted abruptly from this pastime, and drew him into a corner.

«Well, Chimmy, is it a go?» he asked.

The master-at-arms regarded him in a way that plainly signified his approbation of such an arch diplomatist, and then launched into a glowing description of his share of the transaction, interspersed with frequent reproaches for not informing him beforehand of the true state of affairs. Mr. Keegan listened with evident satisfaction.

«She ain't goin' to take no trunks, is she?» he inquired, with some apprehension.

The master-at-arms confessed he had forgotten to caution the young lady on this point.

«Women, Chimmy,» said Mr. Keegan, profoundly, «will never leave any spare riggin' behind if they ain't made to.»

II.

YOUNG Ensign Pennington was reclining on the lounge in the smoking-room of Burroughs's Hotel, Funchal, in anything but a happy frame of mind. His traveling-case was at his feet, and his trunks were on board the steamer which was to leave for England that night. The other occupant of the room, his friend and classmate Morgan, had assumed an absurdly awkward position on the table, which he always chose in preference to a chair, and was doing most of the talking.

Perhaps nothing could better show the difference between the temperaments of Pennington and Morgan than their present attitudes. Under an apparent languor, and a seeming indifference to his own affairs and those of others, Pennington concealed qualities which made him, young as he was, one of the most efficient officers in the service. Morgan, on the other hand, had a continual craving for excitement, which betrayed itself in every action. Now he was shifting restlessly from one elbow to the other, while Pennington had not changed his position since lighting his cigar. Their characters dovetailed into each other with such nicety that few closer friendships have been formed than that which existed between them. Morgan's impetuosity was offset by Pennington's inertia, his frankness by Pennington's reserve, while

they possessed in common certain qualities, invariably found in a true seaman, which served to cement the bond. But it was Pennington who wielded the influence, and his was the only influence which had ever been known to affect Morgan. Their names had become associated at the naval academy, where Morgan had been stroke of the crew, of which Pennington had been captain, and since then they had been separated but little. It had been their singular good fortune —for the discrepancy between their standings had been great—to take the two years' cruise together as midshipmen, and as ensigns they had both been ordered to the *Denver*. Now, it would seem, the time had come for a long separation, and each felt as only young fellows who have spent the best part of their lives under such circumstances can feel, and found it hard to realize that it might be many years before they would meet. But gradually Morgan approached a subject which was uppermost in his mind as well as in Pennington's. It had always been said of Morgan that his friends' troubles worried him more than his own, and perhaps the chances this particular trouble offered for something hazardous especially appealed to him. At last he broke in, with characteristic abruptness:

«Of course it is none of my business, Jack, but when I see you go off in this way without seeing Miss Inglefield, without even so much as writing her a line, in spite of the fact that five months ago you wanted to marry her, I can't help saying something, for it is n't much like you. I tell you what, Jack, you may travel some, but it will be a devilish long time before you come across another girl like her.»

Morgan paused, uncertain what the effect of this speech would be; for, beyond the fact that he had asked Mr. Inglefield for his daughter, and had been refused, Pennington had told him nothing of the affair. Now he only smiled a little wearily.

«It is no use, Dutchman,» he said, in the tone of affectionate forbearance that he often used with his friend; «that is all past now.»

«Thanks to your confounded, misplaced principle!» Morgan went on a trifle warmly. «Renouncing her for a little thing like her father's refusal! You might have known what he would have said before you asked him; I could have told you that. If I cared as much for the girl as you do, Jack, and she cared as much for me as I know she does for you, I would take her home with me in spite of all the English in Madeira.»

«Don't talk nonsense, Dutchman,» said Pennington, lighting another cigar; but Morgan noticed that his hand shook a little as he held it, and this encouraged him.

«It is n't as if you were as I am, and only had your pay,» he remonstrated; «or it is n't as if you were only knocking the bottom out of your own life,» he continued, throwing in the arguments as they came to him. «And perhaps you do not think I know what has been the matter with you ever since we left here in the spring; but I do, and I call coming back here fate.»

«It looks to me as if the department had had rather a large share in that,» replied Pennington, with a half-hearted attempt at humor. «But don't let us worry about it, Dutchman,» he added, very much in the way he used to quiet his friend in the old days when they were midshipmen together. It seemed to be his place to do the comforting, no matter whose the trouble. But now Morgan would not be comforted. He slid off the table, and went over to the lounge beside Pennington.

«Jack,» he began, with an earnestness which surprised even Pennington, who was used to his ways, «you have a perfect right to ruin your own life if you want to, although a good many of us would hate to see you do it; still, that is your own affair; but you have n't any right to ruin her life. I 've seen more of women than you have, and there are some who get over things of that sort. She never will.»

Pennington was silent. A party was coming down the veranda singing the refrain of a hearty English melody. They seated themselves immediately in front of the windows of the smoking-room and proceeded to light their pipes.

«She used to be such a jolly girl,» said one, in answer to some inaudible remark, «but she never goes anywhere now.»

Pennington and Morgan listened aimlessly, without well knowing why. Morgan chafed at the interruption, coming as it did at such a serious turn in their conversation, and it seemed to banish his last hope of influencing his friend. The lights in the smoking-room were low, and the broad, checkered shoulders of the speaker, whose back was turned, were pushed into the window, his elbows resting on the sill. His Oxford cap was tilted jauntily on one side of his head, and a pipe, as if to complete the poise, protruded from the other. The subject thus brought up seemed an interesting one to the whole party, for those who were still humming the air stopped to join in the talk. It was evident that some person was being discussed.

«Had she been with us to-night we should n't have had such a beastly slow time,» said another.

To this there was a unanimous assent.

«I wonder what is the reason of it all?» he continued.

«They say it is some chap in the American navy,» volunteered another, «who was here last spring—»

But Pennington did not wait to hear any more. He had risen, and his grasp on Morgan's arm was like that of a vise.

«Let 's get out of this, Dutchman,» he said, and his teeth were tightly shut together.

Morgan followed him out of the room. Pennington stalked through the corridors at a pace he found it difficult to keep up with, and through the office, where Mr. Burroughs, the proprietor, was reading the London news of the week before. He glanced at the two with the air of a man who has long since ceased trying to account for American idiosyncrasies, and then resumed his paper. At the hotel entrance Pennington brought up against a man who was coming in out of the darkness; the force of the impact, and the heavy blow of the traveling-case against the knees, would have been sufficient to stun an ordinary mortal.

But Mr. Keegan was not an ordinary mortal. He waived Pennington's apologies, saluted him, and then thrust his hands into his pockets with his customary nonchalance. Both Pennington and Morgan stood regarding him in no little surprise, and waited for him to speak. Mr. Keegan rolled his tobacco from one cheek to the other, and surveyed them with deliberation.

«You 're the very gentleman I 'm lookin' for, Mr. Pennington,» he said at length; «but I were n't expectin' to run again' you so soon.» This was literal, if nothing else.

«Neither was I, Keegan, to tell the truth,» replied Pennington, smiling in spite of himself as he picked up the traveling-case. «I was sorry you were not on board when I left the ship,» he added, «for I wanted to see you before I went.»

Mr. Keegan evidently thought this speech perfunctory, for he paid no attention to it.

«I come up here to remind you of somethin' you must have forgot, sir. Have you got all your stuff aboard, Mr. Pennington?» he asked.

Pennington was puzzled. Mr. Keegan did not look as if he had been drinking; but then Pennington remembered that Mr. Keegan's appearance was never materially altered under such circumstances. He had seen him in a state of inebriation more than once.

«I do not remember to have forgotten anything, Keegan,» he answered. «I sent all my baggage out this afternoon.»

«How about your tickets, sir?»

Pennington would have resented this catechism from any other petty officer, but from Mr. Keegan somehow it did not seem an impertinence. He had always been interested in his welfare.

«The agent was to have my ticket for me at ten, Keegan,» said Pennington. «Why?»

«Nothin', sir,» said Mr. Keegan, with admirable unconcern, «except the master-at-arms and me knows of a certain lady as would like to go with you, sir, if you cared about takin' her.»

Pennington looked bewildered; but Morgan, who had been listening with increasing astonishment, realized the purport of this intelligence at once. He grasped Mr. Keegan's hand excitedly.

«Tell her Mr. Pennington will take her, Keegan; of course he will.»

«Shut up, Morgan!» said Pennington, beginning to pace the floor, while Mr. Keegan spat demurely into a convenient flower-vase, and waited. Finally Pennington faced him abruptly.

«Who told you this, Keegan?»

«The lady herself told—»

«What lady?»

«Miss Inglefield,» said Mr. Keegan, in no wise abashed.

«Well?»

«The lady herself told the master-at-arms, sir. He went up to the viller this evenin' to see the seenora what does the cookin' there, and came acrost the young lady herself as she was takin' the air in the garden.»

Pennington resumed his pacing. There must be some mistake—certainly *she* could not have suggested such a thing. Such is the weight of prejudice, and such is the iron-bound custom which, even in this nineteenth century of enlightenment, prevents a woman from speaking her mind, that Mr. Keegan's statement was divested of all probable truth by the idea that the proposition had come from Miss Inglefield. Pennington could not believe it.

«What did Miss Inglefield say to the master-at-arms, Keegan?» he asked at last.

«She said as all you had to do was to come up there to the back gate at half-past eleven, sir, and she 'd be ready,» Mr. Keegan replied, without hesitation.

By this time Morgan's patience was exhausted.

«Don't be a fool, Jack,» he said. «Can't

you see you 've got all you can do now to get up there by half-past eleven? The girl has twice as much sand as you have.»

«If you don't start now, sir,» put in Mr. Keegan, «there ain't no use goin' at all.»

«Keegan,» said Pennington,—and the coolness of his speech and the command of his voice struck both the others as he spoke,—«I have known you for nearly nine years now, and you are one of the best friends I have ever had. You have pulled me out of two or three tight places when I was younger, which I am not likely to forget. In those nine years you have never deceived me, and I do not think you capable of it; but from what I know of Miss Inglefield I think it more than probable that the master-at-arms has misunderstood her. I want to thank you for this, just the same.» Then, turning to Morgan, he continued, «Can't you see, Dutchman, even if there is not a mistake, how impossible it would be to do what Keegan proposes to-night? Of course I shall wait for the next steamer now. But there are certain things to be thought of—all very necessary in their way, and very hard to get in two hours and a half.»

«Mr. Pennington,» said Mr. Keegan, gravely, «if Chimmy has made a mistake on this, then I 'm willin' to enlist in the marine corps to-morrow.» This was more emphatic than any oath Mr. Keegan could think of. Then he concluded, with a finality which set further demur at naught: «There won't be no trouble about a sky-pilot; there 's one on the ship ye 're goin' on as says he will fix things up, and keep quiet till he does. And about details, there ain't one you can mention what ain't fixed, sir.»

Whereupon Morgan picked up the traveling-case, and went out, followed by Mr. Keegan and Pennington, the latter in a state of mind difficult to describe, and one not at all within the comprehension of either Morgan or Mr. Keegan. Mr. Keegan had brought up three horses, one of which he mounted himself, while Morgan mounted another, and Pennington mechanically got on the third. They started off at as quick a pace as the law would permit, the runners keeping silently along by their sides. Burroughs's Hotel was situated on an eminence to the west of the town, while the Inglefield villa lay on the slopes to the northward. The road led for some distance along the high cliffs which skirt the harbor, where the anchor lights of the vessels twinkled and danced. Pennington could distinguish the *Denver* by her white sides and her uncompromising, bulky form, revealed by the electric lights of the big black steamer hardly a stone's throw away from her. But his thoughts were not on the *Denver;* he was looking at the smoke already pouring out of the pipes of the steamer; it was time—hardly two hours. And, perhaps, then—«What nonsense!» he exclaimed to himself, half aloud. It could not be possible that this girl, who had refused him with such firmness only five months ago, would even consent to such a madcap undertaking as this, much less propose one. Still Mr. Keegan seemed, as usual, to be sure of himself, and to know what he was doing. That worthy headed the column, whistling softly a rather dubious air he had picked up in a Bowery theater the year before. Mr. Keegan's horsemanship was none of the best; when the pace quickened to a trot he managed to keep on, however, and comforted himself with the reflection that it was too dark for the Dago heelers to criticize. By the time they reached the town its narrow streets were almost deserted, and the wine-shops were beginning to close. Mr. Keegan reined in his horse, and waited for the others to come up.

«That there ticket agent has got to be held, Mr. Morgan,» he said.

Morgan was wise enough to see the force of this, and also that they stood a better chance of success if Mr. Keegan went up with Pennington. Although it was a bitter disappointment to him not to take a more material part in the attempt than «holding» the agent, he acquiesced at once, and had ridden off before Pennington could expostulate.

«Now, sir,» remarked Mr. Keegan, «we ain't got no time to burn gettin' up that hill.»

They clattered over the stones in defiance of municipal law, and were soon on the ascent. Except for an occasional lamp at the entrance to a villa, it was so dark that they could scarcely make out the high walls on each side of them. Once or twice Pennington had almost decided to go back, but Mr. Keegan pushed ahead with such diligence, as if there could be no possible doubt of the outcome, that Pennington kept on after him. As they passed under one of the dim lights in the wall a sled shot by, in which Pennington made out, smoking with great complacency, two of the *Denver's* liberty party.

«You have managed this well, Keegan,» said Pennington, as he pulled up beside him.

«Chimmy is doin' that, sir,» Mr. Keegan replied modestly; «he is up there gettin' 'em started.» And then he added, with a touch of satisfaction, «Unless the old one has a roller-coaster, he ain't got much show this evenin'.»

Pennington was not in a position to express

his sentiments in this matter, but he found himself fervently hoping that Mr. Inglefield was not provided with anything so fatal to his chances of success. The master-at-arms was evidently doing his duty thoroughly, and each sled that passed them tended more and more to convince him of the method in Mr. Keegan's madness. Pennington began to think that, after all, there must be some foundation for his statements.

They urged on their horses, which by this time were fairly tired of the rapid climbing, Mr. Keegan cursing the «heelers,» as he called them, when they growled at the speed, and in the next breath offering them another dollar apiece. After what seemed an age to Pennington, they arrived opposite a recess in the wall, where Mr. Keegan drew up.

«Is that you, Chimmy?» he called out in a stage whisper.

The master-at-arms emerged.

«How about things, Chimmy?» Mr. Keegan inquired. «Is they all down?»

«All down but that there,» responded the master-at-arms, pointing over his shoulder. Just at this moment it struck him that a coasting sled accommodated but two; and how he and Mr. Keegan were to escape the clutches of the irate father-in-law elect was a point he had not previously considered.

«Well, I 'll be ——, Dennis!» he exclaimed profanely.

But Mr. Keegan, who divined his thoughts, refrained from censure. He was quick to make a virtue out of necessity.

«That ain't no matter, Chimmy,» he said consolingly; «if the old one wastes any time tryin' to pinch us, he 'll never get hold of Mr. Pennington there.»

Pennington struck a match, and looked at his watch; it was twenty-five minutes after eleven.

«It is time we were there, Keegan,» he said.

This was virtually an admission in Mr. Keegan's favor, and Mr. Keegan knew it. Having had a very thorough understanding of Pennington's character, he had appreciated the magnitude and delicacy of his undertaking, and had handled that gentleman to perfection, as we have seen. If he felt any exultation now he did not show it, for he only cautioned the master-at-arms, by way of reply, to stay by the sled, and not to trust the Dago out of his sight.

Pennington and Mr. Keegan started up as noiselessly as they might, keeping close to the wall. The darkness was so intense that they were obliged to feel for the gate, and their footfalls sounded to Pennington like gunshots in the oppressive silence. After a prolonged search, and just as they were on the point of going back to the master-at-arms for more accurate information, Pennington came to a break.

«Here it is, Keegan,» he whispered; «I can feel the hinges.»

They tried the latch, but the gate was locked. Mr. Keegan bent down to the key-hole, and gave a low whistle; but there was no response.

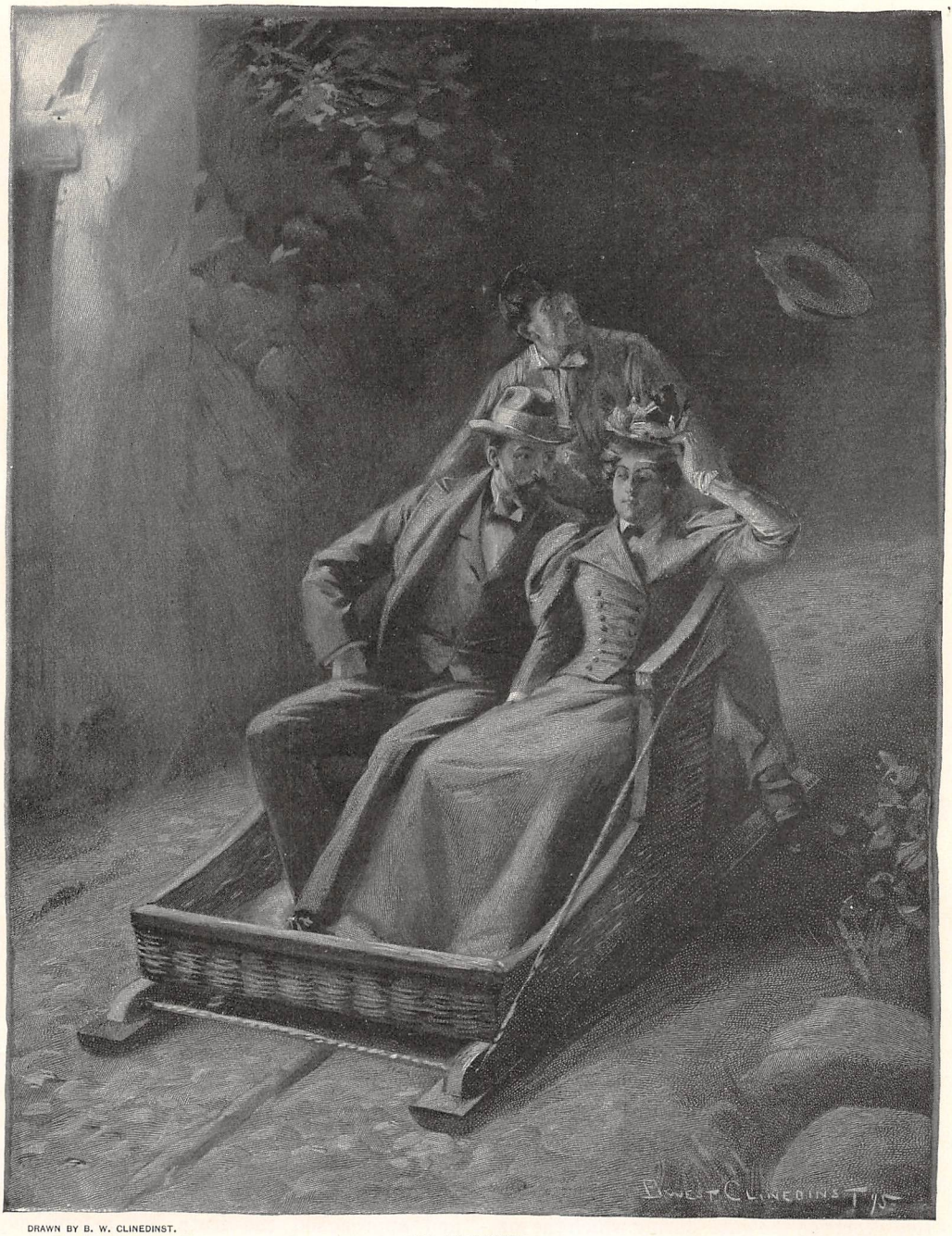
«I 'll get over, Mr. Pennington,» he said; «give me your shoulder, sir.»

Mr. Keegan was soon on top of the wall, whence he slid easily down on the other side, and Pennington could hear him trying the lock.

«I 'll just reconnoiter up the yard a bit, Mr. Pennington,» he called through the key-hole; «you stay there, sir.»

As Pennington waited outside the gate, and minute after minute slipped by, all his misgivings returned. He began to feel like a criminal, and, what was worse, like a fool. He might have known, he told himself, that this was all an imagination of the master-at-arms, and he wondered that as practical a man as Mr. Keegan had been duped by it. It was a choice business, too, for an officer in the United States navy to be mixed up in. What a delectable story it would make when it became known in the service! It was not that he did not love the girl; he reflected bitterly on Morgan's words, and felt they were only too true. He remembered how his heart had sunk into his boots when he had heard they were to be ordered back to Madeira, and decided then to leave, if his orders were there, by the first steamer. And now by the well-meaning but misguided interference of his old friend Mr. Keegan, aided and abetted by Morgan and the master-at-arms, he was plunged again into the depths of misery, and, moreover, likely to be held up to his fellow-officers as an object of ridicule.

Then the things which had happened the last time he saw her began to crowd into his mind. How distinctly he recalled them—just what she had worn, and just what she had said! She would never marry him without her father's consent, and she doubted very much whether her father would give it. She was leaning over a rose-bush at the time; he could see her now—the bush itself was only on the other side of that gate. So he had gone into the house to find Mr. Inglefield, and had left her in the garden looking after him. It was as this painful point in his recollec-



DRAWN BY B. W. CLINEDINST.

THE ELOPEMENT.

tions was reached that Pennington thought he heard footsteps on the other side of the wall. He listened intently; it seemed as if there was another step besides Mr. Keegan's. It must be his imagination, he told himself. Then there came the sound of a key turning in the lock, the gate opened, and some one came out.

It was not Mr. Keegan.

«Jack!» exclaimed the person.

«Eleanor!» exclaimed Pennington.

Mr. Keegan closed the door, and discreetly locked it again, putting the key in his pocket. He remained silently contemplating the two for an instant, for they had apparently forgotten his existence, and then he laid his hand on Pennington's arm.

«Better belay that now, Mr. Pennington,» he said, «and get under way.» Here Mr. Keegan was forced to get rid of a certain amount of tobacco. «Keep a good full, Mr. Pennington, and God bless you both, sir!»

Pennington grasped Mr. Keegan's hand, and wrung it.

«Eleanor,» he said simply, «this is my old friend, Mr. Keegan. It will take me a long time to tell you how much we owe him.»

«Never mind that, sir,» answered Mr. Keegan, as he took off his cap, and rubbed his eyes suspiciously. «And, miss,» he continued, by way of acknowledgment of a very graceful speech Miss Inglefield had made him, «you 've got the finest young officer in the navy.»

«The very finest,» Mr. Keegan repeated to himself, when they had gone; «she has sure got a prize.» He sat down against the wall, and began to feel very unhappy, so much so as to become totally careless as to pursuit or capture. It was thus his friend the master-at-arms found him, or rather fell over him, some ten minutes afterward.

«Anything yet from the old one, Dennis?» he inquired.

Mr. Keegan rose.

«He may get on to it now,» he said, «and he may get on to it to-morrow. We 'll just stand by a spell, in case he gets uneasy. You boost me up, Chimmy, till I see if there 's a light in the house.»

Mr. Keegan got on the wall, and immediately threw himself down on his face.

«There 's two of 'em comin' this way with lanterns, Chimmy,» he whispered, «and I think one of them 's the old one.»

«How long ago was this, Jennings?» said a voice which, although greatly agitated, the master-at-arms recognized as one he had heard before.

«Habout ten minutes, sir, hit might 'ave been.»

«Why did n't you call me before—at once?»

«Hi thought as hit was Perdita and that sailor as used to come to see her sometimes, sir.»

Then followed a period occupied by tentative efforts on the gate, during which the master-at-arms was becoming decidedly nervous.

«Thanks to your —— conjectures, Jennings, Miss Inglefield has gone off with a—»

Jennings was not enlightened; his efforts on the gate had been unremitting, and just at this critical moment it fell heavily outward. Mr. Inglefield rushed out, holding the lantern the height of his face, and peered down the hill; but the master-at-arms had disappeared in the darkness.

«You go up to the convent as fast as you can post, Jennings,» he said; «I will wait for you right here.»

Jennings departed in double time up the hill, while Mr. Inglefield walked restlessly up and down. Mr. Keegan was anxiously considering the possibility of there being another sled at the convent, which the master-at-arms had overlooked, when Perdita arrived on the scene, breathless, and trouble written in every line of her face.

«Ah, senhor,» she exclaimed, «the senhorita!»

The master of the villa grasped her by both shoulders.

«You knew of this, Perdita,» he said sternly.

«No, senhor, no; I assure you I know nothing.»

«Jennings tells me he saw your friend with Miss Eleanor.»

«I know not what you mean, senhor,» Perdita disclaimed excitedly; and then, falling back for fluency on her native tongue, she poured forth a torrent of protestations. Her efforts, however, plainly failed to convince Mr. Inglefield. Apparently he entertained the same distrust of her race as did Mr. Keegan, for he leaned wearily against the wall, and motioned her to cease.

«That will do, Perdita,» he said, whereupon the senhora found relief in tears.

The wall about Mr. Inglefield's villa was so hard and uneven, and Mr. Keegan was becoming so cramped in his position, that he was thinking of letting himself down on the inside when Jennings was heard returning. He was accompanied by two or three Portuguese from the convent, but, to Mr. Keegan's great relief, was without the sled. When the circumstances of the liberty party became known to Mr. Inglefield, he said a great many things Mr. Keegan expected him to say, but he added a few remarks about Pennington which Mr. Keegan had not anticipated. Finally the denunciation of that gentleman became so vigorous that Mr. Keegan could stand it no longer.

«He is a sneaking scoundrel!» declared Mr. Inglefield.

Here Mr. Keegan slid down from the wall, and approached the irate but astonished father with a somewhat rolling but easy gait. He carefully looked him over, from force of habit perhaps, before accosting him.

«Mr. Inglefield,» he began, very much as if he were addressing a water-butt, «I took your feelin's into account before comin' for-'ard, sir; but I ain't goin' to stand by and listen to no such things about Mr. Pennington as you was givin' vent to.»

Mr. Inglefield managed to recover himself sufficiently, during the interval occupied by Mr. Keegan in transferring his tobacco to the other cheek, to exclaim angrily:

«Who the deuce are you, sir, and what are you doing on my wall?»

«I know this here come rather suddin,» Mr. Keegan went on, without taking the trouble to answer the question; «but I want to say right now there ain't no finer young man anywhere, and that this here business was n't his fault.»

«Was n't his fault!» roared Mr. Inglefield.

«No, sir,» said Mr. Keegan, coolly; «it was me what fixed the thing up. It was me what got your daughter to consent to it, and brought Mr. Pennington up here to get her; and if you ain't blessin' me for it some day I 'm a sergeant of marines.»

«You!» repeated Mr. Inglefield, in a species of stupefaction.

Now it so happened that the master-at-arms, who had remained concealed some distance down the hill, heard the commotion, and became possessed with the idea that his friend Mr. Keegan was getting into trouble. He arrived on the scene just at this instant.

«Now, Mr. Inglefield,» Mr. Keegan continued, glancing around at the faces about the lantern, «this here ain't no place to talk private matters; but if you 'll take the trouble to step inside with us, me and Chimmy 'll try to give you a loocid report of this here, sir.»

«Come inside, by all means, if you can throw any light on this rascally business,» said Mr. Inglefield, picking up the lantern, and leading the way to the house. The others followed.

«Dennis,» said the master-at-arms to Mr. Keegan, pulling him by the sleeve, «there ain't no use of my goin' in there; you knows how to handle the old one. I 'll be payin' the seenora that little call I missed this afternoon.»

MR. AND MRS. PENNINGTON, or the master-at-arms, for that matter, never knew precisely how Mr. Keegan «handled the old one» during the half-hour he was closeted with him. Mr. Keegan, of course, would never tell. All he could be induced to say, when questioned on the subject by the master-at-arms, was:

«He went in like a lion and come out like a lamb, did n't he, Chimmy?»

The master-at-arms admitted that he did.

«Well, Chimmy,» he would reply, solemnly blinking his little eyes, «that there 's all there is to it.»

In the service journal, which is published in New York, there appeared the following item:

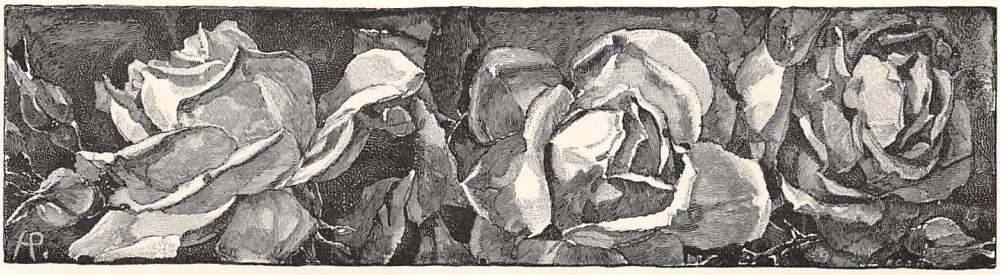
A most interesting and novel wedding took place on Thursday, October 31, at Funchal, Madeira, on board the steamer *Southampton* of the Union Line. Ensign John R. Pennington, U. S. N., married Miss Eleanor Inglefield, daughter of Robert Inglefield, Esq., of Ravenside, long and eminently connected with the English diplomatic service. The bride and groom left immediately for England. In consequence of Mr. Pennington's hurried departure, the wedding was a surprise even to his brother-officers of the *Denver*. The young couple are now at Newport, where Ensign Pennington is stationed; and it is understood that the bride's father will spend the winter with them.

The report was true, for before the *Denver* left Funchal the Inglefield villa was closed, and the senhora reigned supreme there; and Mr. Inglefield had gone to see his new son-in-law at Newport, and to pay his first visit to the United States.

As for Mr. Keegan, he now owns a large gold chain, attached to a large gold watch, of which he is very proud, and which he wears on all occasions. On the outside of the case is the monogram «D. K.,» very handsomely engraved, and on the inside a mysterious inscription, the purport of which Mr. Keegan has never disclosed, but which is thought to be expressive of the everlasting gratitude of two people.

Nor has his friend the master-at-arms been forgotten.

Winston Churchill.



THE HARSHAW BRIDE.

A STORY CONTAINED IN LETTERS FROM MRS. TOM DALY OF BISUKA, IN THE NORTHWEST, TO AN INVALID SISTER WHO IS SPENDING THE SUMMER ON THE COAST OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of «The Led-Horse Claim,» «John Bodewin's Testimony,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO PARTS: PART II.



AMP AT THE THOUSAND SPRINGS. A little grass peninsula running out between the river and a narrow lagoon, a part of Decker's ranch, two miles by water below the Springs, and half a mile from Decker's Ferry, set all about with a hedge of rose, willow, and wild-currant bushes, sword-grass, and tall reeds,—the grasses enormous, like Japanese decorations,—crossing the darks of the opposite shore and the lights of the river and sky. Our tents are pitched, our blankets spread in the sun, our wagon is soaking its tired feet in the river. Tom and Harshaw are up-stream somewhere, fishing for supper. Billings is bargaining with Old Man Decker for the «keep» of his team. Kitty and I are enjoying ourselves. There is a rip in one of the back seams of my jacket, Kitty tells me, but even that cannot move me.

I say we are enjoying ourselves; but my young guest has developed a new mood of late, which gives poignancy to my growing tenderness for the girl. She has kept up wonderfully, with the aid of her bit of temper, for which I like her none the less. How she will stand this idleness, monotony, and intimacy, with the accent of beauty pressing home, I cannot say. I rather fear for her.

The screws have been tightened on her lately by something that befell at the Harshaw ranch. Our road lay past the place, and Harshaw had to stop for his surveying instruments, also to pack a bag, he said, with apologies for keeping us waiting.

I think we were all a little nervous as we neared the house. Very few women could have spelled the word «home» out of those rough masculine premises. I wondered if Kitty was not offering up a prayer of thanksgiving for the life she had been delivered from.

Harshaw jumped down, and, stooping under the wire fence, ran across the alfalfa stubble to the house as fast as he could for the welcome of a beautiful young setter dog—Maisie he called her—that came wildly out to meet him. A woman—not a nice-looking woman—stood at the door and watched him, and even at our distance from them there was something strange about their recognition.

Kitty began to talk and laugh with forced coolness. Tom turned the horses sharply, so that the wagon's shadow lay on the roadside, away from the house. «Get out, had n't you better?» he suggested, in the tone of a command. We got out, and Kitty asked for her sketching-bag.

«Kitty,» I whispered, pointing to the house, «draw *that*, and send it to your mother. She will never ask again why you did n't care to live there.»

«That has nothing to do with it,» she retorted coldly. «I would have lived there, or anywhere else, with the right person.»

There was no such person. I could n't help saying it.

She is very handsome when she looks down, proud and a trifle sullen when you «touch her on the raw,» as the men say.

«But there *is* such a person, Kitty,» I ventured. I had ventured, it seemed, too far.

«You are my hostess. Your house is my only home. Don't be his accomplice!» I thought it rather well said.

Now that woman's clothes were hanging on the line (and very common-looking clothes they were), so she could not have been a casual guest. Moreover, she was pacing the hard ground in front of the house, and staring at us with a truculent yet uneasy air. Curiosity was strong, and a sort of anger possessed me against the place and everybody connected with it.

When Cecil came out, looking very hot and confused for him, who is always so fresh and gay, I inquired, rather shortly perhaps, «Who is your visitor?»

«I have no visitor,» he answered me, as

cool as you please. But there was a sort of protest in his eye. I was determined not to spare him or any of the Harshaws.

«Your housekeeper, then?»

«I have no housekeeper.»

«Who is the lady stopping at your house?»

«I have no house.»

«Your cousin's house, then?»

«She is my cousin's housekeeper, I suppose.»

Tom gave me a look, and I thought it time to let the subject drop. This was in Kitty's presence, though apparently she neither saw nor heard. I walked on ahead of the wagon, so angry that I was almost sick. Instantly Harshaw joined me, with a much nicer, brighter look upon his face.

«Mrs. Daly,» he said, «I want to beg your pardon. I could not answer your question before Miss Comyn. The lady, as you were pleased to call her, is Mrs. Harshaw, *my cousin*—Micky's wife, you understand.»

«Since when?»

«Day before yesterday, she tells me. They were married at Bliss.»

«Well, I should say it was ‹Bliss› for Kitty Comyn that *she* is not Mrs. Harshaw too,» I was about to add, but that would be going rather far. «And what did you want to bring that girl over here for?»

«Mrs. Daly, I have told you, I thought she loved him.»

«And what of his love for her?»

«Good heavens! you don't suppose Micky cares for that old thing he has married! *That* was what I was trying to save him from. He 'd have had to be the deuce of a lot worse than he is to deserve that.»

Had it occurred to him, I put it to Cecil Harshaw, to ask himself what the saving of his precious cousin might have cost the girl who was to have been offered up to that end?



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

«A WOMAN . . . STOOD AT THE DOOR AND WATCHED HIM.»

«You leave out one small feature of the case,» said Harshaw, with a sick and burning look that made me drop my eyes, old woman as I am. «I love her myself so well that, by Heaven! if she had wanted Micky or any other man, she should have had him, if that was what her heart was set upon. But I did n't believe it was. I wanted her to know the truth, and, hang it! I could n't write it to her. I could n't peach on Micky; but I wanted to smash things. I wanted something to happen. Maybe I did n't do the right thing, but I had to do something.»

I could n't tell him just what I thought of him at that moment, but I did say to him that he had some very simple ideas for an end-of-the-century young Englishman. At which he smiled sweetly, and said it was one

of his simple ideas that Kitty need not be informed who or what her successor was, or how promptly she had been succeeded.

«But just now you said you wanted her to know the truth.»

«Not the whole truth. Heavens! she knows enough. No need to rub it in.»

«She knows just enough about this to misunderstand, perhaps. In justice to yourself,—she heard you beating about the bush,—do you want her to misunderstand you?»

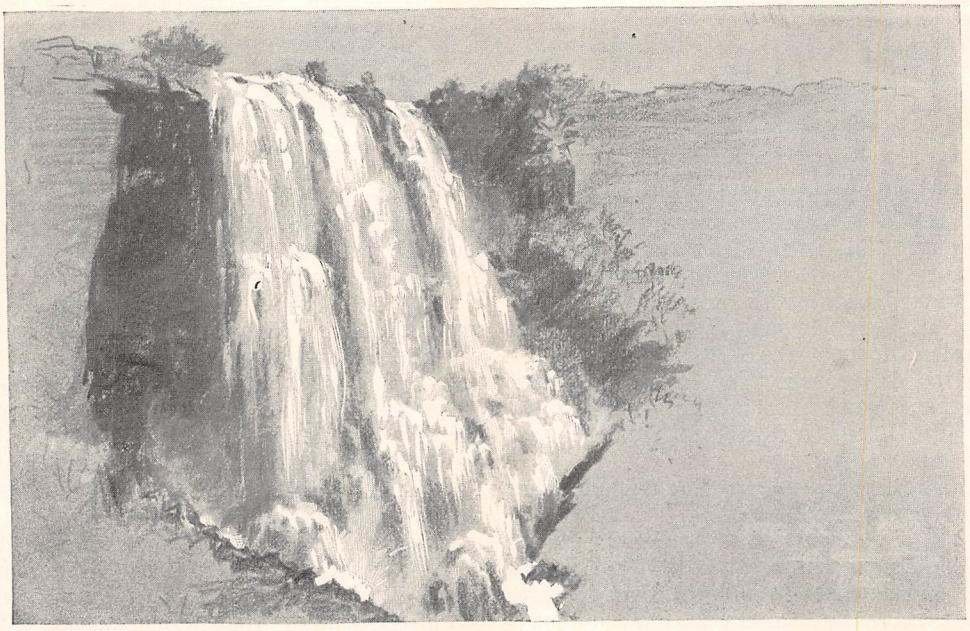
«Oh, hang me! I don't expect her to understand me, or even tolerate me, yet. Mine is a waiting race, Mrs. Daly.»

«Very well; you can wait,» I said. «But news like this will not wait. She will be obliged to hear it; you don't know how or where she may hear it. Better let her hear it first in as decent a way as possible.»

«But there is no decent way. How can I explain to you, or you to her, such a measly affair as this? It began with a question of money he owed that woman on the ranch. He bought it of her,—and a cruel, bad bargain it was,—and he never could make his last payment. She has threatened him, and played the fool with him when he 'd let her, and bored him no end. His governor would have helped him out; but, you see, Micky has been a pretty expensive boy, and he has given the old gentleman to understand that the place is paid for,—to account for money sent him at various times for that ostensible purpose,—and on that basis the bargain was struck, between our governors, for my interest in the ranch. My father bought me in, on a clear title, as Uncle George represented it, in perfect good faith. I 've never said a word, on the old gentleman's account; and Micky has never dared undeceive his father, who is the soul of honor in business, as in everything else. I am sorry to bore you with family affairs; but it 's rather rum the way Micky's fate has caught up with him, through his one weakness of laziness, and perhaps lying a little, when he was obliged to. How this affair came about so suddenly I can't say. Did n't like to ask her too many questions, and Micky, poor devil, faded from view directly he saw us coming. But at a venture: she had heard he was going to be married, and came down here to make trouble when he should arrive with his bride; but he came back alone, disgusted with life, and found her here, and it was easier to marry her than—pay her, we 'll say. She has been something over-generous, perhaps. She would rather have had him, any time, than her money, and now was the time. She took advantage of a weak moment.»

«A weak and a spiteful moment,» I kindly added. «Now if he hastens the news to England, and the Percifers hear of it in New York, how pleasant for Kitty to have all her friends hear that *he* is married and *she* is not!»

«Great Heavens!» said the young fellow,



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

THE SAND SPRINGS FALL.



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

«KITTY WORSHIPS THERE.»

«if she would let me hasten the news—that she is married to me!»

«Why don't you appeal to her pride and her spirit now while they are in the dust? Why do you bother with sentiment now?»

I liked him so much at that moment that I would have had him have Kitty, no matter what way he got her.

«Yes,» he said; «why not take advantage of her, as everybody else has done?»

«Some people's scrupulousness comes rather late,» I said.

«To those who don't understand,» he had the brazenness to say. «What is done is done. It's a rough beginning—awfully rough on her. The end must atone somehow. If I don't win her I shall be punished enough; but if I do, it will be because she loves me. And pray God—» He stopped, with that look. It is a good many years since a young man has looked at me in that way, but a woman does not forget.

It was rather difficult telling to Kitty the story of her old lover's marriage, as I took it on myself to do. Not that she winced perceptibly; but I fear she has taken the thing home, and is dwelling on it—certain features of it—in a way that can do no good. From a word she lets slip now and then I gather that she is brooding over that fancy of hers

that Cecil Harshaw offered himself by way of reparation, as she was falling between two stools,—her own home and her lover's,—to save her from the ground. As since that rainy night in the wagon she has never distinctly referred to this theory of his conduct, I have no excuse for bringing it up, even to attack it. In fact, I dare not; she is in too complicated a mood. And, after all, why should I want her to marry either of them? Why should the «hungry generations» tread her down? She is nice enough to stay as she is.

Another thing happened on our way here which may perversely have helped to confirm her in this pretty notion of Harshaw's disinterestedness.

At a place by the river where the current is bad (there are many such places, and, in fact, the whole of the Snake River is a perfect hoodoo) Harshaw stopped one day to drink. The wagon had struck a streak of heavy sand, and we were all walking. We stood and watched him, because he drank with such deep enjoyment, stooping bareheaded on his hands and knees, and putting his hot face to the water. Suddenly he made a clutch at his breast pocket: his Norfolk jacket was unbuttoned. He had lost something, and the river had got it. He ran along the bank, trying to recover it with a stick, and, not succeeding, he plopped in just as he was, with his boots on. We saw him drop into deep water and swim for it, a little black object, which he caught, and held in his teeth. Then he turned his face to the shore; and precious



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

THE SNOW BANK.

near he came to never reaching it! We women had been looking on, smiling, like idiot dolls, till we saw Tom racing down the bank, throwing off his coat as he ran. Then we took a sort of dumb fright, and tried to follow; but it was all over in a second, before we saw it, still less realized it—his struggle, swimming for dear life, and not gaining an inch; the stick held out to him in the nick of time, just as he passed a spot where the beast of a current that had him swooped inshore.

I am sorry to say that my husband's first words to the man he may be said to have saved from death were, «You young fool, what did you do that for?»

«For this,» Harshaw panted, slapping his wet breast.

«For a pocket-book! Great Sign! What had you in it? I would n't have done that for the whole of the Snake River valley.»

«Nor I,» laughed Harshaw.

«Nor the Bruneau to boot.»

«Nor I.»

«What did you do it for, then?»

«For this,» Harshaw repeated.

«For a piece of pasteboard with a girl's face on it, or some such toy, I 'll be sworn!»

Harshaw did not deny the soft impeachment.

«I did n't know you had a girl, Harshaw,» Tom began argumentatively.

«Well, I have n't, you know,» said Harshaw. «There was one I wanted badly, a few years ago,» he added, with engaging frankness.

«When was it you first began to pine for her? About the period of second dentition?»

«Oh, betimes; and betimes I was disappointed.»

«Well, unless it was for the girl herself, I 'd keep out of that Snake River,» my husband advised.

Kitty's face wore a slightly strained expression of perfect vacancy.

«Do *you* know who Harshaw's girl was?» I asked her the other night, as we were undressing, without an idea that she would n't see where the joke came in. She was standing, with her hair down, between the canvas curtains of our tent. It looks straight out toward the Sand Springs Fall, and Kitty worships there awhile every night before she goes to bed.

«No,» she said. «I was never much with Cecil Harshaw. It is the families that have always known each other.» The simple child! She had n't understood him, or would she not understand? Which was it? I can't make out whether she is really simple or not. She is too clever to be so very simple; yet the cleverness of a young girl's mind, centered on a few ideas, is mainly in spots. But now I think she has brought this incident to bear upon that precious theory of hers, that Harshaw offered himself from a sense of duty. Great good may it do her!

The Sand Springs Fall, a perfect gem, is directly opposite our camp, facing west across the lagoon. We can feast our eyes upon it at all hours of the day and night. Tom has told Kitty, in the way of business, that he has no use for that fall. She may draw it or not, as she likes. She does draw it; she draws it, and water-colors it, and chalks it in colored crayons, and India-inks it, loading on the Chinese white; and she charcoals it, in moonlight effects, on a gray-blue paper. But do it whatever way she will, she never can do it.

«Oh, you exquisite, hopeless thing! Why can't I let you alone!» she cries; «and why can't you let *me* alone!»

«It is rather hard, the way the thing doubles up on you,» says Tom. «The real fall, right side up, is bad enough; but when it comes to the reflection of it, standing on its head in the lagoon, I should lie right down myself. I would n't pull another pound.»

(«*Lay* down,» he said; but I thought you would n't stand it. Tom never would spoil a cherished bit of dialect on account of shocking anybody with his grammar.)

Kitty throws herself back in the dry salt-grass with which the whole of our little peninsula is bedded, the willows and brakes being our curtains, through which the rising moon looks in at us, and the setting sun; the sun rises long before we see him, above the dark-blue mountains beyond the shore.

«Won't somebody repeat

> There is sweet music here that softlier lies?»

Kitty asks, letting her eyelashes fall on her sun-flushed cheeks. Her face, as I saw it, sitting behind her in the grass, was so pretty —upside down like the reflection of the waterfall, its colors all the more wonderfully blended.

We did not all speak at once. Then Harshaw said, to break the silence, «I will read it to you, if you don't mind.»

«Oh, have you the book?» Kitty asked, in surprise.

He went to his tent and returned with *a* book, and sitting on the grass where she could hear but could not see him, he began. I trembled for him; but before he had got to the second stanza I was relieved: he could read aloud.

«Now *there* is a man one could live on a Snake River ranch with,» I felt like saying to Kitty. Not that I am sure that I want her to go.

When he had finished,

> O rest ye, brother mariners; we will not wander more!

Tom remarked, after a suitable silence, that it was all well enough for Harshaw, who would be in London in six weeks, to say, «We will not wander more!» But how about the rest of us?

Kitty sat straight up at that.

«Will Mr. Harshaw be in London six

weeks from now?» The question was almost a cry. «Will you?» she demanded, turning upon him as if this was the last injury he could do her.

«I suppose so,» he said.

«And you will see my mother, and all of them?»

«I think so—if you wish.»

She rose up, as if she could bear no more. Harshaw waited an instant, and then followed her; but she motioned him back, and went away to have it out with herself alone.

I took up the book Harshaw had left on the grass. It was «Copp's Manual»—«For the use of prospectors,» etc.

AFTER all, it is not so sure that Harshaw will go to London. There has been an engineer on the ground since last summer, when all the water was free. He has located a vast deal of it, perhaps the whole. Tom says he can hold only just as much as he can use; I hope there will be no difference of opinion on this point. There generally is a difference of opinion on points of location when the thing located is proved to have any value. The prior locator has gone East, they tell us at the ranch, on a business visit, presumably to raise capital for his scheme, which, as I understand it, is to force the water of the springs up on the dry plains above for irrigation (the fetish of the country), by means of a pneumatic pumping arrangement. His ladders and pipes, and all his hopeful apparatus, are clinging now like cobwebs to the face of the bluff, against that flashing, creaming broadside of the springs, at their greatest height and fall. I was pitying the poor man and his folly, but Tom says the plan is perfectly feasible.

The wall of the river cañon is built up in stories of basalt rock, each story defined by a horizontal fissure, out of which these mysterious waters gush, white and cold, taking glorious colors in the sunlight from the rich underpainting of the rock. There is an awfulness about it, too, as if the sheer front of rock were the retaining-wall of a reservoir as deep as the bluffs are high, which had sprung a leak in a thousand places, and might the next instant burst and ingulf the lagoon, and wipe out the pretty island between itself and the river. Winter and summer the volume of water never varies, and the rate of discharge is always the same, and the water is never cold, though I have just said it is. It looks cold until the rocks warm it with their gem-like tints, like a bride's jewels gleaming through her veil. Back of the bluffs where it might be supposed to come from, there is nothing for a hundred miles but drought and desert plains. I don't care for any of their theories concerning its source. It is better as it is—the miracle of the smitten rock.

You can fancy what wild presumption it must seem that a man should think to reverse those torrents and make them climb the bluff, or cram them into an iron pipe and send them like paid laborers to hoist and pump and grind, and light the streets at Silver City, a hundred miles away. And how the cataracts will shout while these two boys compare their rival claims to ownership in a force that with one stroke could lay them as flat as last year's leaves in the bottom of a mill-race!

The particular fall my schemer has located for his own—other claims to be discussed hereafter—is called the «Snow Bank.» He says he does n't want the earth: this one cataract is enough for him. To look at the whole frontage of the springs and listen to their roar, one would think there might be water enough for them both, poor children! Hardly what you 'd call two bites of a cherry!

If the springs were the half of a broken diamond bracelet, the Snow Bank would be its brightest gem, lying separate in the case—perhaps the one that was the clasp. It is half hidden by the shoulder of a great barren bluff that, at a certain angle of the sun, throws a blue shadow over it. At other times the fall is almost too bright in its foaming whiteness for the eye to endure.

Kitty is painting it with this shadow half across it; but the light shines upon it at its source. Tom is doubtful if she is showing the fall to the best advantage for his purpose, but he is obliging enough to let the artist try it in her own way first.

«Go up there,» she says, «and stand at the head of the spring, if you want to show by comparison how big it is, or how small you are.»

He goes, and gets in position, and Kitty makes some pencil-marks on the margin of her sketch. Then she waves her hands to tell him, across the shouting torrent, that she is done with him. She has been so quick that he thinks he must have mistaken her gesture. Then Harshaw makes the train-conductor's signal for the train to move on.

«You see,» she says to Harshaw and me, who are looking over her shoulder, «*that* would be the size of him in my sketch.» She points to the marginal pencil-mark, which is not longer than the nib of a stub-pen. «I can't make a little black dot like that look like a man.»

«In this particular sketch for his purpose, he 'd rather look like a dot than a man, I dare say,» said Harshaw.

«Well, shall I put him in? I can make a note of it on the margin: ‹This black dot is Mr. Daly, standing at the spring-head. He is six feet—›»

«But he is n't, you know,» Harshaw says. «He 's five feet ten—if he 's that.»

«Ten and a half,» Tom's wife corrects.

Our lunch that day had been left in the boat. We went down and ate it under the mountain birches at a spot where the Snow Bank empties into the lagoon—not *our* lagoon, as we called it, between our camp and the lovely Sand Springs Fall, but the upper one, made by the springs themselves, before their waters reach the river. In front of us, half embraced by the lagoon and half by the river, lay a little island-ranch of about ten acres, not cut up in crops, but all over green in pasture. A small cabin, propping up a large hop-vine, showed against a mass of birch and cottonwood on the river side of the island.

«What a place for a honeymoon!» said I.

«There is material there for half of a honeymoon,» said Tom—«the feminine half; not bad material, either.»

«Oh, yes,» I said; «we have seen her—that is, we have seen her sunbonnet.»

«Kitty, you 've got a rival,» I exclaimed; for there in the sunny center of the island, planted with obvious design right in front of the Snow Bank, *our* Snow Bank, was an artist's big white umbrella.

«Why should I not have in a place like this?» she said. «If the schemers arrive by twos, why not two of my modest craft? We shall leave it as we find it; we don't intend to carry it away in our pockets.» She stopped, and blushed disdainfully. «I forgot,» she murmured, «my own mercenary designs.»

«I have not heard of these mercenary designs of yours. What are they, may I ask?» Harshaw had turned on his side on the grass, and half rose on one elbow as he looked at her.

«That is strange,» mocked Kitty, with supreme coldness. «You have always been so interested in my affairs!»

«I always shall be,» he replied seriously, with supreme gentleness.

«I ought to be so grateful.»

«But unfortunately you are not.»

«I should be grateful if you would move a little farther to the right, if you please. That young person in the pink sunbonnet is coming down to water her horses again.»

Harshaw calmly took himself out of her way altogether, lighted his pipe, and went down close to the water, and sat there on a stone, and presently, as we could hear, entered into easy conversation with the pink sunbonnet, the face of which leaned toward him over the pony's neck as it stooped to drink. The splashed waters became still, and softly the whole picture—pink sunbonnet, clay-bank pony, pale, shivery willows, and deep blue sky—developed on the negative of the clear lagoon.

There was no use in saying how pretty it was, so we resorted to the other note, of disparagement. I remarked that I should not think a pink sunbonnet would be ravishingly becoming to the average Snake River complexion, as I had seen it.

«*That* sunbonnet is becoming, you bet!» Tom remarked. «Wait till you see the face inside it.»

«Have you seen it?»

«Quite frequently. Do you think Harshaw would sit there talking with her, as he does by the hour, if that sunbonnet was not becoming?»

«As he does by the hour! And why have we not heard of her before?» I requested to be told.

«Business, my dear. She is a feature of the scheme—quite an important one. She represents the hitch which is sure to develop early in the history of every live enterprise.»

«Indeed?» I said. And if Harshaw talked with her on business, I did n't see what his talking had to do with the face inside her bonnet.

«I don't say that it 's always on business,» Tom threw in significantly.

«Who is the lady in the pink sunbonnet, and what is your business with her?» I demanded.

«I question the propriety of speaking of her in just that tone,» said Tom, «inasmuch as she happens to be a lady—somewhat off the conventional lines. She waters her own stock and milks her own cow, but that is because the old Indian girl who lives with her is laid up at present with a fever. Her father was an artist—one of the great unappreciated—»

«So that was her father painting the Snow Bank?» I interrupted.

«Her father is dead, my dear, as you would have learned if you had listened to my story. But he lived here a good many years before he died. He had made a queer marriage, old man Decker tells me, and quarreled with the world on account of it. He came here with his disputed bride. She was some-

body else's wife first, I believe, and there was a trifling informality about the matrimonial exchange; but it came out all right. They both died, and a sweeter, fresher little thing than the daughter! Adamant, though—bedrock, so far as we are concerned.»

«What do you want that belongs to her?» I asked. «Her island, perhaps?»

«Only right of way across it. But that's a detail. She is the owner of something else we do want—this piece of ground,»—he looked about him and waved his hand,—«and all this above us, where our power-plant must stand. And our business is to persuade her to sign the lease, or, if she won't lease, to sell it when we are ready to buy. We have to make sure of that piece of ground. This place is so confoundedly cut up with scenery and nonsense that there 's not a spot available for our plant but this. We 'll bridge the lagoon and make a landing on that point of birches over there.»

«You will! And do you suppose she will sign a lease to empower you to wipe her off the face of the earth—abolish her and her pretty island at one fell swoop?»

«She knows nothing yet about our designs upon her toy island. We have n't approached her on that. We could manage without it at a pinch.»

«So good of you!» I murmured.

«But we can't manage without a place to put our power-house.»

«She 'll have to sign her own death-warrant, of course. If you get a footing for your power-house you 'll want the island next. I never heard of such grasping profanation.»

«Well, if Cecy could see his way to fall in love with her,—I would n't ask him to woo her in cold blood,—it would be a monstrous convenient way to settle it.»

«Why do you say such things before her?» I asked Tom when we were alone. «They are not pretty things to say, in the first place.»

«Have you noticed how she is always snubbing him? I thought it time somebody should try the counter-snub. He 's not solely dependent for the joys of life on the crumbs of her society.»

«Do you suppose she cares whom he talks to, or whom he spends his time with?»

«Perhaps she does n't care. I should like to give her a chance to see if she cares, that 's all.»

Tom's location notice being plain for all eyes to read, the mistress of the island naturally inquired what he wanted with the Snow Bank; and he, thinking she would see at once the value to her ranch of such a neighboring enterprise, frankly told her of his scheme. Nothing of its scientific interest, its difficulties, its commercial value, even its benefit to herself, appealed to the little islander. To her it was simply an attempt to alter and ruin the spot she loved best on earth; to steal her beautiful waterfall and carry it away in an ugly iron pipe. Whether the thing could be done, she did not ask herself; the design was enough. Never would she lend herself, or anything that was hers, to such an impious desecration! This was her position, which any child might have taken in defense of a beloved toy; but she was holding it with all a woman's force and constancy.

I was glad of it, I said to Tom, and I hoped she would stand them off for all she was worth. But I am not really glad. What woman could love a waterfall better than her husband's success? There are hundreds of waterfalls in the world, but only this one scheme for Tom.

But anent this hitch, it teases me a little, I confess, on Kitty's account, when Cecil meanders over to the island at all hours of the day. To be sure, it relieves Kitty of his company; but is she so glad, after all, to be relieved?

It was last Friday, after one of Harshaw's entirely frank but perfectly unexplained absences, that he came into camp and inquired if there was any clam-broth left in the kitchen. I referred him to the cook. Finding there was, he returned to me and asked if he might take a tin of it to Miss Malcolm for her patient.

«Who is Miss Malcolm?» I asked. But of course who could she be but the lady of the island, where he spends the greater part of his time? He was welcome to the clam-broth, or anything else he thought would be acceptable in that quarter, I said. And how was the patient?

«Oh, she 's quite bad all the time. She does n't get about. I wonder if you 'd mind, Mrs. Daly, if I asked you to look in on her some day? The old creature 's in a sad way, it seems to me.»

Of course I did n't mind, if Miss Malcolm did not. Harshaw seemed to feel authorized to assure me of that fact. So I went first with Tom, and then I went again alone, leaving Harshaw in the boat with Kitty.

Miss Malcolm's maid- or man-servant, or both,—for she does the work of both, and looks in her bed (dressed in a flannel bed-sack, her head tied up in an old blue knitted «fascinator») less like a woman than anything I ever beheld,—appears to have had a

mild form of grippe fever, and having never been sick in her life before, she thought she was nearing her end. My simple treatment, the basis of which was quinine and whisky, seemed to strike old Tamar favorably; and after the second visit there was no need to come again to see her. But by this time I was deep in the good books of her mistress, who knows too little of illness herself to appreciate how little has been done, by me at least, or how very little needed to be done after restoring the old woman's confidence in her power to live. (The last time I saw her she still wore the blue fascinator, but with a man's hat on top of it; she was waddling toward the cow-corral with half a haystack, it looked like, poised on a hay-fork above her head. She was certainly a credit to her doctor, if not to her *corsétière*, she and the haystack being much of a figure.)

Miss Malcolm's innocent gratitude is most embarrassing, really painful, under the circumstances, and the poor child cannot let the circumstances alone. She imagines I am always thinking about Tom's scheme. It is evident that *she* is; and not being exactly a woman of the world, out of the fullness of her heart her mouth speaketh. That would be all right if she would speak to somebody else. *I* don't want to take advantage of her gratitude, as she seems determined I shall do.

«You must think me a very strained, sentimental creature,» she said to me the last time, «to care so much for a few old rocks and a little piece of foamy water.»

I did n't think so at all, I told her. If I had lived there all my life, I should feel about the place just as she did.

Here she began to blush and distress herself. «But think how kind you have all been to me! Mr. Harshaw was here every day, after he found how ill poor Tamar was. He did so many things: he lifted her, for one thing, and that I could n't have done to save her life. And your two visits have simply cured her! And here I am making myself a stumbling-block and ruining your husband's plans!»

I said he was quite capable of taking care of himself.

«Does your husband want *all* the water?» she persisted. «Do I understand that he must have it all?»

I supposed she was talking of the Snow Bank, and since she was determined we should discuss the affair in this social way, I said he would have to have a great deal; and I told her about the distance the power would have to be sent, and about the mines and the smelters, and all the rest of it, for it was no use to belittle the scheme. I had got started unintentionally, and I saw by her face that I had made an impression. It is a small-featured, rather set, colorless face, not so pretty as Tom pretended, but very delicate and pure; but now it became suddenly the face of a fierce little bigot, and enthusiast to boot.

«It shall never go through—not *that* scheme—not if—» Then she remembered to whom she was talking, and set her lips together, and two great shiny drops stood in her eyes.

«Don't, don't, you child!» I said. «Don't worry about their old scheme! If it must come it will come; but as a rule, a scheme, my dear, is the last thing that ever does go through. There 's plenty of time.»

«But I can't give in,» she said. «No; I *must* try to hinder it all I can. I will be honest with you. I like you all; of all the strangers who have come here I never liked any people better. But your husband—must *not*—set his heart on *all* that water! It does n't belong to him.»

«Does it belong to you, dear?»

«The *sight* of it belongs to me,» she said. «I will not have the place all littered up with their pipes and power-plants. Look out there! Look at that! Has any one the right to come here and spoil such a lovely thing as that?» This is what it is to be the daughter of an artist.

«And how about the other despoiler,» I asked—«the young man with the pneumatic pipe?»

«The ‹pneumatic pipe›!» she repeated.

«‹Pump,› I mean. Is he to be allowed all over the place to do as *he* pleases? His scaling-ladders are littering up the bluffs—not that they incommode the bluffs any; but if I lived here, I should want to brush them away as I would sweep the cobwebs from my walls.»

«I do not own the bluffs,» she said in a distant, tremulous voice.

But the true answer to my question, as I surmise, was the sudden, helpless flush which rose, wave upon wave, covering her poor little face, blotting out all expression but that of painful girlish shame. Here, if I 'm not mistaken, will be found the heart of the difficulty. Miss Malcolm's sympathies are evidently with compressed air rather than with electrical transmission. I shall tell Tom he need waste no more arguments on her. Let him first compound with his rival of the pump.

I SUPPOSE there is just such a low, big moon as this looking in upon you where you sit, you little dot of a woman, lost in the piazza per-

spectives of the Coronado; and you might think small things of our present habitation —a little tent among the bushes, with wind-blown weeds against the moon, shifting their shadow-patterns over our canvas walls. But you 'd not think small things of our Sand Springs Fall by night, that glimmers on the dark cliff opposite—cliff, and noiseless, mist-like cataract, and the low moon throwing the shadow of the bluff across it, all repeated in the stiller, darker picture of the lagoon. I shall not inflict much of this sort of thing upon you; but the senseless beauty of it all gives one a heartache. Why should it be here, where you and I shall never see it together—where I shall leave it soon, never to see it again? Tom says we are coming back—when the great scheme is under way. Ah, the scheme, the scheme! It looks very far away to-night, and so do some other schemes that I seem to have set my heart on unaware, foolish old woman that I am. As if there was only one way in this world for young men and women to be happy!

Harshaw brought me your sweet letter yesterday. It was stage-day, and he went up over the bluffs to the ferry mail-box at the cross-roads, where the road to Shoshone Falls branches from the road to Bliss.

I read to Kitty what you wrote me about the Garretts and their children, and the going to New York and then to Paris. (Thank you so much, dear, for your prompt interest in my little bride that is n't to be!) She had two letters of her own which she had read by herself, and afterward I thought she had been crying; but with her it is best not to press the note of sympathy. Neither does she like me to handle her affairs with gloves on, so to speak. So I plunged into the business in a matter-of-fact tone, and she replied in the same. Her objection is to going east to New York, and then to the other side. «I had rather stay in California,» she said, «or anywhere in the West.» Naturally; westward lies the way of escape from social complications.

She is afraid of the Percifers, and of meeting people she knows in Paris. But an offer like this was exceptional in this part of the world, I reminded her. A nurse for the boy, a maid, and only two little girls of eight and ten on her hands; and such nice people as the Garretts, who have been all over the world!

«Well,» she said, «I should certainly like to get away from here as soon as possible. From *here*, not from *you!*» she added, looking me in the face. Her eyes were full of tears. We clasped hands on that.

«What is it? Has anything else happened?» I asked; for I knew by her looks that something had.

«Oh, dear!» she sighed, «I should so like to take myself and my troubles seriously once in a while. No sooner do I try, but something perfectly farcical is sure to happen. If I tell you this, promise me you won't laugh. It 's indecent for me to laugh; mama would never forgive me. The old dear! I 'm so fond of him!»

The «old dear,» it seems, is Micky's father —a very superior sort of father for such a son to have, but accidents will happen in the best-regulated families. He is a gallant widower of fair estate, one of those splendid old club-men of London; a very expensive article of old gentleman, with fine old-fashioned manners and morals, and a few stray impulses left, it would seem by what follows. According to the father's code, the son has not conducted himself in his engagement to Kitty Comyn as a gentleman should. Thereupon the head of the house goes to Miss Kitty's mother and makes the *amende honorable* by offering his hand and heart and fortune to his son's insulted bride! The mother is touched and pleased not a little by this prompt espousal of her daughter's cause; and having wiped away all tears from *her* eyes, this gallant old gentleman is coming over to America, for the first time in his life, to make his proposal to the bride herself! He is not so old, to get down to particulars; sixty-three does n't seem so old to some of us as it does to Miss Kitty. He is in fine health, I doubt not, and magnificently preserved. Kitty's mother is not at all averse, as I gather, to this way of settling her child's difficulties. She rather pleadingly assures Kitty that Mr. Harshaw senior has solemnly sworn that this is no unpleasant duty he feels called on to perform; not only his honor, but his affections are profoundly enlisted in this proposal. Kitty has had for years a sacred place in his regard; and from thinking of her as a daughter absolutely after his own heart, it is but a step to think of her in a still nearer—the nearest—relation. He begs her mother to prepare her for no perfunctory offer of marriage, but one that warms with every day's delay till he can take the dear child under his lifelong protection. Not to punish or to redress does he come, but to secure for himself and posterity a treasure which his son had trampled under foot. Somehow we did not feel like laughing, after all. Kitty, I think, is a little frightened. She cannot reach her mother, even with a cable despatch, before this second champion will arrive.

«He 's an awfully grand old fellow, you know. I could never talk to him as I do to the boys. If he thinks it his duty to marry me, I don't know if I can help myself. Poor Uncle George! I've always called him ‹uncle› like his own nieces, who are all my friends. I never thought that I should be ‹poor-ing› Uncle George! But he can't have heard yet of Micky's marriage. Fancy his going down to the ranch to stay with Micky and that woman! And then for a girl like me to toss him aside, after such a journey and such kindness! I don't know how I shall ever have courage to do it. There are fine women in London who would jump at the chance of being Mrs. Harshaw—not Mrs. Micky, nor Mrs. Stephen, nor Mrs. Sidney, but *Mrs. Harshaw*, you understand?» I understood.

«And now,» she said, producing the second letter, «you *will* laugh! And you may!»

The envelop contained a notification, in due form, of the arrival from New York, charges not paid, of some five hundred pounds of second-class freight consigned to Mrs. Harshaw, Harshaw's ranch, Glenn's Ferry (via Bisuka).

«These things belong to me,» said Kitty. «I paid for them, at least. They cost me the last bit of money I had that was my own. Mrs. Percifer, who is so clever at managing, persuaded me I should need them directly on the ranch—curtains and rugs and china, and heaven knows what! She nearly killed me, dragging me about those enormous New York shops. She said it would be far and away cheaper and better to buy them there. I did n't mind about anything, I was so scared and homesick; I did whatever she said. She saw to getting them off, I suppose. That must have been her idea, directing them to Mrs. Harshaw. She thought there would be no Kitty Comyn, no *me*, when these got here. And there is n't; *this* is not the Kitty Comyn who left England—six weeks, is it?—or six years ago!

«How did the letter reach you?» I asked. We examined the envelop. It bore the postmark, not of Bisuka, but of Glenn's Ferry, which is the nearest post-office to the Harshaw ranch. Micky's wife had doubtless opened the letter, and Micky, perceiving where the error lay, had reinclosed, but some one else had directed it—the postmaster, probably, at his request—to Kitty, at our camp. That was rather a nice little touch in Micky, that last about the direction.

«Come, he is honest, at the least,» I said, «whether Mrs. Micky would have scrupled or not. She could claim the things if she chose.»

«She is quite welcome,» said Kitty. «I don't know what in the world I shall do with them. There 'll be boxes and bales and barrels—enough to bury me and all my troubles. I might build me a funeral pyre!»

We fell into each other's arms and screamed with laughter.

«Kitty, we 'll have an auction,» I cried. «There 's nothing succeeds like an auction out here. We 'll sell the things at boom prices—we 'll sell everything.»

«But the bride,» said Kitty; «you will have to keep the bride.» And without a moment's warning, from laughing till she wept, she began to weep in earnest. I have n't seen her cry so since she came to us, not even that miserable first night. She struggled with herself, and seemed dreadfully ashamed, and angry with me that I should have seen her cry. Did she suppose I thought she was crying because she was n't going to be a bride, after all?

«Oh, Mrs. Daly, I feel so ill!» were Kitty's first words to me when I woke this morning. I looked her over and questioned her, and concluded that a sleepless night, with not very pleasant thoughts for company, might be held responsible for a good share of her wretchedness.

«What were you lying awake about? Your new champion, Uncle George?» I asked her.

She owned that it was. «Don't you see, Mrs. Daly, mama does n't leave room for the possibility of my refusing him. And if I do refuse him, he 'll simply take me back to England, and then, between him and mama, and all of them, I don't know what will happen.»

«Kitty,» I said, «no girl who has just escaped from one unhappy engagement is going to walk straight into another with her eyes wide open. I won't believe you could be so foolish as that.»

«You don't understand,» she said, «what the pressure will be at home—in all love and kindness, of course. And you don't know Uncle George. He is so sure that I need him, he 'll force me to take him. He 'll take me back to England in any case.»

«And would you not like to go, Kitty?»

«Ah, would n't I! But not in that way.»

She sat up in her flannel camp-gown, and began to braid up her loosened hair.

«Kitty,» I commanded, «lie down. You are not to get up till luncheon.»

«I have a plan,» she said, «and I must see Mr. Harshaw; he must help me carry it out. There is no one else who can.»

«You have all day to see him in.»

«Not all day, Mrs. Daly. He must be ready to start to-morrow. Uncle George will reach Bisuka on the fifteenth, not later. Cecil must meet him there, first, to prepare him for Micky's new arrangement, and second, to persuade him that he does not owe me an offer of marriage in consequence. Cecil will know how to manage it; he must know! I will not have any more of the Harshaws offering themselves as substitutes. It's passing strange if I cannot exist without them somehow.»

It struck me that the poor child's boast was a little premature, as she seemed to be making rather free use of one of the substitutes still, as a shield against the others; but it was of a piece with the rest of the comedy. I kept her in bed till she had had a cup of tea; afterward she slept a little, and about noon she dressed herself and gave Cecil his audience. But first, at her request, I had possessed him with the main facts and given him an inkling of what was expected of him. His face changed; he looked as he did after his steeplechase the day I saw him first,—except that he was cleaner,—grave, excited, and resolved. He had taken the bit in his teeth. When substitute meets substitute in a cause like this! I would have left them to have their little talk by themselves, but Kitty signified peremptorily that she wished me to stay, with a flushed, appealing look that softened the nervous tension of her manner.

«I would do anything on earth for you, Kitty,» Cecil said most gently and fervently; «but don't ask me to give advice—to Uncle George of all men—on a question of this kind—unless you will allow me to be perfectly frank.»

«It 's a family question,» said Kitty, ignoring his proviso.

«I think it would get to be a personal question very soon between Uncle George and me. No; I meddled in one family question not very long ago.»

«It 's very strange,» said Kitty, restlessly, «if you can't help me out of this in some way. I cannot be so disrespectful to him, the dear old gentleman! I ought not to be put in such a position, or he either. How would you like it if it were your father?»

Cecil reddened handsomely at this home question. «I 'd have a deuce of a time to stop him if he took the notion, you know; it 's not exactly a son's or a nephew's business. There is only one way in which I can help you, Kitty. You must know that.»

He had struck a different key, and his face was all one blush to correspond with the new note in his voice. I think I never saw a manlier, more generous warmth of ardor and humility, or listened to words so simple uttered in such telling tones.

«What way is that?» asked Kitty, coldly.

«Forgive me! I could tell him that you are engaged to me.»

«That would be a nice way—to tell him a falsehood! I should hope I had been humiliated enough—»

She snatched her handkerchief from her belt and pressed it to her burning face. I rose again to go. «Sit still, pray!» she murmured.

«It need not be a falsehood, Kitty. Let it be anything you like. You may trust me not to take advantage. A nominal engagement, if you choose, just to meet this exigency; or—»

«That would be cheating,» cried Kitty.

«The cheat would bear a little harder on me than on any one else, I think.»

«You are too good!» Kitty smiled disdainfully. «First you offer yourself to me as a cure, and now as a preventive.»

«Kitty, I think you ought at least to take him seriously,» I remonstrated.

«By all that 's sacred, you 'll find it 's serious with me!» Cecil ejaculated.

«Since when?» retorted Kitty. «How many weeks ago is it that I came out here by your contrivance to marry your cousin? Is that the way a man shows his seriousness? You sacrificed more to marry me to Micky than some men would to win a girl themselves.»

«I did, and for that very reason,» said Cecil.

«I should like to see you prove it!»

«Kitty, excuse me,» I interrupted. «I should like to ask Mr. Harshaw one question, if he does not mind. Do you happen to have that picture about you, Mr. Harshaw?»

I thought I was looking at him very kindly, not at all like an inquisitor, but his face was set and stern. I doubt if he perceived or looked for my intention.

«'That picture,' Mrs. Daly?» he repeated.

«The photograph of a young lady that you jumped into the river to save—don't you remember?»

Cecil smiled slightly, and glanced at Kitty. «Did I say it was a photograph of a lady?»

«No; you did not. But do you deny that it was?»

«Certainly not, Mrs. Daly. I have the picture with me; I always have it.»

«And do you think *that* looks like seriousness? To be making such protestations to one girl with the portrait of another in your

coat pocket? We have none of us forgotten, I think, that little conversation by the river.»

He saw my intention now, and thanked me with a radiant look. «Here is the picture, Mrs. Daly. Whose portrait did you think it was? Surely *you* might have known, Kitty! This is the girl I wanted years ago, and have wanted ever since; but she belonged to another man, and the man was my friend. I tried to save that man from insulting her and dishonoring himself, because I thought she loved him. Or, if he could n't be saved, I wanted to expose him and save her. And I risked my own honor to do it, and a great fool I was for my pains. But this is the last time I shall make a fool of myself for your sake, Kitty.»

I rose now in earnest, and I would not be stayed. In point of fact, nobody tried to stay me. Kitty was looking at her own face with eyes as dim as the little water-stained photograph she held. And Cecil was on his knees beside her, whispering: «I stole it from Micky's room at the ranch. That was no place for it, anyhow. May I not have one of my own, Kitty?»

I think he will get one—of his own Kitty.

OUR rival schemer, Mr. Norman Fleet, has arrived, and electrical transmission has shaken hands with compressed air. The millennium must be on the way, for never did two men want so nearly the same thing, and yet agree to take each what the other does not need.

Mr. Fleet does not «want the earth,» either, nor all the waters thereof; but the most astonishing thing is, he does n't want the Snow Bank! He not only does n't want it himself, but is perfectly willing that Tom should have it. In fact, do what we will, it seems to be impossible for us to tread on the tail of that young man's coat. But having heard a little bird whisper that he is in love, and successfully so, I am not so surprised at his amiability. Neither am I altogether unprepared, if the little bird's whisper be true, for the fact that Miss Malcolm is becoming reconciled to Tom's designs upon her beloved scenery. For the sake of consistency, and that pure devotion to the Beautiful, so rare in this sordid age, I could have wished that she had not weakened so suddenly; but for Tom's sake I am very glad. She is clay in the hands of the potter, now that she knows my husband does not want «all the water,» and that his success does not mean the failure of Mr. Norman Fleet.

Harshaw will take the Snow Bank scheme when he takes Kitty back to London. If he promotes it, I tell Tom, after the fashion in which he «boomed» Kitty's marriage to his cousin, we 're not likely to see either him or the Snow Bank again. But «Harshaw is all right,» Tom says; and I believe that the luck is with him.

THE END.

Mary Hallock Foote.

IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

BY JAMES BRYCE, M. P.,

AUTHOR OF «THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH,» «THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE,» ETC.

[SECOND PAPER.]

HITHERTO the most interesting features in the history of South Africa have been the relations to one another of the races that originally inhabited or have recently occupied it, and the most difficult problems which its future presents arise from the relations of these races. Three races are native, four are European. The cases of contact or conflict between European and aboriginal races, which have been numerous during the last four centuries, include those where the native race, though perhaps numerous, is comparatively weak, and unable to assimilate European civilization, or to thrive under European rule (a rule which has often been harsh), or even to survive in the presence of a European population occupying its country; those where Europeans have conquered a country already filled by a more or less civilized population, which is so numerous and so prolific as to maintain itself in their presence; and those in which the native race is numerous and strong enough to maintain itself in the face of Europeans, while, on the other hand, there is plenty of room left for a large European population to press in. This is what has happened in South Africa; the Dutch and the English settlers do not mix their blood with that of the natives. So far as can be predicted, both whites and natives will go on increasing, but not blending. We shall presently see how grave are the problems to which this fact must in the future give rise.

When the Dutch fixed their first post at Cape Town, in 1652, with no thought either of colonization or of conquest, but for the sake of having gardens which could supply fresh vegetables to the scurvy-stricken crews of their ships sailing to the East, they found three native races inhabiting the country. One of these, the Bushmen, though few in numbers, were widely scattered over the whole of South Africa. They were nomads of almost the lowest kind, with a marvelous faculty for tracking and trapping wild animals, but neither owning cattle nor tilling the soil, with scarcely even a tribal organization, no religion, and a language consisting of a succession of clicks. Unable to accustom themselves to civilized life, driven out of some districts by the settlers, and in others no longer able to find support, owing to the extinction of game, they are now almost extinct, though a few are still left in the deserts of the Kalahari and northern Bechuanaland. Before many years the only trace of their existence will be in the remarkable drawings of animals with which they delighted to cover the smooth surfaces of rocks. These drawings, which are found all the way from the Zambesi to the Cape, and from Manicaland to the Atlantic, are executed in red and yellow pigments, and are often full of spirit and character.

The second race was that which the Dutch called Hottentot. They were of a reddish or yellowish black hue, taller than the Bushmen, but with squat and seldom muscular figures—a thoughtless, cheerful, easy-going people, who roved hither and thither with their flocks and herds as they could find pasture. They were decidedly superior to the Bushmen, whom they hated, but quite unable to withstand Europeans, and their numbers rapidly declined, partly from the loss of their best grazing-grounds, but largely, also, through epidemic diseases, and especially smallpox, which ships, touching on their way from India, brought into the country. They are now, as a distinct race, almost extinct in the Colony, though a good deal of their blood has passed into the mixed black population of Cape Town and its neighborhood—a population the other elements of which are Malays and west-coast negroes, the descendants of slaves imported in the last century. Farther north, on the south side of the Orange River, and beyond it in Namagualand, small tribes cognate to the Hottentots still wander over the dreary plains.

Very different from these weak Bushmen and Hottentots was, and is, the third native race, those who are called Bantu (a word meaning «people») by themselves and Kafirs by Europeans. The word Kafir is Arabic, and means an infidel (literally «one who denies»). It is applied by Mussulmans not merely to these South Africans, but to other heathen; as, for instance, by the Afghans to the idolaters of Kafiristan, in the Hindu-Kush Mountains. The Portuguese probably took the name from the Arabs, whom they found already settled on the east coast. These Bantu tribes—if we may class those as Bantus who speak languages of what is called the Bantu type—fill all East Africa from the regions of the Upper Nile southward. Those who dwell south of the Zambesi are generally strong and well-made men, sometimes as black as a Gulf of Guinea negro, sometimes verging on a brown tint; and though they have the woolly hair and thick lips generally characteristic of the negro, individuals are often found among them whose cast of features suggests an admixture of Semitic blood. They are more prolific than the Hottentots, as well as physically stronger and better made, and they were further advanced in the arts of life. Some of the tribes dug out and worked iron and copper; all of them used iron. Their chief wealth lay in their cattle; horses they did not possess, but where the land was fit for tillage they cultivated it. They had no religion, except in a sort of magic, and that worship of the ghosts of ancestors which seems to be the most widely diffused of all human superstitions. Instead of a priesthood, there were wizards or medicine-men, often powerful as the denouncers of those whom the chief wished to put to death. Intellectually they were very much upon the level of the native races of West Africa. Like them, they had songs and popular tales, some of which much resembled those that have been collected among the negroes of the Southern States of America by the ingenious author of «Uncle Remus,» the hare usually taking the place of his rabbit, and outwitting the stronger beasts.[1] Like them, they were organized in tribes, under chiefs, who in some cases enjoyed an almost absolute power, and in others were little more than leaders, obliged to consult and fall in with the wishes of their followers. Respect was generally paid to birth, and there existed a kind of law, consisting of customs handed down by tradition. All the tribes were accustomed to war, and,

[1] Several collections of Kafir folklore exist: the latest being the interesting «Contes Populaires des Bassoutos,» of Mr. E. Jacottet, a Swiss scholar, stationed as a missionary in Basutoland.

indeed, lived in a state of almost perpetual intertribal hostility.

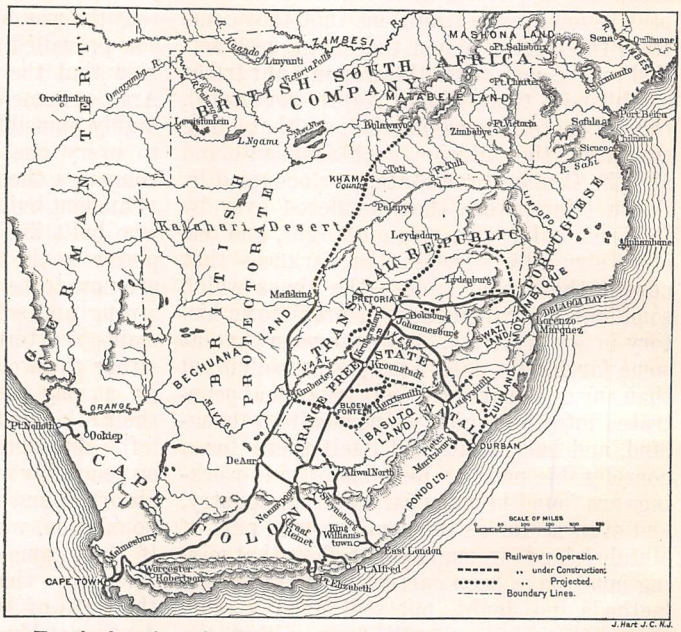
Of the history of South Africa before the Europeans came virtually nothing is known. The recollections of savages seldom go back further than three or four generations; and these Bantu peoples know nothing of their past beyond vague traditions that they came from the North. When the Portuguese settled on the east coast they found Kafir tribes established there from Natal northward, though there is reason to believe that large tracts in the interior, such as Basutoland and the Orange Free State, now occupied by Bantu tribes, were then wandered over by Bushmen only. One gleam of light, and one only, struggles through the darkness that covers the earlier times—the times which some one has called those of prehistoric history in South Africa. It would seem that, at some far distant date, a people more civilized than any of the present Kafir tribes had penetrated into the region we now call Mashonaland, and had maintained itself there for a considerable period. Remains of gold-workings are found in many parts of that country, and even as far as the southwestern part of Matabeleland—remains which show that mining must have been carried on, by primitive methods, no doubt, but still upon a scale larger than we can well deem within the capabilities of the Kafir tribes as we now see them. There are, moreover, in these regions, and usually not far from some old gold-working, pieces of ancient building executed with a neatness and finish, as well as with an attempt at artistic effect, which are entirely absent from the rough walls, sometimes of loose stones, sometimes plastered with mud, which the Kafirs build to-day. These old buildings are, with one exception, bits of wall inclosing forts or residences. They are constructed of small blocks of the granite of the country, carefully trimmed to be of one size, and are usually ornamented with a simple pattern, such as the so-called «herring-bone» pattern. The one exception is to be found in the ruins of Zimbabwe, in southern Mashonaland. Here a wall thirty feet high, and from six to twelve or fourteen feet thick, incloses a large elliptical space, filled with other buildings, some of which apparently were intended for the purposes of worship. There are no inscriptions of any kind, and few objects, except some rudely carved heads of birds, to supply any indication as to the ethnological affinities of the people who erected this building, or as to the nature of their worship. Such indications as we have, however, suggest that it was some form of nature worship, including the worship of the sun. We know from other sources (including the Egyptian monuments and the Old Testament) that there was from very early times a trade between the Red Sea and some part of East Africa; and as we know also that the worship of natural forces and of the sun prevailed among the early Semites, the view that the builders of Zimbabwe were of Arab or some other Semitic stock, is at least highly plausible. Two things are quite clear to every one who examines the ruins, and compares them with the smaller fragments of ancient building already mentioned. Those who built Zimbabwe were a race much superior to the Bantu tribes, whose mud huts are now to be found not far from these still strong and solid walls; and those other remains scattered through the country were either the work of that same superior race, or, at any rate, were built in imitation of their style and under the influence they had left. But whether this race was driven out, or peaceably withdrew, or became by degrees absorbed and lost in the surrounding Bantu population, we have no data for conjecture. If they came from Arabia they must have come more than twelve centuries ago, before the days of Mohammed; for they were evidently not Mussulmans, and it is just as easy to suppose that they came in the days of Solomon, fifteen centuries earlier.

It is this mystery which makes the ruins of Zimbabwe, the solitary archæological curiosity of South Africa, so impressive. The ruins are not grand, nor are they beautiful. They are simple almost to rudeness. It is the loneliness of the landscape where they stand, and still more the complete darkness which surrounds their origin, their object, and their history, that gives to them their unique interest.

For us the curtain rises upon the Kafir peoples when the Dutch settlers, spreading slowly eastward from the neighborhood of the Cape, came into contact, and presently into conflict, with them. Hostilities first broke out in 1779, and in the century that followed there are reckoned no fewer than nine Kafir wars. The natives fought with a fierceness comparable to that of North American Indians; and though less skilled in the arts of ambush and surprise, they were not less swift in their movements, or less fearless in meeting death. Had the policy of the colonial government been firmer and more consistent, much fighting and suffering might have been saved; yet some of its errors were due to a desire to deal gently with the natives,

and to stop an advance of conquest which we now perceive was inevitable. The worst blunder was committed in 1879, when Sir Bartle Frere attacked a native power more formidable than any which had yet been encountered by British troops—that of the Zulus. The Zulus are a branch of the Bantu race, eminent for their courage, their physical strength, and their absolute submission to their king. Tshaka, the able and relentless chief who reigned for about twenty years, and was murdered by his brothers in 1828, had by his force of will, his military talents, and the system of strict drill and discipline which he introduced, subdued all his neighbors, and devastated vast tracts of country, slaughtering or chasing away their inhabitants. His nephew, Cetewayo, when the war broke out in 1879, was at the head of an army of 30,000 men, and inflicted a serious defeat upon the British forces before he was finally overthrown and his country brought under British sway. After his fall there remained only two strong native kingdoms south of the Zambesi. One of these kingdoms, that of Lo Bengula, king of the Matabele, was conquered in 1893 by the British South African Company; and the other, that of Gungunhana, whose territories lay northeast of the Transvaal State, has within the last six months (December, 1895, and January, 1896) perished at the hands of the Portuguese. With many tribes there has been no fighting at all. Awed by the boldness of the white man, these less warlike tribes accepted the rule of the intruding settlers with scarcely a murmur, and, in many cases, looked on them as protectors. Nearly all the hard fighting in South Africa has been with the Zulus, to whom the Matabele belong ethnologically, and with the Xosa clans on the south coast, while the Bechuanas and Ba-Rolongs and the Tongas, and the tribes of Mashonaland as far as the Zambesi, have, as a rule, submitted promptly and quietly.

Let us now take up the thread of history as it affects the four European nations who have appropriated parts of South Africa, the Portuguese, the Dutch, the English, and the Germans.



For the location of railways we are indebted to a map kindly lent by «The Engineering News.»

The first to come were the men of Portugal, then in the fresh springtime of its power, Bartholomew Diaz discovered the Cape of Storms, as he called it, in 1486; and after Vasco da Gama, in 1497–98, had traced the southeast coast as far as Sofala (a little to the south of the modern port of Beira), the Portuguese established settlements at that place, and farther to the north of it, and thence carried on a considerable trade with the natives, chiefly in gold brought down from the mines of Mashonaland. However, the unhealthiness of the flat country which lies between the coast and the interior plateau checked their projects of exploration and conquest. Individual traders, and sometimes missionaries also, penetrated far into the interior, and articles which the Portuguese must have brought to Africa, such as fragments of Indian and Chinese pottery, and even, in one or two instances, small cannon, have been found many hundreds of miles from the seaboard. But, on the whole, the Portuguese exerted little influence on the country and its inhabitants. The white population remained very small, and it became degraded by intermarriage with the Kafirs; for in Africa, as well as in Brazil, the Portuguese have shown little of that contempt for the native blacks, and aversion to a mixing of their blood with the latter, which has been so generally characteristic of the Dutch and the English. During

the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the colonizing force of Portugal declined with the decline of her European power. She made no further efforts to explore, and even abandoned some of her stations on the Zambesi. She remained, however, undisturbed in her possessions till a few years ago, when a question arose between her and Great Britain regarding the right to Delagoa Bay, a port the value of which, as the only deep-water harbor fit for large vessels along the whole stretch of the southeast coast south of Beira, was now generally perceived. President MacMahon, to whom as arbitrator the controversy was referred, decided in favor of Portugal. Subsequently Germany appeared as a formidable neighbor on the north, while boundary disputes arose with the British settlers who in 1890 had occupied the inland country to the west. Thus the Portuguese frontier, which had been very uncertain, has now become defined. It includes a vast area, but in that area the number of white men, or even of semi-civilized half-breeds, is so small that, although some fitful efforts have been made by the Mozambique Company, little or no progress in occupying or improving the country can be recorded. Portugal sends no emigrants to Africa. Her government, now hard pressed for money, cannot find the sums needed to develop her African territories, nor is there private capital in Portugal to supplement the weakness of the government. The Beira Railway and the Delagoa Bay Railway (of which more anon) have both been built by foreign companies. Practically Portugal may be looked on as an extinct force in South Africa. Even those who, knowing the Portuguese at home, appreciate their many fine qualities, may fear that probably their dominions, under the operation of those natural forces which, in politics, as in the animal and vegetable worlds, displace the weaker stocks, will ultimately pass to some other race and power, or be divided among contending claimants. Even to-day the trade with Portuguese East Africa is in the hands of German and British houses, and the once famous flag of Portugal floats only over some small war-vessels.

The history of the second European race that entered South Africa presents a singular contrast to that of the first. All that the Portuguese accomplished was accomplished within the century after their arrival. Thereafter their power and their spirit waned, and when, a few years ago, the advent of German and English competitors roused them, neither the mother country nor the colonists proved able to rise to the emergency. The Dutch, on the other hand, arriving on the scene a century and a half later, advanced very slowly for many years. But they grew up a hardy and enduring stock, stern, self-reliant, tenacious. When Holland was forced to abandon them their national spirit survived. Misfortunes have not extinguished it; trials have tempered it like toughened steel; it is to-day a factor of prime significance in the complicated play of political forces.

From the time of the first Dutch settlement at Cape Town, in 1652, till Holland lost the country, in 1795, Cape Colony was governed by the Dutch East India Company, which had occupied it originally only as a half-way house to India, and had never taken any keen interest in it, because it produced no revenue comparable to that drawn from Java and the Eastern trade. The usual defects of administration by a trading company had shown themselves, and the colonists had frequently murmured, sometimes protested, and once or twice nearly rebelled, against the corruption or oppression of their governors. They were free-spirited and unsubmissive by a triple right. They were the children of those Hollanders who had resisted Philip II. of Spain, and of those Huguenots who had been expelled by Louis XIV. of France. They were Presbyterians in church government and Calvinists in doctrine, apt, like the Scotch, to carry the republicanism of their church polity into civil affairs; and they lived, most of them, an isolated life on the edge of a vast wilderness, forced by their circumstances to be bold and self-reliant, and seldom brought into contact with any authority. In 1779, when there were probably only some five or six thousand adult males in the whole country, they had been so roused by the news from America of the success of the colonists there against Britain as to send delegates to Holland, to demand representation in the government of the colony; and in 1795 two communities, discontented with the administration of the then insolvent company, threw off its yoke, and without overtly renouncing their connection with Holland, established petty republics. The advent of an English force, which in the same year occupied Cape Town, suppressed these movements. England had by this time become the strongest power in India, and the possession of such a naval station as the Cape on the road to her Eastern dominions was, therefore, of the greatest consequence to her during the great war which was then raging with France. The Prince of Orange, who had been driven out of Holland by the French, authorized her to

occupy the Cape, and, though a show of resistance was made by the colonial authorities, his orders and the internal discontent which prevailed with the rule of the Dutch East India Company facilitated the British conquest. By the peace of Amiens, in 1802, the colony was handed back to the Dutch; but next year the war broke out afresh, and early in 1806 the English retook the colony, which, in 1814, was by treaty finally transferred to them by the restored Prince of Orange.

There were, in 1806, only 27,000 white people, counting women and children, in the colony, and nearly all of these spoke Dutch, for the descendants of the Huguenots had long since lost their French. No people likes being handed over to the government of a different race, and the British administration in the colony in those days was of course, though restrained by English law, necessarily somewhat autocratic, because no representative institutions had ever existed at the Cape. Still, things promised well for the future peace and ultimate fusion of the Dutch and English races. They were branches of the same Low German stock, separated by fourteen hundred years of separate history, but similar in the fundamental bases of their respective characters. Both were attached to liberty, and the British had, indeed, enjoyed at home a much fuller measure of it than the Dutch. Both professed the Protestant religion, and the Dutch were less tolerant toward Roman Catholics than the English. The two languages retained so much resemblance that it was easy for an Englishman to learn Dutch and for a Dutchman to learn English. An observer might have predicted that the two peoples would soon, by intercourse and by intermarriage, melt into one, as Dutch and English had done in New York. At first it seemed as if this would certainly come to pass. The first two British governors were men of high character, whose administration gave little ground for complaint to the old inhabitants. Local institutions were scarcely altered. The official use of the Dutch language was maintained. Intermarriage began, and the social relations of the few English with the many Dutch were friendly. In 1820 the British government sent out about five thousand emigrants from England and Scotland, who settled in the thinly occupied country on the eastern border of the colony, and from that time on there was a steady, though never copious, influx of British settlers, through whose presence the use of the English language increased.

Before long, however, this fair promise of peace and union was overclouded, and the causes which checked the fusion of the races in the colony, and created two Dutch republics beyond its limits, have had such momentous results that they need to be clearly stated.

The first was to be found in the character of the Dutch population. They were farmers, a few dwelling in villages and cultivating the soil, but the majority, being stock-farmers, lived scattered over a wide expanse of country; for the thinness of the pasture had made the stock-farms very large. They saw little of one another, and nothing of those who dwelt in the few towns which the colony possessed. They were ignorant, strongly attached to their old habits, impatient of any control. The opportunities for intercourse between them and the British were thus so few that the two races acquired very little knowledge of each other, and the process of social fusion was extremely slow.

A second cause was the unwisdom of the British authorities in altering (between 1825 and 1828) the old system of local government, and substituting English for Dutch as the language to be used in official documents and legal proceedings. A third arose out of the wars with the Kafirs on the eastern border; for the farmers thought that the government had not sufficiently protected them, and had, in misapprehension or weakness, restored to the aborigines land which ought to have been added to the colony. These complaints had some foundation.

But the main grievance arose out of those native and color questions which have ever since continued to trouble South Africa. Negroes had been brought as slaves to the colony as early as 1658, and when Britain acquired it, in 1806, there were about 30,000, a number exceeding that of the white population. The usual consequences of slavery, the degradation of labor, and the notion that the black man has no rights against the white, had followed. When, in 1828, Hottentots and other free colored people were placed by governmental ordinance on an equal footing with whites as regards private civil rights, the colonists were profoundly disgusted, and their exasperation was increased by the charge of ill-treating the natives frequently brought against them by the British missionaries. Finally, in 1834, the British Parliament passed a statute emancipating the slaves throughout all the British colonies, and awarding a sum of £20,000,000 sterling as compensation to the slave-owners. The part of this sum allotted to Cape Colony was considerably below the value of the

slaves held there, and, as the compensation was made payable in London, many slave-owners sold their claims at inadequate prices. The irritation produced by the loss thus suffered, intensifying the already existing discontent, set up a ferment among the Dutch farmers. Many resolved to quit the colony altogether and to go into the wilderness, where they might live as they pleased, maintaining those old ways to which they clung so closely. They were the more disposed to this course, because they knew that the wars and conquests of Tshaka, the ferocious Zulu king, had exterminated the Kafir population through parts of the interior, which therefore stood open to European settlement. Thus the great *trek*, as the Dutch call it,—the great emigration, or secession, as we should say,—of the Dutch Boers began in 1836, twenty-five years before another question of color and slavery brought about a still greater secession on the other side of the Atlantic.

If the reader will measure from Cape Town a distance of about 450 miles to the east (to the mouth of the Great Fish River), and about the same distance to the north-northeast (to where the towns of Middleburg and Colesberg now stand), he will obtain a pretty fair idea of the limits of European settlement in 1836. The outer parts of this area toward the north and east were very thinly peopled, and beyond them there was a vast wilderness, into which only two or three hunters had penetrated, though some few farmers had driven their flocks and herds into the fringe of it in search of fresh pastures during the summer. The regions still farther to the north and northeast were almost entirely unexplored. They were full of wild beasts, and were occupied here and there by native tribes, some, like the various branches of the Zulu race, eminently fierce and warlike. Large tracts, however, were believed to be empty and desolate, owing to the devastations wrought during his twenty years of reign by Tshaka, who had been murdered eight years before. Of the existence of mineral wealth no one dreamed. But it was believed that there was good grazing land to be found on the uplands that lay north of the great Quathlamba Range (where now the map shows the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic); more to the south lay the territory we now call Natal. It was described by those who had explored it as fertile and well watered, a country fit both for tillage and for pasture; but wide plains and high mountains had to be crossed to reach it by land, and close to it on the north was the main body of the Zulu nation, under King Dingaan.

Into this vast wilderness did the farmers propose to set forth; and whatever one may think of some of the motives that prompted their emigration, it is impossible not to admire their strenuous and valiant spirit. They were a religious people, knowing no book but the Bible, and they deemed themselves, like many another religious people at a like crisis of their fortunes, to be under the special protection of Heaven. The colonial government saw with concern the departure of so many useful subjects. But it was advised that it had no legal right to stop them; so it stood by silently, while party after party of emigrants—each householder with his wife and his little ones, his flocks and his herds and all his goods—took its slow way from the eastern or northern parts of the colony, up the slopes of the coast range, and across the passes that lead into the high plateau behind. They traveled in large, covered wagons drawn by eight or ten yoke of oxen, and they were obliged to travel in parties of no great size lest their cattle should exhaust the pasture along the track they followed. There was, however, a general concert of plan among them, and most of the smaller groups united at spots previously fixed upon for a rendezvous. All the men were armed, for the needs of defense against the Bushmen, and the passion for killing game, had made the farmers expert in the use of the rifle. As marksmen they were unusually steady and skilful, and in the struggle that followed nothing but their marksmanship saved them. Few now survive of those who took part in this great trek, but among them is Paul Krueger, now President of the South African Republic, who, then a boy of ten, followed his father's cattle as they were driven forward across the prairie.

I have not space to tell, save in the briefest outline, the striking and romantic story of the wanderings of the emigrant Boers and their conflicts with the native tribes. The first party, like the first host of crusaders that started for the East at the end of the eleventh century, perished miserably. They penetrated far to the northeast, into what is now the territory of the Transvaal Republic. Some were cut off by the natives; some, reduced to a mere handful by fever and by the loss of their cattle,—for they had ventured into the lower country to the southeast of the mountains,—made their way to the coast at Delagoa Bay. Another party, formed by the union of a number of smaller bodies at Thaba 'Ntshu, a conspicuous mountain in

the Orange Free State, visible in the eastern horizon from the present town of Bloemfontein, advanced thence to the north, and presently came in contact with a redoubtable branch of the Zulu race, famous in later history under the name of Matabele. This tribe was then ruled by the chief Mosilikatse, a warrior of great energy and talent, who had subdued the surrounding tribes, though himself unable to withstand the main Zulu nation, which, under Dingaan, was living farther to the south. The Matabele provoked war by falling upon and destroying a detachment of the emigrants. Intruders the latter doubtless were, but, as the Matabele themselves had slaughtered without mercy the weaker Kafir tribes, the Boers might think they need not feel any compunction in dealing out the like measure to their antagonists. And, in point of fact, the Boers seem all through to have treated the natives much as Israel treated the natives of Canaan, and to have conceived themselves to have Old Testament authority for occupying the territories of the heathen, and reducing them by the sternest methods to serfdom or submission. They attacked Mosilikatse northwest of where now the town of Mafeking stands, and defeated his vastly superior force with so great a slaughter that he fled northward far away beyond the Limpopo River, and fell like a thunderstorm upon the tribes who dwell between that stream and the Zambesi, killing many and making slaves of the rest. Here, with the king's kraal of Buluwayo for its capital, was established the kingdom of the Matabele, which remained as a terror to its neighbors till, in its turn, destroyed by Dr. Jameson and the British South Africa Company in 1893. It was a curious chain of events that, in 1837, brought fire and slaughter so suddenly upon the peoples of the Zambesi Valley. As the conflicts of nomad warriors along the Great Wall of China set a-going a movement which, propagated from tribe to tribe, ended by precipitating the Goths upon the Roman Empire, and brought Alaric to the Salarian Gate, so the weakness of the French monarchy, inducing the Revolution and the consequent war with England, carried the English to the Cape, threw the Boers upon the Matabele, and at last hurled the savage hosts of Mosilikatse on the helpless Makololo.

The defeat and expulsion of the Matabele left the vast territories between the Orange River and the Limpopo in the hands of the Boer immigrants. Within these territories those small and rude communities began to grow up, which have ripened, as we shall presently see, into the two Dutch republics of our own time. But, meanwhile, a larger and better organized body of Boers turned southeastward across the Quathlamba Mountains, and descended into the richer and warmer country between those mountains and the Indian Ocean. This region had been shortly before depopulated by the invasions of Tshaka, and now contained scarce any native inhabitants. A few Englishmen were settled on the inlet then called Port Natal, where now the prosperous town of Durban lies beneath the villas and orchards of Berea, and were maintaining there a sort of provisional republic, for the British government was still hesitating whether it should occupy the port. The Boer leaders, thinking it well to propitiate the Zulu king Dingaan, whose power overshadowed the country, proceeded to his kraal to obtain from him a formal grant of land. The grant was made, but next day the treacherous tyrant, offering them some native beer as a sort of stirrup-cup before their departure, suddenly bade his men fall upon and «kill the wizards.» The whole Boer party perished, and a body of emigrants not far distant was similarly surprised and massacred by a Zulu army of overwhelming strength. These cruelties roused the rest of the emigrants to reprisals, and, after several engagements, the combined forces of the Boers and of a brother of Dingaan, who had rebelled against him, and had detached a large part of the Zulu warriors, drove Dingaan out of Zululand. Panda, the rebel brother, was installed king in his stead, as a sort of vassal to the Boer government, and the Boers founded a city, and began to portion out the land. But their action had meanwhile excited the displeasure of the government of Cape Colony. Though it had not followed them into the deserts of the interior, it had not therefore ceased to consider them British subjects. Their attempt to establish a new white state on the coast became a matter of serious concern, and as the government considered itself the general protector of the natives, and interested in maintaining the Kafirs between them and the colony, their attacks on the Kafirs who lived to the west of them, toward the colony, could not be permitted to pass unchecked. The British government, accordingly, though unwilling to assume fresh responsibilities (for in those days it was generally believed that the colonial possessions of Britain were already too extensive), thought itself bound to assert its authority over Port Natal and the country behind as far as the mountains. The Boer emigrants resisted, but,

after a short war, made their submission in 1843, after a warm but ineffectual protest against the principle of equal civil rights for whites and blacks laid down by the British government. The colony of Natal was then constituted, first as a dependency of Cape Colony, afterward, in 1856, as a separate colony. A part of the Boers remained in it, but the majority recrossed the mountains (some forthwith, some five years later), with their goods and their cattle, and joined the mass of their fellow-emigrants who had remained on the plateaus of the interior. Meanwhile an immense influx of Kafirs repopulated the country, and in it the blacks are now ten times as numerous as the whites. Thus ended the Dutch Republic of Natalia, after six years of troubled life. While it was fighting with the Zulus on the east, and other Kafirs on the west, it was torn by intestine quarrels, and unable to compel the obedience of its own citizens. But its victories over Dingaan's armies were feats of arms as remarkable as any South Africa has seen.

Hardly less troubled was the lot of the emigrants who had scattered themselves over the wide uplands that lie between the Orange River and the Limpopo. They too were engaged in incessant wars with the native tribes, who were, however, less formidable than the Zulus, and much cattle-lifting went on upon both sides. Only one native tribe and one native chief stand out from the confused tangle of petty raids and forays which makes up (after the expulsion of the Matabele) the earlier annals of the northern Boer communities. This chief was the famous Moshesh, to speak of whose career I shall digress for a moment from the thread of this narrative. The Kafir races have produced within this century three really remarkable men—men who, like Toussaint l'Ouverture in Hayti, and Kamehameha I. in Hawaii, will go down in history as instances of the gifts that sometimes show themselves even among the most backward races. Tshaka, the Zulu, was a warrior of extraordinary energy and ambition, whose power of organization enabled him to raise the Zulu army within a few years to a perfection of drill and discipline and a swiftness of movement which made them irresistible, except by Europeans. Khama, the chief who still reigns among the Bechuanas, has been a social reformer and administrator of wonderful judgment, tact, and firmness, who has kept his people in domestic peace, and protected them from the dangerous influences which white civilization usually brings with it, and especially from strong drink, while at the same time helping them skilfully onward toward such improvements as their character admits. Moshesh, chief of the Basutos, was born in the end of the last century. He belonged to a small clan which had suffered severely in the wars caused by the conquests of Tshaka, whose attacks upon the tribes nearest him had driven them upon other tribes, and brought slaughter and confusion upon the whole of southeastern Africa. Though only a younger son, his enterprise and courage soon made him a leader. Adherents gathered about him. The progress of his power was aided by the skill he showed in selecting a residence and stronghold. In what is now Basutoland, about twelve miles south of the Caledon River, there is a flat-topped hill, called Thaba Bosiyo, nearly two miles long, and from half a mile to a quarter of a mile wide. It rises some 600 feet from the broad valley beneath, and is fenced all about by precipitous cliffs of white sandstone—cliffs not very lofty, but so continuously abrupt that at three points only can an ascent be made, and even in these points only by a steep and narrow track. The level top of the hill is grass-covered, and watered by several springs. Here Moshesh fixed himself, and in this impregnable stronghold he resisted repeated sieges by his native enemies and by the emigrant Boers. On one occasion, in the war which began in 1865, a storming party of the latter had climbed the path by which the easiest access was to be obtained—a path leading up a cleft which the decomposition of a greenstone dike, traversing the sandstone rock, had formed. They were within thirty yards of the open top of the hill when their leader fell, pierced by a bullet from one of the few guns which Moshesh possessed. The storming party halted, and then fell back, and the siege was shortly afterward abandoned. The exploits of Moshesh against his native foes soon brought adherents to him, and he became the head of that powerful tribe, largely formed out of the fragments of other tribes scattered and shattered by war, which is now called the Basuto. Unlike most Kafir warriors, he was singularly free from cruelty, and ruled his own people with a mildness which made him liked as well as respected. In 1832 he had the foresight to invite missionaries to come and settle among his people, and the following year saw the establishment of the mission of the Evangelical Society of Paris, the members of which, some of them French, some Swiss, some Scotch, have been the most potent factors in the subsequent history of the Basuto nation. When the inevitable collision between the Basutos and the white men

arrived, Moshesh was substantially aided by the advice of the missionaries, and partly through their counsels, partly from his own prudence, did his best to avoid any fatal breach with the British government. Nevertheless he was several times engaged in war with the Boers, and once had to withstand the attack of a strong British force, led by the governor of Cape Colony. But his tactful diplomacy made him a match for any European opponent, and carried him through every political danger. When this British army had suffered a reverse in a somewhat imprudent movement made against him, Moshesh, instead of renewing the combat, seized the moment to propose terms of peace and friendship, which, while they extricated his antagonist from an annoying position, raised his own reputation higher than ever, and secured the subsequent good-will of the colonial authorities. Moshesh died, full of years and honor, about twenty-five years ago, having built up, out of the dispersed remnants of broken tribes, a nation which, under the guiding hand of the missionaries, and latterly of the British government also, has made greater progress in civilization and Christianity than any other Kafir race.

I return from this digression to trace the fortunes of the emigrant Boers who had remained on the north side of the Quathlamba range, or had returned thither from Natal. In 1843 they numbered not more than 15,000 persons all told, possibly less; for, though fresh emigrants from the colony had joined them, many had perished in the native wars. They were scattered over an area 700 miles long and 300 miles wide—an area bounded on the southeast by the Quathlamba mountain chain, but on the north and west divided by no natural limit from the great plain which stretches west to the Atlantic and north to the Zambesi. To have established any kind of government over so wide a territory would have been in any case difficult. But the very qualities which had enabled them with so much success to carry out their exodus from Cape Colony, and their campaigns of conquest against the natives, made the task of government still more difficult. They were self-reliant and «individualistic» to excess; they loved not only independence, but isolation; they were resolved to make their government absolutely popular, and were little disposed to brook the control even of those authorities they had themselves created. It was only for warlike expeditions, for which they had contracted a great taste, that they could be brought together, and only to their leaders in war that they would yield obedience. Very few had taken to agriculture, and the half-nomadic life of stock-farmers, each pasturing his cattle over great tracts of country, confirmed their dissociative instincts. However, the necessities of defense against the natives, and a common spirit of hostility to the claims of sovereignty which the British government had never renounced, kept them together. Thus several small republican communities grew up, each with its Volksraad, or popular assembly, held together by a sort of loosely federative tie, which rested rather in a common understanding than upon any legal instruments. In the northeast, beyond the Vaal River, these communities, while distracted by internal feuds chiefly arising from personal or family enmities, were left undisturbed by the colonial authorities. Those authorities, as I have already observed, were in those days, under orders received from home, anxious rather to contract than to extend the sphere of British influence, and would have cared little for what happened far out in the wilderness but for the native troubles which the presence of the Boers induced. At last, in 1852, the then governor of Cape Colony concluded at Sand River a convention with the commandant and delegates of the Boers living beyond the Vaal, by which the British government «guaranteed to the emigrant farmers beyond the Vaal River the right to manage their own affairs, and to govern themselves according to their own laws, without any interference on the part of the British government,» subject to a condition that slavery should not be permitted or practised by the farmers in the country north of the Vaal River. From this convention the South African Republic, afterward slowly formed out of the small communities which then divided the country, dates its independence. Two years later a similar convention, signed at Bloemfontein in February, 1854, declared the independence from the British crown of the inhabitants of the country nearer the colony between the Orange and Vaal rivers. In this country, then called the Orange River Sovereignty, the colonial government had exercised practical control, and six years before (in 1848) it had defeated in battle an army of the farmers who endeavored to resist that authority. Moreover, whereas the farmers beyond the Vaal were nearly all of pure Boer stock, those in the Orange River Sovereignty were mixed with English settlers, and from their proximity to the colony were much less averse to the British connection. In fact, a large part of them—though it is

not now easy to discover the exact proportion—warmly resisted the proposal of the British government to withdraw, and independence had to be forced on them against their will. The authorities of the colony and the colonial office at home were, however, inexorable. They saw no use in keeping territories which involved great cost of defense against native raids, and from which little benefit was then expected. Hardly any notice was taken in Great Britain of the Sand River Convention, and when, at the instance of delegates sent home by those who in the Orange River territory desired to remain subject to the British crown, a motion was made in the House of Commons asking the Queen to reconsider the renunciation of her sovereignty over that territory, the motion found no support, and had to be withdrawn. So little did Englishmen then care for that South African dominion which they have subsequently become so eager to develop and extend.

From the convention of 1854 dates the beginning of the Orange Free State, which, increased by the acquisition of new territories in the south, has ever since remained perfectly independent and at peace with the British colonies. Its only serious troubles have arisen from native wars, and these have long ago come to an end. In 1854 an assembly of delegates enacted for it the republican constitution under which it has ever since been quietly and peaceably governed. It had the good fortune to elect as its president, in 1865, a lawyer of Cape Colony, of Dutch extraction, Mr. (afterward Sir John) Brand, who guided its course with great tact and wisdom for twenty-four years, and whose favorite expression, « All will come right,» now inscribed on his tombstone at Bloemfontein, has become throughout South Africa a proverbial phrase of encouragement in moments of difficulty.

Beyond the Vaal River things have gone very differently. The farmers of that region were more scattered, more rude and uneducated, and more prone to factious dissentions than those of the Free State. In 1858 an instrument called the « Grondwet,» or Fundamental Law, was drawn up by a body of delegates, which, though subsequently altered in some material points, is still the constitution of the country. It was, however, at first repudiated by two out of the three self-governing communities of which the state then consisted. Not till after the civil war of 1862 can the present South African Republic be deemed to have been really established. The Volksraad, or representative assembly, proved an inefficient governing body, while the successive presidents, to whom, in the constant financial embarrassments and frequently recurring native wars, a great deal of control inevitably fell, were hampered by the resistance of hostile factions. At last, in 1877, the republic found itself in hopeless difficulties. The treasury was empty, the government was no longer obeyed, a formidable native chief was in arms in the northeast of the territory, and the power of the Zulus constituted a grave menace on the southeast. A British commissioner, who had been sent into the country on the ground that its condition had become a danger to its neighbors, proclaimed its annexation to the British crown, believing, it would appear, that the citizens were disposed by the troubles from which they could not extricate themselves to welcome the protection thus secured to them. The British government at home shared his opinion and approved his action. Probably the great majority of the Boers would have acquiesced had the British administration, which was thereupon set up, been prudently conducted. But the military governor who was soon afterward sent into the Transvaal irritated them, not only by a strict levy of taxes,—a thing which the Boers resent even from their own Volksraad,—but also by delaying to give them such representative self-government as had been promised to them, and by his arrogant and distant treatment of men among whom a strong sense of republican equality had grown up. Discontent soon grew to disaffection, and at last broke out into revolt. In the end of 1880 the people rose in arms, and captured or drove out the small occupying force; and after some engagements on the Natal frontier, in which the British troops suffered heavily, the home government, perceiving that independence was desired by the large majority of the Transvaal people, and unwilling to accentuate race hatreds all over South Africa, recognized, in 1881, the independence, as regards internal government, of the South African Republic, while retaining a suzerainty as regards foreign relations.[1] This canceling of the annexation was a magnanimous act, for the British troops in Natal had received reinforcements which would have made resistance by the Transvaal men hopeless. But it has not produced those results of good feeling between the Boers and

[1] This was modified in 1884, but the interpretation of the modifying instrument has given rise to a controversy with which I have not space to deal. Great Britain retains an undoubted right of veto on any treaty concluded by the Republic, except one with the Orange Free State.

their neighbors of English race which were expected from it; and the rankling memories of the war of 1881 have had something to do with those very recent Transvaal troubles, which are too well known to need recounting here.

The first result of the war and the recovery of self-government by the Boers was to intensify their sentiments of nationality, and dispose them to fresh enterprises. Their president, Mr. Stephen John Paul Krueger, who had been one of the three triumvirs by whom the insurrection was successfully guided, began to plan acquisitions of territory. The native chief who had threatened the republic on the northeast was gone; a British force had overcome him in 1879. The Zulu power was gone on the southeast, Cetewayo having been overthrown and carried off prisoner in the same year, 1879. Thus the republic, though penniless, had been freed by British arms from its chief dangers. Its ambitions have been successful in the south, where it has acquired a large slice of Zululand, and on the east, where the British government (by a treaty signed in 1894) has given it virtual control over the rich district of Swaziland. But on the west its attempts to raid and conquer some of the tribes of Bechuanaland were checked in 1884, while its hopes of annexing the vast territories which, on the north, lie between it and the Zambesi were dissipated by the declaration, in 1888, that those territories were to be deemed to lie within the sphere of British influence, and by their occupation, in 1890, by the pioneers of the British South Africa Company.

These events complete the story of the relations of the Dutch and English races in South Africa so far as the determination of the territorial limits of the colonies and republics is concerned. Of their present political attitude toward each other, and the tendencies that are at work to shape the political future of both, it will be necessary to speak later. The problems which that future opens are complicated by the facts that the Dutch element is still very powerful within Cape Colony itself; that a large British population has recently migrated into the mining districts of the Transvaal Republic; and that the British power, which surrounds the Transvaal on the north, west, and south, does not surround it on the east, where it is divided from the sea by a comparatively narrow strip of Portuguese territory, through which a railway runs from Pretoria, the capital, and the mining districts to the port of Lourenço Marques, on Delagoa Bay.

The fourth and last European race that has entered South Africa is the German. Besides her East African dominions, which, since they lie north of the Zambesi, do not here concern us, Germany took possession, in 1884, of a stretch of country on the coast of the Atlantic Ocean between the Orange River and the West African possessions of Portugal. The limits of her claims there have been defined by agreements made with Portugal in 1886, and with Britain in 1890. Under these she is mistress of some 340,000 square miles; but the native population does not exceed 200,000, and the country is so bare and waterless as to be wholly unfit for agriculture, and in most places unfit even for ranching. Moreover, the only tolerable harbor, Walfish Bay, belongs to Cape Colony. There is, therefore, little prospect that any German population will spring up on these unattractive coasts, and if Germany plays any part in South African politics, she will not do so, at least for a long time to come, in respect of her Southwest African possessions. It is rather to the east side of the continent, and in particular to the Transvaal, that her eyes seem to have been recently directed. But the question of her plans and desires, as well as the other problems which the economical prospects of South Africa, and the relations of the white and colored races, suggest for discussion, must be reserved for a concluding article.

James Bryce.

ABSENCE.

HOW crowded now these empty rooms
Have grown since she has gone—
No trifle but becomes a thing
That thought must wait upon!

The very silence seems to move
About on stealthy feet,
Tiptoeing lest it wake some thought
The heart would dread to meet.

And oh, the leaden sense of all
Irrevocable fate
In that neglected glove still left
So close beside its mate!

Melville Upton.

NOTES ON CITY GOVERNMENT IN ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS, in more than one sense, must be accorded a central place in the series of great American towns. It is not only central by virtue of its geographical situation, but it is also more typically American than any other of our large communities, by reason of the blending of the several American types of population. The process of assimilation has been more complete than in the Northwestern towns, and distinctions of race and class are less sharp than in most Eastern cities. St. Louis is comparatively an old community. It has succeeded fairly well in reducing New Englanders, Virginians, New Yorkers, men from the Gulf States, Kentuckians, Northwesterners, Missourians, the Illinois contingent, the Texans, and the Irish and Germans as well, into a body of progressive yet conservative Americans, to which each element has contributed something, while losing the sharp edges of its own eccentricities. There results a community that is typically American, and more completely representative of our whole country, such as it is, than any other one of the dozen largest American cities. It also happens that St. Louis is the most satisfactory exponent of what may be called the distinctively American system of city government that the country affords on any similar scale of magnitude.

If the analogy of our National and State organizations is to be followed at all in municipal government, it ought to be followed so intelligently and logically as to retain the merits along with the complications and inconveniences. This is what the St. Louis system, more than any other in the country, has succeeded in doing. The one great achievement for which St. Louis is to be praised is the completeness with which it has won its liberty, and stands for the principle of municipal home rule. It is entitled to be called a «free city.» Even its charter was not made for it and conferred upon it by the legislature, or by any State agency, but was made by a local body of citizens elected for that purpose, and was then adopted by the voters of St. Louis at a special election.

HOW ST. LOUIS ACHIEVED HOME RULE.

THIS was in 1876. The State of Missouri had been holding a constitutional convention, and the convention had found itself face to face with the problem how to deal with the government of Missouri's chief municipality. Much confusion had arisen from the illogical and overlapping dual government of the county of St. Louis and the city of St. Louis. The county debt was a large and growing one, while the city debt was in the same process of extravagant increase. A rough-and-ready method for the limitation of local indebtedness was fixed upon by the convention. It was ordained in the State constitution that such local debts should not become greater in the aggregate than five per cent. of the assessed valuation of local property. As regards St. Louis, it was provided that the city and county governments might, if they chose, agree to hold a special election in order to choose thirteen men, who should be empowered (1) to draw up a scheme for the entire separation of the city from the county, and (2) to draft a charter for the reconstituted city. This program was carried out. The scheme of separation greatly increased the municipal area, and fixed the bounds now existing. County buildings, with other county property inside the limits of the city, were all transferred to the municipality, and in return the city assumed the entire county debt.

The popular house of the Municipal Assembly, known as the House of Delegates, was made to consist of twenty-eight members, one from each ward, elected for two years, all retiring together. The upper chamber of the Assembly, known as the Council, was to consist of thirteen members, elected for four-year terms on a general city ticket. The president of the Council was to be specifically elected to that position. Of the remaining twelve members six were to retire every two years. The municipal elections were ordered to be held in April, and were thus kept distinct from State and National elections, which occur in November. The mayor was to be elected for a term of four years, and other general officers, to be elected at large for four-year

terms, were as follows: controller, auditor, treasurer, register, collector, recorder of deeds, inspector of weights and measures, sheriff, coroner, president of Board of Assessors, and president of the Board of Public Improvements.

ASSESSMENT AND PUBLIC WORKS.

THE assessment of property for purposes of taxation is deemed in every American city one of the municipal functions most vitally affecting the municipal corporation on the one hand and the individual citizen on the other. The St. Louis plan provides for the election by all the voters, for each quadrennial period, of the president of the Board of Assessors. The Municipal Assembly lays out the town into a number of assessment districts, and for each district an assessor is appointed by the mayor, and confirmed by the Council. At present the number of districts is nine. The assessors do their work under the absolute direction of the president of the Board of Assessors, who maintains a large office, with numerous deputies, draftsmen, and clerks, all of whom he is authorized to appoint, subject only to the approval of the mayor. Having directed the whole work of annual reassessment of property, and obtained results as uniform as possible, the president of the board acts as president of the Board of Equalization, his fellow-members of that board being four real-estate owners of the city, who must have lived in St. Louis at least ten years, and who derive their appointments from the concurrent action of the judges of the Circuit Court. Thus the delicate business of finding the yearly tax-basis is satisfactorily safeguarded, and it is sufficient to say that the collection, care, and disbursement of the public revenue is also managed upon an orderly and well-devised system.

The Board of Public Improvements is a body of very exceptional importance, and one which, in the St. Louis plan of municipal administration, holds an altogether peculiar place. The president of this board, like that of the Board of Assessors, is popularly elected. He has general executive oversight of public buildings, street improvements, and public works of all kinds. His associates in the Board of Public Improvements are five officials, known as the Street Commissioner, the Sewer Commissioner, the Water Commissioner, the Harbor and Wharf Commissioner, and the Park Commissioner. These five are appointed for four-year terms by the mayor, subject to the confirmation of the Council. Each commissioner is at the head of the working department indicated by his title, and each one appoints the entire body of subordinate officials employed in his department, subject only to the approbation of the mayor.

This Board of Public Improvements, acting through its president, lets all contracts for public work, subject to the final approval of the mayor and the Council, and takes full charge of street openings, the extension of paving, sewerage, or water-supply, and all kindred matters. The existing membership is of high character and ability, and the general reputation of the board for the twenty years of the working of the present charter seems to have been high. Thus the Municipal Assembly is ready to leave matters of detail very largely to the judgment of this expert board.

THE MUNICIPAL CIVIL SERVICE.

AMONG other appointive officers, in addition to the five department heads and the district assessors already specified, are the city counselor, the superintendents of the workhouse, the house of refuge, and the fire and police telegraph system, two police justices, a board of charity commissioners, a public library board, a commissioner of supplies, and an assessor of water-rates. These are all named directly by the mayor, and all of them are subject to confirmation by the Council; that is to say, the upper branch of the Municipal Assembly. The host of minor office-holders are, under the charter, subject to appointment and removal by the heads of their respective departments, the mayor alone having power to interpose an objection.

As to the question of civil-service reform, no merit system has yet been adopted either by the State of Missouri or by the city of St. Louis. A change of administration always means, ultimately, a very large change in the body of office-holders. The present administration of St. Louis is strongly Republican. Every one of the thirteen members of the Council is a Republican, and twenty-four of the twenty-eight members of the House of Delegates belong to that party. The mayor is one of the leading members of his party in the State. Mayor C. P. Walbridge, who came to St. Louis perhaps twenty years ago fresh from the law school at Ann Arbor, entered upon his public career through a term or two in the House of Delegates. Subsequently he was elected president of the Council, serving four years in that capacity. In the spring of 1893 he was elected mayor, and his term will expire next year.

An interesting feature of the St. Louis charter is its requirement that the mayor shall not make appointments (except to fill vacancies) until the beginning of his third year. Thus, under Mayor Walbridge's administration, the Democratic heads of departments held over until the spring of 1895, when a sweeping change was made, and Republicans were installed in most of the desirable places. Mr. Walbridge's appointments in general, so far as I have been able to judge, will bear close inspection. Mr. Holman, the water commissioner, was very properly reappointed. Mr. Stone, the new harbor and wharf commissioner, had been engaged in educational work for many years, had served in the House of Delegates, and confers honor upon the municipal administration of St. Louis. Mr. Saunders, the mayor's representative on the Board of Election and Registration Commissioners, is a journalist of high character and qualifications. The health commissioner in turn enjoys a high reputation. The Library Board is admirably constituted, and others of Mr. Walbridge's appointees merit similar indorsement.

THE MUNICIPAL PARLIAMENT.

IT is highly instructive to note the great difference in the personnel of the House of Delegates, elected on the ward system, and of the Council, composed of men elected at large. The present Council has for its president Mr. Charles Nagel, a lawyer, a man of education and culture, and a citizen of high standing, who enjoys the confidence of the community. One of the members of the Council is Mr. Halsey S. Ives, who is known throughout the country for his services as the efficient director of the Fine Arts Department of the Columbian Exposition; and he is at once the head of art education in St. Louis, and a citizen well versed in public affairs. Other members of the Council are gentlemen of repute and character. The integrity and general intelligence of the Council are not often very seriously questioned. There have been times, under the present charter, when the group of men in the upper branch of the Municipal Assembly would have done credit to any legislative body in the land.

While pleasant things may be said touching the capacity and character of some individual members of the House of Delegates, the impression that the body, as a whole, makes upon the visitor is that of a very ordinary, in fact, a very unprepossessing group.

Both the House of Delegates and the Council meet regularly two evenings every week. The members also have a large amount of committee work to do, and thus the city affairs absorb a great deal of their time and attention. Their compensation is only three hundred dollars a year. I have the impression that it would be better if the compensation were either made much larger or else abolished altogether. If considerably larger it might stimulate a better class of men to seek election to the House of Delegates, while if abolished it might keep some undesirable candidates out of the field.

Except as a training-school for young politicians, I do not think the House of Delegates serves any useful purpose. If it were abolished altogether, and if the Council were then considerably enlarged, members of the Council serving for six years instead of four, and one third of the body retiring every two years, all members as at present being elected at large, St. Louis would, in my opinion, have not only a simpler, but also a much better plan of municipal government.

When the worst has been said about the Municipal Assembly of St. Louis, it remains true that it is a body of altogether as high character and ability as the legislature of the State of Missouri. The great boon which the charter confers lies in the fact that so far as city affairs are concerned the Assembly is a fully empowered deliberative body. Many hundreds of bills affecting the city of New York are introduced into the legislature at Albany at every annual session. The very matters dealt with in these bills are, for the most part, the kind of matters that in St. Louis are under constant discussion in the Municipal Assembly, which has full authority to deal with them. Such discussion is with open doors, and the daily papers are always represented by their regular reporters. Inasmuch as there is no dispensing with the deliberative function in the conduct of the Municipal affairs of a great city, it is always an advantage to have that function exercised (1) by men expressly selected for that purpose, and (2) under the immediate observation of the people concerned.

HOW ST. LOUIS ACQUIRED GOOD STREETS.

THROUGH most of its history St. Louis had been unpleasantly but distinctly famous for its mud. For the better part of a century, visitors whose published notes of travel included some account of St. Louis had not failed to dwell upon the frightful condition of the streets in wet weather. The original mud was clayey, clinging, and bottomless.

There came a period of macadamized roads made from the broken limestone of the region. This limestone is very soft, and on streets where traffic is heavy it is quickly ground into a white dust, which no amount of sprinkling can keep wholly down in summer, and which in winter and the rainy period forms a deep, splashy mud. In the earlier days of the Nicholson pavement experiments St. Louis tried, to a limited extent, the substitution of that style of wooden-block roadway for the limestone macadam. But the wooden blocks were laid upon temporary and improper foundations, and soon became worse than the streets they had replaced. Thus St. Louis could not claim a single well-paved street.

It was characteristic of this solid, conservative town, with its mercantile motives, that its business men finally awoke to a realizing sense of the fact that well-paved streets are a sound investment, and that conversely there comes a time in the business growth of a large town when bad streets are too positively detrimental to be longer tolerated. Their point of view was that of the property owner. They determined that the heavy expense of reconstruction must be borne by the owners of abutting property. They came to the conclusion that, for down-town business streets, there was only one kind of pavement which the experience of the world had found to be virtually indestructible under all climatic conditions. This was a pavement of granite blocks, placed upon a solid concrete foundation. The sentiment of the responsible business community in favor of the reconstruction of St. Louis streets on this plan was recognized by the city government, and the new policy was entered upon in the year 1882.

Reports of the Public Works Department show that there are now nearly fifty miles of streets paved with granite block. Quite recently the policy has been adopted of paving the down-town alleys with vitrified brick. In some of the best residence neighborhoods well-laid asphalt streets are found, and it is probable that the use of asphalt will increase rapidly. The success of vitrified brick leads to the opinion that it may become largely used for roadways in residence districts in the early future. Outside the central districts macadam roads still prevail. Sidewalks, curbstones, and gutters in St. Louis are now very generally made of artificial stone, locally known as granitoid.

The definite policy as regards the finances of street-paving continues to be the assessment of the cost against the owners of adjacent property. Where there are street-car lines the cost to property-owners is reduced, by virtue of provisions in the municipal charter and city ordinances, which require the street-car company to pave and maintain the roadway between rails, between the lines of trackage, and for a foot beyond the outside rails. Adjacent property is assessed according to linear frontage, no account being made of buildings and improvements. It is provided, however, that the cost of paving must not exceed twenty-five per cent. of the assessed value of the parcels of ground against which the charge is made. Evidently this provision delays the paving of streets in parts of the town where property has a comparatively low valuation.

THE MAZE OF OVERHEAD WIRES.

UNTIL a very recent period a stranger in the St. Louis thoroughfares was annoyed by the absence of street names on the corners. A few scarcely legible, much battered tin signs were found at rare intervals nailed to telegraph poles, but otherwise the stranger was without guidance. One of the incidental benefits accruing to St. Louis from the selection of that city for the Republican Presidential Convention took form in an ordinance —pushed through the Municipal Assembly in February—authorizing the Board of Public Improvements to select a satisfactory style of street signs, and appropriating money for their erection, at the earliest possible date. The visitors at the convention, therefore, will have no occasion to criticize the lack of street signs; but they will, therefore, be the more at liberty to observe and criticize the one remaining disgrace of the streets of St. Louis. No other great city in the whole world now permits electric wires to be strung overhead in the central business streets.

This abuse has reached almost intolerable dimensions in St. Louis. I have myself counted, at various street intersections in the heart of the best business districts of St. Louis, as many as fourteen poles grouped within a few feet of the four corners. And this does not include lamp-posts or the standards supporting the new street signs. An elevated railway could scarcely fill up or overshadow a street more entirely than do the poles and wires of the electric companies on a great thoroughfare like Pine street, for example. These poles range in size from the iron ones that support the trolley-wires of the electric street-railway system to the huge masts that carry the telephone and telegraph wires.

Every one acknowledges that these poles should be abolished, and that the wires should

be placed under the sidewalks or roadways; the subject is under perennial debate in the Municipal Assembly. But the public authority seems to lack the stern resolution necessary to force so many conflicting corporations into agreement upon one harmonious plan. Every company naturally desires an independent right to tear up street-paving or sidewalks, and to bury its own wires at its own time and in its own way. Each one insists upon quoting the privileges it has succeeded in obtaining in some other city, and demands that St. Louis be not one whit less indulgent.

HOW THE ELECTRIC TROLLEY HAS TRANSFORMED THE CITY.

FOR the present, and perhaps for many years to come, the overhead trolley-wire is expected to remain as it is. If the trolley has some objections, it stands, nevertheless, for an agency which is transforming St. Louis in a manner that causes conservative old residents to rub their eyes in bewildered surprise. The schemes of separation which made St. Louis a free city entirely independent of St. Louis County in the year 1876 very greatly increased the municipal boundaries. The county generously conceded land enough for the future growth of a great city. The new limits included an area somewhat exceeding sixty square miles. The actual town—as closely built and occupied by at least ninety per cent. of the population—was in those days well within an area of twelve or fifteen square miles. In the succeeding decade and a half the street system was gradually extending, and the penumbral fringes were duly widening, while the mule-car lines penetrated a little farther northward, westward, and southwestward. Some great park spaces had been reserved outside the old city limits before the act of divorce between city and county, and these spaces were included within the new city limits. The population was slowly creeping out toward these desirable pleasure-grounds, but the rapid development of the outer zone of the municipal area was awaiting the advent of a system of improved transit.

The electric trolley was found to be the system best adapted to the situation. Two or three comparatively short cable-lines had been constructed, but otherwise the leisurely mule-car was in universal vogue. The last mule disappeared in the early days of the present year (1896) from the solitary line which had continued to use animal power. With its substantial beginnings going back scarcely further than 1890, the trolley system of St. Louis inside of the municipal limits now traverses about two hundred and fifty miles of streets, and has a trackage (double track being reduced to terms of single track) of three hundred and fifty or perhaps four hundred miles. This is regarded in St. Louis, and I believe justly, as a more complete and extensive electric-transit system than any other large city possesses. The municipal charter provides that no one line may have exclusive use of trackage on a central thoroughfare, but that, under reasonable terms and regulations, other lines must be permitted to pass their cars over the same tracks. A considerable number of street-railway companies in St. Louis operate their cars under distinct and separate franchises, and in the heart of the town the cars of several different companies will be found on the same streets.

In their dealings with the city government the street-railway companies have come off very easy victors. The old mule-lines were readily invested with the new and very valuable trolley privileges, and in most cases they were given twenty-five-year franchise extensions, upon terms which allow the city treasury a frivolously small compensation for privileges possessing an enormous cash value.

PLAN OF THE TOWN—HOUSING OF THE PEOPLE.

THE original town of St. Louis was founded within an outward bend of the Mississippi River, and of course lay close upon the bank. The river's great curve, which gives the city a crescent front, extends a number of miles northward and southward from the spot originally chosen as the site of the town. Taking an area about two miles square as constituting the old town,—that is to say, taking two miles of central river-front with the district extending two miles westward,—one will find the new Union Station at the precise center of this area. The great steel bridge spans the river at the central point, and a railroad tunnel extends from the end of the bridge to the colossal station a mile westward. Now, if a curve be drawn with a radius of five miles from the Union Station, the resulting line will very nearly coincide with the limits of the municipal area. The city, however, owns another strip of land on the river-front to the northward, and a corresponding strip at the extreme southern limit, which give a total river-frontage of eighteen miles. Although a good many corners have to be turned, the trolley system manages to radiate from the central district to the outlying parts, some-

what as the principal veins of a big leaf distribute themselves. In fact, the physical structure of St. Louis strikingly resembles the configuration of certain broad, fan-shaped leaves, the great steel bridge serving for the stem.

As the city spreads outward at the circumference, it extends skyward at the center. In no other city of the world, New York and Chicago alone excepted, has the construction of great iron-framed commercial edifices since 1890 been so extensive, or wrought so much of change, as in St. Louis. It seems likely that the city not many years hence will be face to face with the new problem—how to accommodate the street traffic pouring into the small district of sky-scrapers from the great outlying districts of well-scattered cottages and villas. Such are the transformations that the trolley is working in St. Louis. It is producing like effects in many another town, but perhaps no other great city so well serves to illustrate the entire process.

The most important public buildings in St. Louis are the Post-office, the Court-house, the High School, the new City Hall, the Exposition Building, and the Union Railway Station. Not one of them is so situated as to have its architectural qualities enhanced by a spacious approach. If they could have been made to front upon open squares, or, with other public buildings, such as museums, theaters, and hotels, could have been grouped about one or more central spaces, the effect would have been much improved, while a more distinct articulation would thus have been given to the whole city.

In the acquisition of great terminal freight-yards, the railway companies have displaced much of the old house property in the narrow, close-built streets lying near the river, both northward and southward from the central bridge. This fact is a fortunate one; for the districts appropriated by the railways had contained much of the most decayed and unwholesome tenement-house property in St. Louis. Thus the operations of the railway companies near the river—concurring with the new expansion of the suburbs made possible by the development of transit lines—have assisted in the outward movement of the population.

The development of St. Louis as a manufacturing city has been swift and prosperous. Great factories lie, for the most part, southward from the business center, although many of them have also spread northward. Various industries, moreover, remain within the confines of the district which is chiefly given over to office-buildings, financial institutions, wholesale houses, and large retail establishments. Formerly the factories lay, for the most part, outside the area principally occupied by the homes of working-people. The recent tendency has been to build workingmen's homes outside the circle of the factories. The building and loan associations, of which there are a great number in St. Louis, seem to have played an important part in the new housing movement, while the real-estate companies, with the facilities which they have offered for the purchase of small houses on the instalment plan, have also, doubtless, made it possible for thousands of mechanics and employed men of small incomes to own their own homes.

To the visitor wholly unfamiliar with St. Louis, or acquainted with it only as it was ten years ago, nothing appears more striking than the array of fine homes in the great central-western district, and in the newer districts in the vicinity of the large parks. The typical home of the well-to-do St. Louis family of to-day is a large, square brick mansion standing detached in a small but attractive environment of yard room. There is much variety in architectural details, and great magnificence in many of the newest houses. The prevailing material for large houses as well as for small is a bright and cheerful red brick; but yellow or cream-colored brick has become popular of late, and many beautiful houses in the western suburbs have been built with that material. Frame-houses in St. Louis are comparatively rare. Particularly characteristic of these newer parts of the city are the many so-called «places.» These consist, usually, of one short private street with an ornamental entrance at each end, lined with a double row of attractive mansions, harmonious in general style and symmetrically arranged, with carefully kept lawns, without fences, and with considerable attention to parkway and landscape details.

PUBLIC LIGHTING AND THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

THE pleasures of life in St. Louis would be much enhanced if the smoke nuisance could be totally abated. Soft coal is the fuel of the place, and it is mined in exhaustless quantities only a few miles away on the Illinois side of the river. It is said that no city of equal size has so cheap and abundant a coal-supply at so short a distance from its gates.

It has been suggested by Mr. N. O. Nelson that instead of transporting the coal from the mines, there should be erected in immediate

proximity to the Illinois coal-pits a great plant,—consuming the slack and waste coal, which can be had for next to nothing,—which could generate electrical energy, to be transmitted by wire to St. Louis, sufficient to furnish a complete supply of electrical heat, whether for warming buildings or driving machinery. No other city of magnitude, as Mr. Nelson assures me, is so favorably situated for this grand electrical solution of the fuel problem. Heat, power, and illumination might thus, through electrical transmission, be supplied from the Illinois coal-fields without transporting the coal any appreciable distance from the mouth of the mine. The smoke nuisance would thus disappear of itself.

The use of electricity for lighting purposes has already made great progress in St. Louis, two large companies being engaged in the business, one of which deals principally in lighting by the arc system, and the other by the incandescent. Gas is still used in a limited portion of the city for street lighting, while in outlying quarters gasolene lamps are found; but for almost the entire city of St. Louis electric street-lights have been adopted. The latest statistics show some noteworthy facts. Nearly five hundred miles of streets are lighted by electricity, and the city contracts for about two thousand five hundred arc-lights and about three thousand incandescent lamps.

It is probable that the city a few years ago, at a time when the public-lighting contract was about to expire, would have erected an electric-lighting establishment of its own, but for the fact that the constitutional limit placed upon its aggregate indebtedness did not permit the sale of bonds in order to make the initial investment. It was thought that the city would have to accept bids of about $125 per light per annum from the existing electrical companies. But, quite unexpectedly to every one, a new bidder made his appearance, who secured the contract for $74.95 per light. Under the new award the city's lighting bill dropped from $318,000 in 1890 to $211,000 in 1891. Expansion of suburbs has brought it up to nearly $400,000 for this year.

WATER-SUPPLY IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

FEW persons realize the magnitude of the task involved in pumping out of the Mississippi River, and distributing with sufficient pressure throughout a great town like St. Louis, as much water as the population demands for all purposes. The St. Louis Water Department has now an engineering plant which, for power and perfection of pumping machinery, is not surpassed anywhere in the world. Quite recently the intake has been removed from a point only a little above the present center of the river-front to the extreme upper limits of the municipal jurisdiction.

Until the new water-plant was finished in 1893 at «Chain of Rocks» (as the new water-works locality is called) the plant was not large enough to permit proper settling, and so the water at times was distributed to the homes of citizens without any diminution of its muddy ingredients. The new plant provides six great settling-basins, each one of which is 670 feet long by 400 feet wide, with a working depth of 11 feet. All these basins have been in use the past year, although not quite finished. Five basins are in service at a time, one being always cut off to undergo, in its turn, the process of cleansing. Each basin is cleaned out when the sediment has accumulated to the depth of about one foot. At times the water carries as much as 4 pounds of sediment for 1000 pounds of water. During the fiscal year of 1895 the cleansing of these settling-basins removed 356,000 cubic yards of dense mud.

FILTERING THE MISSISSIPPI-MISSOURI FLUID.

HAVING completed the settling-basins, it is now the intention of the Water Department to adopt a scheme for complete filtration, and then proceed gradually to put the scheme into effect. The difficulties in the way of filtration are excessive and peculiar. In recent years what is called natural filtration—through layers of sand and broken stone in filter-beds—has been developed to the point of brilliant success in various European cities. The most recent triumph has been the completion of the huge sand-filtration plant at Hamburg, which not only makes the muddy Elbe water as crystal, but also removes disease germs, and is an invulnerable bulwark against cholera epidemics. But if the Hamburg system were adopted at St. Louis, the filter-basins would have to be very much larger and more numerous, on account of the far muddier character of the Mississippi as compared with the Elbe. When, in the late winter, the Mississippi breaks up, the regular concomitants are heavy rains, a rise in the stream, and a roiled and muddy condition of the water. This is the very time when the filters must be working well; otherwise the city would be served with an intolerably muddy supply. But it is obvious that open filter-beds would be so affected by ice and cold that in these very

times of emergency they would be working badly or not at all.

So much for the difficulties of winter. But the summer difficulties are hardly less serious. For a period of eight or ten weeks the heat of the sun at St. Louis is very powerful. Vegetable organisms are developed in still and shallow water with amazing rapidity. The usual depth of water in the open filter-beds of Europe is about three feet. Mr. Holman, the water commissioner and chief engineer of the department at St. Louis, believes that Hamburg's splendid series of open filter-basins would be impossible at St. Louis in extremely cold weather, and equally so in extremely hot weather. In the summer, he avers, the water would spoil while in the very process of filtration, and the filter-beds would become as objectionable as a stagnant pond. He does not, however, despair of finding a successful method of mechanical filtration. He wisely insists that the great settling-basins, in the first place, must be made to do the largest possible amount of work. To this end, he is convinced that a chemical coagulant should be mixed with the water as it is pumped into the settling-basins, in order to assist in the precipitation of solid matters. He believes that much the larger part of the five per cent. which now fails to settle at the bottom of these beds would thus be carried down with the ninety-five per cent. that already settles, taking the greater part of the bacteria down with the sediment. There are several chemical substances that would do the work. Mr. Holman remarks that the substance used must not only be absolutely harmless, but also something against which there can be no popular prejudice.

I have not scrupled to dwell at length upon this question of the water-supply, because the problems involved concern not St. Louis alone, but scores of other prosperous towns and cities situated along the banks of fifteen or twenty thousand miles of Mississippi Valley river-courses, in fifteen or more great States. If St. Louis, by the year 1900, shall have succeeded in solving this difficult problem, these other towns and cities will not rest content until their water also has been purified from the visual, mechanical, chemical, and bacteriological points of view; and this will mean a great forward step in civilization and municipal progress. I regard the St. Louis plans, therefore, as possessing an immense significance. Their accomplishment will mean as much for American municipal progress as the mountain supplies of Glasgow, Vienna, or Munich have signified in Europe, or as the recent bacteriological success of water-filtration has signified at Hamburg, Berlin, and elsewhere in Germany. Mr. Holman, who is at once the administrative and the engineering head of the Water Department, has been in full charge since 1887, and has been connected with the department since 1877. He has been retained in office under different administrations, and his efficient management of this great department illustrates the value of permanence in responsible public positions, when once the right man is in the right place.

The Water Department of St. Louis is so conducted as to be financially self-sustaining. The water-rates are not complained of as unreasonably high, but they suffice to pay operating expenses, and also to pay for all extensions of the plant. The new works have been paid for out of the water revenues, and the proposed filtration-plant, which must cost several hundred thousand dollars, will in like manner be constructed out of surplus current receipts.

Fifty years hence sewage purification, or sewage-farms, may come into general use in the Mississippi Valley, as in British and Continental cities; but the present generation and its immediate successor will use the Mississippi as a sewage-canal.

Those towns and cities that must obtain their water from the same river into which they discharge their sewage will come to rely upon filtration. It is still an open question whether the completion of the gigantic project by which the sewage of Chicago is to be diverted from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi River will or will not appreciably affect the purity of the water-supply at St. Louis. It is asserted at Chicago that the sewage will be diluted with such a volume of fresh water, sweeping from Lake Michigan through the new drainage-canal, as to diminish rather than increase the sewage taint of the Mississippi River. Inasmuch as St. Louis pours its own great volume of sewage into the Mississippi, to the possible detriment of the towns farther down stream, it can hardly complain of similar pollution on the part of cities to the north. As to the city's sewerage in detail, the system is an exceptionally complete one, everything in the situation favoring easy and thorough drainage.

GARBAGE AS A SOURCE OF WEALTH.

If, indeed, St. Louis continues to pour the effluent of a great city's sewers into the Mississippi, it may at least claim to have relieved the river of another form of waste, which, in

point of fact, was much more offensive than sewage. Until recently the garbage of the city was dumped into the river, to the extreme disgust and annoyance of people living on the banks for a long distance below. Large quantities of domestic garbage floated down to certain shoals where, at bends in the river, huge garbage reefs were formed. The offensiveness of these reefs in the hot season can better be imagined than described.

Garbage is collected and disposed of in St. Louis by the employment of a private contractor; but it does not go into the river, and very little of it remains at back doors and alley gates. The reason for a transformation almost magical lies in the radical change of motive on the part of the contractor. For, be it said, a simple invention, applying a well-known chemical principle, has now made possible on purely commercial grounds an advanced step in American municipal housekeeping that neither public spirit, the sanitary motive, nor yet the demands of a fastidious civilization, had sufficed to effect. In Europe they have been willing, at a heavy expense to the taxpayers, to make a scrupulous collection and disposition of garbage part of the task of good municipal government. But in the United States, it would seem, we are destined to find our solution of the garbage problem through the eagerness of private companies for money-making municipal franchises.

Some years ago a well-known inventor perfected and patented a chemical process for the extraction of animal fats from garbage. This system has made it profitable to build large factories for garbage treatment, and in several American cities companies have been formed which have obtained an exclusive contract for the collection and disposal of garbage and dead animals for a term of years. These local companies use the patented processes by virtue of a royalty arrangement. St. Louis was by no means the first American city to adopt this system, but the plant of the St. Louis Sanitary Company, which employs the Merz processes, is much the largest and most perfect of its kind in the world. The system, therefore, as exhibited in the concrete at St. Louis, deserves some description.

The principal station of the sanitary company is a marvelous factory which has cost nearly half a million dollars, and which is situated near the river, in a general region of heavy manufactures, in the far southern part of the city. The garbage-wagons drive from the street into the building on an upper floor, the works having been constructed against the side of a steep bank. The material is emptied into storage tanks, whence it passes into a row of huge steel cylinders, called driers. These tanks are surrounded by hot steam-coils, and a revolving rake within each cylinder keeps the garbage in constant motion. In about six hours, under a steam pressure of 300° F., the material is entirely dry. About ninety per cent. in weight has been evaporated away as simple water.

The material that remains looks like dried coffee-grounds, and has an odor hard to describe, but not offensive. The oils and fats are all retained in this residue, inasmuch as such substances do not volatilize at a lower temperature than 550°. After the needful six hours of drying, the cylinder doors are thrown open, the whirling rakes push out the brown, dried garbage, it falls into a long receiving-box, and a huge continuous screw turning in the box conveys the material to a row of upright tanks full of petroleum naphtha. The naphtha is heated by steam, and the garbage remains immersed in these tanks for an hour. In that time the grease has been absorbed by the naphtha, which is then drawn off into another tank, leaving the unabsorbed residuum of garbage behind. On the average, 98½ per cent. of the grease has been absorbed and retained by the naphtha. Naphtha and benzine, as is well known, volatilize rapidly and easily at a low temperature. It is, therefore, a simple matter, by the use of hot steam-coils, to vaporize the benzine and leave the grease behind. The benzine is caught and condensed, and is not in the least injured. Thus the same benzine (naphtha as a cheaper equivalent being commonly used) is employed over and over again, a slight percentage, of course, disappearing as leakage.

The grease is practically pure, and an entirely legitimate article of commerce. In its brown and crude form it is sold to the candle-makers and soap-makers, at whose hands it undergoes certain processes of refining and bleaching. There is a large and constant demand for it, and it is a very profitable commodity. There remains to be accounted for the residuum of garbage from which the grease has been extracted—a material of about the consistency of ashes, with a color, however, like chicory, and a smell that suggests licorice. This substance is destined for use as a fertilizer on the tobacco- and cotton-fields of the South; but it is not rich enough in ammonia and phosphates to be marketable without a further treatment, and is mixed with other substances, and sells at a good

price—once nine dollars a ton, now about six dollars.

Besides what it receives per ton for collecting the garbage, the company's contract gives it $60,000 a year from the city treasury for its services in disposing of the waste. The company would probably protest strongly that it could not afford to collect the garbage and carry on its business without the payments which it receives from the city treasury. It is not a question that can be intelligently discussed by an observer not minutely versed in all phases of the subject; but I have formed the opinion, through the assurance of experts, that if the city itself should undertake the direct management of the garbage system, with a competent director at the head of the department, the business could readily be made self-sustaining.

STREET CLEANING AND SPRINKLING.

STREET sweepings continue to be dumped into the river. In Europe they have some value as a fertilizer for market-gardens, but in America they are not worth enough to pay the cost of transportation. So far as they consist of sand, clay, and earthy particles, they can be cast into the river without making an appreciable increase of the earthy material that the great brown stream is always carrying. Street sprinkling in a hot and dusty city like St. Louis through the warm season is a matter of great moment. The difference between satisfactory and unsatisfactory sprinkling in summer bears upon the comfort and well-being of the population far more seriously than the difference between good and bad street sweeping and cleansing through the colder half of the year. In St. Louis the sprinkling is done by contract, the city being divided into sixty or more sprinkling districts, in each one of which the contract is let by separate bids. The water is freely supplied by the municipal Water Department. The population is so seriously concerned in this matter that public opinion demands, and therefore receives, an exceedingly efficient service.

POLICE, EXCISE, AND ELECTION BOARDS.

SEVERAL matters of local administration in St. Louis have never been brought under the control of the municipal authorities. One of these is the Police Department. Previous to the adoption of the charter of 1876 there had been established a so-called metropolitan police system for St. Louis, under a board of commissioners appointed by the governor of the State. This system has been retained, the mayor, however, serving as an ex-officio member of the board. Whatever temporary advantages it may have possessed twenty-five years ago, I am not able to discover any sound reason for the system at the present time. The people of St. Louis, who pay all the expenses of their police system, should have power, either by direct election or by appointment of the mayor, to designate their own police commissioners. The actual police administration, however, does not seem to meet with very severe criticism at the hands of the community. The present chief of police has held his position for a long time, and is commended as an officer of efficiency and integrity. The system of bribery and corruption which had grown up so appallingly in the New York police force is not believed to exist to any very serious extent in St. Louis. Gambling seems to be suppressed so far as any open violations of the law are concerned, but no attempt is made to enforce the Sunday-closing law against saloons, or to suppress disorderly houses. Nor is there any pretense of a Sunday-closing policy, and no liquor-seller in St. Louis would for a moment think it necessary to pay regular protection money to the police for a privilege that is freely accorded to all saloon-keepers.

The Excise Department is also under State rather than municipal control. There are about two thousand licensed saloons in St. Louis, the scale of license fees varying in accordance with the drinks sold. A beer license costs much less than a full license, which includes distilled liquors. The average fee is about five hundred dollars, and the total income from liquor licenses approaches a million dollars. Part of this money goes to the State treasury and part to the city.

Election and registration matters also come under the control of a department that is subject to the State rather than to the municipality. A recent State law has thoroughly modernized the registration system of St. Louis, and the administration of the law has been placed in charge of a commission, two members of which are appointed by the governor of the State, and one by the mayor of the city. It has been the duty of this commission to make a house-to-house canvass of the entire city, in order thoroughly to rearrange the registration lists, which were very seriously defective. The new commission seems to have done its work with commendable care and accuracy. It has made an enrolment of about 140,000 men entitled to vote

in the forthcoming State and national elections. This enrolment would seem fully to justify the estimate of the directory, which claims considerably more than 600,000 people for St. Louis.

THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

THE charter of 1876 provided for the organization of a Board of Health, the principal member of which should be a health commissioner, who should be a duly qualified physician, appointed by the mayor like other heads of departments. This commissioner, the mayor, and one police commissioner are ex-officio members of the Health Board, and two appointed physicians of the city complete the group. Besides ordinary sanitary administration, the Health Department has oversight of the city hospitals, the St. Louis Insane Asylum, and the Poor-house. Under a chief sanitary officer, it exploits a force of inspectors. It maintains a modest chemical and bacteriological laboratory. It has a staff of disinfecting agents. It may be said to contain substantially all of the factors and agencies which belong to the best modern municipal health departments. No fault need be found with the theoretical organization of the department, nor with the intelligence at its head. But the sweeping criticism may be passed that public opinion has not yet demanded a health service by any means adequate to the needs of a great civilized community, so far as equipment and resources are concerned. The ordinary hospitals are not equal to the necessities of the situation, and a great modern municipal hospital for epidemic diseases is a crying necessity. Food inspection ought to be provided for upon a far more thorough scale, and the Health Department ought to have a largely increased force of inspectors, with a far more summary authority for the prevention or remedy of ordinary nuisances.

One interesting innovation is entitled to mention and praise. This is the use of a trolley-car specially built and fitted up for ambulance purposes, officered by agents of the Board of Health, having right of way over the entire trolley system of the city, making regular calls at designated hours in different parts of the town, and transporting patients to the various hospitals, asylums, and other institutions which come under the superintendence of the health authorities. The annual death-rate of St. Louis is about sixteen per thousand of the population, which is a favorable rate in comparison with other large American cities. But the rate could be made decidedly lower, and thousands of cases of illness could be prevented, by moderately increased grants of public money, in furtherance of the earnest and intelligent recommendations of the health commissioner.

PARKS AND PLEASURE GROUNDS.

ST. LOUIS is sadly lacking in a supply of small parks, playgrounds, and open spaces in the more central portions of the city. Nor has it by any means availed itself of opportunities which might readily have been seized for the appropriation of large portions of its attractive river-front for park purposes. It possesses eighteen miles of river-front, two or three miles of which are taken up by the public steamboat-landings. The failure of the city to reserve river parks and to construct river boulevards must surprise every visitor who studies the ground-plan of the town.

Within the city limits on the west side of the town is the great Forest Park, containing 1375 acres, which several trolley-lines render quickly available for most of the inhabitants of the city, and which is one of the noteworthy parks of the world. Carondelet Park contains 180 acres, and is the pleasure-resort of the people of the southernmost portion of St. Louis, who live in what was formerly the separate town of Carondelet. O'Fallon Park, with 150 acres, holds a corresponding place on the north side of the town. Lying a little beyond O'Fallon Park are the two great cemetery tracts, «Bellefontaine» and «Calvary.» Somewhat nearer the center of the town, on the north side, is the famous St. Louis Fair-ground, with about 100 acres. A little way southwestward from the heart of the city is the Missouri Botanical Garden, better known as Shaw's Garden, containing 50 acres, immediately adjoining which is the Tower Grove Park, with 267 acres, both of these magnificently planted and improved pleasure-grounds having been given to the city by the late Henry Shaw. The most central city park of any size is the Lafayette, containing 30 acres. Somewhat larger, and a little farther west, is the Compton Hill Park, which contains a large storage reservoir of the Water Department. Such are the principal pleasure-grounds of St. Louis, and most of them were acquired as the result of a movement in 1874 and 1875. The multiplication of small parks, and the appropriation of portions of the river-front, ought to become a recognized municipal policy.

THE SCHOOLS AND THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

FOR many years past no department of municipal life in St. Louis has had a wider or better fame than that of the public schools. The great personal reputation of Dr. William T. Harris—now United States Commissioner of Education, and for a long term of years superintendent of the St. Louis schools—naturally attracted attention to the educational system of the city. St. Louis was held up as an example, because it was the first of our large towns to ingraft the kindergarten upon the public-school system, while its primary and grammar schools were carefully and philosophically graded, its high-school department a matter of just local pride, and its normal department for the training of its own teachers an excellent crowning edifice to the system. The present efficient superintendent, Dr. Soldan, was formerly the principal of the normal department, and served for a long time as the head of the High School.

The school system is under control of the Public School Board, which was formerly, in accordance with the charter of 1876, composed of one member elected from each of the twenty-eight wards. But in 1887 the charter provision was changed in such a manner as to unite two adjoining wards into one school election district, and each of these districts now elects one member of the board. In addition to these fourteen members, the new arrangement provides for the election of seven members at large on a general city ticket.

What for many years remained a school library has been metamorphosed into the new municipal Free Public Library, which entered upon its career a year or two ago. The new arrangement provides for a library board, appointed by the mayor; and Mr. Walbridge has shown admirable tact and judgment in bringing together for the first board a group of citizens at once representative, influential, and thoroughly in sympathy with the idea of a great free library as the center of the town's popular educational life. The growth of the institution has been very rapid, and its actual use is increasing at a remarkable rate. The library board has this year selected and purchased a site for a separate public library building. Funds are not available for the immediate erection of such a building, but there will be no changing of the broad and far-sighted policy that the library board has adopted. In Mr. Frederick M. Crunden, the public librarian, St. Louis possesses one of the most highly accomplished library administrators in the world. No municipal art gallery is to be found in St. Louis, but the Art Museum, of which Mr. Halsey S. Ives is the director, and which with its connected art school forms a branch of the Washington University, is an institution which has entered deeply into the best life of the community. The manual-training school of Washington University, under Professor Woodward's management, has long been famous for its admirable methods, and it holds an essential place in the city's educational system; while the university itself, though not under municipal control, in fact crowns the school facilities of the town with its literary, scientific, and professional courses.

Albert Shaw.

JUDITH.

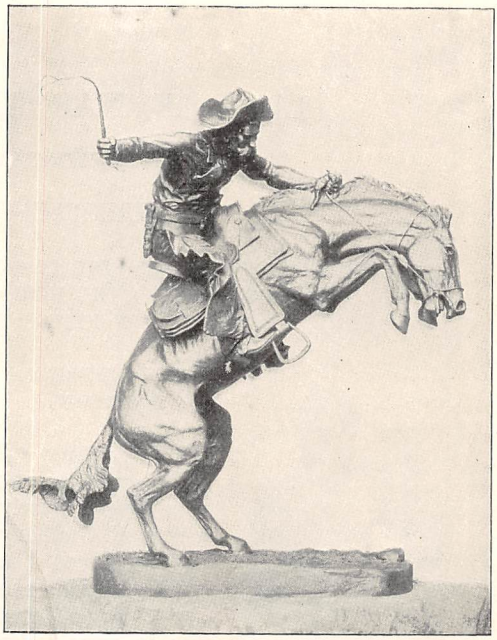
FLOWER of youth, in the ancient frame—
Maid of the mettlesome lip and eye,
Lightly wearing the fateful name,
And the rakish beaver of days gone by!
Pink of fashion! Yet this is she
That once, through midnight forest and fen,
Guided the horsemen of «old Santee,»
And rode to the death with Marion's men.

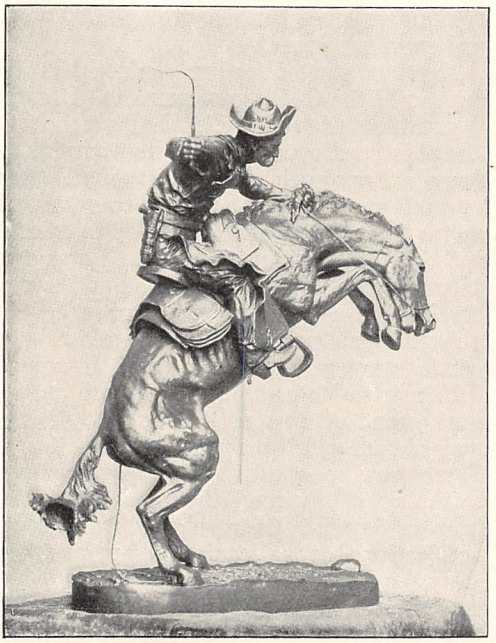
Rare the picture that decks the wall;
Rare and dainty, in life, below,
My century-later belle of the ball,
Mocking the beauty of long ago.
If now the summons should come to ride,
Through such a darkness as brooded then,
How would it please you to serve as guide?
And where, ah, where were Marion's men?

False the logic that breeds the fear.
Buds will blossom, and pipes will play.
So it was in that early year;
So shall it be till the world is gray.
But the petted darling, if need shall be,
As swift to the saddle will vault again;
And those that follow will ride as free
As ever of old rode Marion's men.

William Young.









SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVIS & SANFORD.

THE «BRONCO BUSTER.»

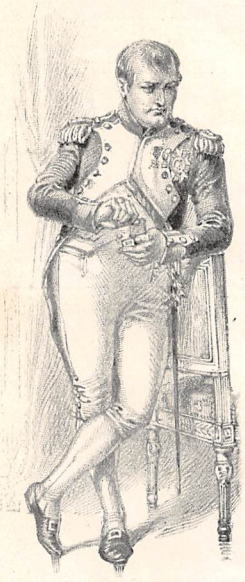
MODELED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

THE STRUGGLE FOR MAINTENANCE.

THE AUSTRIAN MARRIAGE—THE CONSOLIDATION OF NAPOLEONIC EMPIRE—THE INHERITANCE AND THE HEIR—THE ARRAY OF NATIONS—THE CONGRESS OF KINGS—THE INVASION OF RUSSIA.



NAPOLEON IN THE UNIFORM OF THE FOOT GRENADIERS OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD.

THE AUSTRIAN MARRIAGE.

THE victory of Wagram might have been utterly barren if Germany had displayed the spirit of Spain. The Tyrol, to be sure, was in arms under the devoted leadership of Hofer; in northern Germany there was an auspicious beginning of irregular warfare under men like Schill, Dörnberg, Katt, and Brunswick, the forerunners of Lützow; the Archduke Ferdinand was already in Poland, ready to enter Prussia from the east, and to assist any national uprising which might occur; England's promised expedition had been prepared. On the other hand, there was serious deterioration in the French army. Napoleon, threatened by the knife of a would-be assassin, had sunk into despondency, which was the deeper because he had been wounded at Ratisbon, knocked senseless by a fall from his horse near Schönbrunn, checked at Aspern, compelled to expose his life like any common soldier to save the day at Wagram, and only half supported by the Czar during this last supreme effort; and because Soult had been driven out of Portugal. But there was no attempt by any competent German leader to combine these elements against Napoleon. Hofer was captured and executed; the German guerrillas were dispersed; Charles, instead of withdrawing farther north to join hands with Germany, made a truce at Znaim on July 11; England's vaunted armament was directed against Antwerp, and met with disaster; the Czar made overtures to the conqueror of Wagram. Accordingly, Napoleon was able to humiliate Austria in a treaty signed at Schönbrunn on October 14, which reduced the proud empire to a second-rate power. She was cut off from the Mediterranean, compelled to pay an indemnity of 35,000,000 francs, surrender territories containing 3,000,000 inhabitants, reduce her army to 150,000 men, and enter the French system.

Napoleon started for Paris before the ratification of the treaty was complete. He was in great haste to accomplish the divorce from Josephine, and by an alliance in matrimony to found a Napoleonic dynasty. It is needless to dwell on the scenes of the divorce, acted as they were in an atmosphere of theatrical pathos. Eugène announced the Emperor's determination to his mother, and on December 16 the separation was pronounced in a form which emphasized the sacrifice both parties were making for France. Josephine withdrew to Malmaison, where, with an annual grant of two million francs, she remained in dignified seclusion until her death. There was no question of papal sanction to the act of divorce. The Pope was a prisoner in Savona. On receipt of Napoleon's notification that his secular power was taken away, he had replied by a bull excommunicating, under purely spiritual penalties, the Emperor and all his counselors. Remaining persistent in his refusal to abdicate, he was seized and sent to Grenoble; but his presence there in captivity awakened sympathy and a dangerous devotion among the people, and he was carried back to Italy, where he remained under rigid restraint until 1812, when he was transferred to Fontainebleau and lodged like a prince. A month before the formalities of divorce, Napoleon had formally asked the Czar



FROM THE PAINTING BY FRITZ L'ALLEMAND, IN THE IMPERIAL ART GALLERY, VIENNA.

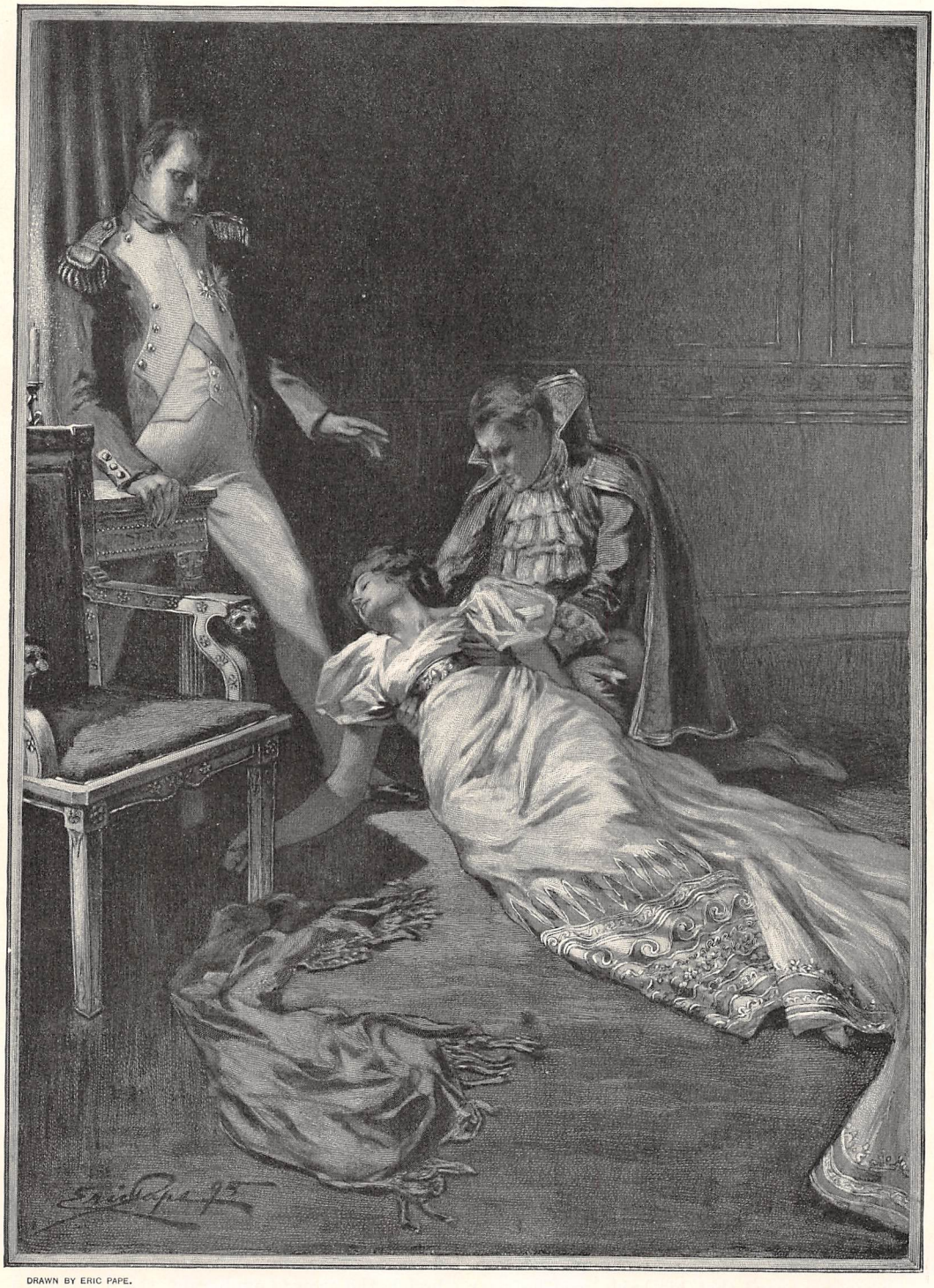
ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

BATTLE AT ZNAIM, JULY 11, 1809.

for his sixteen-year-old sister. Alexander was in a terrible dilemma, and, according to Russian custom, referred the question to the dowager Empress. She declared the princess too young for marriage. The successes of France, with the subsequent humiliation of Austria, had left Russia almost isolated; and the treaty of Schönbrunn, having enlarged the grand duchy of Warsaw, seemed to foreshadow a reconstruction of Poland. To send a prompt categorical refusal of Napoleon's request would mean a final rupture of the relations between the two powers; in other words, the relinquishment of Wallachia, Moldavia, and any chance for the further dismemberment of Turkey. Naturally Alexander strove to procrastinate, and gave an answer which was neither compliant nor negative. The Emperor of the French was most impatient, and said: «To adjourn is to refuse.» He appeared distraught, walking, as Cambacérès said, in the midst of his glory—but alone; his enemies, he cried, were making appointments at his tomb. Moreover, France was not prosperous; the Continental system was destroying commerce; the pious Catholics were murmuring about the treatment of the Pope; the aristocracy, old and new, were growing more and more haughty, disdainful even, toward the parvenu who sat on the throne. Napoleon concluded that the stability of his rule demanded a great stroke, and he prepared to make it.

Shorn of many fair territories, left without a seaport, reduced to the rank of a dependent power, Austria retained nothing of her pristine glory except the renown of her imperial house. Even that was jeopardized, as was plain from the language of Napoleon concerning Francis's abdication, when interpreted by his treatment of the Spanish Bourbons. In the negotiations of Schönbrunn Napoleon had employed a certain Alexandre de Laborde, one of the professional diplomats whose services were at the disposal of any employer who desired them. In the interest of the empire on the Danube, he suggested to Metternich a matrimonial alliance of some kind between a Hapsburg and a member of the Napoleon family, the stronger the better —between the Archduchess Maria Louisa and Napoleon himself, if possible. The Austrian minister listened with interest, and on Laborde's return to Paris the suggestion was cautiously made in such a way as to reach Napoleon's ears, probably through Schwarzenberg, the Austrian ambassador. Metternich claimed the glory of the plan until after Napoleon's fall, when he declared that it had originated in Paris. It makes little difference whether Francis or Napoleon was the original suitor, for it was very soon evident that both were eager for the match. Learning that the fate of the Russian alliance was in the hostile hands of the Empress dowager, the Emperor of the French gave a surly answer to the Czar, and determined upon the Austrian match.

In order to represent the divorce as a sad but inexorable necessity, the formal negotiations to secure Maria Louisa as Empress of the French were opened by Josephine in conjunction with Eugène and Hortense; they were assisted by the Austrian ambassador and Frau von Metternich, who was still in Paris, although her husband had returned to Vienna as the successor of Stadion. Another device for the same end was to lay the alternatives of a Russian or Austrian match before an extraordinary council. Murat, Cambacérès, and probably Fouché, voted for Russia. The latter, according to one account, asserted as his reason that there were now only two parties in Europe, those who had gained and those who had lost by the Revolution; that Russia belonged to the former, and was, therefore, the only true ally of France. It is believed that he took this course in order to regain Napoleon's favor, temporarily lost by his self-assertion in repelling the English invasion of the Netherlands; and there are strong indications that almost to the last moment Napoleon did dally with the idea of a Russian marriage. But the majority of the council was under the leadership of Maret, who reasoned that, as Austria was the pivot of every coalition against France, she must be pacified. Talleyrand delivered a long, vague harangue, in which he seemed to uphold the same view, and the vote was finally for the Austrian match. The decision was approved by a family council, and Berthier was named ambassador extraordinary, with the new title Prince of Wagram, to marry the Archduchess by proxy in Vienna on March 11, 1810. The Austrians, thankful for the preservation of their government, were for the most part jubilant, and hoped at no distant date to regain their power. The Russian conservatives trusted that the bonds connecting them with Napoleon's hated Continental system were thus forever severed; the Czar felt deeply the overthrow of his cherished policy, and was true-hearted enough to mourn the loss of a personal friend. To Caulaincourt's empty explanations that the confessional differences had been determinative, he answered that the decision was right, since all France wanted children in the Napoleonic line; but his aspect was gloomy, for he knew that a second



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

NAPOLEON ANNOUNCES TO JOSEPHINE THE DAY FIXED FOR SIGNING THE PAPERS OF DIVORCE.

stage had been reached in the dissolution of the Tilsit alliance.

The scenes in Vienna were brilliant in the extreme. The civil contract was signed on the 10th; the religious ceremony occurred on the 11th, as appointed; and then followed a banquet where Berthier was absolved from all the ceremonies considered obligatory upon one of his rank in the Hofburg. Three days later the new Empress was handed to her traveling-carriage by the Archduke Charles, and amid salvos of artillery, which scarcely drowned the cheers of the populace, she set forth. Her journey through Bavaria and Würtemberg was one long ovation, for these countries believed their welfare to be bound up with that of France. On the 26th her cortège, having passed by way of Strasburg, was moving toward Soissons.

After the divorce Napoleon had withdrawn in solitude to the Trianon at Versailles, as if to mourn his widowhood the appointed and decent time in silence. The spot chosen had a significance with reference to the coming celebrations. For a week he spent his days in the unaccustomed but truly royal occupation of field sports. Once he visited Josephine at Malmaison. The next months he had spent again in Paris conducting the matrimonial negotiations and arranging every detail of the etiquette to be observed in the cumbrous ceremonial which he had devised for the celebration of his marriage in France. When all was completed to his satisfaction he left for Compiègne to supervise the arrangements for the reception of his new consort, and spent the last week of waiting there. Some of it was passed in the acquisition of accomplishments, notably in learning to waltz. Every day he sent a letter with flowers to meet the new Empress at successive stages of her progress, and every day he received one from her written in correct French.

At last she reached the close of the final stage, and her bridegroom went out to meet her. Half-way between Soissons and Compiègne were pitched three splendid pavilions. Her suite was to remain in that nearest their last lodging, his in that nearest the palace, the bridal pair were to meet in the central tent, where, according to the custom of feudalism, she was to kneel and pay homage to her liege as his foremost subject. But when he heard that his bride was so near, the Emperor's impatience seemed to break through all bounds. Entering his carriage without ceremony or warning, and attended by only a single companion (the King of Naples), he drove far past Soissons until the carriages met, when he stepped out of his own, tore open the door of the other, and entered with the eagerness of a youthful lover to embrace his bride. The prearranged stops were countermanded, and the same evening, at ten, the wedding-train reached Compiègne. Such was the lover's ardor that again he flung not only royal, but every other kind of propriety to the winds, and, claiming the validity of the procuratorial ceremony at Vienna, slept under the same roof with his bride, instead of in the chamber furnished for his use in one of the administrative buildings. As an excuse for this conduct he pleaded the example of Henry IV.

Next day the ladies and gentlemen of the Empress's court were presented, and formally took the oath of office. On the morrow St. Cloud was reached in the imperial progress; and two days later, on April 1, the civil ceremony of marriage was performed in the presence of all the great dignitaries of the empire, including all the cardinals but two. Excepting only those who pleaded their age or infirmities, the entire college had been transplanted from Rome to Paris shortly after the seizure of the Pope. There was the usual festival at night, accompanied by salvos of artillery, with illuminations of the palace grounds and fountains. The weather, like the date, was untoward, but the Parisian populace streamed out in spite of pouring rain to get a foretaste of the more magnificent spectacles soon to follow. The solemn procession of the bridal pair into the capital occurred next day, and the religious ceremony was celebrated in the great gallery of the Louvre, before an assembly declared at the time to be the most superb ever seen in France, except for one ominous fact—the twenty-seven cardinals were absent. They protested that their absence was an empty form, due only to the fact that Pius VII. had not sanctioned the divorce; but Napoleon was as keenly sensitive to the effectiveness of forms as any Roman prelate. The offenders were banished from Paris, stripped of their great revenues, and forbidden to wear the color or insignia of their office. The popular speech dubbed them «black cardinals.»

In the first outburst of enthusiastic loyalty, Paris and the nation could not sufficiently manifest their joy. The illuminations were lavish, the crowds exuberant, the presents to the Empress superb.

Measured by a certain standard, Maria Louisa was beautiful. Her abundant light-brown hair softened the high color of her brilliant complexion, her eyes were blue and



FROM THE PAINTING BY REALIER-DUMAS. ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

JOSEPHINE AT MALMAISON.

mild, her features had the pretty but uncertain fullness of her eighteen years, her glance was frank and untroubled; but her lips were full and heavy, her waist was long and stiff, her form was plump like a child's, and her timidity and self-consciousness were uncontrollable. She was pious, and, as her letters declare, had spent much of the previous winter in praying that Providence would choose another consort for Napoleon. But with the resignation of her faith, which some call fatalism, and with the obedience which German life demands from all women, even those of the highest station, she had accepted her destiny. During the ceremonies at the Louvre, the Austrian ambassador, who had taken to himself the credit of what was passing, and had impressively accepted the con-

gratulations showered on him, caught up a wine-glass from the breakfast-table, and, appearing at the window, announced in a loud voice that he drank to the «King of Rome,» a title reserved under the Holy Roman Empire for the heir apparent. It was but a short time since Schwarzenberg's proud master had renounced his proudest designation, that of Roman emperor. The crowd knew that the toast was intended for Napoleon's issue, their quick perception caught the full significance of the act and they burst into cheers at this new sign of Austrian amity.

THE CONSOLIDATION OF NAPOLEONIC EMPIRE.

MUCH had already been done to consolidate Napoleonic empire. The Papal States had been divided into two French departments; Rome was to be the second capital of the new dynasty; the Pope, with four million francs a year at his disposal, was to reside by rotation in each of his several palaces in as many different cities, on condition that he and his successors would swear never to contravene the judgments of the Gallican Church. At first Pius VII. had inducted the bishops nominated by Napoleon; after his captivity he refused; for the moment the appointees were installed as «vicars of the chapters.» To render the Church of Rome further subservient, the ecclesiastical courts had been transplanted to Paris, the thirty Roman episcopates had been reduced to four, and the convents throughout the papal dominion had been secularized. Elsewhere in Italy—in Piedmont, Liguria, Tuscany, Parma, and Placentia—similar changes had been made in the interests of reform. The sums obtained from the confiscated ecclesiastical estates were enormous, and greatly strengthened French credit. Still, the policy was of doubtful value, for it shocked pious Romanists the world over to see the papacy reduced to insignificance.

Since Trafalgar it had been clear that France could not secure the mastery of the seas in naval warfare. Napoleon had sought during his wars in Spain and central Europe to ruin England by paper blockades and embargoes; he had seized all neutral vessels laden with English goods; he had adopted a system of commerce-destroying by armed cruisers; he had conquered the shores of the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, the North Sea, and the Baltic: and yet England's foreign commerce had since 1805 steadily increased in extent. Contrabandists, smugglers, and neutral adventurers defied Napoleonic edicts, and found friends in every harbor, the chief offenders being the Dutch and Hanseatic cities. Napoleon's exasperation was extreme, for he recognized that it had now come to a life-and-death struggle between British orders in council and French decrees. It was apparently to repair and enforce his Continental system that he did not reënter the field against Wellington; for, weakening as was the «Spanish ulcer,» the drain by way of Amsterdam and Hamburg was far greater. A hundred thousand first-rate troops, together with the Imperial Guard, were destined for Spain; but his main efforts were to be exerted in the North, Davout being despatched to hold the coast fortresses from Dantzic westward, and Oudinot to coerce Holland. The lands taken from Austria were apportioned among the French allies, Bavaria, Italy, Würtemberg, and Baden; Dalberg received Ratisbon, Eugène took Frankfort, and Jerome accepted Hanover and Magdeburg. All the beneficiaries paid handsomely in cash for their acquisitions. South Germany was gradually evacuated, but a large number of the veterans marched to the German sea-coasts.

The fate in store for these districts, and for another strategic province,—the canton of Valais,—was incorporation with France. The Emperor intended to enforce the rigor of his game. In southern Europe men found substitutes in the products of their fertile soil for cotton, coffee, indigo, and colonial sugar; but the inclement North was not so productive, nor were its sons so patient and ingenious. Louis, Jerome, and Murat felt for their peoples, and winked at transgressions of Napoleon's laws. They were to do penance for their sins by the loss of their lands, either in whole or in part. Curiously enough, the two greatest smugglers were the French and English governments themselves. So fierce were the exigencies of French industry that for a large consideration Napoleon issued to certain favorites permits for exporting French staples, and importing the dye-stuffs and fish-oil essential to French industries. The English government sold licenses to trade, which granted to the purchasers immunity from search when laden with wares for or from English ports. These were sold both to real and to sham neutrals alike, until the practice of carrying «simulated,» otherwise forged, papers became extensive enough to debauch public morality. The traffic was inordinately profitable, and many otherwise reputable merchants—and after the removal of the non-intercourse restric-



DRAWN BY LUCIUS ROSSI.

NAPOLEON LEARNING TO WALTZ.



FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGES ROUGET, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

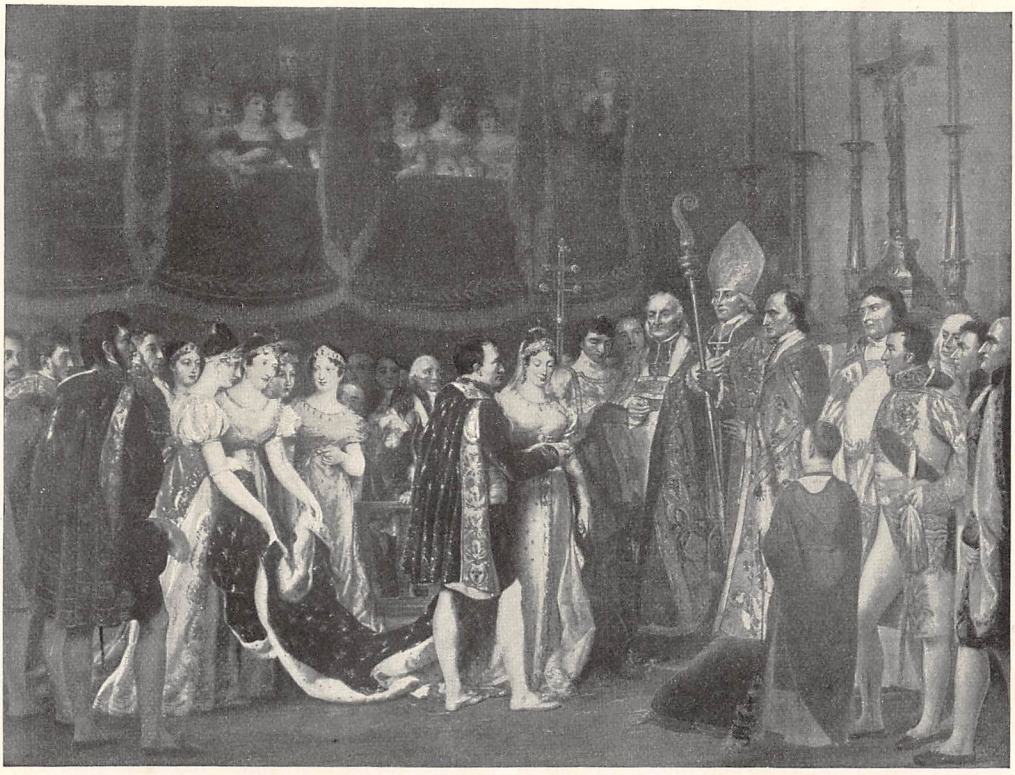
DETAIL FROM THE RELIGIOUS MARRIAGE OF NAPOLEON AND MARIA LOUISA.

tions there were Americans among the number—compounded morality with legality, furnishing «simulated papers» to their ships as part of their regular outfit. This continued even after Napoleon gave his undivided attention to policing harbors and guarding the coast-lines of the North Sea and the Baltic. In the treaty of September 17, 1809, between Russia and Sweden, the latter country, in addition to the cession of Finland, promised to exclude all British ships from her harbors except such as brought salt and colonial wares; in 1810 she promised Napoleon to import nothing but salt, and he agreed to hand back Pomerania. Such were the absurdities of a fight between two combatants one of which had no hands and the other no feet.

Austria having been added, by his marriage,

to Napoleon's system, he was ready in June to open his novel campaign, and begin the commercial warfare which eventually furnished one of the most important elements in his overthrow, the other two being the national uprisings and the treachery of his friends, so called. But the zenith had not even yet been reached by his star. With undimmed sagacity and undiminished power he set out with his bride, about the end of April, to visit the Dutch frontier, and observe how far Holland's well-nigh open contempt for his cherished scheme would now justify the destruction of her autonomy and the utter overthrow of her government. The nominal object of the journey was to please the young Empress, and to gratify the peoples of Belgium and Brabant by a sight of her charms. This aim was observed in all the arrangements, but in well-nigh every town visited the sun's first rays saw the Emperor on horseback inspecting troops, ships, fortifications, and arsenals; and when its last beams faded away the unwearied man was still holding interviews with the local authorities, in which every detail of administration was revised and strengthened. To all appearance the end of the journey was as prosperous as its inception. Favors were distributed with lavish hand, the people displayed a wild enthusiasm when the courteous but distant Empress showed herself, and nothing occurred to mar the outward state in which the Emperor returned to Paris. But the condition of his mind cannot be depicted, such was his rage and humiliation in regard to a revelation of treachery made inadvertently and innocently by Louis on the eve of their separation. To explain what had occurred a short retrospect is necessary.

From earliest childhood certain qualities of Louis had endeared him to Napoleon. The school of poverty, in which the younger brother had been the pupil of the elder, was likewise a school of fraternal affection. Throughout the Italian and Egyptian campaigns they stood in intimate relations as general and aide-de-camp, and one of the earliest cares of the First Consul was to bestow the beautiful Hortense de Beauharnais on his favorite brother. In 1804 Louis was made general, then councilor of state, and finally in 1806 he was elevated to the throne of Holland. His child until its untimely death was cherished by Napoleon as a son destined to inherit imperial greatness. But, like the other royal Bonapartes, the King of Holland



THE RELIGIOUS MARRIAGE OF NAPOLEON AND MARIA LOUISA.

regarded his high estate not as a gift from the Emperor, but as a right. He ruled the land assigned him, if not in his own interest, at least not in that of the Empire, and from the outset filled his letters with bitter complaints of all that entered into his lot, not excepting his wife. Napoleon admonished and threatened, but to no avail. The interests of his own royalty and of the Dutch were nearer to Louis than those of the Empire.

At last the Emperor hinted that the air of Holland did not agree with its monarch, indicating that his policy required it to be incorporated with France. In March, 1808, he offered the crown of Spain as a substitute. A little later the suggestion was made that Louis might have the Hanseatic towns in exchange for Brabant and Zealand. Both propositions were scouted. When we remember who the potentates were by whom such offers were made and refused, we must dismiss all notions of patriotism, uprightness, and loyalty in either, and attribute the result to petulance on the part of the younger. Napoleon was highly incensed. On the failure of the Walcheren expedition, both Brabant and Zealand were occupied by French troops, and Louis was summoned to Paris. His first desperate thought was one of resistance, but on reflection he obeyed. On his arrival he learned that his fate was imminent. Napoleon announced to the legislature that a change in the relations with Holland was imperative. The Minister of the Interior explained that, as being the alluvium of three French rivers, the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt, that land was by nature a portion of France, one of the great imperial arteries. Louis sought to flee, but was detained. He at once despatched the Count de Bylandt with orders to close the Dutch frontier fortresses and the capital against the entry of French troops. This was done, but Louis's defiance was short. After signing a treaty which bound him, among other things, to open his fortresses, seize all « neutralized » and even all neutral vessels in his harbors, including those of the United States,—a document which thus left him only a nominal throne,—he was permitted early in April, 1810, to return to Amsterdam.

Napoleon's subsequent course was dictated by what might appear to be a sudden change of view, but was in reality a revival of his perennial hopes for peace with England. Having in mind the annexation of Holland, it occurred to him that by desisting from that course he might wrench from England the lasting peace which she had thus far refused. Accordingly he ordered his brother to open a negotiation with that country; he was to represent his kingdom as in danger of annihilation unless the British government would consent to a cessation of hostilities and an enduring treaty of peace. This was done, and though Labouchère, Louis's agent, had so little to offer that his propositions were farcical, yet there was at least the show of a diplomatic negotiation. At this juncture the superserviceable Mephistopheles of the Empire, Fouché, intervened. By an agent of his own he approached the cabinet of St. James with an offer of peace on the basis of restoring the Spanish Bourbons and compensating Louis XVIII by a kingdom to be carved from the territories of the United States!

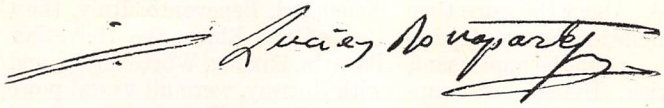
The agent of Fouché reached London somewhat ahead of the one sent by Louis. He was firmly sent to the right about. Labouchère was then told that before entering further on the question, a proposition for peace must be formulated and presented, not by the King of Holland, but by the Emperor. The failure of the Walcheren expedition had exasperated England, Canning had fallen, and Lord Wellesley, his successor, represented a powerful sentiment for the continuation of the war. Napoleon replied, therefore, by a note suggesting not a definitive peace, but a step toward it. If England would withdraw the orders in council of 1807, he would evacuate Holland and the Hanseatic towns. His note closed with a characteristic threat. If England should delay, having already lost her trade with Naples, Spain, Portugal, and the port of Triest, she would now lose that with Holland, the Hanseatic towns, and Sicily.

Nothing dismayed by his first rebuff, the audacious Fouché again intervened. This time he selected Ouvrard, a friend of Labouchère's and of his own, a man well known as a stormy petrel of intrigue, to operate insidiously through the accredited envoy, who innocently supposed his friend to be representing Napoleon's own views. There was consequently but little sense of restraint in the renewed negotiation. Virtually the entire Continental situation was considered as open, and Fouché's pet scheme of an American kingdom for Louis XVIII was further amplified by the suggestion of an Anglo-French expedition to establish it. Labouchère having returned to Holland, much of the negotiation had been carried on by letter, and Napoleon, getting wind during his Belgian visit of Ouvrard's presence, suspected trickery and called for the correspondence. Its very existence enraged him; that such matters should have been put in writing was compromising



FROM THE PAINTING BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.



LUCIEN BONAPARTE, PRINCE OF CANINO.

to his entire policy. Ouvrard afterward declared that he personally informed the Emperor of what was going on, but he could never prove it; the only basis which can be found for his statement consists in the seizure of some hundred and thirty American vessels lying in Continental harbors: but base as that deed was, it proves nothing.

The Embargo Act, passed in 1807 by the American Congress, had been entirely to Napoleon's liking, as is proved by the Bayonne decree of 1808, which ordered the seizure and sale in French harbors of all American ships transgressing it; but the Non-intercourse Act of March 1, 1809, enabled a vessel holding both a French and a British license, if provided likewise with «simulated» papers of any neutral state, to trade in British goods almost without restriction. This Napoleon chose to consider as open hostility, and under the Rambouillet decree of March 23, 1810, American vessels, with their cargoes, worth together over $8,000,000, were seized. His dealings with the United States were very irregular: between 1802 and 1811, on one pretext or another, 558 ships flying their flag were seized in French harbors; and the number seized in those of Holland, Spain, Denmark, and Naples was also very large; but during the same period Great Britain seized 917, and there is no proof that Napoleon intended anything more than forcing the transatlantic republic into hostility with England.

For a moment the Emperor of the French contemplated bringing Fouché to trial for his treasonable practices in Holland; but dreading possible revelations, he contented himself with removing the intriguer from office. Savary, who admits that he was dreaded more than the pest, was appointed minister of police. So persistent was Louis in preferring a Dutch policy to the advantage of the Empire, that Napoleon's scorn finally burst all bounds, and after writing an abusive letter he despatched an army to seize Amsterdam. Louis thought of resistance, but his council convinced him how futile such a course would be. The dispirited King abdicated in favor of his son, and fled to Teplitz, in Bohemia. For some days the fugitive's whereabouts were unknown; and to stem the tide of ugly gossip which at once set in, a circular was issued to the French representatives throughout Europe, explaining that the King of Holland must be excused as being a chronic invalid. About the same time Lucien found that domicile in a French department, as Rome then was, might be unpleasant, and set sail for America. His ship was captured by a British cruiser, and he spent the succeeding years until 1814 in an agreeable captivity in England. On July 9, 1810, a laconic imperial decree was published, stating that Holland was henceforth a portion of the Empire.

Louis had been an admirable ruler, introducing many reforms into Dutch administration. When the people began to suffer under the rigid enforcement of the Continental blockade, his sympathies were with them, and not with Napoleon. To those who were under the influence of the national sentiment now growing so strong everywhere it seemed a dastardly deed to drive him from his throne. But Napoleon could tolerate no independence when his fate depended on the concentration of all his powers. «What was I to do?» he exclaimed at St. Helena. «Leave Holland to the enemy? Nominate a new king?» From his standpoint only one answer can be given to these questions. During the four years of French administration in the country the public debt was scaled from 80,000,000 to 20,000,000 francs, all disorders were suppressed, and by the exercise of rigid economy a certain quiet well-being was assured to the people, which they could never have secured under Louis. The Napoleon brothers and sisters had all come to think and behave like dynastic sovereigns, independent by the grace of God. «Relatives and cousins, male or female, all worthless,» he had said in the previous autumn to Metternich; «I should not have left a throne in existence, even for my brothers.» In pursuance of this policy, Spain as far as the Ebro was annexed to the Empire in March, 1810, and the whole North Sea coast as far as Lübeck in the following December; and the Duke of Oldenburg, the Czar's new brother-in-law, was dethroned. Joseph was furious, Jerome sullen, Alexander more bitter than ever. Valais, too, was transformed into the department of the Simplon, and this, together with the four erected out of the North Sea coast, brought the limits of Napoleonic empire to their greatest extent. The Illyrian provinces and the Ionian Isles were held as military outposts. Biscay, Navarre, Aragon, and Catalonia were also administered by martial law. Murat was made king of Naples; the infant Louis succeeded him as grand duke of Berg; Élise was grand duchess of Tuscany, princess of Lucca and Piombino; Pauline was duchess of Guastalla. These states, together with Westphalia, Spain, Neuchâtel, Benevento, Italy, the Confederation of the Rhine, the Helvetian Republic, Bavaria, Saxony, Würtemberg, and Denmark, with Norway, were all vassal powers. Rome, Genoa, Parma, Florence, Siena, Leghorn, Osna-



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

THE CANTINIÈRE OF THE 26TH REGIMENT CLIMBING THE ROCKS AT BUSACO.

brück, Münster, Bremen, and Hamburg were capitals of French departments; the total number of such administrative divisions now reached 130.

The mastery of such an empire with such an extent of sea-coast seemed to realize the dreams of the Revolution leaders, who in 1796 had determined to close the Continent to British commerce. By the two decrees of August 5 and October 18, 1810, issued respectively from the Trianon and from Fontainebleau, the system was apparently completed. English wares were seized wherever found, even within a limit four miles beyond the imperial borders in all directions; smugglers were mercilessly hunted down; and the holders of licenses alone could bring in colonial products. Frederick VI, King of Denmark, remembered the English outrage on Copenhagen in 1807, and was Napoleon's ardent supporter, closing the Danish and Norwegian ports against British commerce. He hoped by compliance to secure Sweden for his crown. Charles XIII of Sweden was also Napoleon's friend, but his people had not been exasperated like the Danes, and were independent. Their king being childless, the notables had cast about for a successor likely to please Napoleon, and had fixed upon Bernadotte! Endeared to all the Swedes by his considerate kindliness to the Pomeranians when commander of the French armies in that province, they remembered that he was King Joseph's brother-in-law, and believed that an old associate of Napoleon would, as their ruler, insure them high consideration and delicate treatment by the monarch of the great Western empire. The Emperor was, of course, secretly furious; but Bernadotte was too dangerous, too well informed, to be thwarted, and accordingly he became crown prince of Sweden. Desiring to compensate his new country for her loss of Finland, he asked for Norway; but Denmark could not be alienated, and the request was denied. Thwarted in this, the sometime Jacobin, but now heir apparent to a throne under the style of Charles John, began immediately after his installation at Stockholm to vent his spleen on Napoleon. The jealous and vigilant Czar offered, in December, 1810, the coveted domain in return for Sweden's alliance. Her steadfastness to the French alliance was thus rendered doubly insecure.

THE INHERITANCE AND THE HEIR.

It would be idle to suppose that during the winter of 1810–11 the Spanish situation was not thoroughly appreciated by the imperial bridegroom at Paris, or that he underrated the ultimate effects of what was taking place in the Iberian peninsula. Joseph was totally disenchanted, and, tormenting his brother with querulous criticism of the French troops, insisted upon a more pacific procedure. Napoleon's reply was to prepare an act of abdication for the King of Spain, and to announce that the country was to be made a French department. The Spanish people were thoroughly roused, and England redoubled her energies. Masséna had shown his brilliant qualities in the highest light throughout the Austrian campaign, and as the greatest of the marshals was appointed to take command in Spain. With him went the imperial guard and other reinforcements, which brought the number of French troops in the peninsula to a total, on paper, of 80,000 men, of which about 50,000 were effective. By the arrival of a corps under Hill to reinforce Wellington, and including about 25,000 Portuguese, the latter had approximately the same number. The Peninsular campaign of 1810 opened in June by Masséna's appearance before Ciudad Rodrigo, which, after a stubborn resistance of about five weeks, surrendered on July 10. The French next beleaguered the strong frontier fortress of Almeida, and that also fell about the beginning of September. Wellington conducted his retreat, which was thus enforced, with great skill, defeating an attack made on his rear-guard at Busaco on September 27. Masséna still pressed on, but on October 9 was, unexpectedly to himself, brought to a stand before the impregnable lines of Torres Vedras, long since constructed by Wellington to protect Lisbon.

Soult, having won a decisive victory over the Spaniards at Ocaña on November 19, 1809, had advanced into Andalusia. His orders were to unite with Masséna for an overwhelming effort. But, sullen because superseded by Masséna, he began a weary, ineffectual siege of Cadiz, and remained there until, having received a virtual reprimand from Napoleon, he took half his force and captured Badajoz. Even then he failed to join Masséna. The news that his two greatest marshals had successively come short in their tasks embittered Napoleon to the verge of desperation. But the annexation of the North Sea coast had involved him in a diplomatic conflict with Russia, his domestic affairs occupied him for the moment to the exclusion of everything not immediately pressing, and he failed to reinforce Masséna. Throughout the winter both the French and



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

MARSHAL STOCKPOT ATTACKING A FORAGING DETACHMENT.

the English generals maintained themselves only by the exercise of qualities akin to genius. Soult returned from Badajoz to Cadiz, and in March Masséna began a retreat into Spain. Thereupon the English besieged Badajoz, and on May 5 defeated Masséna at Fuentes de Onoro in one of the bitterest conflicts of the war. The old marshal was recalled in disgrace, and replaced by Marmont. On May 16, Soult, advancing to relieve Badajoz, was defeated in a pitched battle at Albuera; but the victory proved an empty one for the English, since Wellington, hearing that French reinforcements were coming up from Salamanca, felt constrained to withdraw before superior force, and decamped on June 18. The rest of 1811 was a season of inactivity, except for the exploits of Suchet, who annihilated Blake's army, capturing Valencia and occupying Aragon. In the following season Wellington captured both Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz; advancing then, he overwhelmed Marmont in the brilliant victory of Salamanca on July 22, 1812, and marched on Madrid to dethrone Joseph. Soult at once abandoned Cadiz and hurried north, while Marmont took possession of Burgos. The British soldiers, finding themselves between two foes, became demoralized. Wellington was forced by the chaos of English politics to retreat into Portugal, and at the close of the year the French held all Spain except the south coast. But in spite of their inglorious successes the soldiers were dispirited; regiments melted away under desertion and sickness, and the military power of France in Spain was annihilated. The peninsula was never to be French.

Yet in some respects the French character appeared in a stronger light throughout the disasters of the Peninsular war than at any other time. Marbot's tale of the beautiful young cantinière, or woman sutler, of the 26th regiment, who after Busaco rushed unhurt through the English outposts to alleviate the sufferings of Simon, the general of her brigade, who had been captured, and who returned on her donkey through the lines without having suffered an insult, reflects equal credit on the unselfish daring of the French, which she typified, and on the pure-minded gallantry of the English. His narrative of the French deserters who, under a leader nicknamed Marshal Stockpot, established themselves as freebooters in a convent not far from Masséna's headquarters at Santarem, and of the general's swift, condign punishment of such conduct, graphically delineates the straits of the French, which led them into the extreme courses which devastated the land, and also displays the quality of the discipline which was exercised whenever possible. Nor should it be forgotten that the two most splendid writers of France's succeeding age were profoundly impressed by the terrible scenes of the French invasion. George Sand was in Madrid as an infant for a considerable portion of 1808; Victor Hugo passed the year 1811 in a Madrid school, fighting childish battles for «the great Emperor,» whom his Spanish schoolmates called Napoladron (Napo the robber). The former was irresistibly drawn to revisit the country; the latter recalled his impressions in some of his noblest verse.

It would be idle to believe that Napoleon did not fully realize the situation in Spain; it is gratuitous to assume that by massing all his resources he could not have made a desert in Spain to call it a peace. But before devastating what he intended to make part of his empire, he thought to cut away the British support from beneath the rebellion. The credit of Great Britain could not long be maintained with her contraband trade paralyzed, and her costly expeditions to Holland, Sicily, and Spain either failures or but partial successes. Her collapse would be assured if the Czar would only remain true to the engagements of Tilsit, since the only channel for British trade to enter the Continent was now through Russia. It is true that the finances of France herself were at a low ebb, but the Emperor had money in abundance. When the legislative assembly met in December, 1809, it was clear that the farce of constitutional imperialism was nearly played out. The members of the senate kept their seats by their own decree; an imperial edict appointed the deputies for the new departments without the form of an election. By an article of the new penal code the confiscation of estates was made the penalty for certain crimes. This was enforced, the public canals were sold to private corporations, and the sanction of legislative ratification was given to such acts. The moneys thus obtained, together with the vast contributions and indemnities received from foreign states, were really a corruption fund. The enormous armies, which covered Europe like swarms of locusts, were admirably maintained; but it was hard to find money for the purpose, because the marshals and generals were insatiate in their demands. The greed of the civil administrators was scarcely less; and thus, in both branches of the public service, every official stood with outstretched palm and hungry eyes.



FROM THE PAINTING BY H. BELLANGÉ AND DAUZATS, IN THE LOUVRE.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

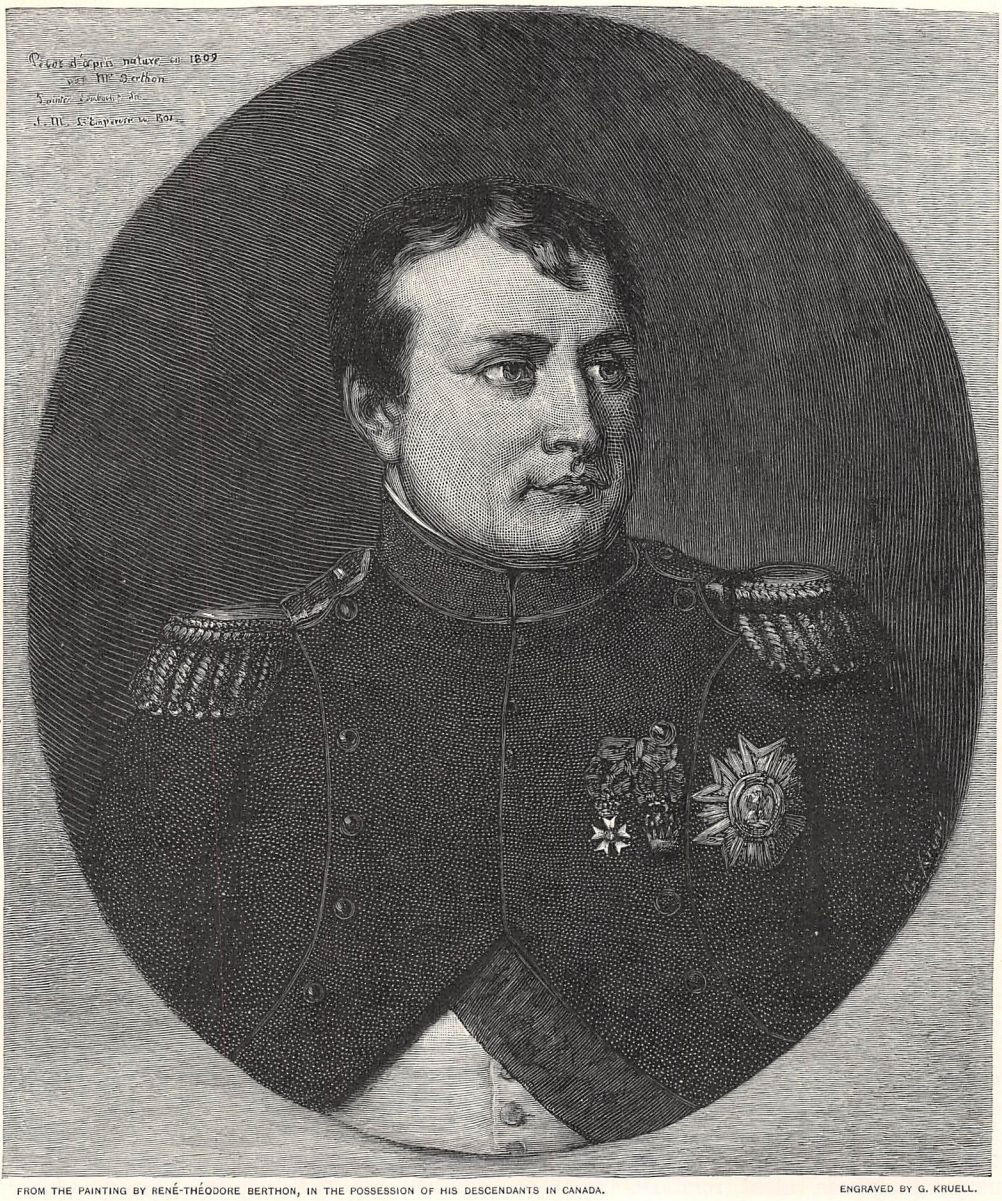
A DAY OF REVIEW UNDER THE EMPIRE, PLACE DU CARROUSEL, JUNE, 1810.

Napoleon had the lavish hand of a parvenu, but his beneficiaries were not grateful, and with ever-increasing insolence were always craving more. The system of private confiscations or forced contributions from individuals had already attained vast dimensions. During the winter of 1809–10 it was extended and regulated; the sums wrung from German princes and Spanish grandees, from English merchants and the Italian clergy, were not entirely exhausted; the remainder, together with what was «accepted» from timorous politicians, crafty ecclesiastics, sly contractors, and unprincipled financiers, was now erected into the dignity of the Emperor's «extraordinary domain.» The term «army chest» had been devised for times of higher public morality; it was now discarded. Confiscated palaces, forests, lands, fisheries, moneys from the sale of American ships—all were now the Emperor's private property. We should not be astonished at the revenues of his great officials. Berthier had 1,350,800 francs a year; Davout, 910,000; Ney, 728,000; and Masséna, 500,000; naturally Soult wished to augment his 305,000, and for that end sought the crown of Portugal. What with the public charities, the public works, and such lavish bribery, the expenditure had risen to 430,000,000; but the receipts by the means enumerated above had been swollen to 760,000,000, so that Napoleon had 330,000,000 in his purse.

Legislative independence extinguished, a privy purse of immense capacity established, the greed of useful supporters temporarily satisfied, the censorship of the press made rigid, there was but one other measure essential to complete tyranny, and that was taken. There were many disaffected persons in the Empire too powerful to be left at liberty, but too dangerous to be tried in open court. Six state prisons were established for this numerous class, and gradually a colony of helpless malcontents, outraged in every human right, was confined in each. Where was the enlightened public opinion of France? Where, indeed? The publishers bought the slender immunities they enjoyed with considerable sums, and this gold was used to pension needy men of letters; other writers were given decorations that carried subsidies with them; some were elevated into the new baronage. The great majority of those who should have formed and molded public opinion were subservient to the government. Even Carnot accepted a pension of 10,000 francs. The standing exception was Mme. de Staël, who, having been scorned, never forgave. Ordered from Paris as an intriguer by the Committee of Public Safety, kept under surveillance in Switzerland by the Directory, her offers spurned by Bonaparte, she spent the ten years of her banishment in wandering from court to court through England, Russia, Prussia, and Sweden, undermining Napoleon's character, and fomenting the coalitions which eventually ruined him. Her study of regenerated Germany was in the main a valuable book; influential as it was, it held up to France as a model the course of her bitterest foe, and the censors heightened its renown by their efforts to suppress it. The decennial prizes, instituted to promote letters and learning, were distributed in 1810. Most of the names of those who were crowned are now known to none except the curious.

During the season of 1810–11 the Emperor's private life was virtually devoted to beneficence. In addition to the favors granted to Carnot, he lavished money on other objects, some not so worthy. Canova, who had been called from Rome to make a portrait-statue of the Empress, obtained a substantial grant for the learned societies of that city. Chénier, like Carnot, had been a pronounced adversary of the Empire. He now sought employment under it, and was made inspector-general of the university, an office which he did not live long to enjoy. All the old favorites were remembered in a general distribution of good things. Talleyrand having just lost an immense sum by the failure of a trusted bank, the Emperor came to his relief by purchasing one of his most splendid palaces for more than 2,000,000 francs. The court resided sometimes at St. Cloud, sometimes at Rambouillet, sometimes at the Trianon, but for the most part at Fontainebleau, where the ceremonious life, to which all concerned were now well accustomed, was marked by none of the old awkwardness, but ran as brilliantly as lavish expenditure could make it. The pregnancy of the Empress was celebrated with great festivities, during which Napoleon performed one of his most applauded acts—the endowment of a vast maternity hospital. The Empress was brought into great prominence as the president of a society consisting of a thousand noble ladies, under whose patronage the charity was placed.

The unconcealed and ecstatic delight of the prospective father found vent in delicate and tender attention to the mother of his child, and until her deliverance he was a gentle, devoted, and considerate husband. His whole nature seemed transformed. When in the early morning of March 20, 1811, word was



FROM THE PAINTING BY RENÉ-THÉODORE BERTHON, IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS DESCENDANTS IN CANADA. ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE IN 1809.

brought that the Empress was in labor, and that a false presentation made it of instant necessity to choose between the life of the mother and that of the child, the feelings of the Emperor can better be imagined than described. If the expected heir should die, his dynasty would be jeopardized, his enemies would once more be making appointments over his grave, the hopes of a lifetime might be shattered. But there was not a moment's wavering. «Think only of the mother,» he cried.

The fears of the attending physician were vain, after all, and the man-child, coming without a cry into the world, and lying breathless for seven minutes, as if hesitating to accept or decline his destiny, finally gave a wail as he caught the breath of life. Napoleon turned, caught up his treasure, and pressed it to his bosom. A hundred guns announced the birth, and the city burst into jubilations, which were reëchoed throughout Europe from Dantzic to Cadiz. Festival succeeded festival, and for an interval men believed that the temple of Janus would be again closed. No boy ever came on the earthly stage amid such splen-

dors, or seemed destined to honors such as appeared to await this one. The passionate devotion of the father was constant from the beginning. It lasted even after he had been deserted and betrayed by the mother, after the child had been estranged and turned into an Austrian prince.

THE ARRAY OF NATIONS.

MANY addresses were sent congratulating the Emperor on the birth of his child. The most important was that from the Paris chamber of commerce, and to this he made a reply which attracted general attention. Its substance was the assurance that the Continental system had told heavily against England, whose storehouses were glutted with colonial wares and her own products, for which no market could be found. Declaring himself the successor of Charles the Great, Napoleon promised to have a navy in four years, and in ten years to ruin England. He boasted of his success in producing sugar from beets, of his own great wealth, and of Austrian bankruptcy. There are three versions of this famous talk, and in one of them are the words: «I showed mercy to the Emperor of Russia at Tilsit in return for his promises of help; but if those promises are not kept, I will go, if need be, to Riga, to Moscow, to St. Petersburg.» The utterances are both imperial and imperious, typical of dictatorial self-sufficiency.

Three points in the address demand attention: the absence of all reference to French finance, the ignoring of the ecclesiastical situation, and the threat against Russia. Metternich reported that, although France was the richest country in the world, her treasury was empty. There were receipts of 900,000,000 francs in 1811, but a deficit of 54,000,000 was threatened, the appropriations for army and navy having been raised from 510,000,000 to 650,000,000. Determined to make each generation pay its own expenses, the Emperor increased the indirect taxes, and instituted a state monopoly in tobacco. But the summer had been one long drought, and Russia did not import French silks and wines to the usual amount, so that the year closed with an actual deficit of 48,000,000. The wealth referred to by the Emperor was his own. Since his incarceration at Savona, the Pope, having steadily refused to institute the bishops nominated by Napoleon, not only still persisted in this, but now took higher ground, forbidding the chapters of both Italy and France to elect the imperial nominees as vicars capitular. This was a rupture of the Concordat, and pious Catholics were very uneasy lest such a declaration of war should heighten the Emperor's bellicose humor. A church council was summoned, and proving as subservient to the secular authority as the Jewish Sanhedrim had been, its representations brought Pius VII. to terms. It is impossible to determine whether the threat against Russia was really made as represented, or whether the address to the chamber of commerce has not been confused with the speech from the throne made to the legislature when it opened in June. But, in either case, all Europe was convinced at the close of March that Napoleon was contemplating war against Russia.

Yet his position was far from fixed. Moved by paternal tenderness, he appears to have considered the possibility of merely holding what he had gained in order to consolidate his splendid empire for his heir. The mass of his army was withdrawn from central Europe, his demands on Prussia were diminished, and the indemnity fixed; Spain he hoped to pacify, feeling sure that Great Britain was weary of the bloody warfare in the peninsula, since she had finally consented to exchange prisoners on his terms; and he never doubted that his arrangements on the North Sea coast would finally be acceptable to the inhabitants. The indications that he realized his true situation are, however, stronger. He could not pause; too long his motto had been, «More beyond.» Sometimes the expression «Emperor of the Continent» escaped his lips; and in March orders were issued to fit out two naval expeditions, one against Sicily and Egypt, one against Ireland. He is reported to have said: «They want to know where we are going, where I shall plant the new Pillars of Hercules. We will make an end of Europe, and then, as robbers fling themselves on others less bold, we will fling ourselves on India.» About the same time the Bavarian minister, pleading for peace, received the retort: «Three years more, and I am lord of the universe.» Mollien thought war inadvisable on account of the fiscal disorders. «On the contrary,» said Napoleon, «the finances are falling into disorder, and for that very reason need war.»

England, though hard pressed, was still undaunted. The doubtful personage was the Czar of Muscovy. He was now thirty-two. Fourteen years earlier he had associated much with Czartoryski, when undergoing the training for his destined rôle of enlightened despot. This Polish youth had conversed at length

about restoring Poland as a member of the Russian empire, and in 1805 Alexander had seriously contemplated action in that direction. But he soon paused, and Czartoryski retired to his estates. The results of Tilsit were disappointing to Alexander, and the idea of a reconstructed Poland was dismissed for fear of adding another to the European nationalities whose fixed territorial boundaries were a menace to Russia's schemes of aggrandizement. His adhesion to Napoleon's commercial system had proved too high a price to pay for Finland; neither Moldavia nor Wallachia was yet secured, and Oldenburg was incorporated in France. The Franco-Austrian alliance was a menace to all the Czar's schemes for the Balkan Peninsula. Czartoryski was recalled, and found his friend with drawn features and haggard eyes, an evident prey to fright. Beaten at his own game and humiliated, the ambitious philosopher-monarch found himself compelled either to break with France or to keep his promises.



FROM THE SKETCH BY PIERRE-PAUL PRUD'HON. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE KING OF ROME.

In 1809 Alexander had negotiated, through Caulaincourt, a treaty the terms of which were that Poland should never be restored, and the name never used officially. Probably the idea had no connection with the Russian marriage scheme, but nevertheless it is possible that it had; for, had Napoleon assented, Alexander could then have refused the hand of his sister, and have laughed in his sleeve at his outwitted dupe. As it turned out, Napoleon suggested a counter-proposition, promising «never to give help or assistance to any power, or to any internal rising whatsoever, looking to a restoration of the kingdom of Poland.» A few days after the arrival of his despatch at St. Petersburg came the news of the Austrian marriage. The Czar at once took into consideration his future course. To Prince Galitzin he wrote concerning the expediency of restoring Poland, with himself as king; but after dallying with the idea for a time, he told Czartoryski that he could not consider restoring the Polish provinces already incorporated in Russia,



FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

MARIA LOUISA AND THE KING OF ROME.

but that he might accept the crown of the grand duchy of Warsaw, including Galicia. A secret emissary was then despatched to Vienna to sound Francis: Austria was to be indemnified amply for Galicia in the partition of Turkey. But Francis remained mute, and the fencing between Paris and St. Petersburg was renewed. A rejoinder to Napoleon's counter-project was laid on his desk, which contained the identical words used before, «that the kingdom of Poland shall never be restored.» This persistence infuriated the recipient; he dictated a smooth reply, began to rouse public opinion in favor of war, strengthened certain of his fortresses, and sought a closer rapprochement with Austria. The negotiations with Russia continued, Russia insisting on the obnoxious phrase, France repelling the insinuation it contained.

Meanwhile Metternich, confident that in the partition of Turkey better terms could be obtained for Austria from Napoleon than from Alexander, was doing his utmost to embitter their relations. There was a strong Russian party in Vienna which was in close touch with the numerous Poles in Warsaw who looked to Alexander for the restoration of their country's integrity. In both places there was much talk of the restoration of Poland, in Warsaw especially, and the phrase was constantly in the newspapers. Alexander's ambassador in Paris made urgent representations concerning «a persistent rumor that the Emperor intends to restore Poland.» Napoleon retorted in fury, and threatened war, but immediately wrote a soothing assurance that he was still true to the engagements of Tilsit. On July 1, while the lines were in the copyist's hands, there occurred the incident which many thought at the time changed the course of history. During a magnificent festival given by the Austrian ambassador, the decorations in an open court caught fire, and the conflagration spread, enveloping the entire embassy. All the important guests escaped unhurt except Kourakine, the Russian ambassador, who was so injured that he could no longer perform his official duties. Almost immediately Napoleon's humor seemed to change; he curtly dismissed the Russian chargé d'affaires, and ended the negotiation. It was when this news reached St. Petersburg that Alexander a second time offered Norway to Sweden.

The cause of Napoleon's abrupt manner was the news communicated by Metternich that the Russian army had advanced successfully to the Danube. On July 17 Francis requested his new son-in-law to join him in a protest against the aggressions of the Czar. Napoleon honorably refused thus to rupture the Tilsit alliance, but said significantly to Metternich, «If Russia quarrels with us she will lose Finland, Moldavia, and Wallachia»; adding that if the Czar, contrary to his engagement of 1808, should seize anything south of the Danube, then he himself would intervene on Austria's behalf. But all Europe seemed convinced that war was inevitable. In all the watering-places the talk was of nothing else. The Russian party in Vienna grew bolder; Pozzo di Borgo, Napoleon's lifelong foe, who had been temporarily under a cloud in Russia, appeared in Vienna in his Russian uniform, courted and oracular. A French interpreter on his way to Persia was stopped by him, and bribed to enter the Russian service. Kourakine, partly recovered, was leaving Paris for home. Through him Napoleon called the Czar's attention to all the facts, and at the same time orders were sent commanding Caulaincourt to end all negotiation, and the Poles were peremptorily enjoined to silence.

Something of Alexander's secret diplomacy must have leaked out, but he appeared unmoved. He was steadily preparing for war, strengthening his fortresses, and locating fortified camps in the district between the Dwina and the Dnieper. But his chief concern was with Poland. Relying on the Jesuit influence for support against the jailer of the Pope, he again took up his old scheme and wrote to Czartoryski. But that nobleman, after a long residence in his native land, had learned how strong was the conviction of his countrymen that Napoleon would give them a more complete autonomy than the Czar, and accordingly he gave a discouraging reply. Alexander was determined that the coming war should be defensive on his part, and immediately opened communications with England and Sweden concerning the Continental system. Finally, in the closing days of the year, he issued a ukase excluding wines, silks, and similar luxuries from France, but facilitating the entry of the colonial wares in which England dealt. This was an act of open hostility to his old ally, a declaration of commercial war. Prussia immediately made semi-official advances to the Czar, but they were repelled.

It is not easy to estimate Napoleon's responsibility for what had happened and was about to happen. He was persistently domineering, contemptuous of national feeling and dynastic politics, over-confident in the

unswerving devotion of France, inflexible in his policy of territorial aggrandizement, ruthless in applying his infantile conceptions of finance and political economy, and pitiless in his own self-seeking. On the other hand, Alexander, having received Prussia's autonomy as his price, had proved an untrustworthy ally from the outset. Having seized Finland, he evaded the Continental system, and in the latest war between France and Austria had actually wooed the latter's favor. Procrastinating in the marriage affair, he displayed an insulting mistrust concerning Poland, and finally declared diplomatic war by his overtures to England and his secret tampering with Austria. This latter power had done its utmost to bring on a conflict, hoping to find her account in the dissensions of the two empires; and Sweden, under Bernadotte, was ready to do anything to strengthen the hands of Alexander and escape from French protection. On April 2, 1811, Napoleon admitted that war was inevitable. «It is all a scene in an opera,» he wrote, «and the English control the machinery.» A week later he notified Alexander that he was aware of the movement of Russian troops toward Poland, and declared that he, too, was preparing. Lauriston was sent to replace the too pacific Caulaincourt at St. Petersburg, and Champagny was replaced in the foreign office by the fiery Maret.

There was much to be done before the actual outbreak of hostilities. Prussia, with a new vigor born of self-denial, education, and passionate patriotism; Sweden, restless and uneasy under the yoke of Napoleonic supremacy; Denmark, friendly, but independent in her quasi-autonomy; the United States, chafing under the restriction of her commerce; Turkey, sick to death, but then as now pivotal in all European politics—the relation of all these powers to the coming conflict must be prearranged. The impending struggle was to be between two insatiate despotisms, one Western and modern, the other Oriental and theocratic. Napoleon dimly grasped the tendency of his own career; as Goethe said, «He lives entirely in the ideal, but can never consciously grasp it.» Unconsciously, too, Alexander the Great had fought for the extension of Greek culture; Cæsar, to destroy the stifling institutions of a worn-out system; Charles the Great, to realize the «city of God» on earth. Napoleon was fighting for nationality, individual liberty, popular sovereignty; had he been told so, he would have wondered what the words could mean.

English history is the story of her struggles for nationality, for religious, civil, and political liberty, and for mercantile ascendancy. Her inborn longings for the highest civilization were not inconsistent with her grim determination to resist a system that stood on the Continent for progress, but which she had come to believe meant national ruin for her.

In January, 1812, Wellington stormed Ciudad Rodrigo; on April 6 Badajoz fell. On April 18 Napoleon offered terms of peace, Spain to be kept intact under Joseph, Portugal to be restored to the house of Braganza, Sicily to remain under Ferdinand, and Naples under Murat. Considering all the circumstances, the offer was worthy of consideration; but the English cabinet refused it. The possibility of peace with Great Britain being thus extinguished, Napoleon considered what course he should pursue toward the other Protestant land, which felt itself to be still struggling for life. Some well-informed persons asserted that at first the Emperor contemplated destroying the Hohenzollern power utterly. If so, he quickly dismissed the idea as involving unnecessary risk. With the reforms of Stein and Hardenberg successfully accomplished, with her educational system completed and her army reorganized, with her people electrified at last into true patriotism, Prussia was again a redoubtable power. Her influence permeated all Germany, and the secret associations which ramified everywhere labored for German unity, their members already dreaming of the Jura, Vosges, and Ardennes as the western frontier of their fatherland. At first Frederick William made overtures to the Czar, offering an army of 100,000 men. Alexander, desiring a purely defensive war, was cold; but late in 1811 he agreed, in case of an attack on Prussia, to advance as far as the Vistula, «if possible.» Meantime Austria at first contemplated neutrality, but abandoned the policy when convinced that, whichever side should be victorious, Prussia would be dismembered. Francis saw Alexander's continued successes on the Danube with growing anxiety, and, learning that Napoleon would put 400,000 men into the field, determined that France must win. Accordingly, in March, 1812, a treaty was executed, which put 30,000 Austrian troops under Napoleon's personal command, and stipulated for Austria's enlargement by Galicia, Illyria, and even Silesia, under certain contingencies. During these negotiations Frederick William had learned how stupendous Napoleon's preparations were, and, with some hesitancy, he finally sent Scharnhorst to sound Austria. The result was determinative, and on February

24, 1812, a treaty between France and Prussia was signed, which gave Prussia nothing, but exacted from her 20,000 men for active service, with 42,000 for garrison duty, and afforded the French armies free course through her territories, with the right to charge such requisitions as were made to the war indemnity. To this pass Alexander's narrowness had brought the proud, regenerated nation; its temper can be imagined.

French diplomacy, triumphant elsewhere, was less successful with Sweden. Alexander offered Norway as the price of alliance, with hints of the crown of France for Bernadotte somewhere in the dim future. Napoleon temptingly offered Finland for 40,000 Swedish soldiers. But the new crown prince was seemingly coy, and dallied with both. This temporizing was brought to a sudden end in January, 1812, when Davout occupied Swedish Pomerania. On April 12 the alliance between Sweden and Russia was sealed. It carried with it an armistice between Russia and Great Britain. This was essential to the Czar, for he would be compelled to withdraw his troops from the Danube for service in the North, and to that end must make some arrangement with Turkey. He found little or no unwillingness, and offered the most favorable terms; Napoleon, on the other hand, demanded 100,000 men if he were to restore to the Sublime Porte all it had lost. England threatened to bombard Constantinople if the Sultan hesitated, and on May 28, 1812, he closed a bargain with Russia which gave him the Pruth as a frontier.

In spite of Turkey's submission, Great Britain was not to be left passive. The neutrality of the United States had, on the whole, been successfully maintained, but their commerce suffered. On May 1, 1810, Congress enacted that trade with Great Britain should be forbidden if France revoked her decrees, and vice versa. Madison and the Republicans believed that this would relieve the strain under which farmers, as well as merchants, were now suffering. This enabled Napoleon, in those days of slow communication, to make a pretense of relaxing the Berlin and Milan decrees, while continuing to seize American ships as before. England was not for a moment deceived, and enforced the orders in council with added indignities. This conduct so exasperated the American people that they demanded war with the oppressor, and on June 19 the war of 1812 began. Napoleon's diplomatic juggling had been entirely successful.

A year earlier the princes of the Rhenish Confederation had received their orders. Their peoples were unresponsive, but the zeal of the rulers overcame all opposition. The King of Saxony was grateful in a lively sense of favors to come, and his grand duchy of Warsaw became an armed camp, the Poles themselves expecting their national resurrection. The prince primate's realm was erected into a grand duchy for Eugène, whose viceroyalty was destined for the little King of Rome, and under the stimulus of a fresh nationality the people gave more than was demanded. Würtemberg and Baden learned that Napoleon «preferred enemies to uncertain friends,» and both found means to supply their respective quotas. Jerome, true to the fraternal instincts of the Bonapartes, hesitated; but his queen was a woman of sound sense, and both were alive to the uncertainties of tenure in royal office, so that, receiving a peremptory summons, Westphalia fell into line. Bavaria and Switzerland furnished their contingents as a matter of course. Among the Germans, some hated Napoleon for his dealings with the papacy, some as the destroyer of their petty nationalities; some devout Protestants even thought him the antichrist. But the great majority were in a state of expectancy, many realizing that even the dynastic politics of Europe had been vitalized by his advent; others, liberals like Goethe, Wieland, and Dalberg, hoped for the complete extinction of feudalism and dynasticism before his march.

This had already been accomplished in France, and for that reason the peasantry and the townsfolk upheld the Empire. In Paris the upper classes had never forgotten the Terror, and were ready for monarchy in any form if only it brought a settled order and peace. There were still a few radicals and many royalists, but the masses cared only for two things, glory and security. They enjoyed the temporary repose under a rule which protected the family, property, and in a certain sense even religion. Family life at the Tuileries was a model, the Emperor finding his greatest pleasure in domestic amusements, playing billiards, riding, driving, and even romping, with his young wife, while his tenderness for the babe was phenomenal. Still he was no puritan, and the lapsed classes could indulge themselves in vice if only they paid; from their purses fabulous sums were turned into the Emperor's secret funds. Under the Continental system industry was at a standstill, and every household felt the privation of abstaining from the free use of sugar and other colonial wares. There was,

however, general confidence in speedy relief, and there were worse things than waiting. The peasantry were weary of seeing their soldier sons return from hard campaigning with neither glory nor booty, and began to resent the conscription law, which tore the rising generation from home while yet boys. Desertions became so frequent that a terrible law was passed, making, first the family, then the commune, and lastly the district, responsible for the missing men. It was enforced mercilessly by bodies of riders known as «flying columns.» Finally every able-bodied male was enrolled for military service in three classes—ban, second ban, and rear ban, the last including all between forty and sixty. Nevertheless, and in spite of all other hardships, there was much enthusiasm at the prospect of a speedy change for the better. In March, 1812, Napoleon could count 475,000 men ready for the field.

THE CONGRESS OF KINGS.

READY, at least to outward appearance, Napoleon was in truth ready as far as equipment, organization, commissariat, strategic plan, and every nice detail of official forethought could go. But how about the efficiency and zeal of men and officers? There had been murmurings for some years past. His studies in 1808 were the eastern campaigns of Rome; Lannes had warned him in 1809 how ready many of his most trusted servants were to betray him if he continued his career of conquest; Decrès, another true friend, expressed his anxiety in 1810 lest they should all be thrown into a final horrid elemental crash; and in 1811 Regnaud de Saint-Jean-d'Angely exclaimed, «The unhappy man will undo himself, undo us all, undo everything.» The Emperor heard neither of these last forebodings, but is doubtfully reported to have himself declared, «I am driven onward to a goal which I know not.» Caulaincourt made no secret of how his anxiety increased as he knew Russia better. Poniatowski believed Lithuania would refuse to rise against her despot; Ségur and Duroc foresaw that France, if degraded to be but one province of a great empire, would lose her enthusiasm; even Fouché drew up a memorial against war, and instanced the fate of Charles XII. The contents of Fouché's paper were divulged to Napoleon by a spy, and when the author presented it he was met by contemptuous sarcasm. The Emperor believed Prussia to be helpless, chiding Davout for his doleful reports of the new temper which had been developed. Jomini declared, but long afterward, that the great captain had avowed to a confidential friend his eagerness for the excitement of battle.

But, in spite of the anxiety felt by a few leading Frenchmen, there was general confidence, and it was not until after the catastrophe that details like those enumerated were recalled. In reality the outlook in 1812 was better than in 1809. Napoleon's spirits were higher, his conscripts were not visibly worse than any drafted since the beginning of the Consulate, and the veteran Coignet's remark concerning the march to Russia is that «Providence and courage never abandon the good soldier.» As to the commander-in-chief, he had largely abandoned his licentious courses, partly from reasons of policy, partly because of his sincere attachment to wife and child. Throughout the years of youth and early manhood he had indulged his amorous passions, but not a single woman had been preferred to power, not even Josephine. But Maria Louisa was an imperial consort, for whom no attention, no elevation, was too great. Pliant while an Austrian archduchess, she remained so as empress, apparently without will or enterprise. Men felt, nevertheless, that, remaining an Austrian externally, she was probably still one at heart, perhaps a mere lure thrown out to keep the hawk from other quarry. Certainly Napoleon's domestic happiness had not sapped his moral power; possibly it rendered him over-anxious at times, and, perhaps, in revulsion from anxiety over-confident.

During two years of diplomatic fencing the initiative had been Russian, the instigation French. For the war which followed no single cause can be assigned. Some blamed Napoleon, claiming that with his scheme of universal empire it was inevitable; Metternich said Russia had brought on war in an unpardonable manner. The Tilsit alliance was personal; separation inevitably weakened it. The affiliations of the Russian aristocracy with the Austrian; the smart of both under the Continental system, which rendered their agriculture unprofitable; England's stand under Castlereagh; the Oldenburg question—all these were cumulative in their effect. With Alexander, Poland and the Continental system were the real difficulties; the marriage question was only secondary. In January, 1812, the Czar laid down his ultimatum. To the concentration of Russian troops Napoleon had replied by sending his own to Erfurt and Magdeburg. The Czar declared his readiness to take back his move if the Emperor would withdraw his men; he would even accept Erfurt for Olden-

burg, and permit Warsaw to be the capital of a Saxon province. But he said not a word about the Continental system, and for Napoleon to permit the breach of that would be to abandon all his imperial plans. With the hope, apparently, of securing this last essential concession, as well as those already made, he set his troops in motion toward the Vistula on the very day after his treaty with Prussia was signed.

The natural countermove to Napoleon's advance would be the invasion of Warsaw, and, although the new Poland was fortified for defense, yet it might be overwhelmed before assistance could reach the garrisons. Moreover, there were ominous signs in France at the opening of 1812. Food supplies were scarce, and speculators were buying such as there were. Napoleon felt he must remain yet a little while to check such an outrage and to strengthen public confidence. Ostensibly to avoid a final rupture, but really to prevent the premature opening of war, he therefore summoned Czernicheff, the Czar's aide-de-camp, who, as a kind of licensed spy, had been hovering near him for three years past, and offered to accept every item of the Russian ultimatum, if only an equitable treaty of commerce could be substituted for the ukase of December, 1810; in other words, if Alexander would agree to observe the letter and spirit of the Continental system. During the two months intervening before the Czar's reply Napoleon's armies flowed on, and a temporary remedy for the economic troubles of France was found. When, late in April, the answer came, it was, as expected, a declaration that without the neutral trade Russia could not live; she would modify the ukase somewhat, but, as a condition antecedent to peace, France must evacuate Prussia and make better terms with Sweden. On May 1 the French army reached the Vistula; on May 9 Napoleon and his consort started for Dresden.

The surge of German patriotism had nearly drowned Napoleon in 1809. The Austrian marriage had withdrawn the house of Hapsburg from the leadership of Germany; the imperial progress to Dresden, and the high imperial court held there, were intended to dazzle the masses of Europe, possibly to intimidate the Czar. The French were genuinely enthusiastic; the Germans displayed no spite; princes, potentates, and powers swelled the train; all the monarchs of the coalition, under Francis as dean of the corps, stood in array to receive the august Emperor. Maria Louisa was as haughty as the Western Empress should be, patronizing her father and stepmother, boasting how superior the civilization of Paris was to that of Vienna. It was there she first saw Neipperg, the Austrian chamberlain, who was later her morganatic husband. Napoleon appeared better; self-possessed, moderate, and genial. His vassals and his relatives, his marshals and his generals, all seemed content, and even merry. The King of Prussia had lost his beautiful and unfortunate queen; he alone wore a sad countenance. Yet it was rumored that the Prussian crown prince was a suitor for one of Napoleon's nieces. Beneath the gay exterior were many sad, bitter, perplexed hearts. The Emperor was seldom seen except as a lavish host at public entertainments; most of the time he spent behind closed doors with the busy diplomats. As a last resort, Narbonne was sent, ostensibly to invite Alexander's presence in the interest of peace; actually, of course, to get a final glimpse of his preparations. The Abbé de Pradt was despatched into Poland to fan the enthusiasm for France.

This unparalleled court was dismissed on May 28, Napoleon hastening by Posen and Warsaw to Thorn. The Poles were exuberant in their delight; they little knew that their supposed liberator had bargained away Galicia to Francis. For this betrayal, and his general contempt of the Poles, he was to pay dearly. Had he labored sincerely to organize a strong nucleus of Polish nationality, a coalition of Russia, Prussia, and Austria such as finally overwhelmed him would have been difficult, perhaps impossible. But the founder of an imperial dynasty could not trust a Polish democracy. When the diet, sitting at Warsaw, besought him to declare the existence of Poland, he criticized the taste which made them compose their address in French instead of Polish, and gave a further inkling of his temper by sending his Austrian contingent to serve in Volhynia, so that neither French nor Polish enthusiasm might rouse the Russian Poles. When he reached Vilna he found that the impassive Lithuanians had no intention of rising against Russia, and no attempt was made to rouse them. If, as appears, his first intention had been to wage a frontier campaign, that plan was quickly changed. Retaining Venice and Triest for use against the Orient, with Austria virtually a member of his system, he determined to force Russia back on to the confines of Europe, perhaps into Asia, and then— Who can say? It seems as if Poland was to be divided into French departments instead of erected into another troublesome nation, vassal state or semi-autonomous.

At the opening of the Russian campaign the gradual change which had been steadily going on in Napoleon's physique was complete. He was now plethoric, and slow in all his movements. Occasionally there were exhibitions of quickened sensibility, which have been interpreted as symptoms of hystero-epilepsy; but in general his senses, like his expression, were dull. He had premonitions of a painful disease (dysuria), which soon developed fully. His lassitude was noticeable, and when he roused himself it was often for trivialities. In other campaigns he had stolen away from Paris in military simplicity; this time he had brought the pomp of a court. He planned, too, to bring theater companies and opera troupes to the very seat of war. Above all, he was deeply concerned with his imperial state, having in his trunks the baubles and dress he had worn at his coronation in Notre Dame. His mien was haughty, but there was no sparkle in his eye; he seemed spiritless and ailing; he showed no pride or confidence in his magnificent army. Yet careful study will prove that his sagacity as a great captain was in no way dimmed; his military combinations were greater than any he had ever formed. As no parallel to the numbers engaged in this enterprise can be found except in Oriental story, nothing comparable to its organization can be found in the history of any age. Every corps had its ammunition train, and great reserves of supplies were stored in Modlin, Thorn, Pillau, Dantzic, and Magdeburg. In the two last-named arsenals were siege-trains for beleaguering Dünaburg and Riga. There were pontoons and bridge material in abundance; 1350 field-pieces, and 18,000 horses to draw them. The commissary stores were prodigious, and there were thousands of ox-wagons to transport them. In various convenient strongholds there were, besides, stores for 400,000 men for fifty days. Knowing Russia, he had prepared to conquer streams and morasses, to feed the army without fear of a devastating population, and to trust the seat of war for nothing except forage. His strategic plan was amazing, containing, as it did, the old elements of unexpected concentration, of breaking through the opposing line, of conclusive victory, and occupation of the enemy's capital. It was carried also to successful completion, and against tremendous obstacles. The first season he intended to seize Minsk and Smolensk, winter there, and organize his conquests. If this should not produce a peace, he would advance in the following season in the heart of the country, and there await the Czar's surrender.

THE INVASION OF RUSSIA.

When Napoleon left Dresden his force was so disposed that the Russians could not tell whether he meant to strike from north or south, and accordingly they divided theirs, Barclay de Tolly, with 127,000 men, standing before Vilna, Bagration, with 66,000, ensconcing himself behind the swamps of the upper Pripet in Volhynia. Barclay hoped to strike a sharp, swift blow, and open the campaign with a moral victory, but he was soon convinced of the danger in which he was, and called in Bagration, who was to be replaced by an auxiliary force. Napoleon's first move was to cross the Niemen, and seize Vilna. Barclay fell back to the fortified camp established at Drissa in order to cover St. Petersburg. If then Jerome's division had promptly advanced from Grodno, Bagration would have been cut off and annihilated. The plan failed through Jerome's ignorance, slowness, and self-assertion. Bagration turned back, and, descending the Dnieper, placed himself beyond pursuit. For a moment Napoleon contemplated a junction of Ney and Eugène against Barclay, but the former had pushed on to seize Dünaburg, and was out of reach. Both plans failed; Bagration, by a long detour, established communication with Drissa, and seemed likely to effect a junction with Barclay on the road to Smolensk. As in these movements both the Russian commanders had lost many men, there would be only 120,000 in the united force. The Czar could raise no money, Drissa was painfully inadequate as a bulwark, and the Russians grew desperate. The nation attributed its sorry plight to the bad advice of the Czar's German counselors, and such was the demoralization at the capital that Alexander was compelled to hasten thither in order to avert complete disaster. In spite of his personal unpopularity, he met with considerable success. The nobility and burghers of both St. Petersburg and Moscow caught the war fever, opened their coffers, equipped a numerous militia, and by the end of July all Russia was hopeful and eager for battle.

This, too, was the earnest desire of Napoleon. If the Russian army in its own territory shriveled as it did before the summer heat by sickness and desertion, it may be imagined how that of the French dwindled. Their terrible sufferings could be ended only by a battle, and since crossing the Niemen the soldiers longed for a battle as for a festival. Heat, dust, and drought wrought havoc in their columns; the pitiless Northern sun left

men and animals with little resisting power; the flying inhabitants devastated their fields, the horses and oxen gorged themselves on the half-rotten thatch of the abandoned huts, and died by the wayside; the gasping soldiery had no food but flesh. Dysentery raged, and soldiers died like flies. For a time St. Cyr's Bavarian corps lost from 800 to 900 men a day, and it was an exception only in the degree of its losses. Such facts account for the dilatoriness of Napoleon's movements in part; for the rest, his imperial plans demanded that he should organize all the territories in his rear, and he gave himself the utmost pains to do so. Besides, he had never before had a task so heroic in all its dimensions, and every detail of military and political procedure required time and care in fullest measure, the more so when preparing for a decisive, uncommon battle.

Vitebsk and Smolensk occupy analogous positions on the Dwina and Dnieper, the former of which is to the westward and flows north; the latter, farther inland, flows in the opposite direction into the very heart of Russia. Barclay had planned to await Bagration at Vitebsk, and Napoleon, arriving on July 27, hoped for a decisive battle there. But Davout's movements drove Bagration farther eastward, and Barclay, instead of waiting, hurried to Smolensk, where the junction was effected. This compulsory pursuit had, as communications then were, thrown the extreme wings of Napoleon's army virtually out of reach, the Prussians being near Riga, and the Austrians in Volhynia. The long, thin line of his center must be, therefore, drawn in for safety, and since the character of the country had improved, he determined to concentrate near Vitebsk, and recuperate his troops in the comparatively pleasant land which environs it. Both commander and officers were at first so disheartened that they contemplated remaining for the season, Murat alone remonstrating; but Napoleon said three years were necessary for the Russian war. Such counsels did not long prevail; with new strength came the old daring, and orders were sent both to Macdonald and the Prussians on the left, and to the Austrians under Schwarzenberg on the right, which were indicative of a great project. Napoleon's prestige among the Poles had in fact shrunk along with his army. The latter he could not recruit, but the former he must repair at any hazard; this could be done only by what he designated to Jomini as a «good battle.» The success of the minor engagements to right and left, incident to concentration, was encouraging for such a speedy and overwhelming triumph.

The Russians at Smolensk were vainglorious at having outwitted Napoleon, and longed to fight. Barclay alone was uneasy, but, in deference to the prevalent sentiment, he advanced to offer battle, and on August 9 there was a skirmish between pickets. Napoleon at once set his army in motion, but as neither general was really well-informed or prepared, Barclay pushed on to the right, and the two armies lost touch. Once aroused, the French spirit brooked no further delay, and it was determined to seek the «good battle» before Smolensk, which, lying on the right, or north, bank of the Dnieper, could be reached only by crossing the stream. This manœuver was brilliantly executed. Barclay was a day's march distant on the south bank when Ney and Murat deployed on the other side for action on August 16. Bagration, nearer at hand, threw one corps across the river into the town, and then hurried his main force down-stream to oppose its passage by the French. The first attempt of Ney to storm the thick but dilapidated walls of Smolensk failed, and a bombardment was ordered. By evening of the 17th the French army were all drawn up on the north bank between the city and the river; the Russians were opposite on the heights. During the night of the 17th the Russian army began to cross the Dnieper by the permanent bridge, which they held; a fresh garrison was thrown into Smolensk, and at four in the morning of the 18th the van began to retreat toward Moscow. Napoleon, thinking that of course Barclay would offer battle under the walls of the town, waited until afternoon for the expected appearance of his foe, but in vain. Puzzled and uneasy, he determined to force the fighting by a fresh assault. The suburbs were captured late in the evening, but the walls were impregnable. Barclay then set fire to the quarter opposite that attacked by the French, and in the resulting confusion safely drew out his garrison; the next morning saw his rear well beyond Napoleon's reach, with the bridges destroyed behind it. On the 23d he halted and drew up for battle behind the Uscha. Technically Napoleon had won, since an important frontier fortress was captured; but he had not fought his great battle, nor had he cut off his enemy's retreat. Ney and Murat were despatched in pursuit, but they acted recklessly, without concert, and gave the first exhibition of a demoralization destined later to be disastrous. Murat, in fact, had foreseen that an affair at Smolensk would amount to nothing,



MAP OF RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.

and had begged Napoleon to avoid a conflict. Rapp came in after the victory, and likewise pleaded with the Emperor to desist, recalling the awful scenes of distress which he had observed at every step since leaving the Niemen. But Napoleon remembered that his transport barges had been wrecked on the river bars, and that his wagon-trains were without horses or oxen to draw them. The counterfeit paper money he had brought from Paris would no longer pass; where was he to find sustenance for his still numerous force of 185,000 men at least? Only by pressing on to some populous city; and on the 24th his army was in motion eastward. If Alexander could be brought to terms he would yield more quickly with one of his capitals in the enemy's grasp. The French base was secure; there were garrisons of about 14,000 men each in Vitebsk, Orscha, and Mohileff; another was left at Smolensk. The line from the Niemen to Moscow was very long, yet Schwarzenberg was on the right to prevent Tormassoff from breaking through, and Wittgenstein on the left was too weak to be a menace. This reasoning proved to be fallacious, because the Russians were constantly increasing their strength, while that of the French, both on the base of operations and on the line of march, was diminishing. The Austrian troops, moreover, behaved toward Russia as the Russian soldiers had behaved toward Austria in the last campaign; that is, as a friendly exploring guard, and not as hostile invaders. It is now easy to say that to lengthen the French line of operation was a military blunder. It was wrong. The reasons are partly strategic, but chiefly moral, and were not so clearly discernible then. The strength of Russian national feeling was unknown to Napoleon, and, in the face of national feeling, a single man, world-conqueror though he may have been during a period of national disorganization, is before the march of national regeneration an object of microscopic size.

Barclay was charged by the old Russians with being too German in feeling, with manœuvering timidly when he ought to fight, and, sacrilege of sacrileges, with leaving the sacred image of the Virgin at Smolensk to fall into hostile hands. Yielding to the storm of popular feeling, Alexander appointed in his stead Kutusoff, the darling of the conservative Slavonic party; but Barclay was persuaded to remain, and his policy was sustained. The Russians withdrew before the French advance, until, on September 3, their van halted on the right bank of the Kalatscha, opposite Borodino, to strike the decisive

blow in defense of Moscow. On the 4th Napoleon's van attacked and drove before it the Russian rear, which was just closing in. He had 128,000 men within reach. That night he issued a ringing address; recalling Austerlitz, he summoned the soldiers to behave so that future generations would say of each, «He was in that great battle under the walls of Moscow.» Next morning a courier arrived, bringing a portrait of the little King of Rome. The Emperor hung it before his tent, and invited his officers to admire it. But at night the sinister news of Marmont's defeat at Salamanca arrived. Napoleon said nothing, but was heard in self-communing to deplore the barbarity of war. All night he seemed restless, fearing lest the Russians should elude him as they had in other crises; but rising at five, and discerning their lines, he called aloud: «They are ours at last. March on; let us open the gates of Moscow.»

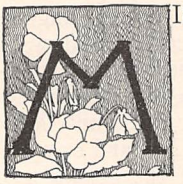
The Russians, roused by religious fervor, and elevated by a fatalistic premonition of success, had thrown up trenches and redoubts at advantageous points on their chosen battle-field. In their first onset they advanced like devotees, with the cry, «God have mercy upon us!» and, as each forward rank went down before the relentless invaders, those behind pressed forward over the bodies of their comrades. But it was all in vain; throughout the 4th and 5th of September one outpost after another was taken, until at ten in the evening of the latter day the whole Russian force was thrown back on its main position, stretching from the bank of the Moskwa on the north, behind the Kalatscha, as far as Utizy on the south, such portions as were not naturally sheltered being protected by strong redoubts. There were 120,000 in all, of which about 17,000 were un-uniformed peasantry. Opposite stood the French, Poniatowski on the right, Davout, with the guard, in the rear, then Eugène. Behind Davout, to the left, Ney, and somewhat behind, in the same line, Junot. The orders were for an opening cannonade, Poniatowski to surround the Russian left, Eugène to cross the Kalatscha by three bridges thrown over during the night, and attack the Russian right, while Morand and Gérard, his auxiliaries, should move on the center, and storm the defenses erected there.

The battle was conducted almost to the letter of these orders, but such was Russian valor that, instead of being a brilliant manœuver, it developed into a bloody face-to-face conflict, determined by sheer force. At six in the morning the artillery opened. Poniatowski advanced, was checked, but, supported by Ney, stood firm until Junot came in; they two then stood together, while Ney and Davout dashed at the enemy's center. Eugène having acted in perfect concert, Poniatowski then advanced alone, and his task was completed by nine. But he was so weakened by his terrific exertions that he could only hold what he had gained. At ten Ney and Davout, reinforced by Friant, seized the central redoubts, but they, too, were exhausted, and could only hold the Russian line, which bent inward and stood without breaking. Eugène then massed his whole division, and charged. The resistance was stubborn, and the fighting terrific, but by three his opponents yielded, his artillery opened, and he held his gains. About the same time Junot reached Poniatowski, and their combined exertions finally overpowered the Russian left. So superhuman had been the exertions of both armies that they rested on their arms in these relative positions all night, the Russians too exhausted to flee, the French too weary to pursue. But early on the 7th the flight of Kutusoff began, and the French started in pursuit. Between the generals of the Russian rear and those of Napoleon's van an agreement was made that if the former were left to pass through Moscow unmolested, the latter should gain the city without a blow. The contracting parties kept their pact; but the governor of Moscow rendered the agreement void. Great crowds of the inhabitants joined the Russian columns, as, six days later, they marched between the rows of inflammable wooden houses, of which the suburbs were composed, and, as they tramped sullenly onward, thin pillars of ascending smoke began to appear here and there on the outer lines. But when, two hours after the last Russian soldier had disappeared, the cavalry of Murat clattered through the streets, the fires attracted little attention, nor at the moment was Napoleon's contentment diminished by them, as, from the «mount of salutation,» whence pious pilgrims were wont to greet the holy city, he ordered his guard to advance and occupy the Kremlin, that fortress which enshrines all that is holiest in Russian faith. Kutusoff, boasting that he had held his ground overnight, had persuaded the inhabitants of Moscow, and even the Czar, that he had been the victor, and that he was withdrawing merely to await the arrival of the victorious and veteran legions from the Danube, when he would choose his field, and annihilate the invaders.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE TODDS.



ISS TODD entered the editorial room of the «Evening Appeal» and came over to my desk. She was from Kentucky, and a «society reporter,» doing work for various papers, the «Appeal» among others. She was pretty, in the fair, rounded, simple way one sees in so many Kentucky girls. Miss Todd's girlishness was a little worn by time and journalism, but her Kentuckyism was delightfully fresh in spots, and showed now even in her toilet, which was too light and too blue and too much decorated to look indigenous.

«Miss Addington, I want to ask you about something,» she said—and for the dearness of it I would like to indicate her Southern speech, her long, flat vowels and clipped consonants, but only Mr. Cable could do it well. «I can't be reading the ‹Appeal› all the time, and Mr. Mattison is always so cross if you don't know everything about his paper. Do tell me, what stand are you taking about that Sam Hartley investigation?»

«We say he stole the railroad and will go to the penitentiary, and that hanging is too good for him. Is he going to give a ball for you to write up?»

«Well,» began Miss Todd, simply, «it 's not exactly that; but I've found out that his wife would like to be written up, though she has n't known how to go about it. She is a nice, plain, respectable woman, and she feels terribly about all this business. She 's very pious and charitable, and all that; and she feels like it would be something for Mr. Hartley if the papers took some notice of her. No one has ever looked at her in New York, far as I can find out, except to go to her for money. I 'm going to make a feature of her for a Sunday or two. Do you know what papers are on his side?»

I mentioned one in which Mr. Sam Hartley was supposed to have a controlling financial interest, stating that fact.

«She 's so simple I don't reckon she even knows that,» said Miss Todd. «She 's the countriest of the country; the kind of woman who wears white stockings—I saw them myself. I like her, and then I want to get her to do something for a friend of mine.»

«Oh,» I said, «it 's a deal, is it?»

«Yes, I reckon so, specially as I want my friend to do me a good turn too. Have you done your story on the Chinese Bureau of Information yet?»

«Yes, it 's in type; but talking of good turns, I want one of you. Mattison has a notion for a special about how a young woman doctor gets into practice here in New York. It does n't seem very fresh, or as if there were much in it anyway; but it 's his own idea, so it 's got to be brilliant. I don't know any women doctors myself; do you?»

Miss Todd was smiling.

«Why,» she said, «it 's a woman doctor—a young one, too. She 's our doctor, and I 'most know she 'd—»

Miss Todd hesitated, and I asked, «Can she talk?»

«Well, she never does talk, but she 'd be good about answering; and she 's seen a lot, and she 's very nice.»

It further appeared that this medical lady—Parsons was her name—was a frequent visitor of the house of Todd, for Mrs. Todd was an invalid; and it was arranged that I should be at hand the next day, when she was expected upon professional business—this in order that I might judge for myself as to the chance of getting any «stuff» from her.

I was well pleased to take the opportunity of visiting Mrs. Todd. I liked Mrs. Todd, and I was greatly flattered that she liked me; not that I deceived myself with the notion that there was anything very personal about that. Mrs. Todd combined, in a way I have noted as peculiarly Southern, the ability for free thought with a rooted conservatism; and despite all my inevitable modernity, what she liked about me was some appeal I made to her unreflective prejudices—the one in favor of Southerners, to begin with.

The door of her small flat was opened to me, after a period of probation, by Mrs. Todd herself—Mrs. Todd in the clean, loose calico gown that was her usual wear.

«Araminta did n't seem disposed to let you in, so I came myself,» she panted—she was fat and short of breath. «Araminta is uncommonly hard on us to-day»—plaintively—«I 'm sure I don't know what we 've done.»

By way of talk I asked if this was the same person—personage—as the Araminta of the month before—the name was a generic one with Mrs. Todd.

«Yes,» she answered, seating herself in her arm-chair; «she has n't gone *yet*. Sue is out; she was very sorry, and told me to apologize

for her. She had to do something with that Russian princess who is knocking about here now. They have n't been gone ten minutes.»

I was interrupting—«Oh, was she here? What is she like? I have a real curiosity about that woman.»

«Well, I have n't,» Mrs. Todd remarked dispassionately; «I don't think she 's respectable, and I would n't meet her. I lay on my bed—it 's the only place I can retire to—till they were gone. Poor Sue!» she added, with a pitying and humorous smile.

I knew the fine philosophy with which Mrs. Todd resigned herself to the fact that her daughter must know all sorts of people, and the yet finer poise with which she kept the choice of selection for herself, and I understood that exclamation and that smile. She had explained to me before that Sue liked to keep up the fiction, first of all to herself, that all her acquaintances were «lovely,» and her mother never, to her, expressed any serious disapprobation of any of them; she only refused to meet them.

«Did you know my son Jackson was here making us a visit?» the mother asked, after dismissing the daughter thus. «Yes; it does me good to see him, he 's such a piece of the past—a perfect chunk of the old South. He does n't fit in a flat very well, and he nearly dies of Araminta, not because she won't wait on him,—she certainly won't on anybody,—but because he thinks she does—a *white woman*, my dear! He has n't any sense, but he 's very good and very smart, and as long as he can't get along at all anywhere, and might as well be in one place as another, why, it 's a real comfort to me to hear him talk the ideas I was raised on. I don't know what 's going to become of him. He don't believe in Sue working for a living; he objects strongly. He believes in woman being taken care of and protected. Poor Jackson! Sue 's trying to get him something to do. I 'm sure I don't know what it will be. She and Dr. Parsons talk about a pull, and it seems if you can pull a pull it is n't necessary to do anything else. But Jackson is not lazy; he 's only helpless. Yes; Dr. Parsons ought to be here now. I wish she was n't coming at all. I hate women doctors, but it suits Sue's plans to have her. Oh, she 's nice enough, and she 'll look so prompt and businesslike when she gets here you 'll think the sun is wrong about the hour. It 's so tiresome to have that sort of affectation added to all the rest of our petticoat flummery.»

But Dr. Parsons did not make her visit that day. Mr. Todd came in, however, before I left, and I made his acquaintance. He was a tall, sallow young man, handsome in an old-fashioned way, his dark curls a little long and his face clean-shaven. It was noticeable that, despite the curls and the shaving, he escaped the look of an actor—escaped it as completely as did Henry Clay or any other lawyer of his day. This was the odder because his face had nothing of the shrewd strength that marks the man of affairs; it was like a copy of the old-time lawyer type done by a bad artist—smooth and weak, but with something of the original in it. He had fine dark eyes that most of the time seemed to look afar into space—and to see nothing. He wore, of course, a black frock-coat, and he carried, when he entered, a gray soft hat. He made me a bow and kissed his mother's hand. That lady looked equally pleased and amused by this tribute, and remarked to me—her manner suggested that her son was deaf—that she reckoned Jackson was the only man that would ever kiss her hand again in this world. Perhaps this is the place to state that she was a widow.

«Miss Addington 's been waiting a long time to see Dr. Parsons,» she said to her son.

He gave out a faint sound like a groan, and his mother brightened up and resettled herself as if to listen.

«Do you know this—this young lady?» he said to me.

I said I had come there to make her acquaintance; and with an amiable desire to further his mother's obvious intention and draw him out, I added that I was going to write something as to how a young woman arrives at a medical practice in New York.

«She arrives at the idea of practising such a profession through a miserable debasement of the idea of womanhood,» said Mr. Todd, solemnly, adding gently, «Do not think I make any personal reflection on—on Miss Parsons. I have not met the lady, but her acceptance in this household proves her right to that title.»

«Does it?» murmured his mother. Her son was going on, saying:

«She is doubtless a victim—a victim as even my own sister is»—then quickly and emphatically—«though in a much less degree—much less—to the monstrous inversions of order and right that in the North»—«Nawth,» he called it—«are to-day called progress. My sister is imbued with these ideas that she don't understand; she defends her position as a breadwinner—a position that woman should never fill.»

Even Mrs. Todd found this not altogether amusing; an odd, troubled look crossed her

face, and I imagined I knew the kind of conversation in which poor, pleasant, good little Sue tried to be clever to keep from being frank, as frankness must suggest a question as to why this helpless brother did not support her.

«My sister is of course in no such position as Miss Parsons»—Mr. Todd was talking on, unconscious of us except as having ears into which true doctrine might be poured. «Miss Parsons may escape the worst of the natural results of her position; she is the product of sounder conditions than now surround her; but I cannot—as a man who knows the world I feel—» He stopped, with a little slow shake of the head, looking far through the boot his crossed legs brought before him. His silence told what his chivalry forbade him to speak—that in his opinion Miss Parsons was, as it were, a peach that, however fine, had inevitably lost its bloom.

«As a true Southerner you feel this, Miss Addington, I know,» he added, with the kindly intention of relieving me from any imputation of complicity with evil.

«I think there is a great deal of truth in your views; but then, you see,» I went on rather flippantly, «I am not sure that Dr. Parsons *is* a peach. She may be just a common apple, with no bloom to lose.»

I quite forgot for the instant that this valuable simile had not been actually brought out. But it was no matter, for Mr. Todd did not remember either that his thought had remained unspoken. He answered solemnly, if his remark could be called an answer:

«Woman's delicacy is the flower of creation—a flower all things should combine to conserve.»

«Sue ought to be able to get away from her disreputable princess by this time,» said his mother, briskly; «she was going to help her with a list of people who are interested in the Crippled Babies' Hospital. The princess is going to give some amateur theatricals for it. Sue has done a great deal to make the crippled babies fashionable.»

Mr. Todd looked vaguely uncomfortable; he murmured something about womanly compassion.

«The princess is getting a fine social foothold,» said Mrs. Todd; «she knows just how to go to work.» Her blue eyes, still bright in her faded face, sparkled sweetly upon me.

«The Lord seems to cause several things besides the wrath of man to praise him,» I said; «but it 's all too deep for me; it makes my head spin; ‹your society is too stimulating›»—this was Mrs. Todd's frequent plea for seclusion.

«It does n't make Jackson's head spin. That 's the comfort about Jackson: his views are settled.» And his mother's eyes rested on him with affection—and other things.

«A thinking man should understand his reasons for the belief that is in him,» said Jackson, with gentle complacency, rising to open the door for me.

I accomplished my meeting with Dr. Parsons soon, and, in technical phrase, «got a story out of her»—not this one; it accumulated more slowly. It was true she was not a talker, but she did answer questions well. She was a large, buxom, fresh-colored, good-looking young woman, well dressed and well poised, looking on the world through a pair of clear brown eyes that, as you looked into them, seemed peculiarly free from speculation; they saw your clothes and the tables and chairs—the very converse of Mr. Todd's dark, luminous orbs, that never with any distinctness saw the tables and chairs, but were apt to dilate with reflection that omitted consideration of most mundane furniture.

Mrs. Todd, that kindly but rather appallingly overlooking and philosophical humorist, took a notion, as Sue phrased it, to invite Dr. Parsons and me to meet at luncheon.

«Mama used to love to bring nice people together so much,» said the daughter; «and now she hardly ever is well enough to take an interest in company, so I was mighty pleased when she said she wanted you two to come; and she wants you while brother is with us.»

Mrs. Todd was arranging a comedy for herself, and I might have disquieted myself as to what part I was to play; but I was content to let her cast it as she would, pleased to contribute blindly to her pleasure.

«How long is your brother to stay?» I asked idly.

Miss Todd's sunny face clouded a little. «Well, the truth is,» said she, «brother came on with an idea of remaining in New York. Things are so bad in the South, and he can't make the land we 've got pay at all. But I don't know, I 'm sure»—full stop; then: «I 've been trying to get him something to do under the city government, if it was only a very small position. I 've got a cousin here that 's a Tammany man with some influence, and Dr. Parsons has an uncle with a pull—she told you about being a Board of Health doctor one year. But we can't expect to get anything for him right away; things will have to work round to it, and brother talks some about going back home. I don't know how he can do that either.»

Miss Todd spoke the last sentence in a

tone of bothered meditation, and more to herself than to me. Plainly the care of the head of the house was heavy upon her.

When I entered Mrs. Todd's ugly little parlor on the festal day I found Dr. Parsons already there. Mr. Todd was entertaining her.

«Dr. Parsons is telling me about her work of mercy in certain tenement-houses,» he said to me, with a faint stress on the word «doctor,» as if to admonish me not to offend the lady's ears by omitting it, not to do so himself being a point of breeding to which principle must bend.

«I have medical charge of some houses belonging to Mrs. Sam Hartley,» said Dr. Parsons, in her tranquil, impersonal way. «It 's a new kind of charity she is starting; she pays for the medical supervision of some tenements she owns, and I 've got the place.»

Oh, yes; I remembered now Miss Todd's talk the day she came to see if the «Appeal» would let her write up Mrs. Hartley in the society column.

I asked the doctor if she liked the work, and she answered, «I 've just started on it, and there does n't seem much to do; the sanitary arrangements are pretty good; there 's one interesting spinal case among the children.»

«The practice of medicine among little children,» said Mr. Todd—«that seems like it would suit woman best.» He smiled upon the doctor, and at his own gallant insincerity in taking a tolerant tone.

«It does n't seem a very good branch for a specialty,» she replied; «people will call on their family physician too much to make it pay generally.»

Mr. Todd shook his head slowly, looking into space. «Woman ought not to feel that part of the burden of life; she ought not.»

I saw that he was finding it necessary to air his views; he could no longer endure the suppression of truth.

«I wish she did n't,» said Dr. Parsons, evenly, simply, sincerely, as before; «I wish I did n't have to earn my living.»

Like so many of her class, she plainly was attached to no advanced generalizations on the «woman question»; she was prepared to meet «a condition, not a theory.»

«What would you like to do?» I asked, while Jackson Todd turned on her a pitying gaze of new friendliness.

«Well, I don't know; I like medicine, but I 'd rather have an income.»

«Most people would,» I laughingly declared.

«Miss—Dr. Parsons shows her true woman's instinct,» said the man. And Dr. Parsons's clear face gave out the touching information that Mr. Todd's comment, not mine, pleased her. She had had her womanliness questioned on the ground of her profession, even in New York; and now the Southerner's unexpected reading of feminine delicacies into her familiar sentiments gave her a gratification that was weakened by no sense of discrepancy between his view and hers. She had no such sense; the simplest metaphysical cogitation was not a familiar process to her mind.

Mr. Todd sat next her at table, and was particularly deferential to her and especially instructive, as if he felt sorry for her, and wished to show that he did not discount her personally because of her unfortunate position. He told her a great deal about government and society,—he was quite amazingly logical and able when he became sufficiently abstract,—and she listened with just that same flattered, flattering, and non-comprehending indulgence that women usually give when men treat them to such talk. She evidently had not an atom of unfeminine interest in or familiarity with sociology or politics, and the fun of that was that Mr. Todd would have never so far forgotten himself as to launch into such exhaustive researches if he had not felt that Dr. Parsons was inevitably, by virtue of her title, half a man. He assumed that she had fortified herself with much consideration of sociology, and he often accepted her vague assent as a surrender. Mrs. Todd did not miss the entertainment she expected. Sue looked and listened with anxious satisfaction.

«Brother is very smart,» she said in an aside to me as the others left the dining-room; «and I think Dr. Parsons enjoyed hearing him talk, don't you? If she wanted to, I know she could do a heap to help him. I rather reckon she likes him.»

When we were once again in the parlor Mrs. Todd had me sit down by her, and held and patted my hand while she watched the others. They were bending together over an embroidered counterpane some great-grandmother had spun and woven and worked. Sue had never thought of showing it to the doctor till Jackson came—Jackson, redolent of the old South.

«Poor Sue!» said her mother; «her heart 's in her mouth, she 's so dreadfully anxious to get the doctor to help us out with Jackson. M-m-m,» she mused, after a pause; «I wonder if I could help *her* out. Does it strike you»—she began her sentence with unusual emphasis, looked at me suddenly, then stopped—«no, it never would strike you»—she returned to her usual sweet, amused drawl—

«you are too smart ever to have the right things strike you—like Jackson.»

I thought this was very «mean,» and said so, as it was my particular pride that I did grasp realities—that I was not like Jackson.

«Which way do you go from here?» Mrs. Todd asked by way of reply.

«Down-town.»

«So does the doctor. I wish, my dear, if you 'll pardon me and take an explanation later, that you 'd go first, and say you are going up-town. If you don't say that, she 'll go with you.»

I said there was nothing delighted me more than to be part of a plot, even though I knew not what part or what plot; and I took myself off.

Now it so fell out that two weeks later Dr. Parsons and I saw something more of each other. The «Evening Appeal» was always changing hands and policy, and just now Mr. Samuel Hartley bought a controlling share of its stock, and the editorial staff were obliged to find entirely new lights on the question as to whether or not he stole the railroad; and it fell to me to write a «special» on Mrs. Hartley's management of her tenement-houses, particularly illuminating the philanthropic care she showed for her tenants' health. I made a tour of the houses with Dr. Parsons, and we found one case of pneumonia that the doctor pronounced interesting. I thought the patient—a beautiful four-year-old baby girl—interesting; her mother, with a new baby, was lying helpless in the same room, and I was troubled that the child should lack proper nursing. Finally I saw a chance to add new features to my article, and perhaps save a life (it might perhaps better be lost, but to reason at all seems to be to reason too curiously for this world), and I said I 'd sit up that night with the baby. Dr. Parsons promised to call again after I returned.

Mrs. Hartley's tenements were in Leroy street, and into that grimy but fairly well-intentioned quarter I came alone on this raw March evening.

The O'Grady family, whose interests had combined with those of the «Appeal» to bring me here, were a pleasing company, and I feel inclined to stray from my text and tell how «Chimmy,» aged nine, and by profession a bootblack, tended the new baby, and how Mary, my patient, turned her lovely, long-fringed dark eyes here and there to follow it about, as if new babies were as rare and precious as diamonds in Leroy street; but all that went, and more properly, into the «Appeal,» and now my business lies chiefly with other people. Dr. Parsons disappointed me; anxious hours passed, and she did not come. At last, after midnight, she entered the O'Grady front door. She had been called out of town, but had come to Mary's rescue and mine as soon as she could get back; there was another patient in the next house that she wished to see, too. She examined Mary, went out and made her other visit, came back, and said she was going to stay till morning. I protested, but protesting against such impersonal obstinacy as Dr. Parsons's seemed a feeble process. She said her cars had stopped, Mary was in a critical state, another new baby was imminent two floors above, it was snowing, and she was going to stay; also she was going to get all the sleep she could, and she made up the fire in the stove, spread her ulster and mine on the floor, and settled herself for a nap.

Toward daylight she slept soundly, and she was undisturbed till the O'Grady family were astir and Chimmy was again busy with the baby. Then she arose, said Mary was better, and we had better go home; but just then she was called to the case two floors above, and I waited for her—there was a good deal to be done for the O'Gradys if one wished to do it. Chimmy and I made conversation about the weather; it was still snowing.

Well, it was rather an important matter, read in the light of future events, that that baby should have chosen just that time to get himself born. He seemed to be a businesslike baby, and caused no unnecessary delay; but when the doctor and I finally did start home, to start was all we could do. We might have made the journey an hour earlier, but now it was nearly nine o'clock and we were facing the «big blizzard»—the historic blizzard. We did not face it long; we let ourselves be blown back into the entry, and there very thankfully caught the breath that had been knocked out of us.

«What can we do?»

«What will those poor O'Gradys do?»

Chimmy just then blew in upon us; he had started out after milk, had been unable to reach the grocer's, and had crawled home on his hands and knees.

We were a houseful of women, children, and sick persons besieged by the storm. There was no visible male head to the O'Grady family (O'Grady had chosen this time, I understood, for a not unprecedented holiday from domestic cares), and the men who were, so to speak, on duty had departed before the blizzard had shown its true character. We

went back to the O'Grady home and considered. Before we arrived at any conclusion something new happened: Mr. Jackson Todd, snow-plastered and panting, came upon us. I was dumfounded; Dr. Parsons was not; she turned from bending over Mrs. O'Grady's bed, the new baby in her hands.

«Why, Mr. Todd!» she exclaimed quite placidly.

«Angels of mercy!» said Jackson, his voice uneven with feeling. «Now that I know I have found you, I 'll go beat some of this snow off.»

«How in the world did he know we were here?» I exclaimed.

«Why, I told them there yesterday that you were going to stay here last night; I suppose they thought you might need help.»

Mr. Todd, as he turned his steaming self about before the rusty cooking-stove, said: «My mother thought you would be here, Dr. Parsons; she said she knew you 'd hate to leave Miss Addington when you got around here—so late, too.»

Dr. Parsons smiled sweetly, remarking to me, «I told Mrs. Todd I had to go out of town; I went from her house.»

I did not conceive that Dr. Parsons had stayed on my account, and I was puzzled, trifling as the matter was, to hear of Mrs. Todd talking such nonsense.

Before we could think of getting away ourselves, something must be done for the people about us. Mr. Todd showed to advantage in his hearty desire to help everybody. He was happy in the whole thing, for he took the storm as a fair example of Yankee weather, and all helplessness against it as evidence of Yankee inefficiency.

«Now there 'll have to be some more coal here pretty soon,» said he, hefting the half-empty sack beside the stove; «and everything is getting blocked up pretty fast. It is a singular thing to me that Yankees don't seem to know how to meet their own climate better.»

«'T ain't never like dis before,» declared Chimmy, showing a remarkable comprehension of English, and a wounded vanity as touching as surprising. But neither Mr. Todd nor Dr. Parsons heard him; they were talking about coal and milk, and canvassing plans for our escape. He buttoned up and wrapped up and tied up to go on errands with winning cheerfulness. He staggered back under a load that won him the patronizing approval of two or three men of the house who had managed to return to their homes. There was a busy hour spent in victualing the garrison, for Mr. Todd stirred up every one with his lurid views of the siege, and organized labor to that end. At first all the aborigines were inclined to «wait till it let up.» Mr. Todd gazed at them with the commiseration of intellect for childishness. «But if it don't abate?» he inquired. And in the teeth of what was going on no one rose to combat his fixed idea that weeks of such weather were to be expected in a Northern winter. All acquiesced finally in his measures for meeting an arctic age. With the help of some borrowed money the house laid in fine supplies, and I suppose neighboring houses, when the time of dearth came, suffered the more for these efforts of ours; but philanthropy never bears examination.

Anyhow, it was all very becoming to Dr. Parsons; she warmed into a human vivacity and sensibility beyond my previous notion of the possible.

«Now you must go and find some way to take care of *us*,» she declared at last, speaking merrily to Mr. Todd. «You remember the way to that block I told you about? I 'm sure I don't know what would become of us if it were n't for you. And while you are gone I 'll get the baby to sleep.» And suiting the action to the word, she took up the baby and began unscrupulously rocking it.

«Of course the baby *was* asleep,» I said to myself, in idle, passing wonderment. «What is there about the study of medicine that takes all the natural woman instinct out of women? She 'll wake that baby next!»

Mr. Todd reconnoitered as far as Greenwich Avenue; that he did not get hopelessly lost down there, where the oldest inhabitant may miss his way in fair weather, is a fact creditable to his inherited instinct for a trail. He returned with a thrilling tale of whitened beings sliding down the columns of the elevated road in escape from snow-bound trains. We—the doctor and I—could not hope to reach our homes, and he had found for us a nearer haven in a lodging-house, a kind of queer hotel, such as might be looked for in that quarter. Mr. Todd proposed to convey us one at a time to this many-odored port.

«Get your things on, Miss Addington; I 'll take you first, if you like.»

I looked at the doctor, as one will in such a case, not replying instantly; and she said promptly:

«I 'll go first, if you 'd rather; I 'd just as soon.»

I had no preference about it, so she did go first.

«I 'll get back as soon as I can, Mrs. O'Grady,» she said, standing by the bed as

she put on her gloves. «I 'll send some medicine by Mr. Todd when he comes back for Miss Addington. Good-by, baby.» And she picked up the infant, and resettled its wrappings, and put it down again, all in a very cuddling way.

«I 'll help her in her good works all I can,» said Mr. Todd, warmly; and he was so preoccupied with this little feminine domestic by-play that he shook hands with me and bade me farewell in sheer momentary obliviousness of my existence. Mrs. O'Grady called the doctor an angel, and prayed that the Blessed Virgin might watch over her. When they were gone she said to me:

«Sure the doctor 's a nice leydy; but it 's wannerful, ain't it, the differ it makes in her whin the man she 's in love wid comes roun'?»

And that was the first I knew about it.

«Indade and indade,» Mrs. O'Grady continued, sitting up, and shifting the baby from one arm to the other, «she niver so much as looked at him before ixcept in consideration of the colic.»

«How could she help loving him!» I exclaimed, in accents touched with indignation, and was rewarded by some further expression of Mrs. O'Grady's observations.

«Well, ye saw yoursel' she niver did,» she answered; «but it 's no harrum I 'm wishin' her. She 's a nice leydy, an' she 's got a good chanct at him now, luck to her! She was aiger to go furrst—ye saw that? It gives her the better chanct whin she 's got him alone over there.»

I asked if she thought Mr. Todd was in love too.

«Och—him!» said Mrs. O'Grady; «it 'll be all the same if she makes 'im think he is, won't it? He 's a nice gintleman, but I don' believe he 'd iver know wan pitticoat from anither onnly as it was p'inted out to 'im.»

A week later I got a note from Sue telling me of the betrothal. She said:

«Brother is so happy that of course we are too.»

But when I saw Mrs. Todd she said:

«Well, we 've got Jackson provided for, have n't we? Sue and the doctor and I made the match, but it was my idea. And now I apologize for sending you away that day with a fib in your mouth. I sent Jackson with the doctor, and I did what I could to keep them together after that. Propinquity is the stronghold of match-making—I know that much, if I have made such a poor hand at it with Sue. I consider I 've redeemed myself with Jackson. After a bit she really wanted him, strange as it may seem; but she was rather helpless about it, if she *is* a Yankee doctress, and I don't know that we ever could have brought it about if it had n't been for the blizzard. That was a mighty help. We had tried to get him to go with her to the train the night before, but he forgot all about it, and when my back was turned he drifted out of the house before she left. She told me that baby was expected and she might stay there all night. That gave us a great chance, and I reckon we both did our part.» Then, quite innocently: «She ought to be grateful to me.»

I suppose I looked queer, for Mrs. Todd added, with a touch of unaccustomed asperity: «Well, she wanted him, did n't she? And Jackson is a gentleman. She comes from very plain people, and he 's as good as he can be. He 'll learn to darn her stockings by way of showing how wives should be subject to their husbands in all things. A girl in that position could n't expect—»

She stopped, looked hard at me, and said grumpily that there was a draft somewhere—I must have left the hall door open. But I had already learned the news that even Mrs. Todd was human, and also that her conscience was not quite easy.

«And Jackson—does he like it?» I said, when I had shown that the hall door was shut.

«Oh, Jackson—» But at that moment Jackson entered.

«I 've been telling about your engagement,» said his mother.

«Congratulate me,» said he, with such a sweet glow on his face that he looked charming. «Yes; you know how unspoiled her womanly nature is, in spite of all corrosive influences; but I think her helplessness that day in the storm brought out her sense of dependence, and helped me to win her. It 's an old simile, but it 's a good one, about the vine and the oak.»

I was ashamed of myself, but I could n't help asking, «Will she give up her profession?»

«Oh, no,» I was pleasantly answered; «not now, anyhow. It gives her room to do a great deal for others, and that makes it dear to her heart, though she feels with me that even this peculiarly sanctified profession is outside woman's ideal sphere—at least as usually practised. But with me to protect her, I know—» He hesitated for his phrase.

«You are sure she will never lose such delicate bloom as she has kept till now,» his mother helped him out.

«Never,» said Mr. Todd, with cordial emphasis.

Viola Roseboro'.

HUMOR AND PATHOS OF PRESIDENTIAL CONVENTIONS.

NO one can examine the records of Presidential Conventions, with their personal successes and failures, and easily escape the conviction that there is far more of tragedy than comedy in our national politics. There are touches of humor here and there, but the dominant note is that of pathos. Behind every great success there is to be seen the somber shadow of bitter disappointment, of wrecked ambition, of lifelong hopes in ruins. As one pursues through biography, autobiography, and memoir, the personal history of the chief figures in the conventions that have been held during the sixty years which have passed since that method of nominating Presidential candidates came into use, he finds it almost invariably ending in sadness and gloom. Not one of those seeking the Presidency with most persistence has succeeded in getting possession of that great office, and few of them, when final failure has come, have shown themselves able to bear the blow with fortitude.

The practice of nominating Presidential candidates in National Convention began in 1831. The Anti-Masonic party, one of those ephemeral political movements whose birth and death occur in a single campaign, first set the example. The National Republican party, which closed its career in the same campaign, was the first real party to use the new method, nominating Henry Clay unanimously in a convention at Baltimore in December, 1831, and recommending the convening of a national assembly of young men at Washington in May of the following year. When this body, afterward known as «Clay's Infant-school,» came together, it also nominated him unanimously. General Jackson, who was then a virtually unopposed candidate for a Democratic renomination, with that quick instinct for «getting close to the people» which seldom failed him, saw in the new method great elements of popularity, and hastened to attract them to himself. He directed that a convention be called to nominate a candidate for the Vice-Presidency on a ticket with himself, and this was done, the nominee being Van Buren, who was Jackson's choice. It is a curious fact that this first convention of the Democratic party adopted the two-thirds rule, requiring that proportion of votes to effect a nomination, which has since prevailed in that party's conventions in spite of many attempts to repeal it. In the next following campaign the Democrats nominated their candidates in convention, under Jackson's advice and direction; but General Harrison, the chief candidate of the divided opposition, was put forward in the old way; that is, by State meetings of various kinds, including legislatures. By 1840 the convention system had come into full use, and the result was one convention of exceptional interest—that of the Whigs in December, 1839.

CLAY'S DISAPPOINTMENT AND WRATH.

THIS convention was held in a new Lutheran church in Harrisburg, Pa., and it is a safe assertion that never before or since has a house of God been made the scene of so much and so adroit political manœuvering as went on there for the purpose of preventing the nomination of Henry Clay for the Presidency. The chief manipulator was Thurlow Weed, who appeared there as the friend of Governor Seward, and the future member of the powerful firm of Seward, Weed, and Greeley. This firm was, indeed, the outcome of the ensuing campaign. Greeley was at the convention,—«a deeply interested observer,» he styles himself,—little dreaming that the campaign which was to follow would give him the opportunity for developing the qualities which were to make him the first editor of his time, and lead to the foundation of a great newspaper to be forever linked indissolubly with his name. Weed went to the convention with the determination of defeating Clay. He says in his «Autobiography» that he had had the New York delegation instructed for Scott to keep it from Clay, his real candidate being Harrison. He entered into an agreement with friends of Webster, on the way to Harrisburg from New York city, to act together for Clay's defeat. Webster was in Europe at the time, and had sent word to his friends declining to be a candidate, primarily because of Weed's refusal to support him. After detailing these facts, Mr. Weed goes on to say that, on reaching Harrisburg, «we found a decided plurality in favor of Mr. Clay,» but that, «in the opin-

ion of the delegates from Pennsylvania and New York, Mr. Clay could not carry either of those States, and without them he could not be elected.» Mr. Weed makes no mention of the plan which was arranged for preventing Clay's success, but he has always been suspected of having intimate knowledge of it, if he was not its author. It was proposed to the convention by a member of the Massachusetts delegation, in the form of a rule directing each delegation to take informal ballots as to candidates until a majority should be recorded for some one candidate, upon which a report of the result should be made to the convention, and the vote of the majority of each delegation should be reported as the vote of that State. This was the origin of the «unit rule,» which has since been used in Democratic conventions in conjunction with the «two-thirds rule.» The effect of this rule was the defeat of Clay and the nomination of Harrison. Weed admits a bargain in favor of Harrison with the friends both of Webster and of Scott, and says the «final vote was intentionally delayed by the friends of the stronger candidate [Harrison] for twenty-four hours» in order to placate the angry friends of Clay, «whose disappointment and vexation found excited expression.» Greeley makes frank admission, in his «Recollections of a Busy Life,» as to the plot, by saying that the parties to it, chiefly Weed, «judged that he [Clay] could not be chosen, if nominated, while another could be, and acted accordingly,» adding, «If politics do not meditate the achievement of beneficent ends, through the choice and use of the safest and most effective means, I wholly misapprehend them.» This somewhat Jesuitical view did not strike Clay and his friends as an adequate justification of the methods by which an admitted majority of the convention had been prevented from expressing its will. John Tyler of Virginia, one of Clay's most ardent friends in the convention, was so overcome with grief at Harrison's nomination that he shed tears; and after several unavailing efforts to get some one else to take the nomination for Vice-President, Tyler was named for it, his tears having convinced the convention that the placing of so devoted a friend of Clay on the ticket would go far to heal the wounds that the methods of the convention had caused.

Clay's rage at the outcome was unbounded. He had been assuming in the Senate a lofty indifference to the Presidency, his famous saying, «I would rather be right than be President,» having been made public only a short time before the convention met. There was nobody in the Senate at that time of sufficiently nimble wit to think of the biting retort which Speaker Reed, many years later, made to a congressman who, for the thousandth time, was strutting about in Clay's cast-off garments, «Don't give yourself the slightest uneasiness; you 'll never be either.» But Clay had given himself great uneasiness, for he was most desirous of the nomination. He had been a candidate eight years earlier, when he had no chance of election, and he believed firmly now that if nominated he could be elected. When the news from Harrisburg reached him in Washington he lost all control of himself. «He had been drinking heavily in the excitement of expectation,» says Henry A. Wise, who was with him. «He rose from his chair, and, walking backward and forward rapidly, lifting his feet like a horse stringhalted in both legs, stamped his steps upon the floor, exclaiming, 'My friends are not worth the powder and shot it would take to kill them. It is a diabolical intrigue, I know now, which has betrayed me. I am the most unfortunate man in the history of parties—always run by my friends when sure to be defeated, and now betrayed for a nomination when I, or any one, would be sure of an election.'»

This view of his own fate was confirmed strangely by subsequent events. He was nominated unanimously by the Whigs in 1844, and defeated at the polls, and was again a candidate for the nomination in 1848, failing to secure it, though his party was successful in the election which followed. He took both defeats very much to heart, saying of the first, in a letter to a friend: «The late blow that has fallen upon our country is very heavy. I hope that she may recover from it, but I confess that the prospect is dark and discouraging.» In regard to the second, he refused to support General Taylor, who had been nominated in preference to himself, saying: «Magnanimity is a noble virtue, and I have always endeavored to practise it; but it has its limits, and the line of demarcation between it and meanness is not always discernible. . . . I think my friends ought to leave me quiet and undisturbed in my retirement. My race is run. During the short time that remains to me in this world I desire to preserve untarnished that character which so many have done me the honor to respect and esteem.»

THE FIRST «DARK HORSE.»

THE Democratic convention of 1844 is memorable for several reasons. It was the first con-

vention to develop a «dark horse,» the first to bring about a nomination by means of a «stampede,» and the first to have its proceedings reported by telegraph. Van Buren, who had been President, and had been defeated in 1840 by Harrison, was the leading candidate, and had a majority of twenty-six in the convention. An attempt to defeat the two-thirds rule failed, and from that moment Van Buren's prospects became hopeless. Eight ballots were taken without result, and a great deal of bad feeling was springing up between the supporters of Van Buren and his chief competitor, General Cass. On the eighth ballot forty-four votes were cast for James K. Polk, who had been mentioned modestly up to that time as a possible nominee for Vice-President. His name came before the convention at the moment when the warfare between the rival factions was at its hottest point. A New York delegate had just charged that somebody, name not mentioned, had «thrown a firebrand into the party,» and was, in fact a «Nero who has come among us, and is now probably fiddling while Rome is falling.» Several voices shouted, «John Tyler,» and another cried, «We have three Neros.» Great uproar followed, and when the man who had made the original charge left the hall he was accused of «throwing a firebrand, and then meanly skulking from the room.» A storm of hisses and groans followed, with earnest demands from time to time for the name of the fiddling Nero. In the midst of the din a delegate from New Hampshire arose, and begged to appear before the convention as the «apostle of harmony.» His State had presented to the convention the name of its «favorite son,» but in the interest of harmony she withdrew it and presented that of James K. Polk. A delegate from Maryland, in a voice trembling with emotion, said that «one million people are looking with anxiety to this convention, and if their voices could be concentrated they would demand a nomination irrespective of party faction.» Therefore, Maryland would cast her vote for James K. Polk. The «stampede» now began to move. An editor from Ohio, who was a delegate, said that he was ready to make any sacrifice for union and harmony; that he was a friend of Texas [the annexation of Texas was the «firebrand» alluded to], and that, «should the convention give Ohio a candidate in favor of this object, he would pledge that the Lone Star should be blazoned on the Democratic standard in Ohio, and they would lead on to certain victory.» (Tremendous cheering.)

The ninth ballot was begun while the convention was at this pitch of harmony and enthusiasm. State after State gave its solid vote to Polk. The New York delegation retired for consultation. While they were out the ballot proceeded till Virginia was reached. The chairman said that Virginia resigned her first choice, Mr. Van Buren, «with a bleeding heart,» but that her chief desire was to «defeat that apostate, Henry Clay, with a tail twenty years long, and a pack of hungry expectants of twenty years' standing dragging after it; to defeat that man Virginia yields, and places her heart upon the altar of her country and her principles.» This remarkable specimen of convention oratory—which finds an echo in much of the latter-day contribution to that portion of our political literature—hit the New York delegation square in the face as it returned to the hall with one Benjamin F. Butler in its front. Mr. Butler at once «responded with all his heart» to the noble words of the gentleman from Virginia, and, acting in accordance with a private letter from Mr. Van Buren, took the «responsibility of withdrawing that honored name in the best interests of the Democratic party.» He begged leave to add that it had been his privilege recently to spend «some happy days under the same roof with the venerable patriot, Jackson, at the Hermitage,» where he had found him «with one eye intent on his final home, to which he was doubtless rapidly gliding, and with the other fixed on his country and her hopes of prosperity.» While occupying this trying position, the venerable Jackson had conveyed to Mr. Butler the fact that Van Buren was his «first choice,» and that he viewed the possible failure to nominate him with «despondency»; still, Mr. Butler had received a letter from him since the convention had been in session, containing a postscript with this pious message to the delegates: «May God bless you, my dear friends, and may He guide all the deliberations of the convention, leading them in union and harmony to act for the best interests of my beloved country.» That completed the work. The «stampede» went on till every vote was recorded for Polk, and the first «dark horse» crossed the line a winner, amid «indescribable enthusiasm.» That there was a carefully laid plot behind this «spontaneous» movement was quite generally suspected. In commenting upon the outcome, the New York «Evening Post,» which supported Polk's candidacy later, said: «We believe that if the secret history of the convention, from the adoption of the two-thirds rule through its various proceedings, could be written, a large

number of the delegates would stand disgraced in the eyes of their constituents.»

WEBSTER'S HOPELESS QUEST AND TRAGIC FALL.

WEBSTER was an avowed candidate for the Presidency for twelve years or more, but though he sought the nomination from four successive Whig conventions, he was balloted for in only two, and the highest number of votes that he ever received was only one ninth of the total cast. He fell a victim each time to what, in the bitterness of his defeat in 1848, he called «the sagacious, far-seeing doctrine of availability.» Thurlow Weed had from the beginning told him, with great frankness, that this was his most serious enemy. Mr. Weed says that he called on Webster at Washington in the spring of 1839, and that Webster said to him, «I think I shall be the Whig candidate.» Weed expressed doubt, and when Webster asked who would be the candidate, replied, «It looks to me like Harrison.» Whereupon Webster exclaimed: «You are misinformed. The party will choose a man with larger civic experience, who is better adapted to the place.» To this Weed replied that the real question was, «Who will poll the most votes?» He then asked Webster if he would consent to be the nominee for Vice-President on the ticket with Harrison, but «Webster would not listen to this.» Eight years later Weed records that he again visited Webster, this time at Marshfield, when the latter greeted him with the inquiry: «Well, how do things look now? I suppose the question still is, 'Who will poll the most votes?'» «Yes,» replied Weed, «and that man is General Taylor, who will be the next President.» Webster broke out in contemptuous surprise: «Why, Taylor is an illiterate frontier colonel, who has n't voted for forty years!» Weed insisted that Taylor was the man, and again asked Webster to take second place, but Webster again refused, saying: «I shall remain in the field as a candidate for President. I am not a candidate for any other place.»

Both Harrison and Taylor were elected, the result giving very strong evidence that Mr. Weed's faith in the popular strength of availability was «well grounded.» Mr. Webster's contempt for both men was openly displayed, but he consented to accept the position of Secretary of State under the former, and composed for him an inaugural address, which Harrison declined to use, saying that the people would know it was not his, but Webster's, and he thought it best to give them the one which he had prepared himself. He submitted this to Webster for revision. It had a great deal in it about the Roman republic and proconsuls, and Webster spent nearly an entire day over it. His friend Peter Harvey says in his «Reminiscences» that when Webster returned to his home, late for dinner, his wife, struck with his worried and tired look, said she hoped nothing had happened, and that Webster replied: «You would think something had happened if you knew what I have done. I have killed seventeen proconsuls as dead as smelts, every one of them!» His opinion of Taylor was no more complimentary, for he spoke of his nomination in a public speech soon after it was announced as one «not fit to be made.» Yet, as Mr. Weed points out, if Webster had humbled his pride and had accepted second place with either of these two men, he would have realized his cherished desire of being President, for each died before the expiration of his term.

Webster's final appearance as a candidate was in 1852. His spokesman in the convention was Rufus Choate, who made a most eloquent speech in support of his candidacy, and did all that could be done to secure his nomination. Yet his highest vote was only 32 in a total of 293. The faithful Peter Harvey, who was at the convention, which sat in Baltimore, went directly to Webster's house in Washington after Scott had been nominated. Webster met him at the door «with an expression of grief,» but said not a word as to the result, merely asking for Mr. Choate. The latter arrived later, and the family sat down to tea. Still not a word was uttered by any one about the convention. Webster and Choate were closeted for an hour or so afterward, and then Choate departed for Boston. Harvey met him there a few days later, when Choate spoke of the interview as one of the most affecting he had ever had, saying that the appearance of the family and everything about the house seemed to remind him of scenes he had witnessed in families which had lost a beloved member, and adding, «and that sad meal which we partook with Mr. and Mrs. Webster reminded me of the first meal after the return from the grave, when the full force of the bereavement seems to be realized.» Upon this funereal household, in the very depths of its gloom, there came strains of jubilant music, and the shouting of an enthusiastic crowd of Washington Whigs, who, in celebrating Scott's nomination, conceived the notion of including Mr.

Webster in their round of visits. They gathered under his windows, and demanded a speech, and would take no refusal, though told repeatedly that he was not well, and had retired for the night. He appeared finally with great reluctance, and in a brief speech, which contained no mention of Scott, said: «Of one thing, gentlemen, I can assure you: that no one amongst you will enjoy a sounder night's sleep than I shall. I shall rise in the morning, God willing, to the performance of my duty with the lark, and though I cannot equal him in sweetness of song, he will not greet the purpling east more joyous and jocund than I.»

He left Washington soon afterward for Marshfield, where a few weeks later he died. Harvey records that he was unable to reconcile himself to Scott's nomination, saying only a few days before his death that Scott, if elected, «would be a mere tool in the hands of the New York Whig regency, headed by William H. Seward»; and adding, «if I had a vote, I should cast it for General Pierce.» His fall was due to himself. He had sought to meet Weed's test of «availability» by abandoning his championship of human freedom, and becoming, not merely the apologist for, but the defender of, slavery. «His character,» says Goldwin Smith, in his «Political History of the United States,» «to which the friends of freedom in the North had long looked up, fell with a crash like that of a mighty tree, of a lofty pillar, of a rock that for ages had breasted the waves. Some minds, willing to be misled, he still drew after him, but the best of his friends turned from him, and his life ended in gloom.»

LAST CONVENTIONS BEFORE THE WAR.

THE conventions of 1860 brought keen personal disappointment to men in both parties. Douglas, after many years of eager pursuit of the Democratic nomination, succeeded in getting it from only one wing of his party, and under circumstances which made it virtually worthless. Seward, supported by as able and powerful a body of followers as ever candidate had before or has had since, failed to get the Republican nomination when it seemed safe within his grasp. Thurlow Weed found himself, in the Republican convention, in the same condition to which his adroit leadership had brought Clay's friend Tyler in the Whig convention just twenty years earlier; for he says, in his «Autobiography,» that when Seward's defeat came he «was completely unnerved,» and «even shed tears.» George William Curtis, whose eloquent plea against striking from the platform the opening words of the Declaration of Independence had taken the convention by storm, carrying away all opposition like chaff, was scarcely less dejected than Weed, his sad appearance prompting his distinguished colleague and fellow-worker, William M. Evarts, to say, as he slipped his hand through his arm while leaving the convention hall, «Well, Curtis, at least we saved the Declaration of Independence.» Seward was more philosophical than his friends. He sat calmly in his library in Auburn, awaiting the news from the convention. His neighbors were assembled in the village telegraph office, confidently expecting his nomination. When the news of Lincoln's came instead, not one of them had the heart to take it to him. His son, in his «Memoir» of his father, says he knew by their failure to bring good news, that «there was no news that friends would love to bring.» Later, when some one mustered courage to visit him, he was told that no Republican could be found in Auburn who felt like writing the customary paragraph in the evening paper announcing and opposing the nomination. He smiled, and, taking up a pen, wrote a few lines commending the platform, and saying that «no truer or firmer defenders of the Republican faith could have been found in the Union than the distinguished and esteemed citizens upon whom the honors of the nomination have fallen.» In a letter to Weed, written on the same day, he said: «I wish that I was sure that your sense of the disappointment is as light as my own.»

There were several manifestations of grim humor about the Democratic convention which had so much difficulty in getting a ticket into the field. When it first met in Charleston, S. C., the Northern delegates received a disagreeable intimation of the way in which their party had come under the domination of the slave power. It is recorded, in Garrison's «Life,» written by his sons, that when they tried to march through the streets at night with a military band at their head, which they had brought from New York, they were told that they came under the municipal law of slavery, which forbade band-playing after ten o'clock at night in the streets, since the drums might be mistaken for the dread alarm-signal of a slave uprising. Later, when the adjourned convention reassembled in Baltimore, the temporary flooring above the parquet of the theater in which the sessions were held gave way in the center, and the delegates found themselves sliding down the shelving

sides of a pit into a human maelstrom, from which they were extricated with much difficulty. This the opposition press of the time commented upon as an ominous sign of the forthcoming dropping out of the bottom of the party. In the same sessions at Baltimore Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts made a charge that forged tickets of admission had been issued, two of which he exhibited, and declared: «We are overwhelmed with outsiders. I do not propose to sit here under this fraud.» The redoubtable Isaiah Rynders asked Mr. Butler, with much eagerness, where he got the tickets, saying he was anxious to get some of his friends into the convention. Before this question was disposed of it caused a violent altercation between a Mr. Randall and another Pennsylvania delegate, in which the «lie was exchanged» with great force and freedom, and after adjournment Randall's son struck his father's opponent a «staggering blow between the eyes,» and the latter responded by «getting one in on young Randall's ear, leveling him to the ground.»

LINCOLN'S CONFIDENCE OF RENOMINATION.

THERE was little of special interest in the conventions of 1864 and 1868. The Democrats were without hope, and the Republican candidates, Lincoln and Grant, were virtually unopposed in the conventions which nominated them. Lincoln was so thoroughly assured of his renomination that he went about his duties as usual, not giving the slightest indication to his associates that he was aware that a convention was in session. He was engaged at the War Department in telegraphic communication with General Grant, who was then in front of Richmond, and the first news which he received from the convention was the announcement that Andrew Johnson had been nominated for Vice-President. «This is strange,» he said reflectively, as recorded by Lamon in his «Recollections.» «I thought it was usual to nominate the candidate for President first.» His informant was astonished. «Mr. President,» said he, «have you not heard of your own nomination? It was telegraphed to you at the White House two hours ago.»

THE GREELEY EPISODE.

PROBABLY no more grievously disappointed men ever left a convention than the Adams contingent of the Liberal movement of 1872. They had gone to the Cincinnati convention, which was really nothing but a national mass-meeting, confident of their ability to nominate Charles Francis Adams for the Presidency. Their chances of doing this had been injured seriously by the publication, a few days before the convention met, of a private letter from Mr. Adams, in which he expressed his indifference to the nomination, and said that if he was expected to give any pledges or assurances of his own honesty «you will please to draw me out of that crowd.» The phrase «that crowd» was regarded as somewhat contemptuous, and was used with great effect by the Republican party press to injure the movement. It undoubtedly brought about the defeat of Mr. Adams, though I am assured by Mr. Schurz, who presided over the convention, that the supporters of Mr. Adams felt so confident of his nomination on the sixth, or final, ballot that they refrained from making special effort to secure it. They were dumfounded when, instead of going for Adams, the convention was «stampeded» for Greeley. There have been many accounts given of their feelings when they realized what had happened, but I do not remember ever having seen in print the explanation of their situation which was given by Mr. Isaac H. Bromley, who was an Adams delegate from Connecticut. Mr. Bromley was sitting with the other dejected ones, and was asked what he was going to do next. Heaving a sigh, he said, «I think I will go over and see the *other* Mammoth Cave in Kentucky.»

BLAINE AND SHERMAN IN DEFEAT.

NEXT to Clay, Blaine was a Presidential candidate for a longer period than any other man in our history. His name was before the conventions of 1876, 1880, 1884, 1888, and 1892, a period of nearly twenty years. He failed of a nomination in four conventions, and was nominated in one, only to be defeated at the polls. Until the last trial he maintained his courage, and if he felt bitterness toward his successful rivals he kept it from the public observation. When, in 1876, he came within a few votes of a nomination only to see the prize captured by Hayes, he did not sulk for a moment, but at once sent a telegraphic message to the nominee, offering his «sincerest congratulations,» and saying it «will be alike my highest pleasure, as well as my first political duty, to do the utmost in my power to promote your election.» He was equally prompt and cordial when Garfield was nominated in 1880, and when Harrison was made the candidate in 1888 he telegraphed from Scotland his «hearty congratulations,» predicting for his campaign the «triumphant en-

thusiasm,» and «victorious conclusion» which followed his grandfather's nomination in 1840. Only in 1892 did his buoyant spirit, which had rallied under so many disappointments, fail him; but then the shadow of death was upon him, and disease had undoubtedly affected his mind. He resigned from President Harrison's cabinet a short time before the convention met, in order that his appearance as a candidate against his chief might be less unseemly; and when Harrison was renominated he was unable to send him a word of congratulation, contenting himself with congratulating the nominee for Vice-President.

John Sherman's conduct in defeat betrays less fortitude and self-restraint than that of any other candidate we have ever had. He is the first to charge his rivals, not only with a «corrupt bargain,» but with the direct purchase of votes. Mr. Sherman was first a candidate in 1880; and when Garfield, who had acted as his champion and spokesman in the convention of that year, was nominated, he did not wait an hour, but telegraphed him instantly congratulating him «with all my heart.» He was not before the convention of 1884, but in 1888 he was the leading candidate, receiving the highest number of votes on six ballots, coming once within sixty-seven votes of a nomination. He says, in his «Recollections,» published only a few months ago, that he expected the nomination, and that he believed then and believes now that he was defeated by one of the delegates from New York, who practically controlled the whole delegation, and who made a «corrupt bargain, which transferred the great body of the vote of New York to General Harrison.» He absolves Harrison of all knowledge of this bargain, and says he refused to carry it into execution. Mr. Sherman goes even further than this, saying that he had «conclusive proof» that the friends of another candidate «substantially purchased the votes of many of the delegates from the Southern States, who had been instructed by their conventions to vote for me.» These extraordinary charges, it should be borne in mind, are not made in the first heat of anger and disappointment, but are set down deliberately in a book and published fully seven years later.

CONVENTION SAYINGS—FAMOUS AND OTHER.

PERHAPS the most famous and enduring of all convention sayings was that of Mr. Flanagan of Texas, who exclaimed, in «amazement and surprise,» when a resolution pledging the party to civil-service reform was offered in the Republican convention of 1880, «What are we here for except to get office?» Four years later General Bragg, in the Democratic convention, made his scarcely less famous declaration of the chief reason why the young men of the country were in favor of Grover Cleveland: «They love him most for the enemies he has made.» These have been adopted into our political language and literature, and are likely to remain there permanently. Colonel Ingersoll's «plumed knight» passage, which so stirred the Republican convention of 1876, and gave Mr. Blaine his most popular political title, is not likely to be so enduring: but it is worth recording, as one of the most perfect specimens of that type of political oratory: «Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American congress, and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen forehead of every defamer of his country and maligner of its honor.» Another speech, not so famous, but far more powerful at the time of its delivery, was that of Garfield, in the Republican convention of 1880, in which he opposed and defeated Senator Conkling's effort to have the unit rule adopted. Mr. Conkling was seeking to carry his point with an amount of arrogance which has never been equaled in any convention. He had gone so far as to stalk half the length of the huge convention hall, and force a delegate, who was objecting to his proposal, down into his seat by placing his hands upon his shoulders, and roaring at him, «Sit down, sir! sit down!» Garfield, who had not been thought of as a candidate, took the floor against Conkling, closing a brief and ringing speech with the words, «Adopt the unit rule if you will, and I will be bound by it; adopt the individual rule, and I will be bound by that, for two great reasons: first, because you make it the rule; second, because I believe it to be everlastingly right.» This phrase, «everlastingly right,» stirred the convention like the sound of a trumpet, and when the delegates began later to look for a candidate upon whom they could unite, it was still ringing in their ears, and led them to turn to him as the man nearest their hearts. When General Grant received word that Garfield had been nominated in preference to himself, he said, with characteristic brevity and composure: «It 's all right. I am satisfied.»

MODERN «STAMPEDE» TACTICS.

THE great modern convention assemblages: which are at once the most impressive and most tumultuous in the world, date from the

convention which nominated Lincoln in 1860. That was the first to have a special building erected for its use, and the first to bring the telegraph wires and instruments into the building itself. Since then enormous structures, capable of holding from 10,000 to 15,000 persons, have been considered essential, and their use has added greatly to the mass-meeting character of the conventions, while, at the same time detracting seriously from their deliberative character. Indeed, the popular attendance outnumbers many times the size of the real convention, for the delegates and their alternates together do not aggregate 2000. The other 10,000 or 12,000, who nearly or quite surround the convention, and overlook it from the galleries, are said to represent the people, and bring the convention more closely in touch with the popular will. As a matter of fact, a large proportion of them are there in the interest of various candidates, and are prepared to assist, whenever occasion offers, in making a «demonstration» or in starting a «stampede.» Perhaps the most tumultuous convention ever held was that of the Republicans at Chicago in 1880. Fully 15,000 persons were in attendance upon its regular sessions, and «demonstrations» were of frequent occurrence, sometimes as often as twice or three times in a single session. At one of the early evening sessions the mention of General Grant's name started a wild uproar, which lasted for thirty minutes. The whole vast assemblage appeared to take part in it. In the center of the hall, where the New York delegation sat, appeared the majestic figure of Roscoe Conkling, standing upon a chair, and slowly waving to and fro the delegation's banner, which was floating from a tall staff, while from all parts of the hall there came a roar as steady and solid and deep as that of Niagara. In one part of the hall a great body of people could now and then be heard singing «Glory, glory, hallelujah,» and in another part others singing «Marching through Georgia.» Thirty minutes by the watch this pandemonium reigned, and then it died out from sheer exhaustion. Scarcely had calm been restored when the mention of Blaine's name started a fresh outbreak, a great roar rising from all parts of the house at once. Flags, parasols, umbrellas, shawls, and handkerchiefs were waving frantically in all directions, and in the height of the din a well-dressed woman, who was standing on the platform, leaped upon the pedestal of a small statue of Liberty in front of her, and, leaning forward over its head, waved a parasol wildly to and fro, at every swing of which the huge crowd cheered. Then she caught up a flag, and, winding it about her figure, called anew for cheers for Blaine, arousing an indescribable tumult. In the Maine delegation was to be seen the figure of Senator Hale, standing on the shoulders of his colleagues, and holding high in air upon its staff the shield of the State of Maine. All the time the steady roar of thousands of throats continued without a perceptible break, till, having been kept up for thirty-five minutes, five minutes longer than the Grant roar, it died out as suddenly as it had begun. Thus for more than an hour the convention had transformed itself into a howling mob, for no other purpose than to show that one candidate had as many friends present as the other. Previous to these outbreaks there had been a similar one, a day earlier, when Blaine's name was mentioned, and there were still others when the nominating speeches were made; but nothing was accomplished by any or all of them, for neither Grant nor Blaine was nominated. There were similar demonstrations for Blaine and others in the conventions of 1884, 1888, and 1892, lasting from twenty minutes to a half-hour each.

It is a fact that none of the most systematic efforts to «stampede» a convention by these methods has succeeded. Usually the mine has been exploded too soon. The demonstration has been made so far in advance of the balloting that its force has been wasted. Then, too, systematic preparations for «stampeding» have been met by equally systematic efforts to counteract them. Nobody is taken by surprise, and consequently nobody is carried off his feet. The balloting goes on precisely as if the demonstrations had not been made. As a matter of fact, the controlling power in nearly all conventions does not lie either in the delegates, or in the political bosses who direct so many of them, or in the ten or twelve thousand people who get into the convention building. It rests in the people who are outside, but whose influence is exerted during every moment that the convention is in session. The final, deciding question is not, Which candidate do we most desire to nominate? but, Which candidate can we be most certain to elect? To answer that intelligently the most sagacious minds in every convention look beyond the shouting galleries, with their few thousands of personally interested spectators, to the twelve millions of voters scattered over the land, and seek to read in advance their answer at the polls.

Joseph B. Bishop.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Gold the Money of Civilization.

THE most conspicuous fact in the financial history of the world for the last hundred years is the coming, one after another, of all the great nations to the single gold standard of value. Why have they done this? Extreme advocates of free silver say it is due to a conspiracy against silver; but even they do not believe that. It is due rather to a natural process of evolution. Gold has been found by practical experience to be many times superior to any other metal for the purpose in hand. For many years its superiority to silver was formally recognized as about sixteen to one; that is, it was sixteen times as useful as a medium of exchange, sixteen times as stable in value, sixteen times as convenient in weight, sixteen times as valuable in the eyes of the people. At the present time it is regarded as thirty-two times as desirable for all these reasons.

Every nation is merely a collection of individuals. It is the individual who decides this question of a standard of value. Who ever heard of an individual who wished to hoard money who did not select gold for that purpose? Who ever heard of an individual who had money to lend who did not wish to have payment guaranteed in gold? Who ever heard of an individual who had something to sell who did not wish to have payment made to him in the best money known—that is, gold? All trade is conducted through individuals, and the kind of money which individuals prefer is the kind of money which is used in trade. Edward Atkinson has pointed out that all international trade, from its very beginning, has been carried on without any legal tender money, but simply in gold. He contends that if gold were to cease to be coined as money, international trade would still be carried on with it by means of bills of exchange drawn for so many ounces and grains of gold. This would be done, not through hatred of silver, or in accordance with a «gold-bug conspiracy,» but simply as a necessity; for gold, more than any other metal known to man, contains the qualities absolutely essential for a medium of exchange.

We accept the results of human experience extending over many years in other matters; why not accept them in this? Why is all value, even that of silver, estimated or measured in gold? Is that the result of a conspiracy? One by one all the objections against a single gold standard have been refuted by the progress of events. It was said that we must have a double standard, or bimetallism, because there was a scarcity of gold in the world, due to a diminishing supply; that this scarcity had caused an appreciation in the value of gold, and hence a fall in prices; and that, since there was not enough gold in the world to do the business of the world, silver must be called in to help us out. All these assertions fell with a crash when it was shown that, instead of a diminution in the supply of gold, there has been during the last few years a very large increase. The fall in prices could not have been due, therefore, to an appreciation in the value of gold caused by a scarcity of that metal; for the supply has been made, by the increasing annual product, far greater than ever before in the world's history.

What, then, is the matter with the gold standard? Why should gold be made an object of hatred, and silver an object of adoration? To come down to individuals again, what man who has something to sell, either goods or labor, objects to gold in payment, or prefers silver to it? What man who has money to lend prefers payment in silver rather than in gold? If there be any such, why does he hate gold, since he can always be paid in silver if he prefers it? We doubt if there be any such; but if there be, he is a rare exception. An overwhelming majority of the people, not only of this country, but of all civilized countries, not only prefer gold or its equivalent, but insist upon having it. So determined are they about this that if the world were to discard the gold standard to-morrow, its business would still be carried forward on a gold basis; for in that way alone could it be continued. International trade would be conducted upon it, and that would set the standard for all other trade; but aside from that, the necessity for a fixed and stable measure of value would make recourse to gold an absolute necessity. Any man who ever had any dealings with money knows these to be the very rudimental principles of trade, and it seems almost childish to state them here.

But, as a matter of fact, our whole treatment of the money question in this country during the last twenty years has been a reflection upon the national intelligence. We have shut our eyes, or our Congresses have, to the results of human experience throughout the world, —to the results of our own experience even,—and have said, «We will try this matter all over again for ourselves.» We have made a fetish of silver, and a devil of gold, personifying both in a manner worthy of a nation of heathen. But in all this we have not affected one iota the great facts of the case. Silver has not been helped, and gold has not been injured. Our opinions and our Congressional decrees have been powerless in the face of one great fact—the bullion price of the two metals in the markets of the world. So will it be till the end of the chapter. We have rolled up for ourselves many millions of dollars of debt, have done incalculable harm to our business and industrial interests, and have made American intelligence and capacity for government the jest of the world; but gold and silver remain as unaffected as if we had never given them a thought.

Has not this folly gone on long enough? There are many signs that the turning-point has been reached; that the people are realizing the fact that they have been deluded in this matter. For the first time in many

years several of our State conventions have not been afraid to say «gold standard» in their platforms, and to speak of «gold» instead of «coin» or «sound money» merely. This shows an awakening of courage, and the time may soon come when some of our public men can hear themselves called «gold-bugs» without shying or shivering. What is a gold-bug? Simply a man who insists that the people of the country shall have the best possible kind of money in which to transact their business; that the laborer shall be paid in the best money only; that the widow and the orphan who live on the interest of the money which has been left to them shall not be cheated of half their principal and interest by having a fifty-cent silver dollar substituted for a one-hundred-cent gold one. There is not a truer benefactor of all the people in this country to-day than the gold-bug; for he is contending for the maintenance of trade and commerce and industry, for the just dealings of man with his fellow-men—in short, for civilization itself.

The Unavailability of Trimmers.

A FEW months ago the editor of a Western newspaper addressed a request to something like a dozen well-known aspirants for a Presidential nomination, asking each to define the position which he holds on the currency question. As this was then, as it is now, the most important of all issues before the country, it was not unreasonable to suppose that the candidates addressed would be glad of the opportunity to make public their views upon it; but this was not the case. Only two responded at all, and they failed to define their attitude. One said he was in favor of «sound money,» and the other that, «if possible, the unity of the party must be preserved.» All the others kept silent, thus maintaining that attitude of trimmers, which, at the time of this writing, they persist in holding, in spite of all importunities to abandon it.

It is a curious fact that we are on the eve of Presidential nominating conventions with a larger number of candidates whose views upon the leading question of the day are absolutely unknown than we have ever had before in our history. This is all the more surprising since the whole country is looking eagerly for a man who will take a decisive position upon the money question. There has not been a time during the last six months when a Presidential candidate, by placing himself squarely upon the gold standard as his platform, could not virtually have secured a nomination in advance of the meeting of the conventions. In fact, it would be easy to mention several candidates who apparently have lost all chance of a nomination by their persistent trimming or studied silence upon this question. To all appeals of friends and admirers that they should come out boldly and say gold if they mean gold, they have turned a deaf ear, either making no response at all, or so meaningless a one as to create disappointment and even disgust. Conduct of this kind is specially fatal with one great class of voters—the industrial and business men. These are so well aware of the absolute necessity of a sound financial system that they will take no chances about a President. They will not elect him and run the risk of his being a safe man on the money question after election.

Undoubtedly many of the trimmers who are hoping for a nomination think that they can take a position safely after the nomination shall have been won. The campaign is pretty certain to force them to take one side or the other. It will certainly be difficult this year for any candidate to go through the campaign without letting the people know where he stands, for such knowledge is of the first importance to them. They know from experience that Congress cannot be trusted on this question. For the last quarter of a century we have had to depend for the safety of our financial system upon our Presidents. It was President Grant who saved us from the Inflation Bill of 1874; it was President Hayes who vetoed the Bland Silver Bill in 1877, and whose known opposition prevented the contemplated repeal of the Resumption Act in the same year; it was President Cleveland who secured for us the repeal of the Sherman Silver Act, and whose firm stand against all efforts to force this country off the gold standard has preserved the national credit and prevented the wide-spread confusion and industrial and commercial disaster which a descent to the silver standard would have caused. Two Congresses in succession, one Democratic and the other Republican, have refused to sustain the National credit by saying that when we promise to pay all our obligations in «coin» we mean that they will be paid in gold. That refusal would have caused incalculable harm to us had not the whole civilized world known that so long as Mr. Cleveland shall remain President we shall pay our debts in gold.

In view of these facts, it is well-nigh incredible that a National convention should venture to take the risk of nominating for the Presidency a man who is a trimmer upon this subject. Can a man who has not the courage to say before a nomination and election where he stands upon the most vital issue of the day be trusted to develop sufficient courage after election to oppose the wishes of a possible silver Congress which may refuse him all support in case he ventures to antagonize it? Nothing is more insidiously destructive of character than a lifelong habit of trimming. A man who loses the courage of defining his opinions loses also the power of forming definite convictions, and can never be trusted to act decisively and bravely in a great emergency. Then, too, nearly every man who becomes President is susceptible to the desire for reëlection; and to secure that he will inevitably employ the same methods that he employed successfully in getting his first nomination and election. If he succeeded as a trimmer he will be a trimmer throughout his term, and the country can place no sure reliance upon him.

This is preëminently a year when the people demand courage in their candidates. They are anxious about their business affairs, and suspicious also of the great power which the political bosses are wielding. They wish to see in the Presidency some man whose personal character and known views will be a guarantee that he will be a bulwark there against all possible Congressional folly, and against all efforts to deprive the people of their right to self-government. They want a courageous, able, and patriotic man in the White House, and not one who is afraid to define his views lest it may deprive him of a few hundred or a few thousand votes. All the Presidents best loved of the

people have been men who not only had clear convictions, but had also the courage to avow them. At no time have the people been more alive than now to the need of such qualities in a President. They see with alarm the steady deterioration in character and ability of both houses of Congress, and realize that, unless the standard for the Executive be kept high, the public interests may be seriously imperiled. Every man who talks with his fellows knows this to be the case. The National conventions will but poorly represent the feeling of the people if they are not impressed by this view. If one of them shall take the risk of putting forth as a candidate a man whose views, not only upon the currency, but upon all the great questions of the day, are unknown because of his cowardice in failing to reveal them, its members may find long before election day arrives that a serious blunder has been committed. The country cannot afford to take any chances this year; the possibilities of harm are too many and too great. The politicians will be wise to make up their minds to this fact; for, unless they do so, and act accordingly, a great surprise may come to them on the day after election.

A Duty of Englishmen to America.

THAT was a high day in James Boswell's calendar on which he at last succeeded in bringing Dr. Johnson and Jack Wilkes together around Mr. Dilly's catholic dinner-table in the «Poultry.» But another than Jack Wilkes was there, whose meeting with the redoubtable doctor bade fair to prove explosive. «I observed him,» says Boswell, «whispering to Mr. Dilly, 'Who is that gentleman, sir?'

«DILLY: 'Mr. Arthur Lee.'

«JOHNSON: 'Too too too' (under his breath), which was one of his habitual mutterings.

«Mr. Arthur Lee,» adds Boswell, «could not but be very obnoxious to Johnson, for he was not only a *patriot*, but an *American*.»

If any reciprocal feeling toward the great lexicographer ever animated Americans, the lapse of years must long since have assuaged it. We love him none the less that he was so high a Tory, and we can afford to forgive the blindness of his prejudice. There is a fine last-century flavor about it all that appeals to us. But when the presumably educated Englishman of to-day is content with Dr. Johnson's political point of view, and shows an equally indiscriminate prejudice, he seriously compromises either his intelligence, his honesty, or his loyalty to that love of fair play which we like to think our common Anglo-Saxon heritage.

The fact is that the English public men who have understood America, or who have seemed to care to understand her, have, at least until recently, always represented a small minority. During the first century of our national life scarcely an Englishman of eminence was clear-sighted enough to perceive America's real devotion to great ideals. Our British kinsmen thought us a horde of Gradgrinds and nothing else; whereas, in spite of a seeming absorption in material things, the national life was grappling with mighty ethical and political ideas, which the selfishness and irresponsibility of politicians might sometimes distort, but could never stifle. Leigh Hunt, as Lowell used to remind us, could never think of America without seeing in imagination a gigantic counter stretched all along our seaboard: and we bore Hunt's ridicule with a complacency that was the more cheerful because his caliber and weight of metal were scarcely great enough to do much execution over sea. Carlyle sneered: we remembered his dyspepsia, and forgave. Ruskin emptied the vials of his eloquent contempt upon our sacrifice to America's freedom and integrity: we abated no jot or tittle of our veneration for his prophet's message, while we strove to make just allowance for the vagaries of the hyperesthetic temperament. These things it was easy to condone.

But we found it more difficult to excuse the attitude of statesmen whose business it should have been to know us better. Mr. Gladstone's unwillingness or inability to grasp the true issues at stake in our great war has long since been forgiven, if not forgotten. The noble candor and the keen insight of Tom Taylor's tribute to Lincoln were ample apology for «Punch's» sarcasm and misapprehension. But scarce anything could better illustrate the profound ignorance of even eminent Englishmen concerning the elementary problems of our national life than the fact that so liberal and philosophic a statesman as Sir George Cornewall Lewis made bitterly contemptuous reference to our great President as he entered upon his stupendous task in 1861; and that, even three years later, so high-minded and generous a critic as Walter Bagehot repeated and emphasized the gibe.

If we recall these things to-day, it is in no sense to revive any bitterness of feeling which they may once have provoked. Though the Jingo rage and the demagogue imagine a vain thing, the great mass of self-restrained and sober Americans remember them with sorrow rather than with anger. They furnish us, however, with a sufficient pretext for a word of kindly admonition to honest Englishmen.

It has been remarked in America that almost every Englishman one meets seems vastly more intelligent about India, Burma, or Central Africa than about the United States. This prevailing ignorance is unfortunate at all times; in a period of international stress it may prove calamitous. It breeds a factitious contempt on both sides, and contempt, when it is finished, bringeth forth hate. The Englishmen who have understood American life have judged it by something besides the froth of the irresponsible press and the antics of provincial «statesmen.» Cobden's fatal exposure of his life to do us service, and John Bright's brave words in the hour of our distress, can never be forgotten. The memory of Thomas Hughes—alas! that we must write «memory» now—will always remain a rich and fragrant legacy, to which, in a peculiar sense, we are co-heirs with Englishmen; while the work of Mr. Bryce has not only won our respect and gratitude, but is bound to leave deep impress on our life. None of these men was blind to the evident foibles, defects, and crudities of the strenuous life of an earnest and virile people. On the other hand, none invited distrust by silly attempts to flatter or cajole. But all were quick to recognize in American aspiration, achievement, and representative character something other and better than mere bigness. They even ventured now and then to speak of

these things as great; but the word sits better on their lips than on ours.

We have heard not a little during the last half-year of England's essential friendliness toward America and pride in her. Is it too much to ask that this good will be put to the simple test of a thoughtful reading of Mr. Bryce's «American Commonwealth» and a candid study of the life of Lincoln? Or if this seem too plain and prosaic fare for palates long tickled by the high-spiced dainties of Captain Basil Hall and Mrs. Trollope, we may at least suggest that our English friends make better acquaintance with Lowell. In the world of letters he is as typical an American as Lincoln was in the world of politics. Neither sacrificed his sturdy and consistent Americanism to the demands of personal or party policy. Each was quick to discern the distinction between accident and essence in American life. Both represented a great multitude of their most influential countrymen in the depth and earnestness of their convictions, and in the possession of that kindly humor which purges conviction of fanaticism and moroseness. When Lowell made Jonathan say to John in reference to the «Trent» affair,

> We give the critters back, John,
> Cos Abram thought 'twas right,

he felt that the reason assigned was quite sufficient to justify the act, not merely to the world at large, but to the mass of his excited and sorely tried countrymen. And when the voices of wise and sober men in our colleges and churches were raised in the difficult juncture of last winter, demanding a careful and dispassionate consideration of a perplexing question in order that the right might be discovered and done, it was a characteristic assertion of the will of law-abiding and self-respecting America. No one can hope to understand American life who shuts his eyes to the controlling influence of this conservative element, and keeps them open, as too many of our English visitors do, merely to the grotesque, the crude, and the bizarre among us.

A Plea for the Poets.

THE poets have always had a hard time of it, not only because they often beg their bread, and always learn in suffering what they teach in song, but because they receive treatment so unequal, being abused until they conquer recognition, and then worshiped as gods. Perhaps there is a good reason for this. There is an instinctive feeling that the poet is divine; if he is a pretender he should be put down, if he is genuine he is to be adored. But he would, upon the whole, be happier, and perhaps more productive, if at the outset he had somewhat kinder treatment, even if the later recognition were less emphatic. It seems to be regarded as a main function of current criticism to trample poets under foot, and to sweep them out of the way, with utter disregard, not only of generosity, but of economy; for poets come about as do other choice products: there must be many in order to produce one; the whole choir of birds must be suffered to warble in order to secure the nightingale and the lark. It makes one tremble to reflect how narrow an escape from extinction Keats and Wordsworth and Tennyson underwent at the hands of the critics; and there is no telling how many Miltons have been kept mute by unwise repression of their noble rage.

Just now the process is very active. By an unusual conjunction of events there is hardly a great living English-speaking poet, and we are taking our revenge for this spiritual orphanage by abusing the fledglings and young birds of song (some of whom already pipe melodiously) as though they were to blame for the lack of Shelleys and Brownings. The magazines come in for a full share of this unreasoning censure, because they do not give us monthly an «Each and All» or an «Ode to a Water-fowl» or a «Locksley Hall.» To sneer at «magazine poetry,» as it is called in the cant of the day, is virtually to sneer at American poetry in general, which always has found its channel largely through the monthly periodicals and their congeners. To take this magazine as a familiar example,—and THE CENTURY gives more space to verse than any other similar publication,—a careful estimate covering two years shows that five sixths of our contributors have been sufficiently serious in the pursuit of the art to have collected their metrical work into volumes. A review of current American magazine poetry will show, if not great qualities, at least a fine sense of rhythm, and much delicacy, subtlety, intensity, and range. These are qualities to be encouraged, and it is only to be regretted that in these pages the limitations of space do not make practicable a larger hospitality. In no other way can the great poet be brought forward; all the birds must be heard in order to reveal the one supreme singer. Moreover, there is much cheer in the full chorus, and if the single clear note of the robin were hushed we should feel a loss.

We are not entering a protest against criticism, nor asking that it shall abate its high function of intelligent judgment; but we deprecate the discouragement which is cast upon poets and publishers of poetry by the tone of contempt with which the poetry of the day is received. The general attitude is destructive; it should be fostering. The critics and the public do not know what they are doing by discouraging the production of poetry: it is not only like opposing the cultivation of flowers; it is like trampling down wheat, for poetry is the bread of intellectual and spiritual life.

Hardly a better service could be rendered to literature at present than to revive a knowledge of Shelley's «Defense of Poetry,» a work that has been undertaken by Professor A. S. Cook of Yale University, in a thin volume well packed with judicious comment. There are, perhaps, better defenses of poetry than this of Shelley's, but it has an indefinable charm as well as cogency of statement. It is a plea for the value of poetry. As with all other values, the condition of its production and the measure of its worth should be thoroughly understood.

There are many things that we profess to value which are in reality poetry, or draw their charm or power from poetry. We are now redeeming religion from dogma to ethics; but we must learn that religion is also poetry, because it is truer than dogma, and is the soul of ethics, and holds them both, as it were, in a solution of moral beauty. Dr. Bushnell put the matter in a nutshell, and also into a dozen stout volumes, in the title of one of his essays, «Our Gospel a Gift to the Imagination.» And Shelley is on the track of the same thought in his remark that «a man, to be greatly good, must imagine

greatly and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another, and of many others; the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own.» It is to the poets we must go for our rendering of religion. They are the true theologians, from Dante down to Tennyson and Browning and Whittier, and when the poets cease to sing, religion will perish—if it does not live in the echoes of their songs.

In the same way education and culture lean on poetry. Here also Shelley says a good word: «Poetry enlarges the circumference of the imagination by replenishing it with thoughts of ever new delight, which have the power of attracting and assimilating to their own nature all other thoughts, and which form new intervals and interstices, whose void forever craves fresh food,»—a remark which puts the poetic function at the root of all growth in knowledge, and falls in with his sayings, that «all high poetry is infinite. Veil after veil may be withdrawn, and the inmost naked beauty of the meaning never be exposed,» and that «it is the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth.»

In like manner poetry underlies history and government. No one has said a truer or profounder thing of Homer than Shelley in his remark that «he embodied the ideal perfection of his age in human character,» the very office and highest achievement of history. And as for government, Shelley translates the saying of Andrew Fletcher, that «if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation,» into the assertion that «poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world, because they measure the circumference and sound the depths of human nature with a comprehensive and all-penetrating spirit,» and are thus the very «spirit of the age,» which dominates society and issues in laws.

The part that poetry has played in public events is indeed a matter of familiar knowledge. Aside from the distinctive song-writing which animates all patriotic hearts, one recalls, to cite but a single instance, the glowing work of that band of poets who gave life and power to the anti-slavery cause. Lowell's philippics against the spurious statesmanship of the spoils system have not yet lost their occasion nor their animating force. Such «large utterance» realizes what Milton had in mind in the concluding lines of his sonnet, «To the Lord General Fairfax»:

> O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand
> (For what can war but endless war still breed?)
> Till truth and right from violence be freed,
> And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
> Of public fraud. In vain doth valor bleed,
> While avarice and rapine share the land.

It is time to take to heart these suggestions, and to open our minds a little more widely to these candidates and aspirants for the highest place the world can offer and the greatest service it can require. They can forego their hopes and miss possible fame, but society cannot go without what the poets can give, and must give, to save it from the slough of misconceived utility.

«Four Lincoln Conspiracies.» A Correction.

IN the article with the above title, printed in the April CENTURY, reference was made to Mr. Louis J. Weichmann as having escaped punishment for supposed knowledge of the plot against President Lincoln, through his services as «the most important government witness at the trial of the assassin conspirators.»

In refutation of the imputation contained in that statement, Mr. Weichmann has referred us to General H. L. Burnett, who was Special Judge Advocate of the commission which tried the conspirators. General Burnett says that Mr. Weichmann at the time was a clerk in the War Department, and, as a college-mate of three years' standing and friend of John H. Surratt, became a boarder in Mrs. Surratt's house nearly three months before Booth's advent there. Mr. Weichmann voluntarily explained his connection with the Surratt household, was at once sent by Secretary Stanton to Canada with the party searching for John H. Surratt, and on his return and during the trial conducted himself like a person innocent of wrong-doing, and willing to state the facts within his knowledge. Also, in a letter dated January 27, 1867, General Burnett said to Mr. Weichmann: «I have always believed that in that trial of Mr. Lincoln's assassins you enacted an honorable and truthful part, and did our struggling country great service.»

In a letter inclosing copies of other letters from officers connected with the trial, Mr. Weichmann says: «I was appointed to an honorable position in the government service at Philadelphia on April 15, 1869, which I retained until the first day of October, 1886, when I resigned. During the early part of 1886 I was President of the Civil Service Board in the Philadelphia custom-house. My position was given me not as a reward, but as a measure of justice for what I had been compelled to suffer by reason of my testimony in the conspiracy trials.»

To quote from a few of these letters, Judge Advocate General Joseph Holt wrote to Congressman W. D. Kelley on March 30, 1869: «Referring to our conversation this evening in regard to Mr. Louis J. Weichmann, a constituent of yours, I write to say that ever since this young man gave his testimony on the trial of the assassins of the President, he has been subjected to the most malignant proscription and persecution. . . In giving his testimony on that occasion, which I verily believe he did with entire truthfulness, he performed a public duty imposed upon him with a conscientious faithfulness which entitles him to the support of the government, and to the commendation of all loyal and honorable men. . . He has fine intelligence and culture, and sustains an irreproachable character.»

General Lew Wallace, a member of the commission which tried the conspirators, wrote November 8, 1865: «Friend Weichmann: Please accept my regards and consider me your friend.» General James A. Ekin, another member, wrote, June 7, 1876: «It affords me pleasure to bear testimony to your integrity of character. It was never questioned by me, and you were on several occasions favorably mentioned in conversation both by the late Secretary Stanton and General Joseph Holt. During the memorable trial of the conspirators your testimony was considered by the court as conclusive and clear, and your evidence was regarded as truthful in every particular. It stood the test of cross-examination, and remained unshaken on the record.» General R. S. Foster, another member, wrote, July 30,

1885: «Your evidence was of great value to us in determining the guilt of those parties. You were unimpeached, and came off the cross-examination leaving the conviction in our minds that you had told the truth.» Judge George P. Fisher, who presided in the trial of John H. Surratt, wrote, under date of February 3, 1892: «Your letter of the 12th ult. was duly received, in which you request from me an opinion as to your testimony and conduct in the trial of John H. Surratt for the murder of Abraham Lincoln. I have no hesitation in saying that your conduct on the witness-stand all through on that occasion was that of a perfectly honest and truthful witness.»

We take pleasure in printing these extracts, which show the estimation in which Mr. Weichmann was held by officers and members of the trial commission.

OPEN LETTERS

President Lincoln and the Widow of General Helm.

THE following appeared in THE CENTURY for December, 1895, under «Appeals to Lincoln's Clemency»:

Mr. Lincoln's absolute impartiality when dealing with affairs wherein he was personally interested is well illustrated in the following despatch to a Union general:

«WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
August 8, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL BURBRIDGE, Lexington, Ky.:

Last December Mrs. Emily T. Helm, half-sister of Mrs. L., and widow of the rebel general Ben. Hardin Helm, stopped here on her way from Georgia to Kentucky, and I gave her a paper, as I remember, to protect her against the mere fact of her being General Helm's widow. I hear a rumor to-day that you recently sought to arrest her, but was prevented by her presenting the paper from me. I do not intend to protect her against the consequences of disloyal words or acts spoken or done by her since her return to Kentucky, and if the paper given her by me can be construed to give her protection for such words or acts, it is hereby revoked *pro tanto*. Deal with her for current conduct just as you would with any other. A. LINCOLN.»

This despatch is a surprise to me, since I was never arrested and never had any trouble with the United States authorities. The circumstances of the protection paper given to me by President Lincoln were these: I had lost two of my brothers: one was killed at Corinth, the other died at Vicksburg from a wound received at Baton Rouge; at the battle of Chickamauga my husband had fallen. I had accompanied my husband South, and after his death I received from Mr. Lincoln a permit to return to Kentucky under flag of truce. Upon reaching Fort Monroe, a United States officer came on the boat and told me he had orders to require an oath of allegiance to the United States from every one who landed. I asked for permission to proceed to Washington on parole, stating that I would return in case I was called upon to take the oath. I had just left the friends in arms of my husband and brothers, with tears in their eyes and hearts for me in my great bereavement, and they would have felt, if I had taken the oath, that I had deserted them and had not been true to the cause for which my husband had given up his life. My refusal was therefore not bravado.

Soon after my conversation with the officer I was allowed to go on to Washington, and I immediately called on President Lincoln. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln (who was my half-sister) received me with every sign of affection and kindness. Since I had last seen them they had buried from the White House a little son who had loved me very much; on each side we had had overwhelming sorrow, which caused our meeting to be painful and agitating.

I told Mr. Lincoln my object in coming, explained my position, and stated that I did not intend to embarrass him or make myself conspicuous in any way, in case he allowed me to proceed to my home in Kentucky. I was his guest for several days; when I left he gave me a paper worded to protect me in person and property (except as to slaves), and as I thanked him he said, «I have known you all your life, and I never knew you to do a mean thing.»

After I arrived in Kentucky I was careful that no act or word of mine should make him regret being so considerate of me. Every one was kind to me in Kentucky, irrespective of opinions; and I do not think I made any enemies on account of my opinions. I had no occasion to use the paper except once, when asking a Federal officer to keep his soldiers, who were camped near me, from trespassing upon the grounds and taking our meals as they were cooked from our kitchen, which he did in the kindest manner. It is possible that he reported the fact of the protection paper to General Burbridge, who was his superior officer; and the latter, perhaps, desired orders from President Lincoln as to what he ought to do in case I made myself conspicuous. I was not arrested; I gave no cause; I could never have been so lost to my sense of obligation to President Lincoln. That he did not believe that I had been imprudent is shown by the fact that in March, 1865, under the escort of his son (my nephew), with Mrs. Bernard Pratt, a relative of General Zachary Taylor and General Singleton of Illinois, I was allowed to go South on some private business of my own; but finding it impossible to go farther than Richmond, Virginia, and being advised by friends, I returned to Baltimore, where I had been only a short time when Richmond fell.

Emily Todd Helm.

Remington's «Bronco Buster.»

«THE CENTURY'S» AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES. (SEE PAGE 265.)

A GOOD deal has been said and written about American subjects for American artists, and some fault has been found with such of our painters and sculptors as prefer

to live in foreign lands or to visit them in search of the picturesque when there is so much at home that ought to attract them. While the artist's choice of subject concerns nobody but the artist himself, and all that we may ask of him is that whatever he chooses to interpret shall be well rendered, we may agree with the contention that there is no lack of material to inspire the artist in our native land. To those who delight in things purely American, not as trees, fields, and skies are American, but as scenes of life and manners are, Mr. Remington's «Bronco Buster» will give much satisfaction.

The cow-man is an American product. He is neither a «greaser» nor a peasant. He is not a planter, a mountaineer, a trapper, or a shepherd. When the cowboy undertakes to break in a bucking bronco, he takes upon himself a task that will amply satisfy his desire for excitement, and provide an interesting spectacle for bystanders. In the spirited group modeled by Mr. Remington, the horse, rearing on his hind legs, his body arched, and with his fore legs bent inward from the knees in a fashion that suggests the power of a tightly coiled spring, appears ready to snap forward. The rider, with the bridle-rein in his left hand, one foot out of the stirrup, and his right hand high in the air with the whip in it, is at the crisis of the action. The movement and force of both horse and rider are given with a strength and grasp that impress by their truth at first glance. The group is so good, and its aspect so attractive, that it deserves praise not only for its technical qualities, but also for its power to please those who care as much for subject as for treatment.

Frederic Remington, who before bringing out this excellent piece of character sculpture was most widely known as an illustrator and painter, was born in St. Lawrence County New York, in 1861. He studied drawing for a year in the Yale School of Fine Arts at New Haven, and went West in 1880. With the exception of this single year of instruction, he has derived all his knowledge from constant observation and study. He has written entertainingly and cleverly of life in the West, as well as illustrated it in his drawings and pictures. Of «The Bronco Buster» he speaks in characteristic fashion: «I have always had a feeling for 'mud,' and I did that—a long work attended with great difficulties on my part. I propose to do some more, to put the wild life of our West into something that burglar won't have, moth eat, or time blacken. It is a great art and satisfying to me, for my whole feeling is for form.»

William A. Coffin.

The Berthon Napoleon.

THE Berthon portrait of Napoleon I, which appears on page 285 of this number of THE CENTURY, is now published for the first time. It was painted from sittings given to Berthon in 1809, and represents the Emperor at the summit of his career. Although no mention is made of it in any published list of Berthon's works, its authenticity is beyond question. It was given by the artist to his son, George-Théodore Berthon, on the latter's departure from France in 1841, and was by him brought to Canada.

René-Théodore Berthon was a pupil (Lady Morgan says the «favorite pupil») of David, and the influence of that master is perceptible in his works. He exhibited in all the Salons from 1806 to 1842, and many of his works, notably those painted to commemorate the victories of Napoleon, were executed at the command of the Emperor or of the state. The portrait of Napoleon as emperor is still in the possession of his granddaughters at Toronto. He also painted the portrait of Pauline Bonaparte. He died at Paris in 1859. His son, also an artist, died at Toronto in 1892.

H. F. Mackintosh.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Secret.

YOU will not tell it? Nay, what need?
Like timid bird, whose soft nest, made
Low beneath grass and bending weed,
Is by her watchful care betrayed,
You do but make your secret clear,
Trying so hard to hide it, dear.

Madeline S. Bridges.

Discovered.

SEEN you down at chu'ch las' night—
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.
What I mean? Oh, dat 's all right—
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.
Oh, you 's sma't ez sma't kin be,
But you could n't hide f'om me;
Ain't I got two eyes to see?
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

Guess you thought you 's awful keen—
Nevah min', Miss Lucy;
Evaht'ing you done I seen—
Nevah min', Miss Lucy;
Seen him tek yo' ahm jes so,
When you got outside de do'—
Ah, I know dat man 's yo' beau,—
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

Say now, honey, wha' 'd he say?
Nevah min', Miss Lucy;
Keep yo' sec'uts—dat 's yo' way—
Nevah min', Miss Lucy;
Won't tell me, an' I 'm yo' pal!
I 'm gwine tell his othah gal—
Know huh, too—huh name is Sal—
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

The War of the Roses.

'T WAS a brave battle, fought on holy ground.
How long it waged no mortal may declare;
For Time, plunged in a sea of doubt, was drowned:
Eternal souls hung in the balance there.

The cause of all was just one word, said low,
But at that word the Red Rose took the field;
Lancastrian banners flamed, a brilliant show:
Now Heaven forbid that Lancaster should yield!

A moment, and the hosts of York advance;
With their pale pennants all the field grows white.
The red flag wavers. Oh, ill-starred mischance!
The day is lost, the Red Rose put to flight!

Yet see, a wave of color creeps along!
Closely embattled now the White and Red;
The drums beat victory, Red Roses throng,
Lancaster wins, and pallid York has fled!

A bloodless battle, crowned with brave defeat,
This war of Roses—in my lady's face.
What joy to see Fear's conquered rose retreat,
And the red rose of Love possess the place!

Emily Shaw Forman.

The Passing of Abraham Shivers.

«I TELL ye, boys, hit hain't often a feller has the chance o' doin' so much good jes by *dyin'*. Fer 'f Abe Shivers air gone—shorely gone—the rest of us—every durn one of us—air a-goin' to be saved. Fer Abe Shivers—you hain't heerd tell o' *Abe?* Well, you must be a stranger in these mountains o' Kaintuck, shore.

«I don't know, stranger, as Abe ever was borned; nobody in these mountains knows it 'f he was. The fust time I ever heerd tell o' Abe he was a-hollerin' fer his rights one mawnin' at daylight, endurin' the war, jes outside o' ole Tom Perkins' door on Fryin' Pan. Abe was left thar by some home-gyard, I reckon. Well, nobody air ever turned out'n doors in these mountains, as you know, an' Abe got his rights that mawnin', an' he 's been a-gittin' 'em ever sence. Tom already had a houseful, but 'f any feller got the bigges' hunk o' corn-bread, that feller was Abe; an' ef any feller got a whalin', hit was n't Abe.

«Abe tuk to lyin' right naterally—looked like—afore he could talk. Fact is, Abe nuver could do nothin' but jes whisper, an' I 've al'ays said the Lawd—jes to even things up—fixed Abe so he could n't lie on more 'n one side o' the river at a time. Still Abe could manage to send a lie furder with that rattlin' whisper than ole Tom could with that big horn o' hisn what tells the boys the revenoos air comin' up Fryin' Pan.

«Did n't take Abe long to get to braggin' an' drinkin' an' naggin' an' hectorin'—everything, 'mos', 'cept fightin'. Nobody ever drawed Abe Shivers into a fight. I don't know as for that he was afeerd; looked like Abe was a-havin' sech a tarnation good time with his devilmint he jes did n't want to run no risk o' havin' hit stopped. An' sech devilmint!

«The boys was a-goin' up the river one night to git ole Dave Hall fer trickin' Rosie Branham into evil. Some feller goes ahead an' tells ole Dave they 's comin'. Hit was Abe. Some feller finds a streak o' ore on ole Tom Perkins' land, an' racks his jinny down to town, an' tells a furriner thar, an' Tom comes might' nigh sellin' the land fer nothin'. Now Tom raised Abe, but, jes the same, the feller was Abe.

«One night somebody guides the revenoos in on Hell-fer-Sartain, an' they cuts up four stills. Hit was Abe. The same night a feller slips in among the revenoos while they 's asleep, and cuts off their hosses' manes an' tails—muled every durned critter uv 'em. Stranger, hit was Abe. An' as fer women-folks—well, Abe was the ill-favoredest feller I ever see, an' he could n't talk; still, Abe's whisperin' come in jes as handy as any feller's settin' up; so 'f ever you seed a man with a Winchester a-lookin' fer the feller who had cut him out, stranger, he was a-lookin' fer Abe.

«Somebody tells Harve Hall, up thar at a dance on Hell-fer-Sartain one Christmas night, that Rich Harp had said somep'n ag'in' him an' Nance Osborn. An' somebody tells Rich that Harve had said somep'n ag'in Nance an' *him*. Hit was one an' the same feller, stranger, an' the feller was Abe. Well, while Rich an' Harve was a-gittin' well, somebody runs off with Nance. Hit was Abe. Then Rich an' Harve jes draws straws fer a feller. Stranger, they drawed fer Abe. Hit 's purty hard to believe that Abe air gone, 'cept that Rich Harp an' Harve Hall don't never draw no straws fer nothin'; but 'f by any kind o' grace Abe air gone, why, as I was a-sayin', the rest of us air a-goin' to be saved, shore. Fer Abe 's gone fust, an' ef thar 's only one Jedgemint Day, the Lawd 'll nuver git to us.»

John Fox, Jr.

Tracings.

«I LOVE to look in the mirror,» remarked Vanity. «Yes; but you never see yourself,» said Truth.

«WHY do you limp?» asked a maiden, as Love walked slowly on a pleasant path. «I always stumble when the road is smooth,» he answered.

MISERY sought an abode. She chose an empty heart.

«WHERE,» asked one woman of another, «is the best place to keep a man's heart?» «Away from his head,» she replied.

A BIRD sang a beautiful song, which was echoed again and again. «I would have had to listen to shrieks,» said the bird, «had I first uttered them.»

A WOMAN battled with a man. He disarmed her. «I am now at your mercy,» said the man.

«WHY can't I break the chains you weave?» asked Love of a clever woman. «Because I make them so light,» she answered.

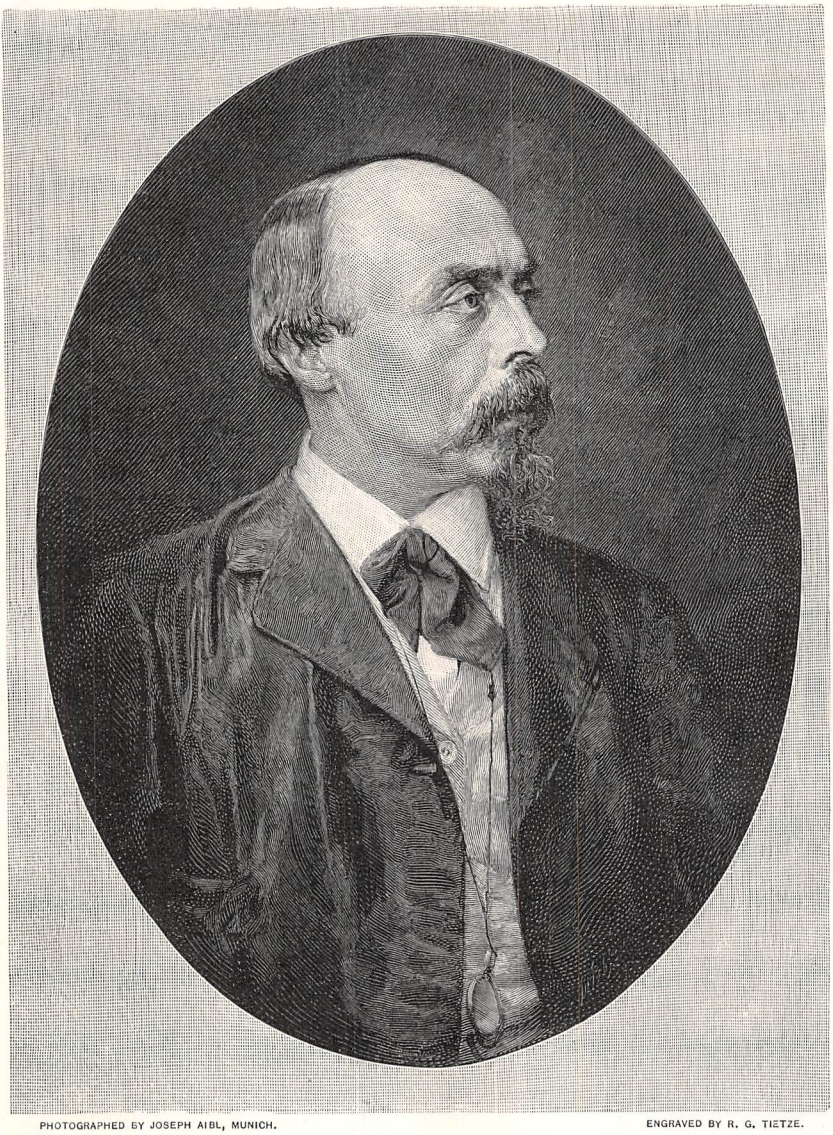
«WHAT helped you over the great obstacles of life?» they asked a successful man. «The other obstacles,» he answered.

«Do you not regret the follies of the past?» asked a monk of an aged sinner. «Yes—that they are of the past,» he answered.

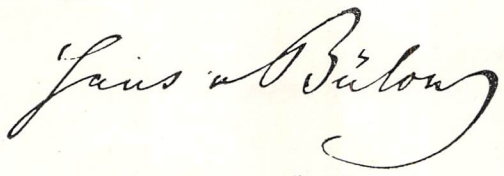
«WHY are you not more glad to see me?» asked Pleasure of one of her favorites. «Because you call so often,» answered the spoiled girl.

E. Scott O'Connor.

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOSEPH AIBL, MUNICH. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.



HANS VON BÜLOW.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LII. JULY, 1896. No. 3.

ST. PETER'S.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

I. THE FIRST IMPRESSION.

WE have an involuntary reverence for all witnesses of history, be they animate or inanimate, men, animals, or stones. The desire to leave a work behind is in every man and man-child, from the strong leader who plants his fame in a nation's glory, and teaches unborn generations to know him, to the boy who carves his initials upon his desk at school. Few women have it. Perhaps the wish to be remembered is what fills that one ounce or so of matter by which modern statisticians assert that the average man's brain is heavier than the average woman's. The wish in ourselves makes us respect the satisfaction of it which the few obtain. Probably few men have not secretly longed to see their names set up for ages, like the «Paulus V Borghesius» over the middle of the portico of St. Peter's, high above the entrance to the most vast monument of human hands in existence. Modesty commands the respect of many, but it is open success that appeals to almost all mankind. But Pasquin laughed:

«Angulus est Petri, Pauli frons tota. Quid inde?
Non Petri, Paulo stat fabricata domus.»[1]

[1] «The corner is Peter's, but the whole front Paul's. What, then?
Not being Peter's, the house is built for Paul.»

The thing itself, the central cathedral of Christendom, is so enormous that many who gaze on it for the first time do not even notice that hugely lettered papal name. The building is so far beyond any familiar proportions that at first sight all details are lost upon its broad front. The mind and judgment are dazed and staggered. The earth should not be able to bear such weight upon its crust without cracking and bending like an overloaded table. On each side the colonnades run curving out like giant arms, always open to receive the nations that go up there to worship. The dome broods over all, like a giant's head motionless in meditation.

The vastness of the structure takes hold of a man as he issues from the street by which he has come from Sant' Angelo. In the open space in the square and in the ellipse between the colonnades and on the steps, two hundred thousand men could be drawn up in rank and file, horse and foot and guns. Excepting it be on some special occasion, there are rarely more than two or three hundred persons in sight. The paved emptiness makes one draw a breath of surprise, and human eyes seem too small to take in all the flatness below, all the breadth before, and all the height above. Taken together, the picture is too big for convenient sight. The impression itself moves unwield-

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ily in the cramped brain. A building almost five hundred feet high produces a monstrous effect upon the mind. Set down in words, a description of it conveys no clear conception; seen for the first time, the impression produced by it cannot be put into language. It is something like a shock to the intelligence, perhaps, and not altogether a pleasant one. Carried beyond the limits of a mere mistake, exaggeration becomes caricature; but when it is magnified beyond humanity's common measures, it may acquire an element approaching to terror. The awe-striking giants of mythology were but magnified men. The first sight of St. Peter's affects one as though, in the every-day streets, walking among one's fellows, one should meet with a man forty feet high.

II. HISTORICAL SUGGESTIONS.

INVOLUNTARILY we conceive that St. Peter's has always stood where it stands, and it becomes at once, in our imaginations, the witness of much which it really never saw. Its calm seems meant to outlast history; one thinks that it must have seen history born, and that, while the Republic built Rome, and Augustus adorned it, and Nero burned it on the other side of the Tiber, the cathedral of the world was here, looking on across the yellow water, conscious of its own eternity, and solemnly indifferent to the ventures and adventures of mankind.

It is hard to think the great cathedral down to the little basilica built by Constantine, the sentimentalist, on the site of Nero's circus; built by some other man perhaps, for no one knows surely; but a little church, at best, compared with many of those which St. Peter's dwarfs to insignificance now. To remind men of him the effigy of that same Constantine sits on a marble charger there, on the left, beneath the portico, behind the great iron gate, with head thrown back, and lifted hand, and marble eyes gazing ever on the cross. Some say that he really embraced Christianity only when dying. The names of the churches founded by him in Constantinople are all sentimentally ambiguous, from Sophia, «wisdom,» to Anastasia, «resurrection» or «revival,» and hence «spring.» It is strange that the places of worship built by him in Rome, if they were really his work, should bear such exceedingly definite designations and direct dedications as St. Peter's, St. John's, St. Paul's, and the Church of the Holy Cross. At all events, whether he believed much or little, Christianity owes him much, and romance is indebted to him for almost as much more. But for Constantine there might have been no Honorius, no Pepin, no Charlemagne, no Holy Roman Empire.

In old times criminals of low degree used to be executed on the Esquiline, and were buried there, unburned, when their bodies were not left to wither upon the cross in wind and sun, as generally happened. The place was the hideous feeding-ground of wild dogs and carrion birds, and witches went there by night to perform their horrid rites. It was there that Canidia and her companion buried a living boy up to his neck to die of starvation, that they might make philters of his vitals. Every one must remember the end of Horace's imprecation:

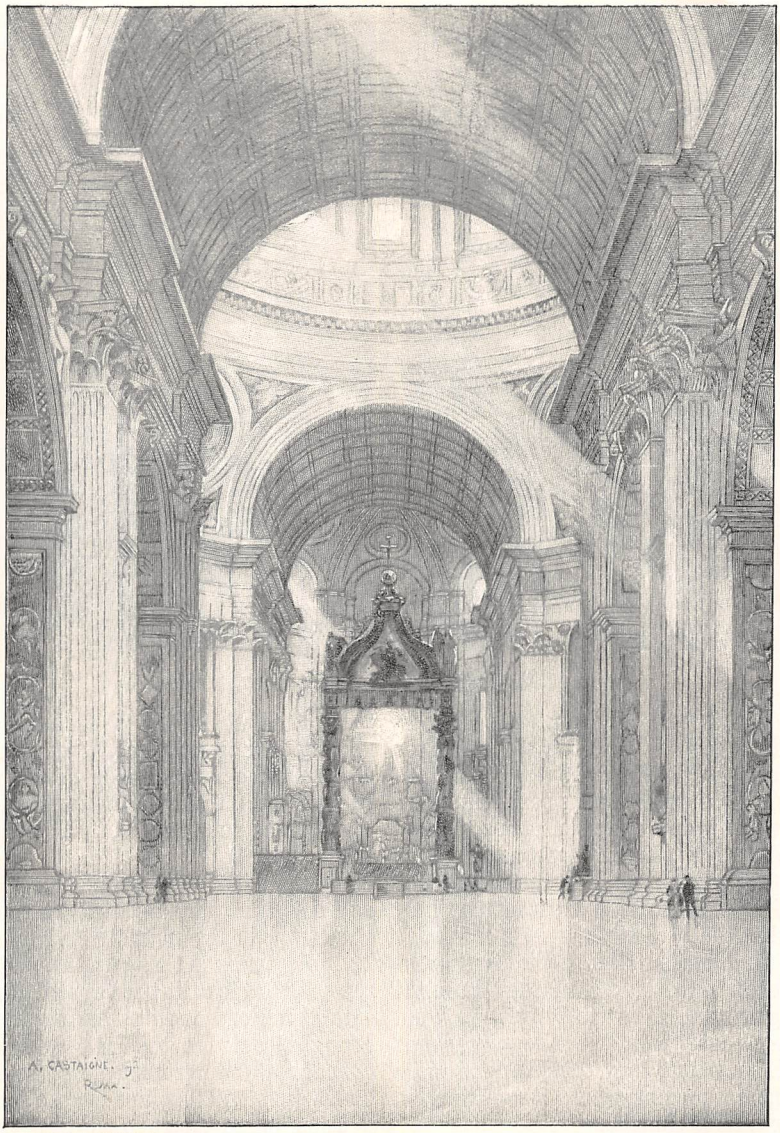
> . . . insepulta membra different lupi,[1]
> Et Esquilinæ alites.

Then came Mæcenas, and redeemed all that land; turned it into a garden, and beautified it; uprooted the moldering crosses, whereon still hung the bones of dead slaves, and set out trees in their stead; dug over the shallow graves of executed murderers and of generations of thieves, and planted shrubbery and flowers, and made walks and paths and shady places.

Therefore it happened that the southern spur of the Janiculus became after that time a place of execution and cruel death. The city had never grown much on that side of the Tiber,—that is to say, on the right bank,—and the southern end of the long hill was a wilderness of sand and brushwood.

In the deep Mamertine prison, behind the Tabulary of the Forum, it was customary to put to death only political misdoers, and their bodies were then thrown down the Gemonian steps. «Vixerunt,» said Cicero, grimly, when Catiline and his fellow-conspirators lay there dead; and perhaps the sword that was to fall upon his own neck was even then forged. The prison is still intact. The blood of Catiline, of Vercingetorix, and of Sejanus is on the rocky floor. Men say that St. Peter was imprisoned here. But because he was not of high degree Nero's executioners led him out and across the Forum and over the Sublician bridge, up to the heights of Janiculus. He was then very old and weak, so that he could not carry his cross, as condemned men were made to do. When they had climbed more than half-way up the height, seeing that he could not walk much farther, they crucified him. He said that he was not worthy

[1] May the wolves and birds of the Esquiline scatter their unburied remains.



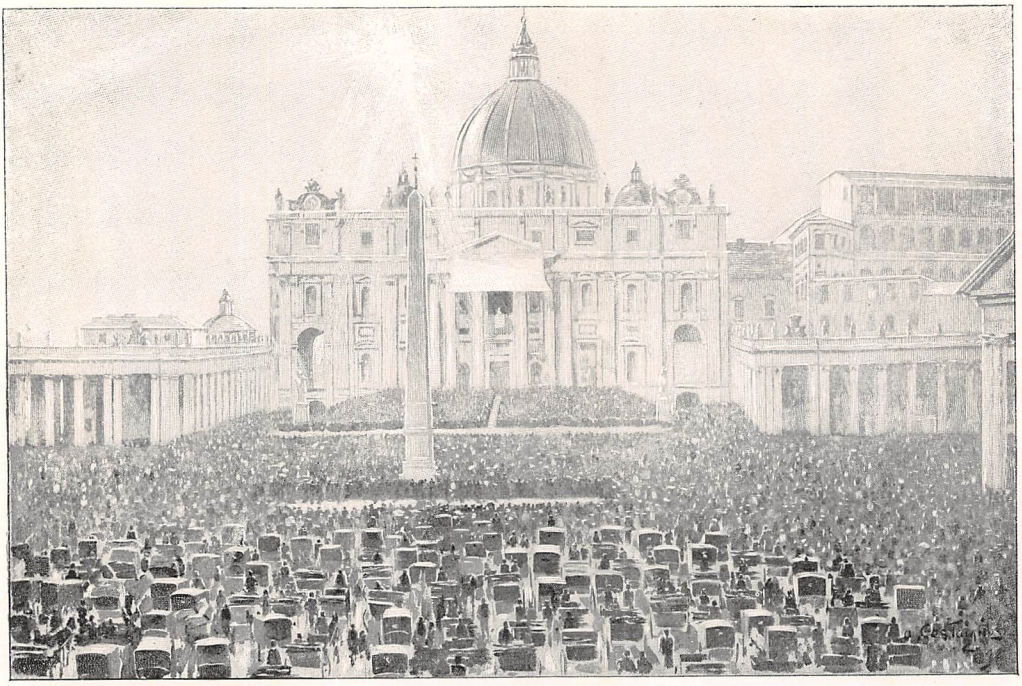
DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S.

to suffer as the Lord had suffered, and begged them to plant his cross with the head downward in the deep yellow sand. The executioners did so. The Christians who had followed were not many, and they stood apart, weeping.

When he was dead, after much torment, and the sentinel soldier had gone away, they took the holy body, and carried it along the hillside, and buried it at night close against the long wall of Nero's circus, on the north side, near the place where they buried the martyrs killed daily by Nero's wild beasts and in other cruel ways. They marked the spot, and went there often to pray.

After that, within two years, Nero fell and perished miserably, scarcely able to take his own life in order to escape being beaten to death in the Forum. In little more than a year there were four emperors in Rome. Galba, Otho, and Vitellius followed one another quickly; then came Vespasian, and then Titus, with his wars in Palestine, and then Domitian. At last, nearly thirty years after the apostle had died on the Janiculus, there was a bishop called Anacletus, who had been ordained priest by St. Peter himself. The times being quieter then, this Anacletus built a little oratory, a very small chapel, in which three or four persons could kneel and pray over the grave. And that was the be-



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE PAPAL BENEDICTION IN FRONT OF ST. PETER'S.

ginning of St. Peter's Church. But Anacletus died a martyr too, and the bishops after him all perished in the same way up to Eutychianus, whose name means something like «the fortunate one» in barbarous Greek-Latin, and who was indeed fortunate, for he died a natural death. But in the mean time certain Greeks had tried to steal the holy body, so that the Roman Christians carried it away for nineteen months to the catacombs of St. Sebastian, after which they brought it back again and laid it in its place. And again after that, when the new circus was built by Elagabalus, they took it once more to the same catacombs, where it remained in safety for a long time.

Now came Constantine, in love with religion and inclined to think Christianity best, and made a famous edict in Milan. And it is said that he laid the deep foundations of the old Church of St. Peter's, which afterward stood more than eleven hundred years. He built it over the little oratory of Anacletus, whose chapel stood where the saint's body had lain, under the nearest left-hand pillar of the canopy that covers the high altar as you go up from the door. Constantine's church was founded on the south side, within the lines of Nero's circus, outside of it on the north side, and parallel with its length. Most churches are built with the apse to the east, but Constantine's, like the present basilica, looked west, because from time immemorial the bishop of Rome, when consecrating, stood on the farther side of the altar from the people, facing them over it. And the church was consecrated by Pope Sylvester I, in the year 326.

Constantine built his church as a memorial, and not as a tomb, because at that time St. Peter's body lay in the catacombs, where it had been taken in the year 219, under Elagabalus. But at last, in the days of Honorius, disestablisher of heathen worship, the body was brought back for the last time, with great concourse and ceremony, and laid, where it or its dust still lies, in a brazen sarcophagus.

Then came Alaric and the Vandals and the Goths. But they respected the church and the saint's body, though they respected Rome very little. And Odoacer extinguished the flickering light of the Western Empire, and Dietrich of Bern, or Theodoric of Verona, founded the Gothic kingdom, and left his name in the Nibelungenlied and elsewhere. At last arose Charles, who was first called «the Great» on account of his size, and afterward on account of his conquests, which exceeded those of Julius Cæsar in extent; and this Charlemagne came to Rome, and marched up into the church of Constantine, and bowed his enormous height for Leo III to set upon it the crown of the new empire, which was ever afterward called the Holy

Roman Empire, until Napoleon wiped out its name in Vienna, having girt on Charlemagne's sword, and founded an empire of his own, which lasted a dozen years instead of a thousand.

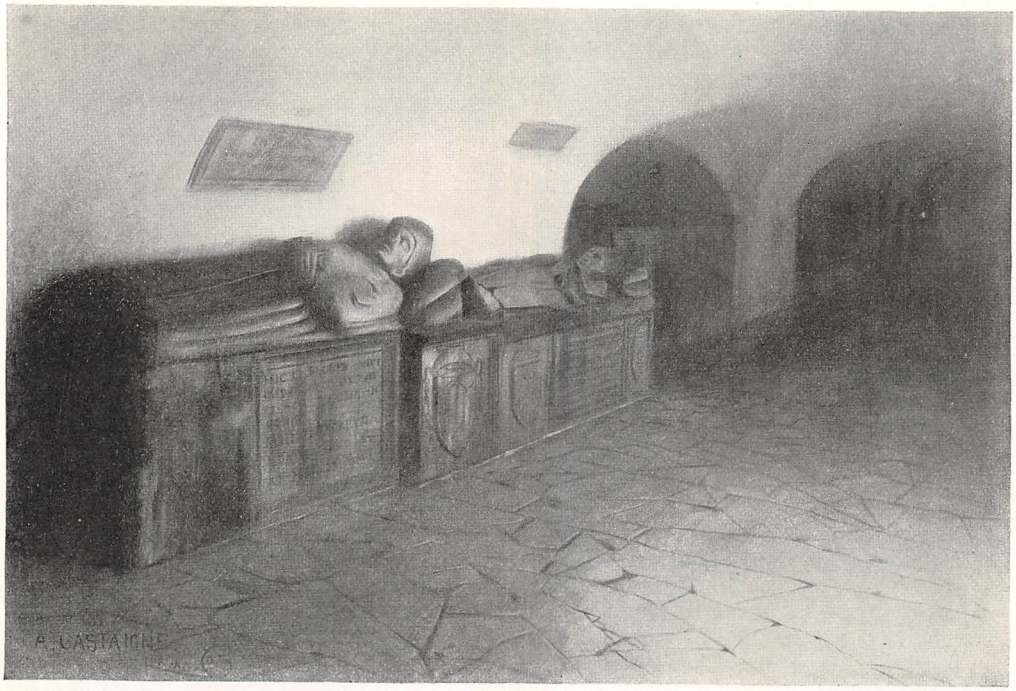
So the ages slipped along till the church was in bad repair and in danger of falling, when Nicholas V was pope, in 1450. He called Alberti and the great Bramante, who made the first plan, and his successor, the great Julius II, laid the first stone of the present basilica under the northeast pillar of the dome, where the statue of St. Veronica now stands. The plan was changed many times, and it was not until 1626, on the thirteen hundredth anniversary of St. Sylvester's consecration, that Urban VIII consecrated what we now call the Church of St. Peter.

III. IMPRESSIONS FROM NAVE AND DOME.

WE who have known St. Peter's since the old days cannot go in under the portico without recalling vividly the splendid pageants we have seen pass in and out by the same gate. Even before reaching it we glance up from the vast square to the high balcony, remembering how from there Pius IX used to chant out the pontifical benediction to the city and the world, while in the silence below one could hear the breathing of a hundred thousand human beings. That is all in ghostland now, and will soon be beyond the reach of memory. In the coach-houses behind the Vatican the old state coaches are moldering; and the Pope in his great *sedia gestatoria*, the bearers, the fan-men, the princes, the cardinals, the guards, and the people, will not in our time be again seen together under the Roman sky. Old-fashioned persons sigh for the pageantry of those days when they go up the steps into the church.

The heavy leathern curtain falls by its own weight, and the air is suddenly changed. A hushed, half-rhythmic sound, as of a world breathing in its sleep, makes the silence alive. The light is not dim or ineffectual, but very soft and high, and it is as rich as floating gold-dust in the far distance and in the apse, an eighth of a mile from the door. There is a blue and hazy atmospheric distance, as painters call it, up in the lantern of the cupola, a twelfth of a mile above the pavement.

It is all very big. The longest ship that crosses the ocean could lie in the nave between the door and the apse, and her masts would scarcely top the canopy of the high altar, which looks so small under the superpossible vastness of the immense dome. We unconsciously measure dwellings made with hands by our own bodily stature. But there is a limit to that. No man standing for the first time upon the pavement of St. Peter's



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE CRYPT OF ST. PETER'S WHERE POPES AND CARDINALS ARE BURIED.

can make even a wide guess at the size of what he sees unless he knows the dimensions of some one object. It is literally too «great and wonderful.»

Close to Filarete's central bronze door a round disk of porphyry is sunk in the pavement. That is the spot where the emperors of the Holy Roman Empire were crowned in the old church; Charlemagne, Frederick Barbarossa, and many others received the crown, the chrism, and the blessing here, before Constantine's ancient basilica was torn down lest it should fall of itself. For he did not build as Agrippa built—if, indeed, the old church was built by him at all.

A man may well cast detail of history to the winds, and let his mind stand free to the tremendous traditions of the place, since so much of them is truth beyond all question. Standing where Charles the Great was crowned eleven hundred years ago, he stands not a hundred yards from the grave where the chief apostle was first buried. There he has lain now for fifteen hundred years, since the «religion of the fathers» was «disestablished,» as we should say, by Honorius, and since the popes became the *pontifices maximi* of the new faith. This was the place of Nero's circus long before the Colosseum was dreamed of, and the foundations of Christendom's cathedral are laid in earth wet with blood of many thousand martyrs. During two hundred and fifty years every bishop of Rome died a martyr, to the number of thirty consecutive popes. It is really and truly holy ground, and it is meet that the air once rent by the death-cries of Christ's innocent folk should be inclosed in the world's most sacred place, and be ever musical with holy song and sweet with incense.

It needs fifty thousand persons to make a crowd in St. Peter's. It is believed that at least that number have been present in the church several times within modern memory; but it is thought that the building would hold eighty thousand—as many as could be seated on the tiers in the Colosseum. Such a concourse was there at the opening of the Œcumenical Council in December, 1869, and at the two jubilees celebrated by Leo XIII; and on all three occasions there was plenty of room in the aisles, besides the broad spaces which were required for the functions themselves.

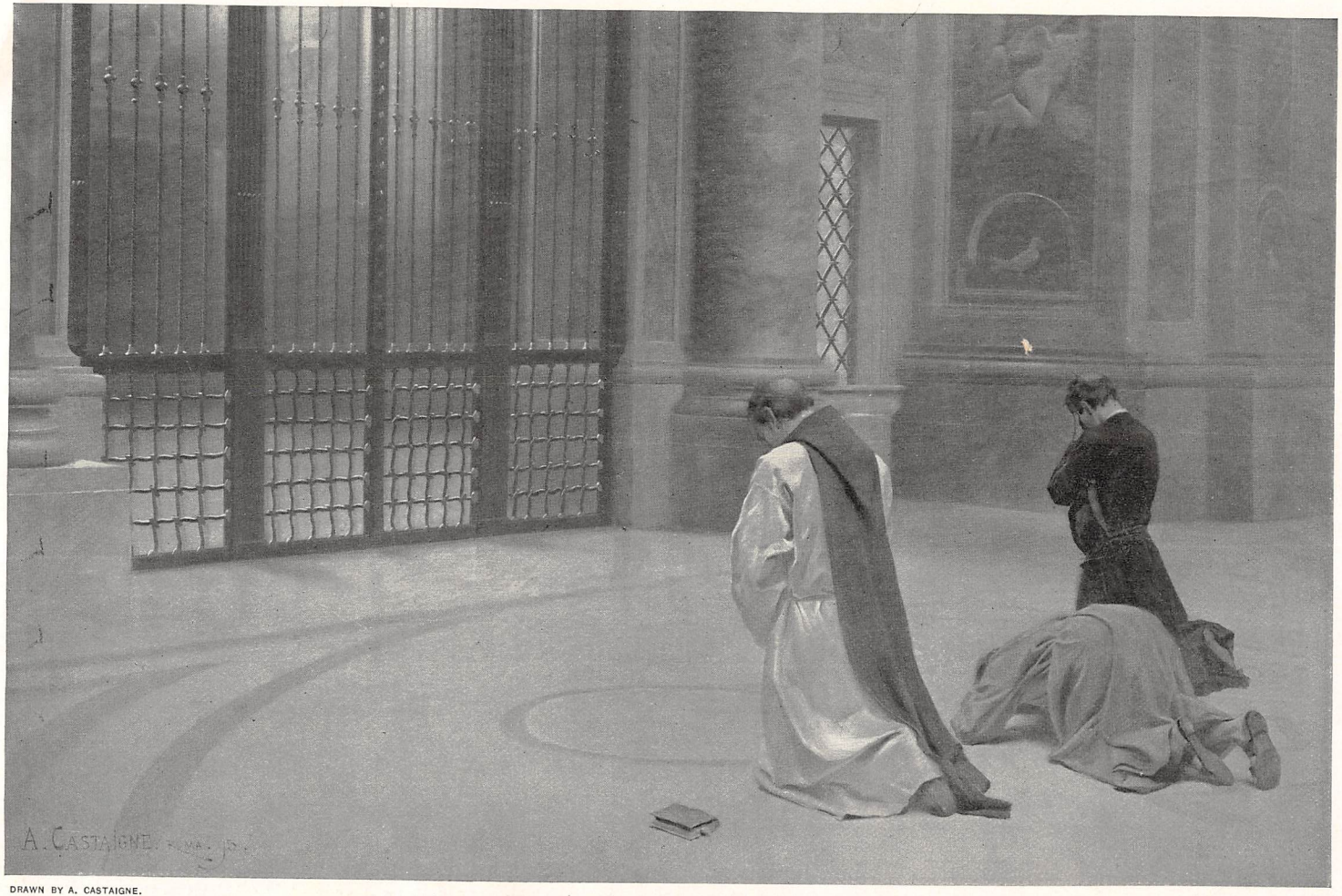
To feel one's own smallness and realize it, one need only go and stand beside the marble cherubs that support the holy-water basins against the first pillar. They look small, if not graceful; but they are of heroic size, and the bowls are as big as baths. Everything in the place is vast; all the statues are colossal, all the pictures enormous; the smallest detail of the ornamentation would dwarf any other building in the world, and anywhere else even the chapels would be churches. The eye strains at everything, and at first the mind is shocked out of its power of comparison.

But the strangest, most extravagant, most incomprehensible, most disturbing sight of all is to be seen from the upper gallery in the cupola looking down to the church below. Hanging in mid air, with nothing under one's feet, one sees the church projected in perspective within a huge circle. It is as though one saw it upside down and inside out. Few men could bear to stand there without that bit of iron railing between them and the hideous fall, and the inevitable slight dizziness which the strongest head feels may make one doubt for a moment whether what is really the floor below may not be in reality a ceiling above, and whether one's sense of gravitation be not inverted in an extraordinary dream. At that distance human beings look no bigger than flies, and the canopy of the high altar might be an ordinary table.

And thence, climbing up between the double domes, one may emerge from the almost terrible perspective to the open air, and suddenly see all Rome at one's feet, and all the Roman mountains stretched out to south and east, in perfect grace of restful outline, shoulder to shoulder, like shadowy women lying side by side and holding hands.

And the broken symmetry of streets and squares ranges below, cut by the winding ribbon of the yellow Tiber; to the right the low Aventine, with the dark cypresses of the Protestant cemetery beyond, and the Palatine, crested with trees and ruins; the Pincian on the left, with its high gardens, and the mass of foliage of the Villa Medici behind it; the lofty tower of the Capitol in the midst of the city; and the sun clasping all to its heart of gold, the just and the unjust, the new and the old alike, past and present, youth, age, and decay,—generous as only the sun can be in this sordid and miserly world, where bread is but another name for blood, and a rood of growing corn means a pound of human flesh. The sun is the only good thing in nature that always gives itself to man for nothing but the mere trouble of sitting in the sunshine; and Rome without sunlight is a very grim and gloomy town to-day.

It is worth the effort of climbing so high. Four hundred feet in the air, you look down on what ruled half the world by force for ages, and on what rules the other half to-day



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

BEFORE THE GATES OF THE CHAPEL OF THE HOLY SACRAMENT.

by faith—the greatest center of conquest and of discord and of religion which the world has ever seen. A thousand volumes have been written about it by a thousand wise men. A word will tell what it has been—the heart of the world. Hither was drawn the world's blood by all the roads that lead to Rome, and hence it was forced out again along the mighty arteries of the Cæsars' roads to be spilled in the Cæsars' battles—to redden the world with the Roman name. Blood, blood, and more blood,—that was the history of old Rome,—the blood of brothers, the blood of foes, the blood of martyrs without end. It flowed and ebbed in varying tide at the will of the just and the unjust, but there was always more to shed, and there were always more hands to shed it. And so it may be again hereafter; for the name of Rome has a heart-stirring ring, and there has always been as much blood spilled for the names of things as for the things themselves.

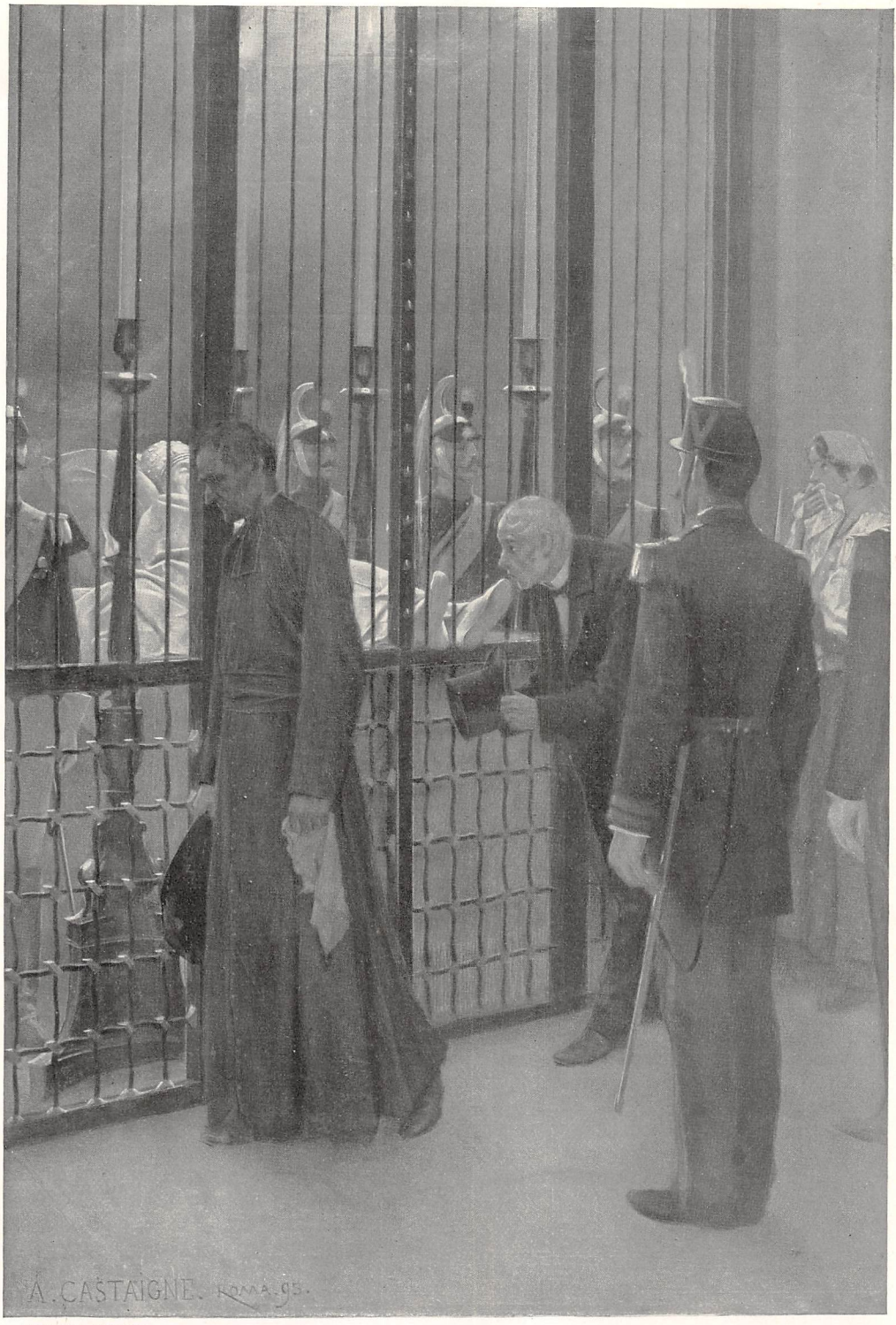
It is wonderful to stand there and realize what every foot means, beneath that narrow standing room on the gallery outside the lantern, counting from the top downward as one counts the years of certain trees by the branches. For every division there is a pope and an architect: Sixtus V and Giacomo della Porta, Paul III and Michelangelo, Baldassare Peruzzi and Leo X, Julius II and Bramante, Nicholas V and Alberti. Then the old church of Constantine, and then the little oratory built over St. Peter's grave by St. Anacletus, the fourth bishop of Rome; then, even before that, Nero's circus, which was either altogether destroyed, or had gone to ruins before Anacletus built his chapel.

IV. A REVERY IN THE CRYPT.

AND far below all are buried the great of the earth, deep down in the crypt. There lies the chief apostle, and there lie many martyred bishops side by side: men who came from far lands to die the holy death in Rome—from Athens, from Bethlehem, from Syria, from Africa. There lie the last of the Stuarts, with their pitiful kingly names, James III, Charles III, and Henry IX; the Emperor Otho II has lain there a thousand years; Pope Boniface VIII of the Caetani, whom Sciarra Colonna struck in the face at Anagni, is there, and Rodrigo Borgia; Alexander VI lay there awhile, and Agnese Colonna, and Queen Christina of Sweden, and the Great Countess, and many more besides, both good and bad—even to Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, of romantic memory. In the high, clear air above, it chills one to think of the death silence down there in the crypt; but when you enter the church again after the long descent, and feel once more the quick change of atmosphere by which a blind man could tell that he was in St. Peter's, you feel also the spell of the place and its ancient enchantment; you do not regret the high view you left above, and the dead under your feet seem all at once near and friendly.

It is not an exaggeration or a misuse of a word to call it magic. Magic is supposed to be a means of communication with beings of another world. It is scarcely a metaphor to say that St. Peter's does that. It is the mere truth and no more, and you can feel that it is if you will stand, with half-closed eyes, against one of the great pillars, just within hearing of the voices that sing solemn music in the chapel of the choir, and make yourself a day-dream of the people that go up the nave by seeing them a little indistinctly. If you will but remember how much humanity is like humanity in all ages, you can see the old life again as it was a hundred years, two, three, five, ten hundred years before that. If you are fortunate, just then, a score of German seminary students may pass you, in their scarlet cloth gowns, marching two and two in order, till they wheel by the right and go down upon their knees with military precision before the gate of the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament. Or, if it be the day and hour, a procession crosses the church, with lights and song and rich vestments, and a canopy over the Sacred Host, which the Cardinal Archpriest himself is carrying reverently before him with upraised hands, while the censers swing high to right and left. Or the singers from the choir go by, in purple silk and lace, hurrying along the inner south aisle to the door of the sacristy, where heavy yellow marble cherubs support marble draperies under the monument of Pius VIII. If you stand by your pillar a little while, something will surely happen to help your dream and sweep you back a century or two.

And if not, and if you have a little imagination of your own which can stir itself without help from outside, you can call up the figures of those that lie dead below, and of those who in ages gone have walked in the dim aisles of the ancient church. Up the long nave stalks Pelagius, Justinian's pope, with Narses by his side, to swear by holy cross and sacred gospel that he has not slain Vigilius, pope before him; and that Narses, smooth-faced, passionless, thoughtful, is the conqueror of the Goths, and, having con-



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

PIUS IX LYING IN STATE IN THE CHAPEL OF THE HOLY SACRAMENT.

quered them, he would not suffer that a hair of the remnant of them should be hurt, because he had given his word. High-handed Henry V, claiming power over the Church, being refused full coronation by Pope Paschal till he yields, seizes Pope and College of Cardinals then and there, and imprisons them till he has starved them to submission, and half requites the Church for Gregory's humiliation of the father whom he himself thrust from the throne—of that Henry whom the strong Hildebrand, Gregory VII, made to do penance barefoot on the snow in the courtyard of Matilda's castle at Canossa. And Matilda herself, the Great Countess, the once all beautiful, the betrayed in love, the half sainted, the all romantic, rises before you from her tomb below, in flowing robes and lofty head-dress, and once more makes gift of all her vast possessions to the Church of Rome. Nicholas Rienzi strides by, strange compound of heroism, vanity, and high poetry, calling himself in one breath the people's tribune, an Augustus, and an emperor's son. There is a rush of armed men shouting furiously in Spanish, «Carne! Sangre! Bourbon!» There is a clanging of steel, a breaking down of gates, and the Constable of Bourbon's horde pours in, irresistible and all-ravaging, while he himself lies stark and stiff outside, pierced by Bernardino Passeri's short bolt, and Clement trembles in Sant' Angelo. Christina of Sweden, Monaldeschi's murder red upon her soul, comes next, fawning for forgiveness, to die before long over there in the Corsini palace by the Tiber.

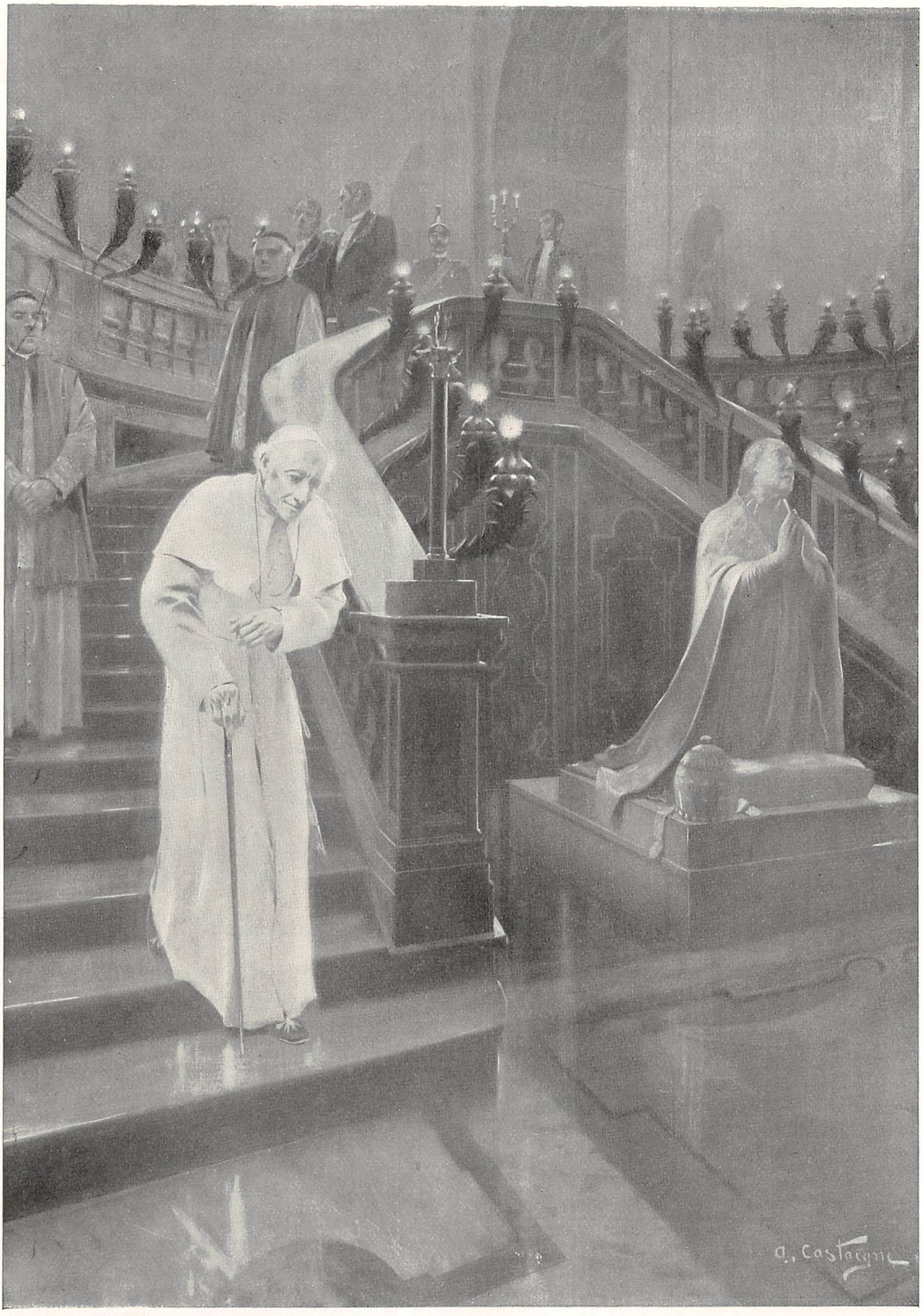
A man may call up half the world's history in half an hour in such a place toward evening, when the golden light streams through the Holy Dove in the apse. And, in imagination, to those who have seen the great pageant within our own memory, the individual figures grow smaller as the magnificence of the display increases out of all proportion, until the church fills again with the vast throng that witnessed the jubilee of Leo XIII but a few years ago, and fifty thousand voices send up a rending cheer while the most splendid procession of these late days goes by.

V. THE FUNERAL OF PIUS IX.

It was in the Chapel of the Sacrament that the body of the good Pope Pius IX was laid in state for several days. That was a strange and solemn sight, too. The gates of the church were all shut but one, and that was only a little opened, so that the people passed in one at a time from the great, wedge-shaped crowd outside—a crowd that began at the foot of the broad steps in the Piazza, and struggled upward all the afternoon, closer and closer toward the single entrance. For in the morning only the Roman nobles and the prelates and high ecclesiastics were admitted, by another way. Within the church the thin stream of men and women passed quickly between a double file of Italian soldiers. That was the first and last time since 1870 that Italian troops were under arms within the consecrated precincts. It was still winter, and the afternoon light was dim, and it seemed a long way to the chapel. The good man lay low, with his slippered feet between the bars of the closed gate. The people paused as they passed, one by one, and most of them kissed the embroidered cross and looked at the still features before they went on. It was dim, but the six tall waxen torches threw a warm light on the quiet face, and the white robes reflected it around. There were three torches on each side, and on each side, too, there were three Noble Guards in full dress, motionless, with drawn swords, as though on parade. But no one looked at them. Only the marble face, with its kind, far-away smile, fixed itself in each man's eyes, and its memory remained with each when he had gone away. It was very solemn and simple, and there were no other lights in the church save the little lamps about the Confession and before the altars. The long, thin stream of people went on swiftly, and out by the sacristy, all the short afternoon, till it was night, and the rest of the unsatisfied crowd was left outside as the single gate was closed.

Few saw the scene which followed, when the good Pope's body had lain four days in state, and was then placed in its coffin at night, to be hoisted high and swung noiselessly into the temporary tomb above the small door on the east side—that is, to the left of the Chapel of the Choir. It was for a long time the custom that each pope should lie there until his successor died, when his body was removed to the monument prepared for it in the mean time, and the pope just dead was laid in the same place.

The church was almost dark, and only in the Chapel of the Choir and that of the Holy Sacrament, which are opposite each other, a number of big wax candles shed a yellow light. In the niche over the door a mason was still at work, with a tallow dip, clearly visible from below. The triple coffins stood before the altar in the Chapel of the Choir. Opposite, where the body still lay, the Noble Guards and the



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE POPE GOING DOWN TO PRAY AT ST. PETER'S TOMB.

Swiss Guards, in their breastplates, kept watch with drawn swords and halberds.

The Noble Guards carried the bier on their shoulders in solemn procession, with chanting choir, robed bishops, and tramping soldiers, round by the Confession and across the church, and lifted the body into the coffin. The Pope had been very much beloved by all who were near him, and more than one gray-haired prelate shed tears of genuine grief that night.

In the coffin, in accordance with an ancient custom, a bag was placed containing ninety-three medals, one of gold, one of silver, and one of bronze for each of the thirty-one years during which Pope Pius had reigned; and a history of the pontificate, written on parchment, was also deposited at the feet of the body.

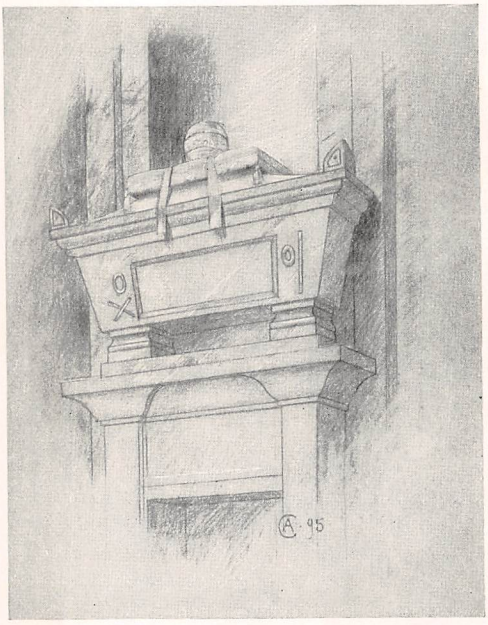
When the leaden coffin was soldered, six seals were placed upon it, five by cardinals, and one by the archivist of the Chapter of St. Peter's. During the whole ceremony the prothonotary apostolic, the chancellor of the Apostolic Chamber, and the notary of the Chapter of St. Peter's, were busy, pen in hand, writing down the detailed protocol of the proceedings.

The last absolution that was pronounced, and the coffin in its outer case of elm was slowly moved out, and raised in slings, and gently swung into the niche. The masons bricked up the opening in the presence of cardinals and guards, and long before midnight the marble slab, carved to represent the side of a sarcophagus, was in its place, with its simple inscription, «Pius IX, P. M.»

From time immemorial the well containing the marble staircase which leads down to the tomb of St. Peter has been called the «Confession.» The word, I believe, is properly applied to the altar-rail, from the ancient practice of repeating there the General Confession immediately before receiving the communion, a custom now somewhat modified. But I may be wrong in giving this derivation. Indeed, a marble balustrade follows the horseshoe shape of the well, and upon it are placed ninety-five gilded lamps, which burn perpetually. There is said to be no special significance in the number, and they produce very little effect by daylight.

But on the eve of St. Peter's day, and perhaps at some other seasons, the Pope has been known to come down to the church by the secret staircase leading into the Chapel of the Sacrament, to pray at the apostle's tomb. On such occasions a few great candlesticks with wax torches are placed on the floor of the church, two and two, between the Chapel and the Confession. The Pope, attended only by a few chamberlains and Noble Guards, and dressed in his customary white cassock, passes swiftly along in the dim light, and descends the steps to the gilded gate beneath the high altar. A marble pope kneels there too, Pius VI, of the Braschi family, his stone draperies less white than Pope Leo's cassock, his marble face scarcely whiter than the living Pontiff's alabaster features.

Those are sights which few are privileged to see. There is a sort of centralization of mystery, if one may couple such words, in the private pilgrimage of the head of the



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

TEMPORARY TOMB FOR THE POPES.

Church to the tomb of the chief apostle, by night, on the eve of the day which tradition has kept as the anniversary of St. Peter's martyrdom from the earliest times. The whole Catholic world, if it might, would follow Leo XIII down those marble steps, and two hundred million voices would repeat the prayer he says alone.

Many and solemn scenes have been acted out by night in the vast gloom of the enormous church, and if events do not actually leave an essence of themselves in places, as some have believed, yet the knowledge that they have happened where we stand and recall them has a mysterious power to thrill the heart.

VI. THE MUSIC OF ST. PETER'S.

Opposite the Chapel of the Sacrament is the Chapel of the Choir. St. Peter's is a

cathedral, and is managed by a chapter of canons, each of whom has his seat in the choir, and his vote in the disposal of the cathedral's income, which is considerable. The chapter maintains the choir of St. Peter's, a body of musicians quite independent of the so-called «Pope's choir,» which is properly termed the «choir of the Sistine Chapel,» and which is paid by the Pope. There are some radical differences between the two. By a very ancient and inviolable regulation, the so-called «musico,» or artificial soprano, is never allowed to sing in the Chapel of the Choir, where the soprano singers are without exception men who sing in falsetto, though they speak in a deep voice. On great occasions the choir of the Sistine joins in the music in the body of the church, but never in the chapel.

Secondly, no musical instruments are ever used in the Sistine. In the choir, on the contrary, there are two large organs. The one on the west side is employed on all ordinary occasions; it is over two hundred years old, and is tuned about two whole tones below the modern pitch. It is so worn out that an organ-builder is in attendance during every service, to make repairs at a moment's notice. The bellows leak, the stops stick, some notes have a chronic tendency to «cypher,» and the pedal «trackers» unhook themselves unexpectedly. But the canons would certainly not think of building a new organ.

Should they ever do so, and tune the instrument to the modern pitch, the consternation of the singers would be great; for the music is all written for the existing organ, and could not be performed two notes higher, not to mention the confusion that would arise where all the music is sung at sight. This is a fact not generally known, but worthy of notice. The music sung in St. Peter's, and, indeed, in most Roman churches, is never rehearsed or practised. The music itself is entirely in manuscript, and is the property of the choir-master, or, as is the case in St. Peter's, of the chapter, and there is no copyright in it beyond this fact of actual possession, protected by the simple plan of never allowing any musician to have his part in his hands except while he is actually performing it. In the course of a year the same piece may be sung several times, and the old choristers may become acquainted with a good deal of the music in this way, but never otherwise. Mozart is reported to have learned Allegri's Miserere by ear, and to have written it down from memory. The other famous Misereres, which are now published, were pirated in a similar way. The choir-master of that day was very unpopular. Some of the leading singers who had sung the Misereres during many years in succession, and had thus learned their several parts, met and put together what they knew into a whole, which was at once published, to the no small annoyance and discomfiture of their enemy. But much good music is quite beyond the reach of the public—Palestrina's best motets, airs by Alessandro Stradella, the famous hymn of Raimondi, in short, a great musical library, an *archivio*, as the Romans call such a collection, all of which is practically lost to the world.

It is wonderful that under such circumstances the choir of St. Peter's should obtain even such creditable results. At a moment's notice an organist and about a hundred singers are called upon to execute a florid piece of music which many of them have never seen or heard; the accompaniment is played at sight from a mere figured bass, on a tumble-down instrument two hundred years old, and the singers, both the soloists and the chorus, sing from thumbed bits of manuscript parts written in old-fashioned characters on paper often green with age. No one has ever denied the extraordinary musical facility of Italians, but if the general musical world knew how Italian church music is performed it would be very much astonished.

It is no wonder that such music is sometimes bad. But sometimes it is very good; for there are splendid voices among the singers, and the Maestro Renzi, the chief organist, is a man of real talent as well as of amazing facility. His modernizing influence is counterbalanced by that of the old choir-master, Maestro Meluzzi, a first-rate musician, who would not for his life change a hair of the old-fashioned traditions. Yet there are moments, on certain days, when the effect of the great old organ, with the rich voices blending in some good harmony, is very solemn and stirring. The outward persuasive force of religion lies largely in its music, and the religions that have no songs make few proselytes.

VII. SCULPTURE AND PAINTING.

NOTHING, perhaps, is more striking, as one becomes better acquainted with St. Peter's, than the constant variety of detail. The vast building produces at first sight an impression of harmony, and there appears to be a remarkable uniformity of style in all the objects one sees.

There are no oil-paintings to speak of in the church, and but few frescos. The great



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

AT THE STATUE OF ST. PETER.

altarpieces are almost exclusively fine mosaic copies of famous pictures which are preserved elsewhere. Of these reproductions the best is generally considered to be that of Guercino's «St. Petronilla» at the end of the right aisle of the tribune. Debrosses praises these mosaic altarpieces extravagantly, and even expresses the opinion that they are probably superior in point of color to the originals from which they are copied. In execution they are certainly wonderful, and many a stranger looks at them and passes on believing them to be oil-paintings. They possess the quality of being imperishable, and beyond all influence of climate or dampness, and they are masterpieces of mechanical workmanship. But many will think them hard and unsympathetic in outline, and decidedly crude in color. Much wit has been manufactured by the critics at the expense of Guido Reni's «Michael,» for instance, and as many sharp things could be said about a good many other works of the same kind in the church. Yet, on the whole, they do not destroy the general harmony. Big as they are, when they are seen from a little distance they sink into mere insignificant patches of color, all but lost in the deep richness of the whole.

As for the statues and monuments, between the «Pietà» of Michelangelo and Bracci's horrible tomb of Benedict XIV there is the step which, according to Tom Paine, separates the sublime from the ridiculous. That very witty saying has in it only just the ingredient of truth without which wit remains mere humor. Between the ridiculous and the sublime there may sometimes be, indeed, but one step in the execution; but there is always the enormous moral distance which separates real feeling from affectation—the gulf which divides, for instance, Bracci's group from Michelangelo's.

The «Pietà» is one of the great sculptor's early works. It is badly placed. It is dwarfed by the heavy architecture above and around it. It is insulted by a pair of hideous bronze cherubs. There is a manifest improbability in the proportion between the figure of Christ and that of the Blessed Virgin. Yet, in spite of all, it is one of the most beautiful and touching groups in the whole world, and by many degrees the best work of art in the great church. Michelangelo was a man of the strongest dramatic instinct, even in early youth, and when he laid his hand to the marble and cut out his «Pietà,» he was in deep sympathy with the supreme drama of man's history. He found in the stone, once and for all time, the grief of the human mother for her son, not comforted by foreknowledge of resurrection, nor lightened by prescience of near glory. He discovered in the marble, by one effort, the divinity of death's rest after torture, and taught the eye to see that the dissolution of this dying body is the birth of the soul that cannot die. In the dead Christ there are two men manifest to sight. «The first man was of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven.»

In the same small chapel stands a strangely wrought marble column inclosed in an iron cage. The Romans now call it the Colonna Santa (the holy pillar), and it is said to be the one against which Christ leaned when teaching in the temple at Jerusalem. A great modern authority believes it to be of Roman workmanship, and of the third century; but those who have lived in the East will see much that is Oriental in the fantastic, ornamented carving. It matters little. In actual fact, whatever be its origin, this is the column known in the middle ages as the «Colonna degli Spiritati,» or column of those possessed by evil spirits, and it was customary to bind to it such unlucky individuals as fell under suspicion of «possession,» in order to exorcise the spirit with prayers and holy water. Aretino has made a witty scene about this in the «Cortigiana,» where one of the Vatican servants cheats a poor fisherman, and then hands him over to the sacristan of St. Peter's to be cured of an imaginary possession by a ceremonious exorcism. Such proceedings must have been common enough in those days when witchcraft and demonology were elements with which rulers and lawgivers had to count at every turn.

Leave the column and its legends in the lonely chapel, with the exquisite «Pietà»; wander hither and thither, and note the enormous contrasts between good and bad work which meet you at every turn. Up in the right aisle of the tribune you will come upon what is known as Canova's masterpiece, the tomb of Clement XIII, of jesuitical memory, as strange a mixture of styles and ideas as any in the world, and yet a genuine expression of the artistic feeling of that day. The grave pope prays solemnly above; on the right a lovely heathen genius of Death leans on a torch; on the left rises a female figure of Religion, one of the most abominably bad statues in the world; below, a brace of improbable lions, extravagantly praised by people who do not understand leonine anatomy, recall Canova's humble origin and his first attempt at modeling. For the sculptor began life as a little waiter in a *canova di vino*, or

wine shop, whence his name, and it was when a high dignitary stopped to breakfast at the little wayside inn that he modeled a lion in butter to grace the primitive table. The thing attracted the rich traveler's attention, and the boy's fortune was made. The pope is impressive, the Death is gentle and tender, the Religion, with her crown of gilded spikes for rays, and her clumsy cross, is a vision of bad taste, and the sleepy lions, when separated from what has been written about them, excite no interest. Yet somehow, from a distance, the monument gets harmony out of its surroundings.

One of the best tombs in the basilica is that of Sixtus IV, the first pope of the Rovere family, in the Chapel of the Sacrament. The bronze figure, lying low on a sarcophagus placed out upon the floor, has a quiet, manly dignity about it which one cannot forget. But in the same tomb lies a greater man of the same race, Julius II, for whom Michelangelo made his great «Moses» in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli—a man who did more than any other, perhaps, to make the great basilica what it is, and who, by a chain of mistakes, got no tomb of his own. He who solemnly laid the foundations of the present church, and lived to see the four main piers completed, with their arches, has only a little slab in the pavement to recall his memory. The protector and friend of Bramante, of Michelangelo, and of Raphael,—of the great architect, the great sculptor, and the great painter,—has not so much as the least work of any of the three to mark his place of rest. Perhaps he needed nothing but his name, which must always stand among the greatest.

After all, his bones have been allowed to rest in peace, which is more than can be said of all that have been buried within the area of the church. Urban VI had no such good fortune. He so much surprised the cardinals, as soon as they had elected him, by his vigorous moral reforms, that they hastily retired to Anagni, and elected an antipope of milder manners and less sensitive conscience. He lived to triumph over his enemies. In Piacenza he was besieged by King Charles of Naples. He excommunicated him, tortured seven cardinals whom he caught in a conspiracy, and put five of them to death, overcame and slew Charles, refused him burial, and had his body exposed to the derision of the crowd. The chronicler says that «Italy, Germany, England, Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, Sicily, and Portugal were obedient to the Lord Pope Urban VI.» He died peacefully, and was buried in St. Peter's in a marble sarcophagus.

But when Sixtus V, who also surprised the cardinals greatly, was in a fit of haste to finish the dome, the masons, wanting a receptacle for water, laid hands on Urban's stone coffin, pitched his bones into a corner, and used the sarcophagus as they pleased, leaving it to serve as a water-tank for many years afterward.

In extending the foundations of the church, Paul III came upon the bodies of Maria and Hermantia, the two wives of Honorius, the emperor who «disestablished» paganism in favor of Christianity. They were sisters, daughters of Stilicho, and had been buried in their imperial robes, with many rich objects and feminine trinkets; and they were found intact, as they had been buried, in the month of February, 1543. Forty pounds of fine gold were taken from their robes alone, says Baracconi, without counting all the jewels and trinkets, among which was a very beautiful lamp, besides a great number of precious stones. The Pope melted down the gold for the expenses of the building, and set the gems in a tiara, where, if they could be identified, they certainly exist to-day—the very stones worn by empresses of ancient Rome.

Then, as if in retribution, the Pope's own tomb was moved from its place. Despoiled of two of the four statues which adorned it, the monument is now in the tribune, and is still one of the best in the church. A strange and tragic tale is told of it. A Spanish student, it is said, fell madly in love with the splendid statue of Paul's sister-in-law, Julia Farnese, He succeeded in hiding himself in the basilica when it was closed at night, threw himself in a frenzy upon the marble, and was found stone dead beside it in the morning. The ugly draperies of painted metal, which now hide much of the statue, owe their origin to this circumstance. Classical scholars will remember that a somewhat similar tale is told by Pliny of the «Venus» of Praxiteles in Cnidus.

In spite of many assertions to the effect that the bronze statue of St. Peter which is venerated in the church was originally an image of Jupiter Capitolinus, the weight of modern authority and artistic judgment is to the contrary. The work cannot really be earlier than the fifth century, and is therefore of a time after Honorius and the disestablishment. Any one who will take the trouble to examine the lives of the early popes may read the detailed accounts of what each one did for the churches. It is not by any means impossible that the statue may have been made under St. Innocent I, a contemporary of Honorius, in whose time a Roman lady called Vestina made gift to the

Church of vast possessions, the proceeds of which were used in building and richly adorning numerous places of worship. In any case, since it is practically certain that the statue was originally intended for a portrait of St. Peter, and has been regarded as such for nearly fifteen hundred years, it commands our respect, if not our veneration.

The practice of dressing it in magnificent robes on the feast of St. Peter is connected with the ancient Roman custom, which required the censors, when entering upon office, to paint the earthen statue of Jupiter Capitolinus a bright red. But the connection lies in the Italian mind and character, which cling desperately to external practices for their hold upon inward principles. It is certainly not an inheritance of uninterrupted tradition, as Roman church music, on the contrary, most certainly is; for there is every reason to believe that the recitations now noted in the Roman missal were very like those used by the ancient Romans on solemn occasions.

The mere facts of real interest connected with the basilica, its foundation, its construction, and its subsequent history, would fill a volume, and overfill one man's brain. The church is not only a real landmark. Astronomers say that if there were a building of the same dimensions on the moon we could easily see it with modern telescopes. It is also, in a manner, one of time's great mile-stones, of which some trace will probably remain till the very end of the world's life. Its mere mass will insure to it the permanence of the great pyramid of Cheops. Its mere name associates it forever with the existence of Christianity from the earliest time. It has stamped itself upon the minds of millions of men as the most vast monument of the ages. Its very defects are destined to be as lasting as its beauties, and its mighty faults are more imposing than the small perfections of the Greeks. Between it and the Parthenon, as between the Roman empire and the Athenian commonwealth, one may choose, but one dares make no comparison. The genius of the Greeks absorbed the world's beauty into itself, distilled it to perfection, and gave humanity its most subtle quintessence; but the Latin arm ruled the world itself wholesale, and the imperial Latin intelligence could never find any expression fitted to its enormous measure. That is the secret of the monstrous element in all the Romans built. And that supernormal giantism showed itself for the last time in the building of St. Peter's, when the Latin race had reached its last great development, and the power of the Latin popes overshadowed the whole world, and was itself about to be humbled. Before Michelangelo was dead Charles V had been emperor for forty years, Dr. Martin Luther had denied the doctrine of salvation by works, the nations had broken loose from the popes, and the world was at war.

F. Marion Crawford.

BECALMED.

THE yards are squared, the course is set,
And port and starboard decks are wet,
Yet not a flaw from day to day
Darkens the flood or sifts the spray.

Becalmed we lie, with rocking keel;
The helmsman nods above the wheel,
Or idly scans the shoreless sea,
Which sets no whispering murmurs free.

The still heights of the firmament
Spread round us like a silver tent,
And fervid days and silent seas
Wrap us in balmy dreams of ease.

No messenger with hurrying feet
Hails me with tidings of defeat,
Nor sad-faced herald hastes to tell
That with my love all is not well.

I only know no seas can part
Us farther than a faithless heart,
And even Death we might deride
To part us more, though side by side.

L. Frank Tooker.

OLD LADY LAZENBERRY.

AS Mr. Pate advanced in age it seemed to console him much that, though interested listeners to his chattings gradually diminished in numbers on account of his deafness and growing garrulousness, I remained steadfastly loyal. One Saturday afternoon, sure that, as usual, he would be at the store, I went there. After all except myself, with one and another excuse, had gone away from him, knowing that he expected me to ask him for another story, I did so.

«Another story, eh? Ain't you afeard you 'll git sp'ilt, havin' a man o' expe'unce and obserwation talkin' to thes you by your lone self? No; no danger. Pity but what some grown people would follow the egzample of not a-interruptin' ner runnin' away from convisation which is meant for their good, and their good only, if they had the jedgment to see it. Well, what sort o' story you want—Injun story, fightin' story, or what?»

I answered that, if all the same to him, I preferred one with a good deal of love and courting strung along, and some marrying toward the end.

«Thes listen to that! This here boy! And him nine year old last Chuesday! Fer I were at the house and I heerd his ma say it were his birthday. And I had to run my hand in my pocket and jerk out a thrip for him. And his ma hizitated about him takin' of it; but she give in when she see my feelin's would be hurted, and I conwinced her that a thrip give by a neighbor at sech a time were n't big enough money to make a fool o' nobody noways. Yes, he were nine year old a Chuesday, this here boy, and he want to hear about courtin' and marryin'. Yit a body is obleeged to acknowledge that it 's in the blood o' people, old or young. Courtin' and marryin' has been goin' on ever sence Adam and Eve in the gyarden, and down till yit it 's the interestinest occepation people can foller and hear tell about. I have putt my mind a right smart on the subject, and it have arriv' to the settlin' of it that the good Lord made 'em so in the offstart, fer to make 'em have and keep up their respect of a inst'ootion he see it were the best he could do fer thes sich a set. For my expe'unce of the good Lord have been and is that he know his own business better than anybody can tell him; that I have said so to warous people many and many a time, some of 'em heedin' my word, and some not, as the case might be, a'cordin' to the gumption that deffer'nt people has, more or less. And—but this here boy want a story, he do.»

For a moment or so he seemed dropped into reminiscent mood; then, looking down upon me, he said:

«I ruther think I 'll make a few remarks to-day on the old lady Lazenberry.»

He smiled with benevolent compassion, moving his head slowly up and down, and proceeded:

«My expe'unce of old people—that is, what you might call oldish people—it is that when courtin' once take a start with 'em, it is rapider and it is p'inteder than young people, and it 's because, a-knowin' what little sunshine they got left, they see the importance o' getherin' in what hay they see a-layin' round. Now the old lady Lazenberry she never liked the name herself, but they called her that to sip'rate her from her daughter-in-law.

«The family lived on t' other side the Ogeechee, not fur from Long Creek meetin'-house, where she were a member in good standin' from the time she j'ined, a girl, till now, when she have outlived two husbands, and active and spry as the youngest widder a-goin'. Her first husband were 'Lihu Lazenberry, and after he died, leavin' her with three children, his brother Isaac, a-feelin' hisself adequate to the above, stepped in and extenduated the family two better. Then *he* died, thes like everybody do when their time come. And when, some time atterwards, she begun to streak her black with red ribbins and things, people that thought she were goin' to give up to numerous affliction acknowledged they were mistakened in their mind. She were always one o' that kind o' wimming that, when they know they 've got a better head on 'em than them around 'em, would go 'long and do what they wanted. Both

her husbands knewed that, and was proud of her; for she were a elegant manager, which they were n't, and have got a right nice property together.

«Now, unfort'nately there were another female in the family that had ambition for the same, and that were Sally Ann, Billy Lazenberry's wife. But there 's a diff'unce betwixt wimming that have a head and know it, and them that think they have got a head and hain't, and that were the case with Sally Ann. Billy ner none the other children, married or not, never thought o' sich a thing as tryin' to hector over their ma. But Sally Ann, knowin' that Billy bein' a good-hearted fellow, and would n't quoil, she severial times ondertook to tell her ma-in-law she ought to do this and she ought n't to do that, and the old lady, fer Billy's sake, only thes smiled, and went on about her business same as if Sally Ann had n't opened her mouth. You onderstand, she see Sally Ann never have nigh the head she have herself, and 't were n't worth while to bother with her 'ithout the time come to use her to help fetch about anything she have made up her mind she want. And, shore enough, it did along o' them red ribbins and things I told you about. Sally Ann ought to have knew, like everybody else did, that the old lady were n't goin' to stay a widder providin' she could suit herself; for she were n't but forty-nine year old, and she were as perfect healthy and active as Sally Ann, every bit and grain, and as fer looks, she helt her own remarkable. She were never at no time what people called a great beauty, but she full made up by charecter and industr'ous and good managy, and special the good head she always carried about with her.»

Despite what then seemed to me the very far advanced age of the lady thus for the third time indulging herself in romantic speculations, my old friend's numerous words were more interesting to me than I could hope to make them to others by rehearsal. I must narrate in brief, therefore, some facts told by him in much fond detail.

For reasons sufficient in her own mind, Mrs. Billy Lazenberry decided that her mother-in-law should not marry again if she could hinder it. Knowing this, the elder, on her part, decided to use her daughter-in-law in furtherance of her intentions general and special.

When the widow had put on what Mr. Pate styled her «red ribbins and things,» marrying gentlemen began to surmise that, whatever else might be the result, she would not take offense at approaches in ways that were not improperly urgent, and with words choicely persuasive. Among these was Mr. James Boze, a bachelor whom young people, for years, had been calling Uncle Jeems. Although a gentleman of some firmness of character and a reasonably good business man, he was slow in action, and modest to a degree that made him a favorite listener with those who much preferred their own to the conversation of others. He professed to be a lover of what he called «the seck-seck,» even acknowledging an intensity of feeling occasionally, when in the presence of one specially attractive, that produced titillation in his nostrils leading to violent sneezing when he had no more sign of a cold than the most clear-headed among my readers at this minute. Embarrassment, soon degenerating into inanity, had heretofore kept him from making known the state of his feelings to any particular lady. Now, being about the age of the widow Lazenberry, or perhaps a year or so younger, he was generally believed to be one who might be counted out when marriage was the theme of conversation among the neighbors. A rather small man in the beginning, latterly he had seemed to age and dwindle rather fast for one of his years. He lived close, closer in the lapse of time and the fading away of romantic ideas and hopes. With both the late Lazenberrys he had been a good friend, and many a time at the Lazenberry table had he been joked with by the last for continuing to be an old bachelor. Repelling such a charge as well as he could, he thanked Mrs. Lazenberry, and always remembered her for coming to his support on such occasions by maintaining that the only reason why he had not married was that his time had n't come.

Now there may or there may not have been something peculiar in a look which Mr. Boze received from Mrs. Lazenberry on that Sunday at Long Creek meeting-house when she appeared first in colors. He indulged a small hope that there was; but he was not a man to presume upon such a thing. Yet there was noticed somewhat, if only a trifle, of brightening in his looks and dress, and a slight propensity to sneeze whenever the lady's name was mentioned in his hearing. In this simple society there were almost no secrets. If there had been, Mrs. Billy Lazenberry would have been apt to make early acquaintance with one as interesting as this. As it was, her mother-in-law, far from indulging any motive of concealment, for reasons good and sufficient wished her to have knowledge of everything existing, and suspicion as far as possible beyond it. Mrs. Billy had laughingly been hav-

ing a good deal to say about, as she expressed it, «old uncle Jeems Boze a-primping hisself here lately.» Something pointed seemed needful for the occasion; so one day, when Billy was at his mother's, she said to him, «Billy, Sally Ann have been a-ridiculin' of Jeems Boze right smart, and if you could git her to stop it, possible it might be jest as well as not.»

«Law, ma, I can't no more stop Sally Ann from sech as that than I can shet up all out o' doors. You know that, ma.»

«Yes, I know, my son. Pity but what you could. Sally Ann, exceptin' of ruther too much tongue, is a good woman and a excellent wife. Maybe if you 'll try it again you 'll have better luck. Because you know Jeems Boze is not a for'ard person, and sech as that might hurt his feelin's and discourage him, which nobody ought to want to make enemies.»

Billy promised to undertake the task.

«Now, my boy,» here said Mr. Pate in parenthesis, «there were where the old lady showed the head she had over Sally Ann. She knewed that when Billy begun on Sally Ann, it would turn her tongue perfect loose on Jeems Boze, and that 's what she wanted done. And then she want to fling out to Billy in a affectionate, motherly way, so to prepar' his mind for what might be comin' onexpected-like.»

As was foreseen, Mrs. Billy, after report of the conversation, excited by this new view of the case, became more intent than before upon repressing Mr. Boze. She went about picking up all there was to be had against him, adding freely other things that in her opinion would be far more discreditable if they could only be found out. Mr. Boze,—most harmless and peace-loving of mankind, never having been in a quarrel of any sort in all his life, and timid, especially with regard to women,—looking upon all this as a warning, decided that it was most prudent for him to stop right where he was, get back amain into his old clothes, shave himself as before but once a week, and that only in spots, indifferent as to the number of gashes from an unstropped razor, and give it out that his health was bad, and he had no expectation or wish to live much longer. It is curious, when a man comes to be afraid of a woman, how intensely afraid he *can* get. At the bare mention of Mrs. Sally Ann Lazenberry's name Mr. Boze's countenance became utterly woe-begone, his small frame shrank yet smaller, and he trembled sensibly without, and more so within. It was actually pitiful how this humble, good man wilted before the blasts of Mrs. Sally Ann Lazenberry.

When the widow had noted as much as was satisfactory of all this, she exclaimed:

«Aha!» and then added to herself, «Sally Ann is a conven'enter thing to have about sech a matter than a body might even want.»

The afternoon was far worn before the conclusion of this story. I often recall my old friend's interest, greater, evidently, because of the ripe ages of the lovers. Passing over his very many words in narrating the subsequent doings of the parties interested, I subjoin some remarks of the one most prompt and active in conducting them to a happy end.

One day, a fortnight or so after an event the excitement of which began to subside the sooner, perhaps, for being the third of its kind, this person, in answer to a neighbor's congratulations, among very many others, said the following words:

«I thanky, Mrs. Ivy. The longer a body live in this world, it seem like the bigger their expe'unce is bound to be. When I was a girl, of course, like other girls, I looked forrards, and when I got married, I done it accordin' to the Lord's app'intment, which I believe in the same in such cases as I believe in you a-settin' there. Well, 'Lihu Lazenberry he was a good husband, like he promised, but he died, leaving me a widder with three children. And after a while Isaac Lazenberry he overpersuaded me, not expected, and in the course of time Isaac Lazenberry went, and there I were again, with two more orphans. Now the 'Postle Paul, you know yourself, Mrs. Ivy, he writ that when a female person have lost her companion, it is perfect lawful for her to have another; and it seem like to me the 'Postle Paul give his advices freer to widders than young girls, being appearant ruther doubtful sometimes about young girls, but p'inted that widders better had. Had n't been so, I 'd 'a' never took Isaac Lazenberry, and when Isaac Lazenberry went, it would n't been worth no man person's while to even name sech a subject to me, which I has no doubt, Mrs. Ivy, you were the same when Mr. Ivy come at you after your first husband died, a not doubtin' but what the 'Postle Paul knowed what he was a-talkin' about. Now, fact o' the business is, idees of the kind, after Isaac Lazenberry went, might of kept longer out of my mind had n't been for Sally Ann, that everybody know the fun'ril of Isaac Lazenberry were n't so very fur over when Sally Ann, thinkin' my business were her business, she begun to talk. Then I stuck on

the breast of my frock one little, lone, red ribbin, thes to let Sally Ann know that my business was a thing that I were goin' to tend to myself 'ithout a-askin' of her fer help. To tell the truth, I had n't been pesterin' my mind noways about Jeems Boze partic'lar. *But* when Jeems Boze got hisself some new clothes, and begun to hold hisself straighter, and look like he thought somethin' of hisself, and when I ketched his eye Sunday meetin's, lookin' at me friendly and wishful, and I let him see my feelin's were n't hurted by sech behavior, why, of course I begun to have that same flutterin' in my breast that a female can't keep herself from havin' sech a time and in them conditions, albe same like before it were not expected, and I begun to be a-waitin' to see what Jeems Boze were goin' to do about it.

«But now Sally Ann she let her tongue go loose at both ends, as the sayin' is, against Jeems Boze to sech a scan'lous pitch that it skeert Jeems Boze, and made him drap back further than before in his bachelor ways, and he never come anigh me, and he tell people that it would n't be so very long before they 'd find him at the p'int o' death. Now, don't you know, Mrs. Ivy, that sech as that made me feel sorry for Jeems Boze? Why, of course it was obleeged to. And then I put on more red, and I determined in my mind to thes *kiver* myself all over with red ruther than to let Sally Ann drive him to the insignif'cance she were appearant bent on. But you know, Mrs. Ivy, I never could ketch Jeems Boze's eye to let him understand my signs and feelin's, he were that skeert of Sally Ann. That made the yearnester the flutterin' I had fer him in my breast, and so one Sat'day night, when my Sam were startin' for his wife's house (she that were Jeems Boze's Judy), I told him to tell his Marse Jeems from me not to mind Sally Ann's talk, and that I had neither part ner lot in it. And when Sam came back a Monday mornin', he said the words made his Marse Jeems fa'rly jump out of his cheer; and next mornin' he got out his new clothes and put 'em on, and he shaved hisself nice and clean, and he told Sam if he did n't feel ruther skeert to do it, he 'd get on his horse and ride straight over here. And he told Sam to tell me to try to fetch back my mind, and see if I could n't ricollect tellin' him the reason why he had n't got married it were because his time had n't come. Did you ever see anything dilicater than that? And I made Sam go right straight back and tell him I ricollect perfect, and it seemed like to me the same as a marracle. And so, not long after, here come a-ridin' up the lane nobody but Jeems Boze, a-suspicionin' of which I had already put on my best frock. And soon as he come in the house and shook hands, he trimbled and he sneezed and he set down awk'ard-like; and I were pleased in my mind to see his egzitement, because you know yourself it 's the nature of a dilicate female, even if it have been twice before, to not seem like too willin' when a man person come at her on sech a arrant, and so he may feel ruther skeert and dubious, and not be holdin' his head up too high and bold. At first Jeems Boze were speechless till I handed him a tumbler of water with my own hands, and said I thought he looked uncommon well that mornin', which he did; then he peertened up, and—well—what followed, followed. And I sent for Billy and the girls that 's married; and they all acknowledged I have been a good mother to them, and that if I felt it were my juty to get married again, they were thankful in their mind it were as good a man as their Uncle Jeems Boze. Of course Sally Ann knocked under when she found she had it to do.»

She paused awhile, and then added with some pathos:

«And why should n't she, Mrs. Ivy? What have I done to be found fault with by Sally Ann or anybody else? Is a widder, even a two-time widder, got nothin' else to do but thes set down or go about grievin' fer them that 's gone, and a-complainin' of the good Lord fer takin' of 'em? And ain't a widder, even if she ain't young as some, ain't she liable to get lonesome and to want company like other wimming? I know well as if I had heard 'em that some people laughed when the widder Lazenberry have got married a third time, and that to Jeems Boze, not expected. But sech as that don't faze, and is perfect idle wind to me and Jeems Boze, that if I ever see a happy man person and contented in his mind, as he acknowledge it hisself, it is Jeems Boze, that he solemn declare he were glad his time never come till it did; and as for kind and biddable and convenant man person for a woman to have about the house, and do what she want done, and not to do what she don't want done,—I say it bold,—I don't believe in my mind there 's anybody anywheres to beat Jeems Boze. And, oh, it 's my hopes and my honest pra'rs that the good Lord may n't seemeth him meet to make me another widder. For, as you has the expe'unce to know yourself, Mrs. Ivy, it 's only them that has been one that know what the feelin's of it is.»

«You see, my son,» Mr. Pate said, in conclusion, «that courtin' and marryin' ain't a thing of people's age, ner of their been married before oncet or twicet and left singuil. I might add three times or four times; number o' times got nothin' to do with it. It 's thes the natur' o' people to not want to live by their lone self, and when their pardner is took away from 'em, if they don't git another it ain't because they don't want to. And when you git old enough to study about sich things, if your mind have the strenkt to take 'em in, you 'll see that them married wimming that busies theirselves the most strenious about widders a-marryin' ag'in is the very ones, nine times in ten, to do the very same like ways theirself when their husbands drap off —young or old, make no odds which, 'ithout they 're so old as to forgit or to not know what they do want. Time and tide waits for nobody. And if you do be too young to know it now, it 's a fact that you never will hear a sensibler obserwation than what that call itself.

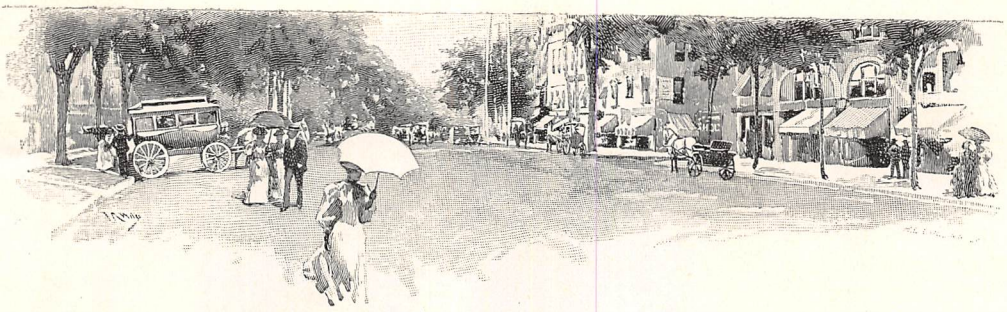
«You better go back to your ma now. She might git oneasy and be a-sendin' fer you. Spent that thrip I give you Chuesday? There, now, I knowed he had! Never mind. If both of us lives to his next birthday, he shall have another.»

Richard Malcolm Johnston.

NIGHT IN THE REDWOODS.

THE eyes that all day upward look to feast
On sloping boughs, nor yet at twilight ceased,
Now see in trunk and branch and leaf and spray
Diviner meanings than were felt by day.
The trunks that tower high look up and out
Like Faith above the undergrowth of Doubt;
The stately boughs, the sprays so far above,
Encompass Faith with arms of tender Love;
The little leaves are servants fond and true,
Cup-bearers of the summer sun and dew;
These giant limbs, each spangled with a star,
Seem spirit steps to heavenly lands afar;
And those wide-spreading arms held high in air
In quiet wait the answer to a prayer.
How still the scene! A century of calm
Lies wrapped within this night of blissful balm.
All still, save in the soul a breath, a call,
A thrill that holds the heart in solemn thrall;
One swelling pulse, one mighty undertone—
God's voice down through the redwood branches blown.

Clarence Urmy.



AN OPEN-EYED CONSPIRACY:

AN IDYL OF SARATOGA.

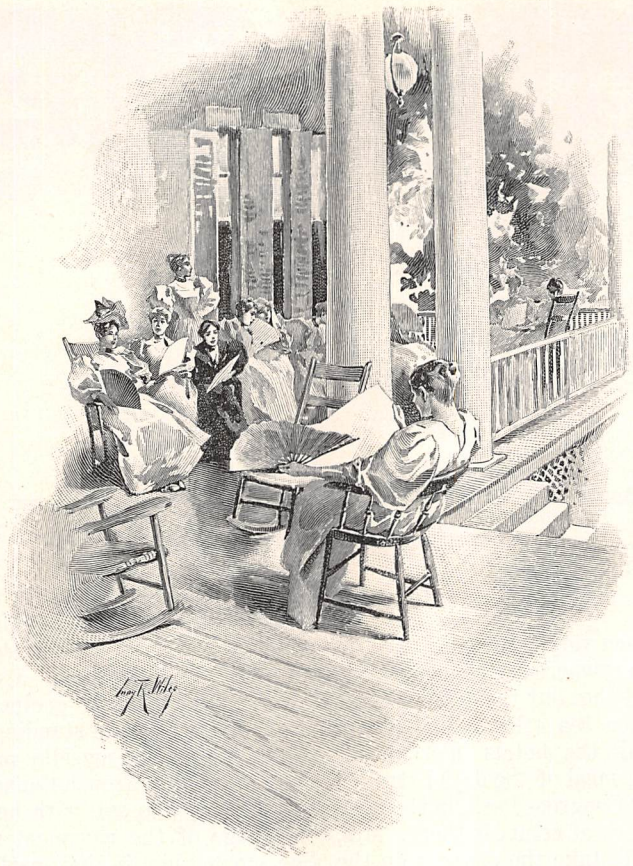
BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of «Their Wedding Journey,» «The Rise of Silas Lapham,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY IRVING R. WILES.

I.

THE day had been very hot under the tall trees which everywhere embower and stifle Saratoga, for they shut out the air as well as the sun; and after tea (they still have an early dinner at all the hotels in Saratoga, and tea is the last meal of the day) I strolled over to the pretty Congress Park, in the hope of getting a breath of coolness there. Mrs. March preferred to take the chances on the veranda of our pleasant little hotel, where I left her with the other ladies, forty fanning like one, as they rocked to and fro under the roof lifted to the third story by those lofty shafts peculiar to the Saratoga architecture. As far as coolness was concerned I thought she was wise after I reached the park, for I found none of it there. I tried first a chair in the arabesque pavilion (I call it arabesque in despair; it might very well be Swiss; it is charming, at all events), and studied to deceive myself with the fresh-looking ebullition of the spring in the vast glass bowls your goblets are served from (people say it is pumped, and artificially aërated); but after a few moments this would not do, and I went out to a bench, of the rows beside the graveled walks. It was no better there; but I fancied it would be better on the little isle in the little lake, where the fountain was flinging a sheaf of spray into the dull air. This looked even cooler than the bubbling spring in the glass vases, and it sounded vastly cooler. There would be mosquitos there, of course, I admitted in the debate I had with myself before I decided to make experiment of the place, and the event proved me right. There were certainly some mosquitos in the Grecian temple (if it is not a Turkish kiosk; perhaps we had better compromise, and call it a Grecian kiosk), which you reach by a foot-bridge from the mainland, and there was a damp in the air which might pass for coolness. There were three or four people standing vaguely about in the kiosk; but my idle mind fixed itself upon a young French-Canadian mother of low degree, who sat, with her small boy, on the verge of the pavement near the water. She scolded him in their parlance for having got himself so dirty, and then she smacked his poor, filthy little hands, with a frown of superior virtue, though I did not find her so very much cleaner herself. I cannot see children beaten without a heartache, and I continued to suffer for this small wretch even after he had avenged himself by eating a handful of peanut shells, which would be sure to disagree with him and make his mother more trouble. In fact, I experienced no relief till his mother, having spent her insensate passion, gathered him up with sufficient tenderness, and carried him away. Then, for the first time, I noticed a girl sitting in a chair just outside the kiosk, and showing a graceful young figure as she partly turned in it to look after the departing mother and child. When she turned again and glanced in my direction at the noise I made in placing my chair, I could see two things—that she had as much beauty as grace, and that she was disappointed in me. The latter fact did not wound me, for I felt its profound impersonality. I was not wrong in myself; I was simply wrong in being an elderly man with a gray beard instead of the handsome shape and phase of youth which her own young beauty had a right to in my place. I was not only not



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY E. HEINEMANN.

«FORTY FANNING LIKE ONE.»

wounded, but I was not sorry not to be that shape and phase of youth, except as I hate to disappoint any one.

Her face was very beautiful; it was quite perfectly beautiful, and of such classic mold that she might well have been the tutelary goddess of that temple (if it was a temple, and not a kiosk), in the white duck costume which the goddesses were wearing that summer. Her features were Greek, but her looks were American; and she was none the less a goddess, I decided, because of that air of something exacting, of not quite satisfied, which made me more and more willing to be elderly and gray-bearded. I at least should not be expected to supply the worship necessary to keep such a goddess in good humor.

I do not know just how I can account for a strain of compassion which mingled with this sense of irresponsibility in me; perhaps it was my feeling of security that attuned me to pity; but certainly I did not look at this young girl long without beginning to grieve for her, and to weave about her a web of possibilities, which grew closer and firmer in texture when she was joined by a couple who had apparently not left her a great while before, and who spoke, without otherwise saluting her, as they sat down on either side of her. I instantly interpreted her friends to be the young wife and middle-aged husband of a second marriage; for they were evidently man and wife, and he must have been nearly twice as old as she. In person he tended to the weight which expresses settled prosperity, and a certain solidification of temperament and character; as to his face, it was kind, and it was rather humorous, in spite of being a little slow in the cast of mind it suggested. He wore an iron-gray beard on his cheeks and chin, but he had his strong upper lip clean shaven; some drops of perspiration stood upon it, and upon his forehead, which showed itself well up toward his crown under the damp strings of his scanty hair. He looked at the young goddess in white duck with a sort of trouble in his friendly countenance, and his wife (if it was his wife) seemed to share his concern, though she smiled, while he let the corners of his straight mouth droop. She was smaller than the young girl, and I thought almost as

young; and she had the air of being somehow responsible for her, and cowed by her, though the word says rather more than I mean. She was not so well dressed; that is, not so stylishly, though doubtless her costume was more expensive. It seemed the inspiration of a village dressmaker; and her husband's low-cut waistcoat, and his expanse of plaited shirt-front, betrayed a provincial ideal which she would never decry—which she would perhaps never find different from the most worldly. He had probably, I swiftly imagined, been wearing just that kind of clothes for twenty years, and telling his tailor to make each new suit like the last; he had been buying for the same period the same shape of Panama hat, regardless of the continually changing type of straw hats on other heads. I cannot say just why, as he tilted his chair back on its hind legs, I felt that he was either the cashier of the village bank at home, or one of the principal business men of the place. Village people I was quite resolute to have them all; but I left them free to have come from some small manufacturing center in western Massachusetts or southern Vermont or central New York. It was easy to see that they were not in the habit of coming away from their place, wherever it was; and I wondered whether they were finding their account in the present excursion.

I myself think Saratoga one of the most delightful spectacles in the world, and Mrs. March is of the same mind about it. We like all the waters, and drink them without regard to their different properties; but we rather prefer the Congress spring, because it is such a pleasant place to listen to the Troy military band in the afternoon, and the more or less vocal concert in the evening. All the Saratoga world comes and goes before us, as we sit there by day and by night, and we find a perpetual interest in it. We go and look at the deer (a herd of two, I think) behind their wire netting in the southward valley of the park, and we would feed the trout in their blue tank if we did not see them suffering with surfeit, and hanging in motionless misery amid the clear water under a cloud of bread crumbs. We are such devotees of the special attractions offered from time to time that we do not miss a single balloon ascension



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

«OUTSIDE THE KIOSK.»

or pyrotechnic display. In fact, it happened to me one summer that I studied so earnestly and so closely the countenance of the lady who went up (in trunk-hose), in order to make out just what were the emotions of a lady who went up every afternoon in a balloon, that when we met near the end of the season in Broadway I thought I must have seen her somewhere in society, and took off my hat to her (she was not at the moment in trunk-hose). We like going about to the great hotels, and sponging on them for the music in the forenoon; we like the gaudy shops of modes kept by artists whose addresses are French and whose surnames are Irish; and the bazaars of the Armenians and Japanese, whose rugs and bric-à-brac are not such bargains as you would think. We even go to the races sometimes; we are not sure it is quite right, but as we do not bet, and are never decided as to which horse has won, it is perhaps not so wrong as it might be.

Somehow I could not predicate these simple joys of the people I have been talking of, for the very reason that they were themselves so simple. It was our sophistication which enabled us to taste pleasures which would have been insipidities to them. Their palates would have demanded other flavors—social excitements, balls, flirtations, almost escapades. I speak of the two women; the man, doubtless, like most other Americans of his age, wanted nothing but to get back to business in the small town where he was important; and still more I speak of the young girl; for the young wife I fancied very willing to go back to her housekeeping, and to be staying on in Saratoga only on her friend's account.

II.

I HAD already made up my mind that they had been the closest friends before one of them married, and that the young wife still thought the young girl worthy of the most splendid fate that marriage could have in store for any of her sex. Women often make each other the idols of such worship; but I could not have justified this lady's adoration so far as it concerned the mental and moral qualities of her friend, though I fully shared it in regard to her beauty. To me she looked a little dull and a little selfish, and I chose to think the husband modestly found her selfish, if he were too modest to find her dull.

Yet, after all, I tacitly argued with him, why should we call her selfish? It was perfectly right and fit that, as a young girl with such great personal advantages, she should wish to see the world,—even to show herself to the world,—and find in it some agreeable youth who should admire her, and desire to make her his own forever. Compare this simple and natural longing with the insatiate greed and ambition of one of our own sex, I urged him, and then talk to me, if you can, of this poor girl's selfishness! A young man has more egoism in an hour than a young girl has in her whole life. She thinks she wishes some one to be devoted to her, but she really wishes some one to let her be devoted to him; and how passively, how negatively, she must manage to accomplish her self-sacrifice! He, on the contrary, means to go conquering and enslaving forward; to be in and out of love right and left, and to end, after many years of triumph, in the possession of the best and wisest and fairest of her sex. I know the breed, my dear sir; I have been a young man myself. We men have liberty, we have initiative; we are not chaperoned; we can go to this one and that one freely and fearlessly. But women must sit still, and be come to or shied off from. They cannot cast the bold eye of interest; they can at most bridle under it, and furtively respond from the corner of the eye of weak hope and gentle deprecation. Be patient, then, with this poor child if she darkles a little under the disappointment of not finding Saratoga so personally gay as she supposed it would be, and takes it out of you and your wife, as if you were to blame for it, in something like sulks.

He remained silent under these tacit appeals, but at the end he heaved a deep sigh, as he might if he were acknowledging their justice, and were promising to do his very best in the circumstances. His wife looked round at him, but did not speak. In fact, they none of them spoke after the first words of greeting to the girl, as I can very well testify; for I sat eavesdropping with all my might, resolved not to lose a syllable, and I am sure I lost none.

The young girl did not look round at that deep-drawn sigh of the man's; she did not lift her head even when he cleared his throat: but I was intent upon him, for I thought that these sounds preluded an overture (I am not sure of the figure) to my acquaintance, and in fact he actually asked, «Do you know just when the concert begins?»

I was overjoyed at his question, for I was poignantly interested in the little situation I had created, and I made haste to answer: «Well, nominally at eight o'clock; but the first half-hour is usually taken up in tuning

the instruments. If you get into the pavilion at a quarter to nine you won't lose much. It is n't so bad when it really begins.»

The man permitted himself a smile of the pleasure we Americans all feel at having a thing understated in that way. His wife asked timidly, «Do we have to engage our seats in the—pavilion?»

«Oh, no,» I laughed; «there 's no such rush as that. Have n't you been at the concerts before?»

The man answered for her: «We have n't been here but a few days. I should think,» he added to her, «it would be about as comfortable outside of the house.» I perceived that he maintained his independence of my superior knowledge by refusing to say «pavilion»; and in fact I do not know whether that is the right name for the building myself.

«It will be hot enough anywhere,» I assented, as if the remark had been made to me; but here I drew the line out of self-respect, and resolved that he should make the next advances.

The young girl looked up at the first sound of my voice, and verified me as the elderly man whom she had seen before; and then she looked down at the water again. I understood, and I freely forgave her. If my beard had been brown instead of gray I should have been an adventure; but to the eye of girlhood adventure can never wear a gray beard. I was truly sorry for her; I could read in the pensive droop of her averted face that I was again a disappointment.

They all three sat, without speaking again, in the mannerless silence of Americans. The man was not going to feel bound in further civility to me because I had civilly answered a question of his. I divined that he would be glad to withdraw from the overture he had made; he may have thought from my readiness to meet him half way that I might be one of those sharpers in whom Saratoga probably abounded. This did not offend me; it amused me; I fancied his confusion if he could suddenly know how helplessly and irreparably honest I was.

«I don't know but it 's a little too damp here, Rufus,» said the wife.

«I don't know but it is,» he answered; but none of them moved, and none of them spoke again for some minutes. Then the wife said again, but this time to the friend, «I don't know but it 's a little too damp here, Julia,» and the friend answered, as the husband had:

«I don't know but it is.»

I had two surprises in this slight event. I could never have imagined that the girl had so brunette a name as Julia, or anything less blonde in sound than, say, Evadne, at the very darkest; and I had made up my mind—Heaven knows why—that her voice would be harsh. Perhaps I thought it unfair that she should have a sweet voice added to all that beauty and grace of hers; but she had a sweet voice, very tender and melodious, with a plangent tone in it that touched me and charmed me. Beautiful and graceful as she was, she had lacked atmosphere before, and now suddenly she had atmosphere. I resolved to keep as near to these people as I could, and not to leave the place as long as they stayed; but I did not think it well to let them feel that I was esthetically shadowing them, and I got up and strolled away toward the pavilion, keeping an eye in the back of my head upon them.

I sat down in a commanding position, and watched the people gathering for the concert; and in the drama of a group of Cubans, or of South Americans, I almost forgot for a moment the pale idyl of my compatriots at the kiosk. There was a short, stout little Spanish woman speaking in the shapely sentences which the Latin race everywhere delights in, and around her was an increasing number of serious Spanish men, listening as if to important things, and paying her that respectful attention which always amuses and puzzles me. In view of what we think their low estimate of women, I cannot make out whether it is a personal tribute to some specific woman whom they regard differently from all the rest of her sex, or whether they choose to know in her for the nonce the abstract woman who is better than women in the concrete. I am sure I have never seen men of any other race abandon themselves to such a luxury of respect as these black- and gray-bearded Spaniards of leaden complexion showed this dumpy personification of womanhood, with their prominent eyes bent in homage upon her, and their hands trembling with readiness to seize their hats off in reverence. It appeared presently that the matter they were all canvassing so devoutly was the question of where she should sit. It seemed to be decided that she could not do better than sit just at that point. When she actually took a chair the stately convocation ended, and its members, with low obeisances, dispersed themselves in different directions. They had probably all been sitting with her the whole afternoon on the veranda of the Everett House, where their race chiefly resorts in Saratoga, and they were availing themselves of this occasion to appear to be meeting her, after a long interval, in society.

I said to myself that of course they believed Saratoga was still that center of American fashion which it once was, and that they came and went every summer, probably in the belief that they saw a great deal of social gaiety there. This made me think, by a natural series of transitions, of the persons of my American idyl, and I looked about the pavilion everywhere for them without discovering, till the last, that they were just behind me.

I found the fact touching. They had not wished to be in any wise beholden to me, and had even tried to reject my friendly readiness to know them better; but they had probably sought my vicinity in a sense of their loneliness and helplessness, which they hoped I would not divine, but which I divined instantly. Still, I thought it best not to show any consciousness of them, and we sat through the first part of the concert without taking notice of one another. Then the man leaned forward and touched me on the shoulder.

«Will you let me take your program a minute?»

«Why, certainly,» said I.

He took it, and after a vague glance at it he passed it to his wife, who gave it in turn to the young girl. She studied it very briefly, and then, after a questioning look, offered it back to me.



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

«THE MAN LEANED FORWARD AND TOUCHED ME ON THE SHOULDER.»

«Won't you keep it?» I entreated. «I 've quite done with it.»

«Oh, thank you,» she answered in her tender voice, and she and the wife looked hard at the man, whom they seemed to unite in pushing forward by that means.

He hemmed, and asked, «Have you been in Saratoga much?»

«Why, yes,» I said; «rather a good deal. My wife and I have been here three or four summers.»

At the confession of my married state, which this statement implicated, the women exchanged a glance, I fancied, of triumph, as if they had been talking about me, and I

had now confirmed the ground they had taken concerning me. Then they joined in goading the man on again with their eyes.

«Which hotel,» he asked, «should you say had the most going on?»

The young girl and the wife transferred their gaze to me, with an intensified appeal in it. The man looked away with a certain shame—the shame of a man who feels that his wife has made him make an ass of himself. I tried to treat his question, by the quantity and quality of my answer, as one of the most natural things in the world; and I probably deceived them all by this effort, though I am sure that I was most truthful and just concerning the claims of the different hotels to be the center of excitement. I thought I had earned the right to ask at the end, «Are you stopping at the Grand Union?»

«No,» he said; and he mentioned one of the smaller hotels, which depend upon the great houses for the entertainment of their guests. «Are you there?» he asked, meaning the Grand Union.

«Oh, no,» I said; «we could n't do that sort of thing, even if we wanted.» And in my turn I named the modest hotel where we were, and said that I thought it by all odds the pleasantest place in Saratoga. «But I can't say,» I added, «that there is a great deal going on there, either. If you want that sort of thing you will have to go to some of the great hotels. We have our little amusements, but they 're all rather mild.» I kept talking to the man, but really addressing myself to the women. «There 's something nearly every evening: prestidigitating, or elocutioning, or a little concert, or charades, or impromptu theatricals, or something of that sort. I can't say there 's dancing, though really, I suppose, if any one wanted to dance there would be dancing.»

I was aware that the women listened intelligently, even if the man did not. The wife drew a long breath, and said, «It must be very pleasant.»

The girl said,—rather more hungrily, I fancied,—«Yes, indeed.»

I don't know why their interest should have prompted me to go on and paint the lily a little, but I certainly did so. I did not stop till the music began again, and I had to stop. By the time the piece was finished I had begun to have my misgivings, and I profited by the brief interval of silence to say to the young girl, «I would n't have you think we are a whirl of gaiety exactly.»

«Oh, no,» she answered pathetically, as if she were quite past expecting that or anything like it.

We did not speak again. At the end of the next piece they all rose, and the wife said timidly to me, «Well, good evening,» as if she might be venturing too far; and her husband came to her rescue with, «Well, good evening, sir.» The young girl merely bowed.

I did not stay much longer, for I was eager to get home and tell my wife about my adventure, which seemed to me of a very rare and thrilling kind. I believed that if I could present it to her duly, it would interest her as much as it had interested me. But somehow, as I went on with it, in the lamplight of her room, it seemed to lose color and specific character.

«You are always making up these romances about young girls being off and disappointed of a good time ever since we saw that poor little Kitty Ellison with her cousins at Niagara,» said Mrs. March. «You seem to have it on the brain.»

«Because it 's the most tragical thing in the world, and the commonest in our transition state,» I retorted. I was somewhat exasperated to have my romance treated as so stale a situation, though I was conscious now that it did want perfect novelty. «It 's precisely for that reason that I like to break my heart over it. I see it every summer, and it keeps me in a passion of pity. Something ought to be done about it.»

«Well, don't *you* try to do anything, Basil, unless you write to the newspapers.»

«I suppose,» I said, «that if the newspapers could be got to take hold of it, perhaps something might be done.» The notion amused me; I went on to play with it, and imagined Saratoga, by a joint effort of the leading journals, recolonized with the social life that once made it the paradise of young people.

«I have been writing to the children,» said my wife, «and telling them to stay on at York Harbor if the Herricks want them to so much. They would hate it here. You say the girl looked cross. I can't exactly imagine a cross goddess.»

«There were lots of cross goddesses,» I said rather crossly myself; for I saw that, after having trodden my romance in the dust, she was willing I should pick it up again and shake it off, and I wished to show her that I was not to be so lightly appeased.

«Perhaps I was thinking of angels,» she murmured.

«I distinctly did n't say she was an angel,» I returned.

«Now, come, Basil; I see you 're keeping something back. What did you try to do for those people? Did you tell them where you were stopping?»

«Yes, I did. They asked me, and I told them.»

«Did you brag the place up?»

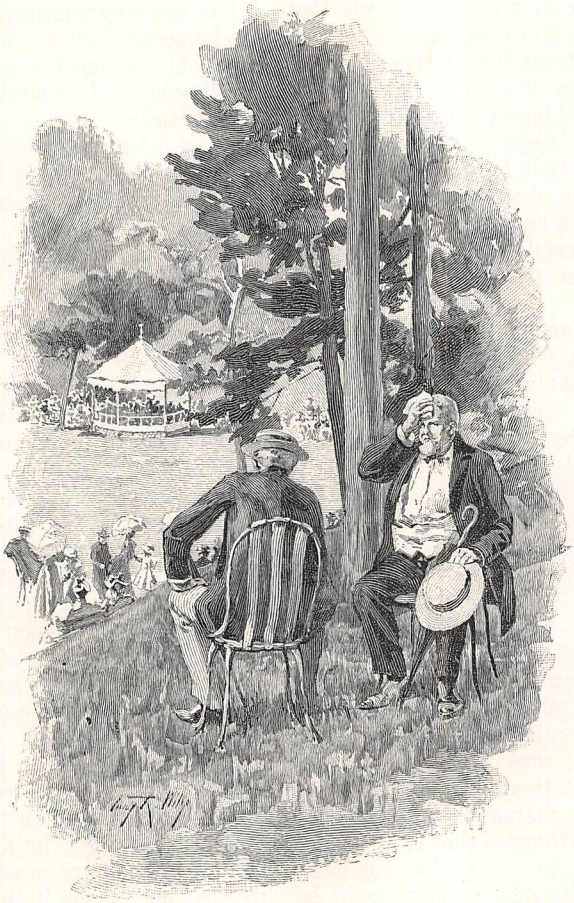
«On the contrary, I understated its merits.»

«Oh, very well, then,» she said, quite as if I had confessed my guilt; «they will come here, and you will have your romance on your hands for the rest of the month. I 'm thankful we 're going away the first of August.»

III.

THE next afternoon, while we were sitting in the park waiting for the Troy band to begin playing, and I was wondering just when they would reach the «Washington Post March,» which I like because I can always be sure of it, my unknown friends came strolling our way. The man looked bewildered and bored, with something of desperation in his troubled eye, and his wife looked tired and disheartened. The young girl, still in white duck, wore the same air of passive injury I had noted in her the night before. Their faces all three lighted up at sight of me; but they faded again at the cold and meager response I made to their smiles under correction of my wife's fears of them. I own it was base of me; but I had begun to feel myself that it might be too large a contract to attempt their consolation, and, in fact, after one is fifty scarcely any romance will keep overnight.

My wife glanced from them to me, and read my cowardly mind; but she waited till they passed, as they did after an involuntary faltering in front of us, and were keeping



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

«MR. DEERING SANK INTO ONE OF THE CHAIRS.»

on down the path, looking at the benches, which were filled on either hand. She said, «Were n't those your friends?»

«They were the persons of my romance.»

«No matter. Go after them instantly, and bring them back here, poor things! We can make room for them.»

I rose. «Is n't this a little too idyllic? Are n't you rather overdoing it?»

«Don't speak to me, Basil! I never heard of anything so atrocious. Go on your knees to them if they refuse. They can sit here with me, and you and he can stand. Fly!»

I knew she was punishing me for her own reluctance; but I flew, in that sense of the term, and easily overhauled them in the tangle of people coming and going in the path, and the nurse-maids pushing their perambulators in either direction. Hat in hand, I delivered my message. I could see that it gave the women great pleasure and the man some doubt. His mouth fell open a little; their cheeks flushed and their eyes shone.

«I don't know as we better,» the wife hesitated; «I 'm afraid we 'll crowd you.» And she looked wistfully toward my wife. The young girl looked at her.

«Not at all!» I cried. «There 's an abundance of room. My wife 's keeping the places for you,»—in fact, I saw her putting her arm out along the bench, and explaining to a couple who had halted in front of her that the seats were taken,—«and she 'll be disappointed.»

«Well,» the woman consented, with a little sigh of triumph that touched me, and reanimated all my interest in her and her friend. She said, with a sort of shy, instinctive politeness, «I don't know as you and Mr. Deering got acquainted last night.»

«My name is March,» I said, and I shook the hand of Mr. Deering. It was rather thick.

«And this is our friend,» Mrs. Deering went on, in presentation of me to the young lady, «Miss Gage, that 's come with us.»

I was delighted that I had guessed their relative qualities so perfectly, and when we arrived at Mrs. March I glibly presented them. My wife was all that I could have wished her to be of sympathetic and intelligent. She did not overdo it by shaking hands, but she made places for the ladies, smiling cordially; and Mrs. Deering made Miss Gage take the seat between them. Her husband and I stood awhile in front of them, and then I said we would go off and find chairs somewhere.

We did not find any till we had climbed to the upland at the southeast of the park, and then only two iron ones, which it was useless to think of transporting. But there was no reason why we should not sit in them where they were: we could keep the ladies in plain sight, and I could not mistake «Washington Post» when the band came to it. Mr. Deering sank into one of the chairs with a sigh of satisfaction which seemed to complete itself when he discovered in the thick grass at his feet a twig from one of the tall, slim pines above us. He bent over for it, and then, as he took out his penknife and clicked open a blade to begin whittling, he cast up a critical glance at the trees.

«Pretty nice pines,» he said; and he put his hand on the one next us with a sort of appreciation that interested me.

«Yes; the trees of Saratoga are the glory of the place,» I returned. «I never saw them grow anywhere else so tall and slim. It does n't seem the effect of crowding either. It 's as if there was some chemical force in the soil that shot them up. They 're like rockets that have n't left the ground yet.»

«It 's the crowding,» he said seriously, as if the subject were not to be trifled with. «It 's the habit of all these trees—pines and oaks and maples, I don't care what they are—to spread, and that 's what we tell our customers. Give the trees plenty of room; don't plant 'em too thick if you want to get all the good out of 'em.» As if he saw a question in my eye, he went on: «We do a forest-tree business exclusively; these shade-trees, and walnuts, hickories, chestnuts, and all kinds. It 's a big trade, getting to be, and growing all the time. Folks have begun to find out what fools they were to destroy the forests, and the children want to buy back what the fathers threw away.»

I scarcely needed to prompt him; he was only too glad to talk on about his business, and he spoke with a sort of homesick fondness. He told me that he had his nurseries at De Witt Point, up on the St. Lawrence, where he could raise stock hardy enough for any climate, and ship by land or water.

«I 've got to be getting home right away now,» he said finally, clicking his knife-blade half shut and open with his thumb. «It 's about time for our evergreen trade, and I don't want the trees to stay a minute in the ground after the middle of the month.»

«Won't the ladies find it hard to tear themselves away from the gaieties of Saratoga?» I asked, with apparent vagueness.

«Well, that 's it,» said Mr. Deering; and he shut his knife and slipped it into his pocket, in order to take his knee between

his clasped hands and lift his leg from the ground. I have noticed that this is a philosophical attitude with some people, and I was prepared by it for some thoughtful generalizing from my companion. «Women would be willing to stay on in a place for a year to see if something would n't happen; and if you take 'em away before anything happens, they 'll always think that if they 'd stayed something would have happened the next day, or maybe the day they left.»

He stared upward into the pine boughs, and I said: «Yes, that 's so. I suppose we should be like them if we had the same conditions. Their whole life is an expectation of something to happen. Men have the privilege of making things happen—or trying to.»

«Oh, I don't know as I want to criticize 'em. As you say, I guess *we* should be just so.» He dropped his leg, and bent over as if to examine the grass; he ended by taking a blade of it between his teeth before he spoke again, with his head still down. «I don't want to hurry 'em; I want to give 'em a fair show now we 're here, and I 'll let the stock go as long as I can. But I don't see very much *gaiety* around.»

I laughed. «Why, it 's *all* gaiety, in one way. Saratoga is a perpetual Fourth of July, we think.»

«Oh, yes; there 's enough going on, and my wife and me we could enjoy it first rate.»

«If the young lady could?» I ventured, with a smile of sympathetic intelligence.

«Well, yes. You see, we don't know anybody, and I suppose we did n't take that into account. Well, I suppose it 's like this: they thought it would be easy to get acquainted in the hotel, and commence having a good time right away. I don't know; my wife had the idea when they cooked it up amongst 'em that she was to come with us. But I *swear I* don't know how to go about it. I can't seem to make up my mouth to speak to folks first; and then you can't tell whether a man ain't a gambler, or on for the horse-races anyway. So we 've been here a week now, and you 're the first ones we 've spoken to besides the waiters since we came.»

I could n't help laughing, their experience was so exactly as I had imagined it when I first saw this disconsolate party. In my triumph at my own penetration, I would not have had their sufferings in the past one pang the less; but the simple frankness of his confession fixed me in the wish that the future might be brighter for them. I thought myself warranted by my wife's imprudence in taking a step toward their further intimacy on my own account, and I said: «Well, perhaps I ought to tell you that I have n't been inside the Saratoga Club or bet on the races since I 've been here. That 's my name in full,»—and I gave him my card,—«and I 'm in the literary line; that is, I 'm the editor of a magazine in New York—the ‹Every Other Week.›»

«Oh, yes; I know who *you* are,» said my companion, with my card in his hand. «Fact is, I was round at your place this morning trying to get rooms, and the clerk told me all about you from my description. I felt as mean as pu'sley goin'; seemed to be takin' kind of an advantage of you.»

«Not at all; it 's a public house,» I interrupted; but I thought I should be stronger with Mrs. March if I did not give the fact away to her, and I resolved to keep it.

«But they could n't rest easy till I tried, and I was more than half glad there was n't any rooms.»

«Oh, I 'm very sorry,» I said; and I indulged a real regret from the vantage I had. «It would have been very pleasant to have you there. Perhaps later—we shall be giving up our rooms at the end of the month.»

«No,» he said, with a long breath. «If I 've got to leave 'em, I guess it 'll be just as well to leave 'em where they 're acquainted with the house, anyway.» His remark betrayed a point in his thinking which had not perhaps been reached in his talk with the ladies. «It 's a quiet place, and they 're used to it; and I guess they would n't want to stay through the rest of the month, quite. I don't believe my wife would, anyway.»

He did not say this very confidently, but hopefully rather, and I thought it afforded me an opening to find out something yet more definite about the ladies.

«Miss Gage is remarkably fine-looking,» I began.

«Think so?» he answered. «Well, so does my wife. I don't know as I like her style exactly,» he said, with a kind of latent grudge.

«Her style is magnificent,» I insisted.

«Well, maybe so. I guess she 's good enough looking, if that 's what you mean. But I think it 's always a kind of a mistake for three persons to come off together, I don't care who they are. Then there 's three opinions. She 's a nice girl, and a good girl, and she don't put herself forward. But when you 've got a young lady on your hands, you 've *got* her, and you feel bound to keep doin' something for her all the time; and if you don't know what to do yourself, and your wife can't tell—»

I added intelligently, «Yes.»

«Well, that 's just where it is. Sometimes I wish the whole dumn town would burn up.» I laughed and laughed; and my friend, having begun to unpack his heart, went on to ease it of the rest of its load. I had not waited for this before making some reflections concerning him, but I now formulated them to myself. He really had none of that reserve I had attributed to him the night before; it was merely caution; and this is the case with most country people. They are cautious, but not reserved; if they think they can trust you, they keep back none of their affairs; and this is the American character, for we are nearly all country people. I understood him perfectly when he said, «I ruther break stone than go through what I have been through the last week! You understand how it is. 'T ain't as if she said anything; I wish she would; but you feel all the while that it ain't what she expected it to be, and you feel as if it was you that was to blame for the failure. By George! if any man was to come along and make an offer for my contract I would sell out cheap. It 's worse because my wife asked her to come, and thought she was doin' her all kinds of a favor to let her. They 've always been great friends since they were little girls together, and when we talked of coming to Saratoga this summer, nothing would do my wife but Julia must come with us. Her and her father usually take a trip off somewhere in the hot weather, but this time he could n't leave; president our National Bank, and president of the village, too.» He threw in the fact of these dignities explanatorily, but with a willingness, I could see, that it should affect me. He went on: «They 're kind of connections my first wife's. Well, she 's a nice girl; too nice, I guess, to get along very fast. I see girls all the way along down gettin' acquainted on the cars and boats,—we come east on the Ogdensburg road to Rouse's Point, and then took the boat down Lake Champlain and Lake George,—but she always seemed to hold back. I don't know 's she 's proud either; I can't make it out. It balls my wife all up, too. I tell her she 's fretted off all the good her trip 's goin' to do her before she 's got it.»

He laughed ruefully, and just then the band began to play the «Washington Post.»

«What tune 's that?» he demanded.

«'Washington Post,'» I said, proud of knowing it.

«By George! that tune goes right to a fellow's legs, don't it?»

«It 's the new march,» I said.

He listened with a simple joy in it, and his pleasure strengthened the mystic bond which had formed itself between us through the confidences he had made me, so flatteringly corroborative of all my guesses concerning him and his party.

IV.

I LONGED to have the chance of bragging to my wife; but this chance did not come till the concert was quite over, after I rejoined her with my companion, and she could take leave of them all without seeming to abandon them. Then I judged it best to let her have the word; for I knew by the way she ran her hand through my arm, and began pushing me along out of earshot, that she was full of it.

«Well, Basil, I think that is the sweetest and simplest and kindest creature in the world, and I 'm perfectly in love with her.»

I did not believe somehow that she meant the girl, but I thought it best merely to suggest, «There are two.»

«You know very well which I mean, and I would do anything I could for her. She 's got a difficult problem before her, and I pity her. The girl 's very well, and she *is* a beauty; and I suppose she *has* been having a dull time, and of course you could n't please Mrs. Deering half so well as by doing something for her friend. I suppose you 're feeling very proud that they 're just what you divined.»

«Not at all; I 'm so used to divining people. How did you know I knew it?»

«I saw you talking to him, and I knew you were pumping him.»

«Pumping? He asked nothing better than to flow. He would put to shame the provoked spontaneity of any spring in Saratoga.»

«Well, did he say that he was going to leave them here?»

«He would like to do it—yes. He was very sweet and simple and kind, too, Isabel. He complained bitterly of the goddess, and all but said she sulked.»

«Why, I don't know,» said my wife. «I think, considering, that she is rather amiable. She brightened up more and more.»

«That was prosperity, or the hope of it, my dear. Nothing illumines us like the prospect of pleasant things. She took you for society smiling upon her, and of course she smiled back. But it 's only the first smile of prosperity that cheers. If it keeps on smiling it ends by making us dissatisfied again. When people are getting into society they are very glad; when they have got in they

seem to be rather gloomy. We must n't let these things go too far. Now that you 've got your friends in good humor, the right way is to drop them—to cut them dead when you meet them, to look the other way. That will send them home perfectly radiant.»

«Nonsense! I am going to do all I can for them. What do you think we can do? They have n't the first idea how to amuse themselves here. It 's a miracle they ever got that dress the girl is wearing. They just made a bold dash because they saw it in a dressmaker's window the first day, and she had to have something. It 's killingly becoming to her; but I don't believe they know it, and they don't begin to know how cheap it was: it was simply *thrown* away. I 'm going shopping with them in the morning.»

«Oh!»

«But now the question is, what we can do to give them some little glimpse of social gaiety. That 's what they 've come for.»

We were passing the corner of a large inclosure which seems devoted in Saratoga to the most distracting of its pleasures, and I said: «Well, we might give them a turn on the circular railway or the switchback; or we could take them to the Punch and Judy drama, or get their fortunes told in the seeress's tent, or let them fire in the shooting gallery, or buy some sweet-grass baskets of the Indians; and there is the pop-corn and the lemonade.»

«I will tell you what,» said Mrs. March, who had not been listening to a word I said; for if she had heard me she would not have had patience with my ironical suggestions.

«Well, what?»

«Or, no; that would n't do, either.»

«I 'm glad you don't approve of the notion, on second thoughts. I did n't like it from the beginning, and I did n't even know what it was.»

«We could have them up to the house this evening, and introduce them to some of our friends,—only there is n't a young man in the whole place,—and have them stay to the charades.»

«What do you think,» I said, «of their having come up this morning and tried to get rooms at our house?»

«Yes; they told me.»

«And don't you call that rather forthputting? It seems to me that it was taking a mean advantage of my brags.»

«It was perfectly innocent in them. But now, dearest, don't be tiresome. I know that you like them as well as I do, and I will take all your little teasing affectations for granted. The question is, What can we do for them?»

«And the answer is, I don't in the least know. There is n't any society life at Saratoga that I can see; and if there is, we are not in it. How could we get any one else in? I see that 's what you 're aiming at. Those public socialities at the big hotels they could get into as well as we could; but they would n't be anywhere when they got there, and they would n't know what to do. You know what hollow mockeries those things are. Don't you remember that hop we went to with the young Braceys the first summer? If those girls had n't waltzed with each other they would n't have danced a step the whole evening.»

«I know, I know,» sighed my wife; «it was terrible. But these people are so very unworldly that don't you think they could be deluded into the belief that they were seeing society if we took a little trouble? You used to be so inventive! You could think up something now if you tried.»

«My dear, a girl knows beyond all the arts of hoodwinking whether she 's having a good time, and your little scheme of passing off one of those hotel hops on her for a festivity would never work in the world.»

«Well, I think it is too bad! What has become of all the easy, simple gaiety there used to be in the world?»

«It has been starched and ironed out of it, apparently. Saratoga is still trying to do the good old American act, with its big hotels, and its heterogeneous hops, and I don't suppose there 's ever such a thing as a society person at any of them. That would n't be so bad. But the unsociety people seem to be afraid of one another. They feel that there is something in the air—something they don't and can't understand; something alien, that judges their old-fashioned American impulse to be sociable, and contemns it. No; we can't do anything for our hapless friends—I can hardly call them our acquaintances. We must avoid them, and keep them merely as a pensive color in our own vivid memories of Saratoga. If we made them have a good time, and sent them on their way rejoicing, I confess that I should feel myself distinctly a loser. As it is, they 're a strain of melancholy poetry in my life, of music in the minor key. I shall always associate their pathos with this hot summer weather, and I shall think of them whenever the thermometer registers eighty-nine. Don't you see the advantage of that? I believe I can ultimately get some literature out of them. If I can think of a fitting fable for them Fulkerson will feature it in ‹Every Other Week.› He 'll

get out a Saratoga number, and come up here and strike the hotels and springs for ad's.»

«Well,» said Mrs. March, «I wish I had never seen them; and it 's all your fault, Basil. Of course, when you had played upon my sympathies so about them, I could n't help feeling interested in them. We are a couple of romantic old geese, my dear.»

«Not at all, or at least I 'm not. I simply used these people conjecturally to give myself an agreeable pang. I did n't want to know anything more about them than I imagined, and I certainly did n't dream of doing anything for them. You 'll spoil everything if you turn them from fiction into fact, and try to manipulate their destiny. Let them alone; they will work it out for themselves.»

«You know I can't let them alone now,» she lamented. «I am not one of those who can give themselves an agreeable pang with the unhappiness of their fellow-creatures. I 'm not satisfied to study them; I want to relieve them.»

She went on to praise herself to my disadvantage, as I notice wives will with their husbands, and I did not attempt to deny her this source of consolation. But when she ended by saying, «I believe I shall send you alone,» and explained that she had promised Mrs. Deering we would come to their hotel for them after tea, and go with them to hear the music at the United States and the Grand Union, I protested. I said that I always felt too sneaking when I was prowling round those hotels listening to their proprietary concerts, and I was aware of looking so sneaking that I expected every moment to be ordered off their piazzas. As for convoying a party of three strangers about alone, I should certainly not do it.

«Not if I 've a headache?»

«Not if you 've a headache.»

«Oh, very well, then!»

«What are you two quarreling about?» cried a gay voice behind us, and we looked round into the laughing eyes of Miss Dale. She was the one cottager we knew in Saratoga, but when we were with her we felt that we knew everybody, so hospitable was the sense of world which her kindness exhaled.

«It was Mrs. March who was quarreling,» I said. «I was only trying to convince her that she was wrong, and of course one has to lift one's voice. I hope I had n't the effect of holloing.»

«Well, I merely heard you above the steam harmonicon at the switchback,» said Miss Dale. «I don't know whether you call *that* holloing.»

«Oh, Miss Dale,» said my wife, «we are in such a fatal—»

«Pickle,» I suggested, and she instantly adopted the word in her extremity.

«Pickle with some people that Providence has thrown in our way, and that we want to do something for»; and in a labyrinth of parentheses that no man could have found his way into or out of, she possessed Miss Dale of the whole romantic fact. «It was Mr. March, of course, who first discovered them,» she concluded, in plaintive accusation.

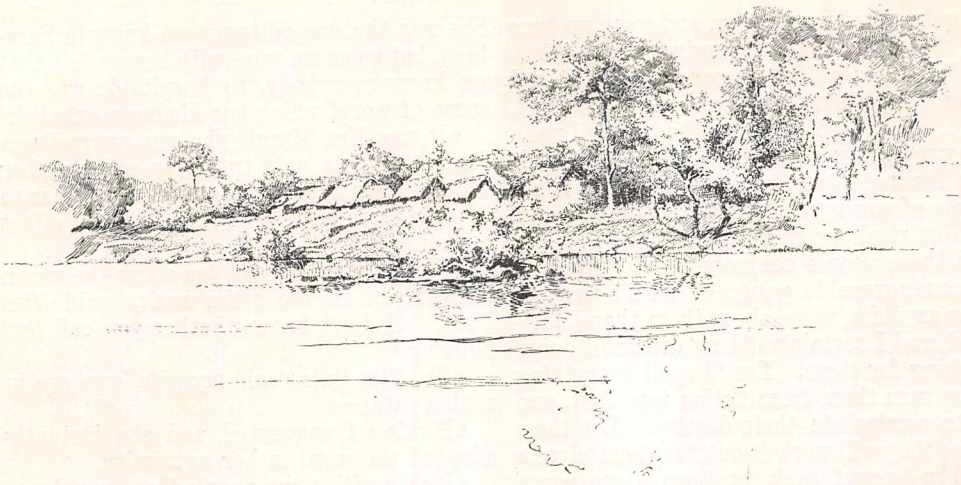
«Poor Mr. March!» cried Miss Dale. «Well, it is a pathetic case, but it is n't the only one, if that 's any comfort. Saratoga is reeking with just such forlornities the whole summer long; but I can quite understand how you feel about it, Mrs. March.» We came to a corner, and she said abruptly: «Excuse my interrupting your quarrel! Not quite so *loud*, Mr. March!» and she flashed back a mocking look at me as she skurried off down the street with astonishing rapidity.

«How perfectly heartless!» cried my wife. «I certainly thought she would suggest something—offer to do something.»

«I relied upon her, too,» I said; «but now I have my doubts whether she was really going down that street till she saw that it was the best way to escape. We 're certainly in trouble, my dear, if people avoid us in this manner.»

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.

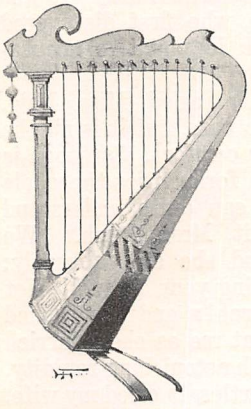


DRAWN BY MALCOM FRASER.

THE VILLAGE OF EL DORADO.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

GLIMPSES OF VENEZUELA AND GUIANA.



Venezuelan Harp.

LEGENDS of the «golden city of Manoa» and of the «white lake,» in the tropical wilderness between the basins of the Orinoco and the Essequibo, lured to Guiana, as early as the sixteenth century, adventurers from all climes; Spanish, French, Dutch, Portuguese, and English have struggled for supremacy over it. Sir Walter Raleigh coveted the fabled treasures in the valley of the Orinoco, and led more than one expedition in search of the mythical «El Dorado.» In vain he attempted to persuade Queen Elizabeth that it was her manifest duty to tame the savages of Guiana. «The name of the august virgin,» he wrote, «who knows how to conquer empires should reach as far as the warlike women of the Orinoco and Amazon.» Failing to achieve his ends by flattery, under the cloak of defense from external enemies, he suggested that a garrison of four thousand English soldiers should be stationed in the town of the Incas, for which privilege the prince would be granted the honor of paying a tribute of three hundred thousand pounds annually. The distinguished Britisher concluded his report with the following words: «All the vast countries of South America will one day belong to the English nation.»

To comprehend fully what the control of a vast waterway threading the richest part of Guiana would mean to America and American interests, one must study carefully the map of South America. Geographers divide the southern continent into three great basins, those of the Amazon, the Orinoco, and the Plata. To dominate the mouth of any one of these great arteries of commerce would be to become the master of one third of South America. The Orinoco is navigable for vessels of the deepest draft to Ciudad Bolivar, Venezuela's eastern metropolis. Within this distance of four hundred miles, twenty other navigable rivers swell the mighty current of the Orinoco, while, still farther into the interior, the eastern bank receives the waters of ninety-one large rivers, and the west those of thirty. Two of the former are navigable to the affluents of the Amazon, and many of the latter to the remote interior of the neighboring republics of Venezuela and Colombia. If she were to gain control of the Orinoco, England would possess the key to the entire eastern part of South America. This view has been advanced by ex-President Guzman Blanco in a recent publication. He attaches to the possession of Punta Barima the ability to dominate the Orinoco and the entire water-system which empties into it. Punta Barima is on the southeastern bank of the Orinoco, at its juncture with the sea, and is described as



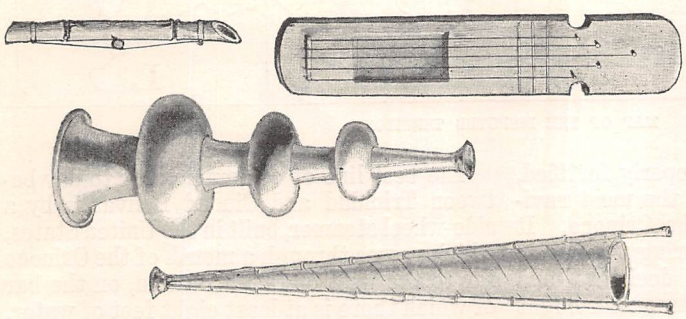
MAP OF THE DISPUTED TERRITORY.

a high bluff which, when properly fortified, would control this entrance, the most navigable of all the mouths of the Orinoco. It would not be under water during the period of inundation, and, with a dockyard and three or four river gunboats, its master might lock up the Orinoco and all that vast tributary country. On the other hand, the counter-view is advanced, and should be stated, that the position of Punta Barima would enable the English to dominate only one pass by means of guns placed on fortifications on shore, since at least two of the other mouths of the Orinoco can be entered by vessels from the sea.

The best line of communication to-day between Trinidad and Ciudad Bolivar is by a side-wheel steamer, built in the United States, which passes through a mouth of the Orinoco far to the west of Punta Barima, on the bar of which there is at least eight feet of water. It therefore may be argued that fortifications at Punta Barima could not close the Orinoco, the control of which would depend upon vessels of war. England's strength as a sea power, with Trinidad as a base, gives her all necessary control of the river to-day. If British Guiana should develop into a great nation, claiming and owning one bank of the Orinoco, Punta Barima would become a

point of great importance; but this is a contingency hardly to be dreaded by Venezuela, since, with her superb natural advantages, she must inevitably keep the lead.

The history of the vast region known as Guiana, which in area equals France, is as misty as the clouds of Magellan, which the early Spaniards claimed always hovered over that favored land, believed by many to be the reflection of argentiferous rocks in the center of a «white lake,» shut off from the rest of the world by impassable mountain ranges. Though «El Dorado» and the «white lake» appear to be complements one of the other, the former has doubtless enjoyed as many mythical locations as the Garden of Eden. The words are erroneously supposed to mean «city of gold,» while in reality «dorado» is an adjective signifying gilded. The legend refers to a priest-king of Bogotá who was said to have covered his body with gold-dust and washed in a sacred lake, celebrating religious rites. In some stories he is spoken of as the «gilded man.» A Spaniard named Martinez, who was wrecked on the coast of Guiana and taken inland by the Indians, told of the splendors of a city governed by a prince allied with the Incas. The roofs and walls, he said, were covered with precious metals. Orellana confirmed the stories of Martinez, and spoke of having seen a land of fabulous wealth. Philip von Hutten followed the next year, and after him came Gonsalo Ximenes de Quesada, all giving more or less marvelous accounts of their experiences. These ridiculous stories so impressed the geographers of those days that mythical cities and lakes were actually located on the maps until the time of Humboldt. This distinguished traveler, to whom the world owes the most authentic report yet made on the Guiana country, said that if gold existed there in such abundance, he had not found it.



NATIVE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Even in the days of Spanish rule there were those who advanced the theory that the gold-dust used by El Dorado in his religious functions was nothing more valuable than mica, and in the long history of the attempts to find gold in this part of the world, with the one exception of the famous Callao mine, the reality at the back of all this romance has been painfully inadequate to compensate for the toil and the dangers undergone. There are to-day, in what is probably indisputable British territory, placer gold-washings of value, such as that shown in the accompanying illustration. Here an industrious man, if successful, can make handsome day's wages by his labor, but nothing more. The formation is known as pocket gold; in other words, the action of water has brought from some place gold, which has collected in pockets; so that when one of these is found the finder is well rewarded for his labor. But as yet in no place have sufficiently extensive deposits of gold been found to warrant the construction of the necessary works and the employment of hydraulic machines for use in obtaining the gold. This, therefore, prevents the entering of capital, the formation of large interests, and the production of gold in much quantity. The Callao mine, which is the one great exception, began with a capitalization of sixty thousand dollars, of which a portion represented the concession and the land. For four years it was operated without yielding dividends, while in the next period of twenty years it distributed fifteen million dollars in dividends, and the same amount of stock. After that period, so far as I am aware, no authentic information exists. Now, however, it is believed that the mine is worked out. Apparently the «pocketing» formation also appeared in this lode; for the story is told that the lode ended one day, and no man could say whither it went. It did not run out; it simply stopped. One theory is that an earthquake disturbance caused a break, the lost portion being either lifted up or lowered down or moved sidewise, so that it cannot be told where it is. Therefore, in the disputed territory there may or there may not be valuable gold-fields. No one really knows.

Nevertheless, the El Dorado legend has retained, in one shape or other, its mystic force even in our days; and during the last few years has been a part of the assets of

an American company, which obtained a concession of land in this region, and hoped to interest foreign capital to a great extent in its development. The legend was treated in much the same way. It was declared, and truthfully, that when you encountered the natives you could buy from them nuggets and flakes of alluvial gold. The imagination of the hearer drew the necessary inferences as to the enormous value of the tract. More definite inquiry produced the same result as in Raleigh's time; no one could say whence the gold came.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

GOLD-WASHING IN BRITISH GUIANA.

Any study of Guiana must be from the delta of the Orinoco or along the many streams that interlace the country. The reason is obvious. The country is almost as unknown as many regions in the heart of Africa. There are no means of communication except the rivers, with here and there a few mule-paths extending from the right bank of the lower Orinoco to the mining-camps of the interior. In all this vast territory I doubt if there are more than twenty thousand inhabitants. Nine tenths of these are wandering tribes of uncivilized Indians, who respect neither law nor government. One man I met, who was familiar with the district, said that not over six thousand people live in the delta north and east of the Essequibo up as far as Ciudad Bolivar; but in the English statement of the case, reference is made to forty thousand British subjects. The vast majority of the inhabitants are Indians and half-breeds, who never heard of England. A friend of mine met Sargent Barnes on board a steamer, and Barnes told him that the one English family he personally knew of in his territory was an Englishman and his native wife and half-breed children. This population, moreover, is a floating one. A native house does not mean much work. When the boundary line is drawn, if the «forty thousand British subjects» do not like it, they can put themselves and their goods into a few canoes and move.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

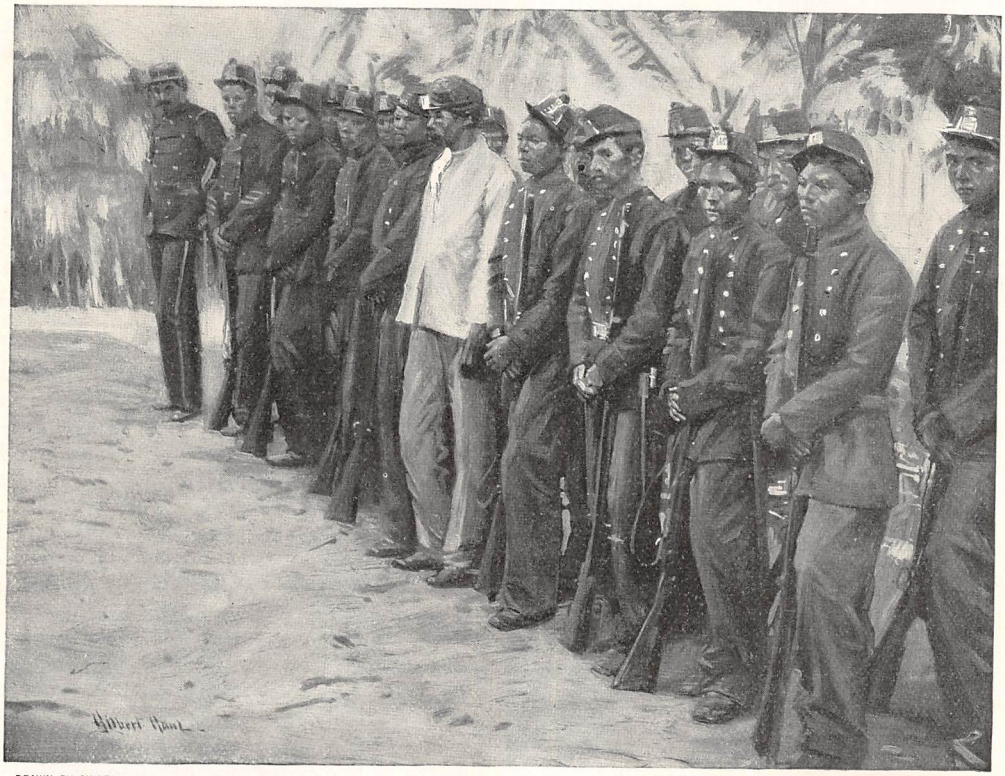
NATIVES BUILDING A HOUSE IN VENEZUELAN GUIANA.

The vegetation of the Guianas is a devouring mass of green, which steadily encroaches, and is kept down only by the ceaseless warfare of one plant upon another. A tree springs up and finds its way to the top by its energy. It is no sooner established than a parasite begins to climb its trunk and lace itself around the tree, until finally the grip of the parasite kills the tree, and both fall to ruin and decay, leaving a space which is immediately occupied by new forms. To penetrate such a jungle is impossible without the use of a machete and ax. To keep a path open requires constant cutting. If you shoot a bird or an animal, it falls perhaps not more than three hundred feet away; but it may require a half-hour or an hour to reach it, and unless you can shoot from a canoe,

and can drop the bird into the water, as a rule you cannot find your game after it is killed. Words cannot describe the beauty of this mass of green, vigorous vegetation, nor can one comprehend the difficulty of conquering such a wilderness unless one has actually grappled with it.

Those who know the country have been aroused by the grave comments as to the possibility of a conflict between troops in the disputed territory. It is doubtful if there have at any time been fifty men, on both sides, opposed to one another at any of the stations on the border, and as for anything like military operations, such a thing is out of the question. Mr. Chamberlain, in one period of the controversy, suggested to the colonists in Demerara that they should construct a military road from Guiana to one of the outposts, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles, and should also divert the money needed for the Georgetown Fire Department to the increase of the colonists' forces. The colonists responded with a howl of indignation. To construct a road of one hundred and fifty miles within a period of three months would require a force of at least three hundred men, well equipped and provided for, in addition to the time necessary to build any bridges that might be needed. To keep such a road open would require another force of one hundred men constantly engaged, with a large provision of transport animals and all the paraphernalia necessary for such work.

A typical Venezuelan village, such as that of El Dorado, consists of a dozen houses, which have thatched roofs, and walls made of mud, or of boards formed by splitting palm-trees and flattening them. The interior consists of one, two, or three rooms; the floor is of dirt. If the village is sufficiently large to have a street, the houses are arranged on each side of it. There are always a number of decrepit-looking dogs and contented and vigorous pigs roaming about, and equally contented and healthy-looking children. The children, of course, wear nothing, and the grown people very little more. In building a house, the walls are first formed by inclosing within a rude mold a space, which is filled with mud, rammed down until it is hard. This mud wall is about two feet thick. Sometimes sticks and crosspieces are inserted at intervals to stiffen the wall. After the wall reaches a height of ten or twelve feet,

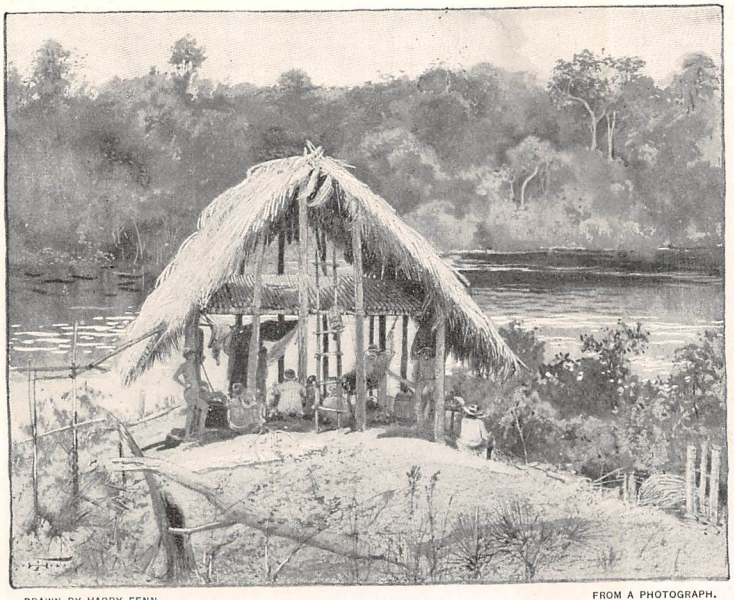


DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE VENEZUELAN GUARD AT EL DORADO.

the roof is put on; first a framework of poles is tied together with vines or pieces of bark, then the thatching with the dry leaves of the palm begins. The thatching is generally done in a clever way, but the rest of the work is exceedingly rudimentary. The thatched roof runs to a peak in the center, and rises a distance of six or seven feet above the top of the walls. At its base it is tied together with poles, inserted crosswise, which prevent the whole structure from spreading, and which are subsequently used as a scaffolding or a second-story room for the children. The roof, on the whole, is a very good one for the climate, and has only one drawback—that it makes an agreeable place in which scorpions, and, in some parts of the country, little snakes take up their abode.

The Venezuela station on the right bank of the Coroco River is nothing more than a shed of this description, more roughly built, and having no walls. Since all you need in this climate is shelter from the rain and from the sun, nothing more is necessary. Two or three hammocks, and places on which to hang clothes and weapons, comprise the furniture. The cooking is done at an open fireplace outside, with one or two pots and earthenware vessels. At such a station the troops will consist of perhaps twelve or fifteen men, commanded by a captain or a colonel, who may possess good-looking uniforms; possibly the troops may also. The troops are sure to have a military cap and a gun of some kind, a machete, and, on full-dress parade, shoes; in ordinary life they would wear sandals. The private soldiers, as a rule, are of Indian type, and would undoubtedly make good soldiers if properly trained. They are fairly hardy, can subsist on very little food, and understand the country. When you have said that, you have said pretty much all. Such troops will consider themselves well off if they have always plenty of plantains for cooking; sometimes *tasajo*, which is a species of dried beef tougher than leather; occasionally, also, salt fish, and maize, which the women grind up and make into *arepas*. The *arepa* when well made is exceedingly good. It is nothing but maize freshly ground, made into a soft paste, with a little salt, and baked on a hot pan or stone. Add to the foregoing diet occasionally a drink of aguardiente, or native rum, and your troops have all they expect in the way of supplies. Such a simple commissariat, with an absence of hospital service or any of the complicated necessities of modern warfare, somewhat compensates for the lack of training from the military point of view.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE VENEZUELA STATION ON THE COROCO RIVER.

In the spring of 1895 I contemplated a journey up the Orinoco and through the Rio Negro into Brazilian territory, intending to descend by means of the Amazon. I passed several weeks in the city of Caracas perfecting my plans, and obtaining all the information I could of the country and the means of communication. It was amazing to discover the ignorance of the government of Venezuela regarding this portion of its territory. So-called «Commissioners of the Supreme Government,» claiming to have journeyed over every inch of Guiana, did me the honor to call and suggest the best method of accomplishing my purpose. According to these persons, the trip would take anywhere from two months to two years, and had I followed the advice of one who apparently knew more than



DRAWN BY THOMAS MORAN, AFTER A PRINT.

MOUNT RORAIMA, BRITISH GUIANA.

all the others combined, my bones might now be whitening on the sandy shores of the Orinoco. It was suggested that I should ascend the Amazon, pass through the Rio Negro, and then descend the Orinoco. Owing to the strong current and numerous falls in the last-mentioned stream, it would be impossible, he said, to stem the current during the rainy season, which was then at its height. Another declared that a light canoe could be transported overland around the falls; while still another went so far as to say that my best plan would be to ascend the Orinoco, pass through the Rio Negro, carry my canoe across country, and descend the Essequibo to Georgetown, Demerara, the capital of British Guiana. This idea seemed by far the most feasible, giving me, at the same time, an opportunity of studying the physical features of the territory in dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela, until I learned that to reach the head-waters of the Essequibo from the Rio Negro I should be forced to transport my boat and supplies nearly five hundred miles through an unknown tropical forest, to say nothing of having to cross several chains of mountains of the altitude of which even geographers are ignorant.

These facts, coupled with the information that it would not be prudent to venture so far from civilization without a military escort, and that the government of Venezuela, rich in promises but poor in fulfilment, had been assuring me for months, through its highest officials, that it would fit out an exploring party and place a number of soldiers at my disposal, and had never gotten past the point of promising, forced me to abandon the trip, and to content myself with such study of the Guiana country as could be made from the delta of the Orinoco.

Whatever discomforts the traveler may have to undergo in journeying through Guiana, he is compensated for them by the scenery, which is more enchanting than the loftiest flights of the imagination can picture. As soon as you leave the low swamps at the great mouth of the Orinoco, the land rises gradually toward the Imataca range, the peaks of which are clearly outlined against the clear tropic sky. Still farther into the interior, following the windings of the Rio Cuyuni, the green banks of which are bright with scarlet passion-flowers, you see more mountain peaks, and innumerable cascades and waterfalls tumbling and roaring over rocks that raise their black heads above the surface of the water. On all sides countless parasites entwine themselves in the most intricate and fantastic fashion around the branches of the lofty trees.

It was my good fortune to reach one of the loftiest of the Imataca peaks just at sunset, the hour that most impresses all travel-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE FALLS OF EL NEGRO ON THE CUYUNI.

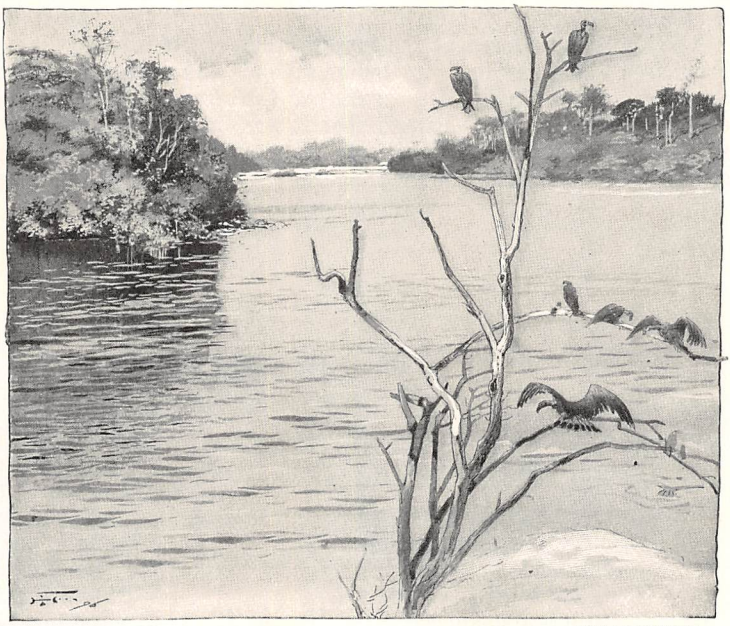
ers. To the south and east, as far as the eye could reach, the scene was one of indescribable beauty and grandeur. Below, the great Cuyuni, unknown to the world for so many generations, but now with a name in history, wound in and out of the green valley like a serpent of a thousand colors. The soft rays of the afternoon sun, glimmering through the mist of waters, fell upon the river in showers of rubies, sapphires, and diamonds. Soon darkness closed upon the valley, for in the tropics the twilight is as brief as it is entrancing; and on all sides the tiny camp-fires of the Indians twinkled like myriads of fireflies. Now and then the stillness was broken by the night cry of some wild animal in the distant jungle.

The most interesting relics of past ages that one encounters in the Guiana country are immense stones containing hieroglyphic inscriptions. These are to be found on the sides of the mountains, and upon many of the rocks in the rivers throughout British and Venezuelan Guiana, and have evoked a great deal of discussion among ethnologists. No theory regarding their origin has yet been accepted, though they are said to be similar to those found in the exploration of Phenicia. Dr. Maracano of Paris, after a careful study of the skulls found in an old Indian burial-ground of the upper Orinoco, says that they are similar to those discovered in the Egyptian tombs, from which is deduced the theory of Phenician origin, and a confirmation of the existence, in former times, of the Atlantis Archipelago, by which one could cross from the African coast to South America in small boats.

Interest in the Guiana country naturally centers about the most fertile region, that which commands the mouth of its great waterway. As you approach the Orinoco from the gulf of Paria, you still see that picturesque sight to which Humboldt refers in his travels, «innumerable fires in the tall palm-trees» — the dwelling-places of the peaceful Guaraunos. The legend that this strange tribe of Indians, once the masters of the Orinoco, live in trees the entire year, results from the great annual rise of the Orinoco. At Ciudad Bolivar, three hundred miles up, this amounts sometimes, in a contracted place, to ninety feet. On the broader delta it is always sufficient to cover islands

and low ground; therefore the inhabitants very wisely build their houses well above the ground. For this purpose four tall palm-trees are selected, and the crosspieces which form the foundation for the houses are lashed to the main support by pieces of a tough vine indigenous to the delta. Upon these is laid the flooring, and then the sides and roof are thatched with large palm-leaves, to which the Indians have given the poetic name of «feather-of-the-sun.» There are many advantages which this particular palm-leaf possesses over others of the same family, the principal one being its similarity to asbestos in the quality of resisting fire. In the location of his house the Guarauno takes another wise precaution in building, and it is one that carries with it a lesson for the government under whose sovereignty he lives.

The one idea that dominates the lives of these poor Indians is to avoid their greatest enemy, the Christians. These they consider far more dangerous than fire, flood, alligators, or wild beasts, and every step that they take has one object in view—to make their simple homes so inaccessible that civilized man can never approach them. From the times of the early conquerors to the present day so many crimes have been committed under the cloak of religion and civilization, so many traditions of robbery and bloodshed have been handed down from father to son, that it will require centuries of kind treatment and fair dealing before the Guarauno will be content to live «within the sound of the bell.»



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

JUNCTION OF THE YURUAN AND CUYUNI RIVERS.

Sir Walter Raleigh, and the horde of other adventurers that preceded him, are not alone to blame for this lack of confidence in the breasts of these people—who are as kind, as gentle, and as humane as are to be found anywhere in the world. The early Spaniards who undertook the conquest and civilization of Guiana, and won the implicit confidence of these poor creatures, betrayed them in the most shameful manner. Even at the present day armed bodies of men seek out the secluded dwellings of the Indians, and enter the villages to exchange their wares for hammocks, skins, and articles made from wild grasses and the fiber of the palm-tree. The exchange consists in taking whatever they fancy, and leaving whatever they please.

The Guaraunos are to be found all over the delta of the Orinoco. They eat little, and wear less. Many authorities claim that they subsist on the *moriche* palm-tree alone. Whether this be true or not, the tree in question is without doubt an indispensable factor in the problem of life. Not only does it furnish a safe elevation for a home, but gives a nutritious sago, or meal, from which bread is made, a tree fifteen years old yielding six hundred pounds of this meal. In addition, the juice furnishes a kind of wine, and out of the fiber is made cord, rope, hammocks, and a rude species of cloth. This tree, owing to the many and various purposes it serves, was called by the early missionaries the «tree of life.»

The Guaraunos, if the number of males in a family and its connections are sufficiently great, will build their houses on high ground where they are comparatively accessible, for then they have no fear of being attacked. Should the family be small, however, they seek a spot that none but a Guarauno could find, intrenching themselves behind marshes

with approaches by water that can be passed over only when the tide is full.

According to many writers, Guiana is populated with nomadic tribes of uncivilized Indians. Though this may be the character of some living in the interior and along the banks of the upper Orinoco and Rio Negro, it is not true of the Guaraunos.

Among the Arecunas, another tribe, both men and women encourage personal vanity to an extraordinary degree, and pass the greater part of the day decorating their naked bodies with all the colors they can obtain. These they prepare from different fruits, that of the *cusarapéu* producing a bright scarlet, and the bark of the *cuaré* a deep black. Around the wrists, forearms, and ankles, the women wear bracelets made from the teeth of wild animals, and they paint the legs, breasts, and, last but not least, the faces. The designs are often artistic, and enable them to conceal their ages more successfully than all the modern lotions, powders, and «blooms of youth.»

I had often wondered at the innumerable little fires that I saw in every Indian village and encampment along the banks of the different rivers, until I learned that it was a religious duty for each female to make a separate fire to prepare the food for those of her own blood, and that, under no circumstances, would she dare cook over her fire food for one not of her immediate family.

The culmination of ludicrous and weird customs, however, occurs during the marriage and funeral festivities. Upon these occasions it is the duty of every one present to indulge in copious drafts of a peculiar champagne made from *pachire*. You have not properly expressed your joy or grief, as the case may be, so long as you are able to stand. During the ceremony the bride and the groom alone retain their senses, and the dance is kept up until every guest is stretched out on the ground.

When an Indian dies, there is the traditional wake, at which every one becomes thoroughly intoxicated, and wild cries of grief and anguish awake the echoes of the surrounding forest. Should the deceased be a child, and the weather admit, the body is sometimes loaned from neighbor to neighbor, each inviting all his friends, as well as the relatives of the dead child, to come and properly express their sorrow.

Guiana, then, is a vast wilderness of forest and plain, wild, unknown, penetrated only by canoes, containing possibly hidden treasures, a floating population, and mysteries which to-day tempt the imagination as they did in the old days of the conquistadors.

W. Nephew King.

ROSEMARY.

GREEN bud-stars spangle
The dead, black tree;
Bloom 's in a tangle
On orchard and lea:
Now elm-boughs shade me,
Now birds have sung,
Shall the heart persuade me
I still am young?

Ah, no; heart, hush thee!
Be wise, serene,
Lest snow-wreaths crush thee
Ere Hallowe'en;
Though June be jolly,
Though flowers be sweet.
'T is all but folly,
And blind deceit.

Heart, thou hast finished
With joys that fade;
Thy strength diminished;
Thy light decayed;
The brain is an ember;
The blood is cold—
My heart, remember
We both are old.

Edmund Gosse.

THE POT OF FRIGHTFUL DOOM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «THE CAT AND THE CHERUB,» «THE GENTLEMAN IN THE BARREL,» ETC.

THE blithesome air of «Tsim-tsam-chong» was issuing forth from the little chamber in Beverly Place when a sudden tempestuous rattling came at the door, and Dr. Wing Shee stilled his mandolin.

«They are going to finish my brother Chow!» wept the youth Sum Ah. «The head of the Sing Song Tong just gave me a scroll,—and a kick-push too,—and it says they have put Chow in chains in a dungeon, with nothing but foreign devils' bread! And the man who tries to rescue him they swear to roll in the cask-with-red-hot-spikes; and oh, most wonderful, ancient, wise physician, won't you try?»

Among the screens and china at Sum Chow's curio shop the doctor found none but the helper Yang. Chow was gone. Sum Fay, the diminutive wife of Sum Chow, heard, and put down her tiny girl Sum Oo, and came out with a sinking heart beneath her silken tunic. The doctor told her that Chow was his friend, and spoke of the duty Confucius demanded of friendship, and said that Sum Chow was surely beloved of the gods and so could not die young. Then he left her mute and blank. But he knew how fiercely the Sing Song Tong had scowled at Chow for years, because of Chow's buoyant career and because he would not join them. They were a treacherous secret society, driving women slaves, and seeking the despotism of Chinatown. A day ago their hatchet-men had eased a grudge against a poor old maker of pipe-bowl holes, and had clapped a plaster over his mouth, and beaten his back with his own bamboo, till his face was the color of clay, before Sum Chow had broken one of their heads and driven them away from their aged victim. Chow's present plight was the Sing Song Tong's reply; and now the doctor read the omen of three spots which he had shown Sum Chow the night before—spots which had been nine days on the doctor's thumb-nail. As the little old wise man pushed along the crowded streets, he strove to connect with all this the recent strange recurrence of the uninterpretable number one and a half, which had lately appeared in all his occult findings.

Sum Fay had gone with a shudder to the dusty shrine, and had lighted redolent joss-sticks, and burned soul-money for Chow's spiritual costs, in case they had killed him. She had been a mission Christian girl, and had learned but little of the Taoist faith; for all of Chow's religion was integrity and the love of family. But now, in her first disaster, her native promptings conquered; and she prayed to her tinseled gods with her baby in her arms. The tiny Sum Oo cooed and smilingly clutched at her mother's chin. But a salt tear suddenly dropped from Sum Fay's cheek into the baby girl's bright eye, and gave her a fright, and made her weep bitterly with her mother.

The doctor believed that if Sum Chow survived, he was stalled in the Ok Hut private hospital, which stood on a narrow street with evil history, called Hatchet Run. The rascal Ok Hut was one of the Sing Song Tong, and he had in his building a secret cell which was entered through a trap in the garret above the sick wards, and aired through a single opening made by omitting a brick from the very deep wall. To try an approach to this cell by way of Ok Hut's garret would be futile, but Dr. Wing Shee knew how to use the hole in the wall. When, at evening, the learned doctor arrived at Hatchet Run, his sleeves concealed many appropriate articles appertaining to his plan. The doctor mounted to the room of his great fat friend Pow Len, who dealt in toothpicks made from the whiskers of sea-lions, and whose heart the doctor trusted more than his tongue.

«Ah!» said Pow Len. «It is he whose skill once saved me from death of a twisted gullet. Can I serve him?»

«It was not a twisted gullet,» corrected the doctor, assuming a heavy professional air. «Your complaint was really contempt-of-the-spleen. My noble toothpick friend, I wish to borrow your excellent coffin, not for a funeral ceremony, but to sit in it here and meditate. For my brain is heavy with invention.»

«Nothing new, I hope?» said the orthodox Pow Len, surveying the handsome casket which admiring compatriots had given him. It stood as high as an old-time eight-day clock.

«‹Consider a friend with confidence,›» quoted the doctor. «My invention is classic, now remaining but of fragmentary record, but first conceived ten centuries and three little years ago by the superhuman Tut Tut, to whom the thought shot down in a two-colored lightning stroke. It is the sky-flying machine.»

«Ah!» exclaimed the vast Pow Len. «With that I could sail like a swallow to the Golden Gate, and beard the drowsy seals by night. Enormous profits—the life of a bird—dear me!»

«Precisely,» said the doctor—«the life of the airy dodo. Now, in my experience, sir, nothing has proved so stimulating to precision of thought as sedentary solitude spent continuously in commodious coffins. Therefore I request your honorable death-chest.»

Thus, after Pow Len, who listened with hanging lip, had reverently poured tea for the wonderful wise man, and, dreaming of innumerable toothpicks for the plucking, had agreed, under promise of secrecy, to exchange quarters with him until either the flying-machine was produced or suitable coffin rent forthcoming, Pow Len withdrew.

The doctor quickly locked the door, and then, with his wonted deftness, fitted the coffin-lid with hinges and a hook. In a little while he had screwed the box upright against the wall, and had blown out the light and fastened himself in what had been built for a silent man. The coffin was facing in the direction of the hospital. He emptied his sleeves, and hung a tiny peanut-oil lamp above his head, and by its glimmer began to drive an auger through the back of the coffin and through the unfinished sheathing of the house to the open air.

«Sum Chow would be such a loss,» thought the doctor, as he worked in bare yellow arms, with his cue coiled around his neck, «that I cannot think the omens meant it. What pleasant hours we have passed learning the 'Melican tongue! Chow should have been a scholar; for the grace with which he handles, even in 'Melican script, such words as ‹cat› and ‹dok› and ‹pik› and ‹cow,› and a hundred others I forget, is marvelous. I do not think I could ever remember the complicated marks for ‹man› and ‹woo-man,› or ‹poy› and ‹kull› long enough to come from Sum Chow's and write them correctly in my room in Beverly Place, unless I sacrificed my dignity and ran. All this 'Melican writing looks alike.»

An electric light high above a neighboring street shone on the hospital. Through the two auger-holes he could see the cell port left by the missing brick in the wall across the street. Now in one of the holes he fitted a bamboo tube, through which he intended to blow a message by way of the port to whomsoever should languish in the cell; and he hoped to reach Sum Chow. There were hours to pass before the street would be vacant, and Wing Shee had allotted the time to the composition of a message in verse, which to all but Chow would be gibberish. The doctor's only essay with a pen had left him content to express the English sounds as best he could with brush and Chinese characters. That was difficult when he met distinctions foreign to the older tongue; yet Chow could almost always decipher the doctor's scrolls. As when, in the beginning, Dr. Wing had written the Chinese signs for the sounds: «Wun pik kee foo lee too mut chee taw kee in hee sat: say iss no pik kee Chaw shee!» and Chow had readily translated these into «business» English as: «One piggee foolee too muchee talkee in his hat: say is no piggee jossee!» and recognized in this a phrase which had escaped from the mission night-school copy-book, and which, by disaster to the word «heart,» had been changed from «The fool hath said in his heart» to «A big fool talked too much in his hat.»

So the doctor made himself warm with the ardor of rhyming. Thus, while not many blocks away the little wife Sum Fay lay awake with the tiny Sum Oo asleep on her breast, and while the mother's melting eyes kept forming images of her husband in the dark, and she sighed and sobbed between hope and wretched fear, the doctor had even forgotten that he was sitting in a coffin, with the hour well past midnight, and the evidence of fiddle and pipe and maudlin festivity lessening in that neighborhood, and perhaps Sum Chow in extreme torture either in the hospital or in some place unknown. And when, at length, Sum Fay had fallen asleep with exhaustion, and the tiny Sum Oo heaved on the mother's breast like a voyager on a miniature sea, three long hours had passed, and the learned Dr. Wing Shee had finished the following English poem:

> How mun nee mah kee wah sun mai tum?
> How mun nee tay 'ko ah lee mah kee cum?
> You mak hop pee tem; yaw fah mee lee
> Ah too mut chee wai tai; no kun shee!
> You no me?

«And to think,» sighed the doctor, «that, instead of staying by literature, I stampeded off to the wars! Instead of a leg-mender I

might have been a laureate. ‹Ah too mut chee wai tai; no kun shee!› Ah, Lao-Tse, but there 's inspiration in this box!»

He softly unlocked the lid, and came out to scan the street through Pow's dilapidated blinds. For the moment there was no one in sight. Quickly he shut himself in again. A match was ready with its end embedded in putty so that the phosphorus was barely exposed. The putty fitted the bamboo tube, and when he sent this missile flying across the narrow street, propelled from the tube by an explosion of his breath, it disappeared within the hospital, through the port, without a sound. The flying-machine was completed.

SUM CHOW was in the hospital. He had been lured there by one to whom once he had given alms. The wretch had watched in the crowded thoroughfare for a man of distinguished dignity, wearing a rich blue tunic with bright gilt button-balls, and light blue silken trousers wrapped at the ankles. Sum Chow liked snowy linen stockings and shoes embroidered in silver; his long cue shone with careful braiding, and his head and face were always shaved close in Chinese elegance. He hardly betrayed the power of attack which had made his envied success. That day he had gone to Hatchet Run to pay for a golden love-bangle for littlest Oo. The appointed traitor had begged a hearing in the hospital entry, and there six brutal Sing Song hatchet-men had soon prevailed over Chow's single strength. He had battered two of them, but the others had thrust him into a big jute bag, and when they carried him wriggling through the wards and up the garret ladder, the patients thought it merely a crazy opium-fiend. The hatchet-men had emptied the bag through the trap to the brick floor, and Chow had been stunned, and had wakened to find himself cold and stiff in semi-darkness, at first he knew not where. He had put his mouth to the hole in the wall and called for help in all the languages he knew, but no one had heard him. He had lain aching for hours afterward, during which Ok Hut's menial had lowered a bowl of water and some American bread. These he had avoided with fear; and so hunger sharpened, and he sternly set his face to the fate which he felt was preparing. He wondered if his shade could protect his little wife and his littlest Oo, or if death was even harsh in that. Midnight found him cramped and bowed. The strange thing which suddenly struck the inner wall, and fell a-flame at his side, was startling even to Chow.

It smoldered and died. In a moment another missile, with more wood exposed to the flame, struck and ignited. He seized it, and it burned brightly long enough for him to notice that immediately following it a waxen taper, tipped with its balancing putty ball, had shot through the air port, long, white, and unmistakable. He lighted it, and the cell port appeared from without to be faintly illumined. When his eyes had changed to meet the light, the wondering Chow picked up a scroll, and instantly recognized the brush-work of the doctor. He read:

> How many markee was on my thumb?
> How many days 'go allee markee come?
> You make happy time; your family
> Are too muchee wet-eyed: no can see!
> You know me?

He bounded into life, and waved the taper past the port three times for the spots the doctor had shown him the night before, and then, after a pause, nine times for the days they had stayed on the thumb nail. So that Chow, drawing on a thread that flew in attached to a pebble, was not surprised to find one end of a Chinese telephone, and then to hear the voice of his friend:

«Worship the gods for this preservation, hearty brother,» it whispered. «Your little Fay and little Oo and the stripling all fare well, though wet-eyed that you stay away; and be felicitated on their mighty love. Now first I will shoot you a dinner of dried ducks' hearts in tiny gelatin capsules—those capsules which the 'Melicans use to hide the taste of their grimacing drug *kwain-nai-in*, but which were long conceived before the year of their principal joss by one Muk Ah Muk, who confined in them the bubblesome spirits he extracted from his ten meek wives.»

So that as he fell asleep, bodily contented and hopeful for the morrow, Sum Chow murmured for the tenth time:

«With the gods I never associated; but of mortals surely the greatest is Dr. Wing Shee!»

THE letter which reached the saddened curio shop told in the doctor's Chinese-written English that the big yellow tea-pot was not smashed, but endured in eternal tenderness for its little cup and its littlest saucer and the young spoon. Sum Ah (the young spoon) translated this for joyous Sum Fay (the little cup), and she danced Sum Oo (the littlest saucer) on her knee, who laughed and gurgled and behaved not like a demure Cantonese, but like any sprite amused by its own

half helplessness. The light seemed now to warm the strange and beautiful wares to brighter tones, and Sum Fay set gaily to dust them before a customer from the foreign devils' world should send her scuttling in her slippers back to the penetralia; and when the helper Yang took up his books in an easier mood, and rattled the buttons on the abacus, Sum Ah sang a mission hymn of hallelujah. The better feeling lasted well into the day; but though in the afternoon Sum Fay walked abroad behind Sum Ah, and bravely smiled and chatted with him that none might suspect her woe, twilight fell with deeper melancholy. Dr. Wing had given no hope for the future. If the beloved had been free, he would have run to find his wife and his funny baby.

In the small hours of another weary night Sum Chow sat on the damp cell floor despairing again. In the morning Ok Hut had come to the trap and beamed down, wearing the rings the hatchet-men had wrested from Chow. Ok Hut had observed with an affectation of scientific glee the signs of the first day's suffering, and then had departed. The hours had dragged without incident, and darkness had come, and then midnight, with ominous sounds from the pauper ward, and two o'clock, with its anxious expectancy; and then the appointed time had passed with no token from Dr. Wing. The picture kept growing in Chow's mind of the doctor, dead and cold in Pow Len's coffin at the hands of the Sing Song Tong, and then of a cortège, with little Fay mourning the friend of her widowhood. By now he had hoped to be free. The plan had been to cut a hole in the trap, which would serve when he jumped and reached through to slide the bolt. But the sawing of wood in the stillness of night must be slow and exceedingly careful; and now it was late for beginning, and he had yet no tools.

Across the way the learned doctor, with the peanut-oil lamp like an aureole above his head, was standing motionless in the dim mahogany casket, frowning at sounds from the hospital. The doctor's trusted omens, whether he consulted the spots on his neighbor's cloth, or the bundle of crooked sticks in the pewter mug, or which way a bug ran under the burning-glass, had haunted him still with the uncanny number one and a half. He waited, alert for good or evil containing that element. The moans in the pauper ward were holding him back. They rose from a wretch in the sinking stage of the opium-habit, one of those whom the sick-pay tongs sent thither to save the drain on their treasuries. Ok Hut was accustomed to give these victims a draught which promised relief to their agonies, and then, in the most exquisite dream of their lives, they floated out of the world with never a murmur at fate, and the societies gained, and Ok Hut prospered, and the coroner was amused. Sometimes were heard for a moment those screams that went with the final plight of the smoke fiends, when, as frequently happened, they suddenly lost their minds and ran amuck; but then Ok Hut, if they refused the fatal dose, would shut them in the secret cell, stuffing the air port with rags. The doctor feared that such might happen to-night in the midst of Chow's endeavor.

But the groans subsided, and the lights from the hospital windows lessened, and Hatchet Run was left in silence. Sum Chow heaved a mighty sigh as the telephone pebble flew in; and now he pulled on the endless rope-yarn rigged across the street by the doctor, and brought in the tools through the air-port. Also the doctor sent a small round object in many thicknesses of wadding.

«Handle it like a new-born babe,» he had whispered; «for in it are crowded winds of whirling waterspouts, and thunder of falling mountains, and flashes of furious flame. 'T is a pot of frightful doom, tuned to the omens with one and a half frog's thumbs.»

Then Sum Chow poised on the empty water-bowl, and started the auger into the trap. But suddenly he paused.

There had come a wild shriek from the pauper ward, with commotion and the smashing of a chair and the calls of the terrified sick. Ok Hut had been deceived. The opium fiend had not been done for; he had risen up and fallen on Ok Hut in his sleep, throttling him, and screaming that the room was hot with fiery demons.

«Ah!» muttered the doctor, in alarm. «The noise will scurry them all from their beds. Ah!»

Sum Chow withdrew the auger, and listened. They were dragging the madman up the ladder; they were going to throw him also into the cell. The ladder broke, and three men fell to the floor with a crash. That meant a delay, thought Chow. He sunk the auger into a beam close by the trap, and worked until it was twisted firmly several inches into the wood. Now it was stout enough to hold him when he hung to it by one arm—near enough to the trap to clutch the ankle of whomsoever should come to open it.

Ok Hut's menial, a man from the northern province of Chang Tung, great in stature,

but no match in quickness for a well-built Cantonese, was treading along the garret. Sum Chow sprang up and clung to the auger, and the door was raised in the dark.

«You are free,» came the menial's voice, speaking falsely, as Chow well knew. «I will tie this cord, and you can climb up on it.»

This was a ruse. Ok Hut feared that the squad might have heard the cries, and might be closing in from the outside, suspicious of something irregular. They had done this once before, and then they had found simply a wretch beating out his brains against the hospital floor. But to-night they might have been warned and might be looking for Chow, though an appeal to the police on behalf of any Chinaman is improbable; and they might, when all expectation should subside, swoop suddenly down as they had before. It was better to get Chow out and lock him in a chest in the garret, though at the risk of stifling him. Then the madman could be thrown into the cell, where if the squad came before his strength had been writhed away they would find at the worst but a poor victim whose condition, brought on by himself, would not excite the anger of the law. The menial's invitation to Chow was a ruse which meant that when Chow's head was within reach a noose would be slipped over it, choking him, so that he would mutely follow the menial, for whatever temporary disposition might be made of him during the time.

The menial waited for an answer, but the place was black and silent. He spoke again, but his voice was returned by the walls of the cell. Then he went on his knees and struck a match, and thrust it down to be away from its sulphurous fumes. The match sputtered its first blue flame, and at the same moment the menial's wrist was caught by two hands, and the full weight of Sum Chow came on the menial's arm with such sudden force that he fell forward, hitting his head on the trap-way, and then tumbled through to the floor of the cell, where he lay stunned.

In the house on the other side of the street the doctor was breathlessly on tiptoe, with the telephone at his ear. The telephone line hung lax, and the hospital was grimly still.

«Go into the street, O bravest friend!» at length came a trembling voice in the doctor's ear. «Haul and hold fast on the cord. It hangs out from the hole in the wall. That one of us who lives shall avenge my little Fay, O friend! my littlest Oo! Haul and hold fast!»

«I hear,» came the quiet answer. «Friends to live with—enemies to die with. Haul and hold fast!»

The doctor let himself noiselessly out of the coffin. It was dangerous to descend by the stairs. In a moment he dropped from the window, three times his length, to the pavement. At first he lay as if disabled, but he soon staggered up, and found the cord that issued from the cell port. The other end Sum Chow had tied around the menial's head and through his mouth to keep him silent, and Chow had made the man rise and had forced him against the cell port, where the doctor, now hauling and holding fast on the cord from the street below, held him powerless to move or speak. A long time seemed to pass while the doctor leaned back with the cord wrapped around his wrist. To him the hospital appeared to have regained its slumbers, and he pictured Sum Chow creeping stealthily along the garret toward the ladder-way. On the Run the swaying shop-signs squeaked in the gusty wind that was bringing the dawn. The doctor heard the steps of one of the squad on the intersecting street, and described the arc of a circle that brought him around the corner, still taut on the cord, but safe from observation. The policeman went by, and one approached from another way, and the doctor swung back into Hatchet Run.

Sum Chow had climbed out of the cell. At a distance he saw the faint light from the ladder-way, but heard nothing. In a few moments he walked toward it, knowing that the tread would be taken for that of the menial. At the ladder he peered cautiously over. The room was one apart from the sick wards, and no one was in it. The maniac seemed to have been quieted, and doubtless lay in his bunk. The prisoner hung by one hand, and dropped to the floor of the hospital; at the same instant Ok Hut appeared at the door from the pauper ward, and stopped, transfixed with astonishment. For a moment the two men stood staring into each other's eyes.

«This is life or death to you,» said Chow, in a low tone. «Throw up your hands and turn your face to the wall.»

But Ok Hut did not obey. He kept his eyes on Chow, debating. Ok had no weapon, but there was one in the drawer of the table where the feeble lamp stood burning. Sum Chow also seemed unarmed, except for a small object which he grasped. Ok Hut waited, planning how to shorten the space between himself and the table, so as to make a dash and get it sooner than Chow could reach him. There was silence but for the snoring of those who slept in the pauper ward. Ok Hut seemed motionless; but he was changing

his weight from one foot to another, so that each time he was approaching a fraction of an inch nearer the weapon that lay in the drawer.

Over in the other building some one was looking in perplexity from the window at the spectacle of the learned Dr. Wing Shee holding tight on a cord from the cell port. It might be friend or foe. The doctor jammed his slouch hat over his eyes, and felt for the revolver that was strapped to his forearm under his large sleeve. Soon the enemy would be down and out and at him, and there would be pistol shots and the hurry of the squad in the night.

In the hospital the two men were gazing intensely into each other's eyes. Ok Hut was beginning to move by greater units, and his confidence began to return.

«Stop!» said Chow, putting out his hand. «If you pass that crack in the board—»

But Ok Hut made a leap for the table. In a twinkling Chow, with all his might, hurled the pot of doom.

A terrific explosion in Chinatown startled the hills of San Francisco, followed by cries, the jingle of window-glass, and the chattering of scared Chinese, and soon by comparative stillness. Sum Chow, with a flesh-wound in his cheek, came bounding down from the hospital into the arms of the doctor. Mingled cries were rising from the sick wards. The Run was filling with a crowd of all races that seemingly had sprung from nowhere.

Already smoke was pouring from the hospital windows.

«Conceal your cut,» commanded the doctor. «Stand as though you were one of the crowd. In a moment the squad will be here, and then the ruthless water-snake men, with their chu-chu monster.»

When the police thrust them aside, the two crossed to the door of a friendly merchant, and soon were hidden in the collecting throng. They stayed to see Ok Hut brought out insensible and bleeding from many wounds, and all the other inmates brought out safely. When Chow and the doctor knew that the building was doomed, they issued unmolested from the back of the store to another street, and made their way in the early light toward where little Fay lay awake, with her heart beating fast at the shouts and the clang of the fire-engines, with littlest slumbering Oo clasped tight to her bosom.

THAT evening they sat about the dinner-table, with Sum Ah and the helper Yang, who listened in admiration, while happy little Fay sat behind her spouse, and littlest Oo enchanted herself with the tip of the doctor's cue.

«You—you risked your life for me!» said Chow, with something glistening in his eye.

«And what is amusing,» said the learned Dr. Wing Shee, who would have risked it again, «is that they have amputated one of Ok Hut's legs at the knee. So that the omen (one and a half) meant simply that he was doomed to issue from this with only one and a half of his two original legs! I have to thank you for these very interesting and exciting days.»

Chester Bailey Fernald.

ON READING WILLIAM WATSON'S SONNETS ENTITLED «THE PURPLE EAST.»

RESTLESS the Northern Bear amid his snows
Crouched by the Neva; menacing is France,
That sees the shadow of the Uhlan's lance
On her clipt borders; struggling in the throes
Of wanton war lies Spain, and deathward goes.
And thou, O England, how the time's mischance
Hath fettered thee, that with averted glance
Thou standest, marble to Armenia's woes!
If 't was thy haughty Daughter of the West
That stayed thy hand, a word had driven away
Her sudden ire, and brought her to thy breast!
Thy blood makes quick her pulses, and some day,
Not now, yet some day, at thy soft behest
She at thy side shall hold the world at bay.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

THE WESTERN EMPEROR ON THE DEFENSIVE.

THE EVACUATION OF MOSCOW—THE RETREAT FROM RUSSIA—THE HORRORS OF THE BERESINA—THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN—THE REVOLT OF THE NATIONS—THE FIRST CAMPAIGN IN SAXONY—THE NATIONS IN GRAND ARRAY—THE LAST IMPERIAL VICTORY.



DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.

NAPOLEON IN A GREEN VELVET SABLE-TRIMMED OVERCOAT.

THE EVACUATION OF MOSCOW.

MOTHER MOSCOW, as runs the caressing Russian phrase, is indeed the source of all Muscovite inspiration. Watered by the winding stream of the same name, its heart is the Kremlin, a citadel of Russian architecture, Russian orthodoxy, Russian authority, and Russian learning. Clustered about this are the various quarters of the town, which cover a space equal to the area of Paris, and contain about one fourth as many inhabitants. The epithet of «holy city» is justified by the sanctuary of the Kremlin, but its aptness is further sustained by the three hundred and sixty churches, each with its tower and onion-shaped cupola, which are scattered through all the districts. In the beginning of this century Moscow from within appeared like a congeries of villages surrounded with groves and gardens, each with its manor-house and parochial church. Around the whole was a girdle of country-seats, and the beauty of the scene as viewed by the approaching traveler was such as to kindle enthusiasm in the coldest breast. The inhabitants had hoped that the «victory» of Borodino would spare their home the shame of foreign occupation. When the governor announced that in a council of war it had been decided to abandon the city, there was first dismay, then fury, then despair. The long trains of departing citizens wailed their church hymns with sullen mien and joyless voices.

The evacuation was marked by barbarous conduct on the part of the civil authorities. By a military convention the Russian rear-guard had been permitted to withdraw unmolested after Borodino, in return for a promise not to destroy Moscow. But already on September 14, the day of the French occupation, fires had been kindled in the suburbs, whether by accident or design cannot be determined. On receipt of the notice to evacuate, such stores as in the short interval could be reached were destroyed; the prison doors were opened, and a horde of maddened criminals was set free in the streets. Nevertheless there was fair order throughout the 15th. Next day a raging conflagration burst forth. At the time, and long afterward, this was attributed as a deed of dastardly incendiarism to the invaders; with the growth of modern ideas about ruthlessness in warfare, Russian historians have begun to attribute it to the inhabitants as a heroic measure. It is now asserted that the governor cast the first brand into his own country-seat. More probably, the fanaticism of the populace, heightened by the criminal rage of the escaped prisoners, led to the almost simultaneous firing of many buildings in various quarters.

A possibility of method in the destruction of the city begins to dawn, however, when it is remembered that the devastation of the surrounding country by the fleeing Russians was equally thorough, and was carried out according to plan.

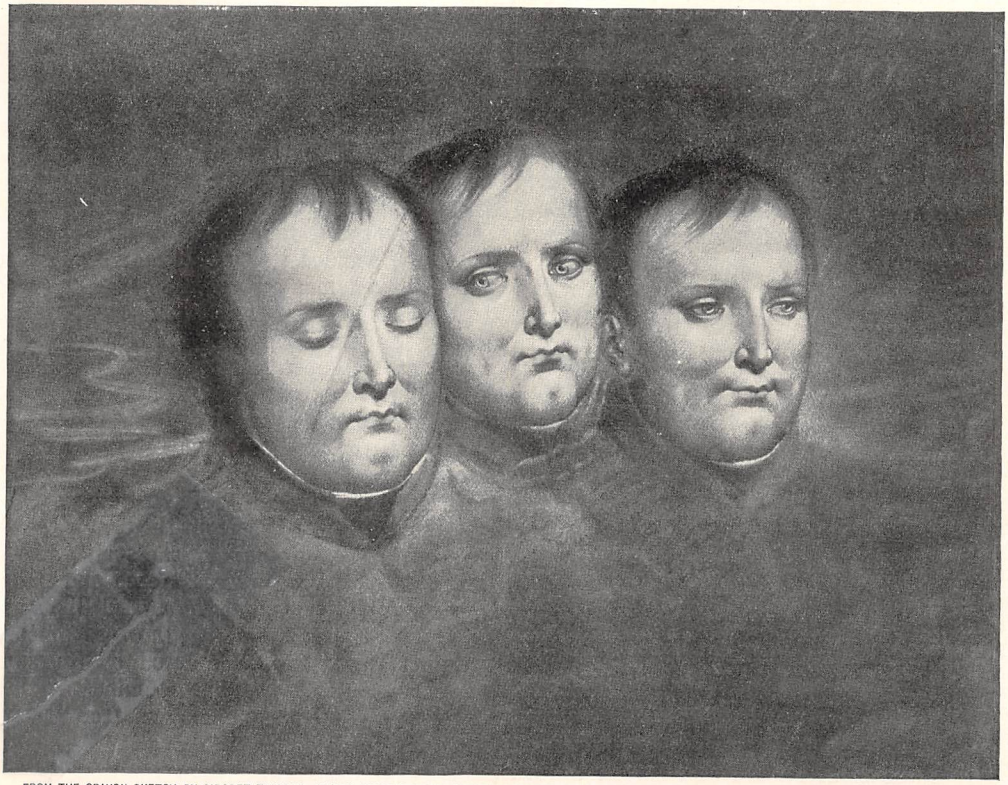
The entry of the French into Moscow has been compared to the appearance of great actors before an empty house. When the conflagration broke out, every effort was made to stop it, and eight hundred fire fiends were summarily punished. But as the burning walls of the storehouses fell, the rabble seized the barrels of spirits thus revealed, and drank themselves into blind fury; the French soldiery pillaged with little restraint, not sparing even the Kremlin. Finally the flames were checked and order was restored, but not until three quarters of the city proper were destroyed; the Kremlin and the remaining fourth were saved. On the evening of the fourth day the French army was disposed in rude comfort within or about the site of Moscow, and Murat's riders began to bring in reports concerning Kutusoff's army. To soothe the peasantry of the neighboring districts, one of the old insidious proclamations was issued, appealing to their manhood against the tyranny of their rulers. «Die for your faith and the Czar!» was the answering cry, as they seized the French stragglers, surprised the garrison of Wereja, and beset the Smolensk road. Day by day the people labored, the townsfolk helping to gather the peasants' goods, both classes waylaying the French supply-trains, and hiding every article of use in vast underground chambers constructed for the purpose. Consternation filled the invaders, and their plight became desperate when they learned of the Russian military dispositions, and understood how Kutusoff already menaced their safety.

Instigated by Castlereagh, Bernadotte had released the Russian corps placed at his disposal for conquering Norway, and Wittgenstein, on the Russian right, thus suddenly acquired a force of 40,000 wherewith to menace Napoleon's outlying left on the north. By English mediation, also, a peace was arranged between Turkey and Russia, thus releasing Tchitchagoff, who promptly joined Tormassoff, and opposed Schwarzenberg on the extreme French right with nearly two to one. Meanwhile Kutusoff had taken a position at Tarutino, where he commanded the left flank of the main French army, and daily received new recruits, who flocked to fill his depleted ranks. Napoleon had, since Borodino, been in daily expectation of some communication from the Czar. His critical situation made him impatient, and on the 20th he wrote, informing his strangely silent foe that Moscow was burned, a misfortune which might have been averted had negotiations been opened after Borodino. There was no response. On October 5 Lauriston was despatched to Kutusoff's camp, nominally to secure an exchange of prisoners. The latter said that the matter must be referred to St. Petersburg; but the French general learned that the Russians had extended their line south toward Kaluga to secure the fertile base behind, and further threaten the long weak French flank.

Alexander's silent steadfastness was indeed remarkable. Hitherto in every crisis—as, for example, after Austerlitz and Friedland—he had yielded. Why was he now so firm? Stein, the Prussian patriot, was at his side; but so was the trusted Rumianzoff, leader of the French party, which was for peace. The Old-Russian party, demoralized by Napoleon's advance to the heart of the empire, was also clamorous for peace negotiations. An English embassy, composed of Lord Cathcart and the body of English officers under Sir Robert Wilson sent to reorganize the Russian army, had so far been able to accomplish little, for by all accounts their influence was slight. The best information goes to show that Alexander moved and talked like one dazed, feeling himself to be a storm-tossed child of fate. Destitute of self-reliance, he appears to have been drawn toward Galitzin, whose piety was eminent, and verged upon mysticism. It is certain that in those days the Czar for the first time became an ardent Bible reader, and frequently exclaimed, «The hand of God hath done this!» On leaving St. Petersburg at last for the seat of war, his parting act was to found the Russian Bible Society. It was with little realization of the change in the military situation, and with a feeling of providential guidance, that he determined to renew the conflict.

Thus passed five weeks: interminable they seemed to the anxious conqueror at Moscow, who yawned even at the theater; who forgot the stern abstemiousness of his table habits, and, like a gourmet, spent hours at his meals merely to kill time; who threw himself into vicious ways, and contracted a loathsome disease; who lost all interest even in his troops, and finally, unkempt, preoccupied, and feverish, seemed indifferent to everything. The crown, scepter, and robe wherewith he had hoped to be invested as Emperor of the West, were not unpacked from the camp chests.

Daru advised turning Moscow into an armed camp and wintering there. «A lion's advice,» said Napoleon, but he put it aside. The question of retreat would soon be imperative, and that he sometimes discussed, but only languidly, until, on October 18, without warning, the truce made by Murat was broken, and his command driven in. Then at



FROM THE CRAYON SKETCH BY GIRODET TRIOSON, IN THE COLLECTION OF COUNT A. D'HUNOLSTEIN.

NAPOLEON AT THE THEATER OF ST. CLOUD, APRIL 13, 1812.

last the captain in Napoleon awakened, the emperor vanished, the retreat was ordered, and universal empire, a dependent czar, the march from Tiflis to the Ganges, England humiliated, and the ocean liberated—all were forgotten in the presence of reality. Political considerations prompted a movement of withdrawal toward the northwest, as if against St. Petersburg, but military considerations prevailed, and between the two alternatives—a direct retreat to Smolensk through a devastated land, or a circuit southwestward, through fertile districts, toward Kaluga, as if to attack Kutusoff—the choice fell on the latter. The reason is clear. The seat of war was within a triangle marked by Riga, Brest-Litovski, and Moscow: from Riga to Moscow, the left flank, is 550 miles; from Riga to Brest, the base, is 375 miles; from Brest to Moscow, the right flank, is 650 miles; the perpendicular from Moscow to the base, which was the shortest line of retreat, is therefore about 575 miles. These distances are all enormous; on the left were only 42,000 men; on the right, about 34,000; along the line, 42,000. Neither of the monstrous flank lines could be held by the comparatively scanty forces available; the line of operation was equally weak. What safety was there for the army in retreat? None.

There will never be complete agreement as to the causes of Napoleon's disaster in Russia. A comparison of the relative values of mass-formation, tactics, and organization in modern warfare, which uses railroads and telegraphs, with the distances practicable in present-day operations, must nevertheless reveal the chief cause—that the Napoleonic organization had not kept pace with the development of Napoleonic strategy. The emperor had overweighted the general, the former having soared into an ether which would not sustain the pinions of the latter. The well-used plea of an «act of God» will not stand. The autumn of 1812 was mild, the winter late in opening. Neither cheerless steppes,

nor phenomenal cold, nor unheard-of snows, nor any reversal of nature's laws,—not even the motley nationalities of the grand army, or an unhistoric migration from south to north,—none of these was the chief cause of failure, which is to be found in the attempt monstrously to exaggerate the factors of a strategic system evolved for national, but not for continental, proportions. The first and natural thought of a direct retreat to Smolensk was momentarily entertained; but it had to be abandoned because, with weak flanks and a bare country, the distance was too far. The same was true in regard to the move toward St. Petersburg—the distance was too great for the conditions. The circuit toward Kaluga was first considered as a feint to throw the Russians off the scent; it became a necessity when they assumed the offensive. A long march had to be extended still farther in order to avoid exposing flank and rear to an advancing foe, and in order to secure sustenance from the country when the distances were too great for the workings of any feasible commissariat department. If the Russians should even momentarily be deceived into believing that the French had resumed the offensive, a line from Kaluga direct to Smolensk would still be open for retreat while the enemy was preparing for action.

The report was spread in Moscow that Napoleon was going out to overwhelm Kutusoff and then return. Accordingly Mortier, with eight thousand of the young guard, remained behind, his orders being to blow up the Kremlin before leaving. The main army advanced across the river Pachra and moved toward the Lusha. On the 24th the Russian van appeared. Had Kutusoff acted on his correct information and thrown forward his whole army, a decisive battle might have ended the invasion. As it was, Eugène, after a bloody conflict at Malojaroslavetz, remained master of the field, and the timid Kutusoff drew back his force. Meantime the truth leaked out in Moscow. Suspicion was excited, as the resident French observed not merely the immense booty packed in the officers' baggage, but also the loads of Muscovite art treasures under which the government wagons groaned. They were quick to act, and soon, accompanied by women and children, they joined the march with all the paraphernalia of their household goods. From the first this throng, uniting with the usual horde of stragglers and camp-followers, prevented all rapid movements by the army; in fact, but for them the half-senile Kutusoff would not have been able to show even his van to the French line. Mortier's effort to destroy the Kremlin failed, and served no purpose except to exhibit the thirst for revenge of a savage nature brought to bay. In short, every plan of Napoleon's seemed ineffectual, and indecision marked him for its own. Eugène's terrible struggle had resulted in a list of wounded numbering 4000. The old Napoleon would have abandoned them and then have attacked Kutusoff even in the forest defiles where he was ensconced; or else he would have pressed on past Kaluga, or would have swiftly wheeled to regain the northern road toward Smolensk. The harried, sick, exhausted man of 1812 did none of these things, but called a council of war, and weighed the arguments there presented for nearly a week, when finally he decided, and with forced marches drove his columns toward the northern road to Smolensk. He wrote to Junot that his motive for delay was to provide for the suffering from his depot at Mozhaisk, but in fact he had not waited long enough materially to assist the wounded, and had secured no advantage from the bloody battle. In the absence of trustworthy information he took a long, circuitous road when once he did move. As yet there was no cold except the usual sharpness of autumn nights; but the summer uniforms of the troops were tattered and their shoes worn. Germans, Italians, and Illyrians began to straggle, and the horrors of the approaching cold, as depicted by Russian prisoners, sank deep into the minds of the dispirited French, so far away from their pleasant homes.

THE RETREAT FROM RUSSIA.

For nine days the retreat went on. Mortier came in on October 27; Davout was assigned to keep the rear. Napoleon was no longer seen on horseback; sometimes he drove, but generally he trudged among the men, as spiritless as any. The road was lined with charred ruins and devastated fields, and the waysides were dotted with groups of listless, desperate soldiers who fell out and sank on the ground as the straggling ranks tramped on. Skirting the battle-field of Borodino, the marching battalions looked askance on the ghastly heaps of unburied corpses; but the wounded survivors, dragged by their comrades from field hospitals and other cavernous shelters to be carried onward with the departing army, were a sight which in some cases turned melancholy into madness. On the 30th Napoleon was informed that Schwarzen-



FROM THE PAINTING BY ADOLPHE YVON, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

MARSHAL NEY SUSTAINING THE REAR-GUARD OF THE GRAND ARMY.

berg had retreated behind the Bug, leaving an open road from Brest for Tchitchagoff's veterans to attack his right flank. Victor, learning of his Emperor's straits, had left 15,000 men in Smolensk, and was advancing to join Saint-Cyr on the Dwina in order to assure the safety of the main army from that side. To him came the dismal news that Wittgenstein had resumed the offensive against Saint-Cyr, and that the line of attack on the French left was as open from the north as was that on the other side from the south. Davout's rear-guard was steadily disintegrating under hardships and before the harassing attacks of the Russian riders under Platoff. In consequence of these crushing discouragements the whole army was re-arrayed, «the baggage in the middle, . . . with a half battalion in front, a half battalion behind, battalions right and left, so that when we face we can fire in every direction.» Ney's corps was assigned to the place of danger in the rear—a place he kept with desperate gallantry until he earned the title «bravest of the brave.»

The early promise of substantially reinforcing Kutusoff's army had not been fulfilled. The fanatic zeal at first displayed soon effervesced, and the supplies of men and equipments dwindled into insignificance. Kutusoff was therefore half-hearted in his pursuit, and when, having taken the short cut which was unknown to Napoleon, his van came in contact with the French line at Wiazma on November 3, the Russians had little heart to fight, and their general held back his main force in anxious timidity.

A second time the opportunity was lost for annihilating the retreating foe, now reduced in number to about 60,000. Napoleon was far away on the front when Kutusoff attacked, and the battle was conducted on the French side by the marshals in consultation with Eugène and Poniatowski. The rear-guard was momentarily severed from the line, but these two wheeled and fiercely attacked the advancing Russians, engaging all within reach until Davout was able to evade the mêlée and rejoin the main army. The French lost about 4000, the Russians fully as many. Neither had any courage to renew the struggle next morning, and each army kept its way as best it could, both exhausted, and hourly shrinking in vigor and numbers. Napoleon first learned of the conflict on the 4th, and contemplated a movement which might lead his pursuers into an ambush. But he found the three columns which had been engaged so pitifully disintegrated that he gave up in despair, a feeling heightened when, for the first time, snowflakes came ominously fluttering through the frosty air.

The weary march was therefore resumed, and there was some semblance of order in it, although Ney wrote Berthier that already on the 4th there were without exaggeration 4000 men of the grand army who refused to march in rank, and the number increased daily. On the 6th Napoleon was informed that Victor, having effected a junction with Saint-Cyr, had checked Wittgenstein in a series of gallant struggles, but that step by step the two divisions had been driven back until now they were only thirty miles distant, having abandoned the line of the Dwina, including the depot of Vitebsk. «Seize the offensive; the safety of the army depends on it,» was Napoleon's desperate reply. Terrible as this news was to the general, it was eclipsed in horror for the Emperor by accounts from Paris of Malet's conspiracy, a movement to overthrow the Empire based on the false rumor of his own death. «And Napoleon II., did no one think of him?» he cried in anguish. Grand army, reputation, personal prestige—all these he might lose and survive; but to lose France, that were ruin indeed.

That night a heavy frost fell, and the relentless severity of the Russian winter began. This is proved by Napoleon's famous twenty-ninth bulletin; in spite of assertions made later to sustain the legend of an army conquered by the elements, the autumn had dallied far beyond its time. With numbed limbs and in the gnawing misery of bitter cold, the army straggled on. Men and horses died by the score; the survivors cut strips of carrion wherewith to sustain life, and desperately pressed forward; for all who left the highway fell into the enemy's hands. In some bivouacs three hundred died overnight; there are statements in the papers of officials which seem to indicate that in the struggle for life the weaker often perished at the hands of their own comrades. The half-crazed, frost-bitten, disorderly soldiers of the French van reached Smolensk on the 9th, and on the 13th the remnants of the rear, with many stragglers, came up and encamped. Ney's division had well-nigh vanished in their glory. Fighting without fear, and dying undaunted, they had saved the moiety of the grand army which reached Smolensk; the other half had perished by the way. Eugène had taken a long circuit, but his division had lost fewer and was less demoralized than those of his colleagues. Murat's recklessness in fighting the Cossacks had resulted in the



DRAWN BY MAURICE ORANGE.

RUSSIAN PEASANTS ATTACKING FRENCH STRAGGLERS.

loss of nearly all his horses; his men arrived on foot.

The scenes at Smolensk were shameful. At first the garrison shut the gates in the very faces of the human wolves who clamored for food and shelter. Discipline having been restored, the guard was admitted. The stores were ample for a fortnight's rations to all survivors; but the distribution was so irregular that precious supplies were tumbled into the street, and at the end it was found that the guard had secured sustenance for a fortnight, while the line had scarcely sufficient for a week. However, the sick and wounded were housed and made fairly comfortable. These sickening tumults over, the stragglers were reincorporated into regiments, the supply wagons were destroyed in large numbers, and the horses assigned to the artillery; the army was re-arrayed in four divisions under the Emperor, Eugène, Davout, and Ney respectively, and the French made ready to leave Smolensk with a bold front. Napoleon's contempt for his enemy was only matched by their palpitating fear of him. Accordingly he arranged that the four columns should move in parallel lines toward Lithuania, a day's march distant from each other, he with 6000 of the guard in the van; Ney, with the other 4000 to strengthen his own line, was to keep the rear. The start was made on the 12th; five days later the towers of the rampart were blown up, and the last ranks marched out. The sick and wounded were abandoned to the foe, and found humane treatment; the stragglers, who remained in considerable numbers to plunder, were for the most part caught by the entering Russians, and inhumanly done to death. In all these days the cold had not abated, and at times the thermometer marked fifteen degrees below zero.

The further line of retreat was through Krasnoi, Borrissoff, and Minsk, the Emperor expecting Schwarzenberg, reinforced by 14,000 German recruits, to cover the crossing of the Beresina at Borrissoff. The Russians followed doggedly on their parallel line of pursuit, harassing the French rear and flanks. On the 15th their van came in touch with Napoleon's division near Krasnoi almost as he himself passed, and their artillery opened fire. The cannon-balls yelled as they shot by, and there was great excitement. «Bah!» said Napoleon, as he pressed forward; «cannon-balls have been flying about our legs these twenty years.» He well knew that his anxious foe would not seriously attack him and his guard, but, justly considering that the case would be different in regard to his rear, he halted to await their arrival. Early on the morning of the 17th he sent out a reconnoitering party as if about to wheel and give battle; Kutusoff drew back his van and made ready. Eugène and Davout were within reach, Ney was only then leaving Smolensk. Around and behind his six thousand troops were swarming almost as many stragglers; and on the 18th the Russians endeavored to cut off his hampered and sore-pressed division. But Ney rose to the occasion, and on the 19th crossed the Dnieper over the ice, hoping to follow the right bank westward. Platoff and the Cossacks were hard on his heels; but fighting and marching throughout the weary, bitter day, at night the undaunted marshal found himself in touch with Eugène, who had advanced to meet him. When, on the 20th, they effected a junction, Ney had only eight hundred men in the ranks behind him. It was still intensely cold.

Next day a thaw set in; it began to rain, the crust broke under the men's feet, and the roads were lines of icy clods. The soldiers had no foot-gear but rags; every step was an agony, and thousands who had so far endured now gave up, and flung away their guns and equipments. The guard had begun to show signs of demoralization on the 17th. The Emperor alone seemed impassive. For days he had shared the common hardships; clad in a long Polish coat of marten fur, a stout birch staff in his hand, without a sign of either physical or nervous exhaustion, he had marched silently among his suffering men. If we picture him standing at Krasnoi, weighing how long he dared to brave an enemy which if consolidated and hurled upon his lines would have annihilated them, we must feel that collapse was prevented only by his nerve and by the terror of his name. On the 18th there were not more than twenty-five thousand regularly marching. Again he had thrown the influence of his presence into the scale, and, stepping before the guard on that dreadful day, he said simply: «You see the disorganization of my army. In unhappy infatuation most of the soldiers have thrown away their guns. If you follow this dangerous example no hope remains.» The call was not in vain; and reaching Orcha on the 19th, there was still an army, but as yet no news of Ney. The sky seemed dark and the prospect blank when it was learned that both Victor and Schwarzenberg had been steadily thrown back. The Russian plan was for Wittgenstein and Tchitchagoff to drive in the extreme left and right divisions of Napoleon's



FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY RAFFET, ENTITLED "SERREZ LES RANGS," IN THE COLLECTION OF ATHERTON CURTIS, ESQ.

«CLOSE UP THE RANKS!»

attenuated line respectively, and then to concentrate at Borrissoff and attack the main French army retreating before Kutusoff. So far the various parts of this scheme had been successfully executed. Borrissoff and its bridge were still in possession of a Polish regiment; but the garrison was very small, and could not repulse the attack of the converging Russian columns or of any portion of them. It behooved Napoleon, therefore, to move swiftly if his few remaining troops were to cross the Beresina in safety. It was in this frightful dilemma that Ney at last appeared, and his presence was in itself encouragement. Purchasing such stores as Jewish contractors offered, abandoning the heavy pontoons, and hitching the horses to a few field-pieces found in park, the Emperor sent orders to both Victor and Oudinot, enjoining them to make forced marches and meet him at Borrissoff; on the 21st, amid the slush, mud, and broken cakes of crust, he started his army on a swift despairing rush for that crucial point. It was too late; that very day Tchitchagoff's van occupied the town and captured the bridge. The thaw had opened



DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

MARBOT'S SOLDIERS FORAGING ON THE RETREAT.

the river, and its overflowing stream, more than sixty yards in width, was full of floating ice.

THE HORRORS OF THE BERESINA.

THE situation was desperate. Yet, with a relentless foe behind, on each side, and now in front protected by the rampart of the swollen river, Napoleon seemed preternaturally calm. The army was apparently doomed; but he determined to sacrifice everything to his personal safety, on which depended the fate of his Empire. Oudinot was summoned, with his eight thousand men, to drive out Tchitchagoff, and orders were sent to Victor, commanding him at any hazard to cut off Wittgenstein from the Beresina. Schwarzenberg had been temporarily checked by a division of Russians under Sacken, and was no longer a factor in the problem. Oudinot accomplished his task, but the Russians fired the bridge as they fled. Napoleon was scarcely consoled by news that his cavalry had found a ford at Studjenka. Early on the 23d the French bridge-builders, with all available assistants and material, were upon the way thither. Unfortunately, Victor had not received his orders in time, and Wittgenstein was marching direct to the same spot. His advance was, however, slow; Tchitchagoff was completely deceived by a feint of Oudinot's, and he marched a whole day down the stream to guard against an imaginary danger. The French therefore worked without disturbance, and, as the frost set in once more, the swampy shores were hardened enough to make easy the approach to their works. By the 26th two bridges were completed, a light one for infantry early in the morning, and late in the afternoon another considered strong enough for artillery and wagons. At one Oudinot's foot-soldiers began to cross, and a body of cavalry successfully swam their horses over; a few hours later artillery followed, and the opposite shore was cleared of the enemy sufficiently to open the bridgehead entirely, and control the direct road to Vilna, which leaves Minsk to the south. This great success was due partly to unparalleled good fortune, but chiefly to the gallant fellows who worked for hours without a murmur in the freezing water amid cakes of grinding ice.

With two short interruptions from the breaking of the heavier bridge, the crossing went forward irregularly, at times almost intermitting, until the morning of the 28th. About noon on the 27th the Emperor passed, and kept on his way to Zarniski. Victor's van reached Borrissoff in advance of Wittgenstein the same afternoon, although the latter attacked his rear on the same evening, and captured two thousand men. Tchitchagoff, having finally learned the truth, appeared that night opposite Borrissoff; communication with the opposite shore was quickly established, and after a conference the two belated Russian generals agreed to march up-stream, on the right and left banks respectively. At eight next morning Tchitchagoff attacked Oudinot and Ney, 26,000 men against 17,000; two hours later Wittgenstein, with 25,000 fell upon Victor, who had about 7000. Yet the French kept the bridges. Throughout the day a bloody fight went on; it was rendered uncertain and disorderly by the thousands of stragglers present, and by the intensity of the steadily increasing cold. Behind these two heroic combats scenes were occurring which beggar description. Incredible numbers of the stragglers cumbered the roadways and approaches; the vast mob of camp-followers held stubbornly to their possessions, and, with loud imprecations, lashed their tired horses while they put their own shoulders to the wagon wheels. Hundreds were trampled under foot; families were torn asunder amid wails and shrieks that filled the air; the weak were pushed from the bridges into the dark flood now thickening under the fierce cold. Toward midday a cutting wind rose, and by three it was a hurricane. At that instant the heavier bridge gave way, and all upon it were engulfed. An onlooker declared that a yell of mortal agony rose above storm and battle which rang in his ears for weeks.

The mob on the river bank was momentarily sobered, and for a time there was order in crossing the remaining bridge; but as dusk fell both wind and battle raged more fiercely, and groups began to surge out on right and left to pass those in front. Many dashed headlong into the angry river; others, finding no opening, seated themselves in dumb despair to wait the event. At nine the remnant of Victor's ranks began to cross, and the Russians commenced cannonading the bridge. Soon the beams were covered with corpses, laid like the transverse logs on a corduroy road; but the frightful transit went on until all the soldiers had passed. The heavy bridge was temporarily repaired, but at last neither was safe; little knots gathered from the rabble at intervals, and rushed recklessly over the toppling structures, until at eight next morning the French, not daring to wait longer, set fire to both, leaving seven thousand of their followers in Studjenka.



FROM THE PAINTING BY J. ROSEN.

NAPOLEON LEAVING THE FRENCH ARMY AT SMORGONI

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They burned also the wooden track they had constructed through the swamps. The Russian accounts of what was seen in the morning light portray scenes unparalleled in history: a thousand or more charred corpses were frozen fast on the surface of the river, many of the ghastly heads being those of women and children; the huts of the town were packed with the dead. Twenty-four thousand bodies were burned in one holocaust, and it is solemnly stated that in the spring thaws twelve thousand more were brought to light. Ten years afterward there were still islets in the shallows of the stream covered with forget-me-nots, which decked the moldering bones of those who had perished during that awful night of November 28, 1812.

Next day the Emperor wrote to Maret confessing the truth, and adding, «I may regard my presence in Paris as essential for France, for the Empire—yes, even for the army.» He also composed on the same day a bulletin, since famous, which was dated December 3. It speciously declared that until November 6 the Emperor had been everywhere successful; thereafter the elements had done their fell work. The only complete truth it contained was the closing sentence: «The health of his Majesty was never better.» As the sorry remnants of the grand army moved toward Vilna, they grew scantier and scantier. Many were delirious from hunger and cold, many were in the agonies of typhus fever. On December 3 there were still 9000 in the ranks; on the 5th the marshals were assembled to hear Napoleon explain his determination to leave at once for Paris, and the grand army was no more; on the 8th the thermometer marked twenty-five degrees below zero, and a few unarmed wretches, perhaps five hundred in all, trailed after Murat into Vilna. Their ears and throats, their legs and feet, were swathed in rags; their bodies were wrapped in the threadbare garments of their dead comrades, or in such cast-off woman's apparel as they had been able to secure by the way. They were followed by Ney with four hundred, Wrede with two thousand, and finally by two or three thousand stragglers. This was the closing scene of Napoleon's great drama of invasion. His men and horses had succumbed to summer heats as rapidly and extensively as to wintry frosts; he had brought ruin to his enterprise by miscalculating the proportions of inanimate nature and human strategy, and by fatal indecision at critical moments when the statesman's delay was the soldiers' ruin. Russia, like Spain, had the strength of low organisms; her vigor was not centralized into one member, the destruction of which would be the destruction of the whole; Moscow was not the Russian empire as Berlin was the Prussian kingdom.

The abandonment of the grand army at Smorgoni was not a desertion like the secret flight from Egypt; for now Napoleon was chief and not subordinate, his own judgment was the court of final appeal. Traveling incognito, he passed through Vilna, Warsaw, and Dresden. Maret was left in charge of matters in Lithuania, De Pradt was carefully instructed how to treat the Poles, and on December 14, at Dresden, despatches were written to both Francis and Frederick William in order to assure their continued adhesion. The King of Saxony was firmly bound in the fetters of a personal fascination never entirely dispelled. Twice on the long, swift journey efforts were made by disenchanted German officers to assassinate Napoleon, but he escaped by the secrecy of his flight. Such conspiracies were the presage of what was soon to happen in Germany. They seemed trivial to him, however, when compared with the state of public opinion in Paris as disclosed by the Malet conspiracy, a revelation which appalled a ruler whose struggles to found a dynasty had, he vainly hoped, been successful. Malet was a fiery nobleman who, having run the gamut between royalist and radical, had turned conspirator, having, in 1800, plotted to seize the First Consul, and again in 1807 having been imprisoned in the penitentiary of La Force for attempting to overthrow the Empire. Feigning madness, he succeeded in being transferred to an asylum, where he successfully reknit his conspiracies, and finally escaped. On October 23, 1812, he presented himself to the commander of the Paris guard, announcing Napoleon's death on the 7th; by the use of a forged decree of the senate purporting to establish a provisional republican government, and by the display of an amazing effrontery, he secured the adhesion of both men and officers. Marching at their head, he liberated his accomplices, Lahorie and Guidal, from La Force, seized both Savary and Pasquier, minister and prefect of police respectively, and wounded Hulin, commandant of the city, in a similar attempt. But Doucet, Hulin's assistant, seized and overpowered the daring conspirator, Savary and Pasquier were at once released, and almost before the facts were known throughout the city the accomplices of the plot were all arrested. Malet and twelve of his associates were tried and executed.

The Paris wits declared that the police had made a great «tour de force,» and as far as the city was concerned the affair appeared to have ended in a laugh. But Napoleon was dismayed, for he saw deeper. «It is a massacre,» he exclaimed, on hearing of the number shot.

If the Russian campaign had been successful, it would have put the capstone on imperial splendor. But already its failure was known among the French masses, and ghastly rumors were rife; the Emperor himself was so far distant that he was becoming to them a mythical personage; the Empress was not beloved; the little heir was scarcely a personage; the imperial administration was much criticized; the «system» was raising prices, depressing industry, and increasing the privations of every household. Pius VII was now living in comfort at Fontainebleau, but he was a prisoner, and earnest Catholics were troubled; perhaps heaven was visiting France with retribution. Worst of all, the French youth had perished under the imperial eagles in appalling numbers, and throughout the districts once royalist there was a rising tide of bitter vindictiveness.

What had occurred in Spain did not allay the general uneasiness. Marmont, having outmanœuvered Wellington until July 22, had on that fatal day extended his left too far at Salamanca, and had suffered overwhelming defeat; southern Spain was lost to France. Suchet, having taken and held Tarragona, concentrated to the eastward, so that by his holding Aragon and Catalonia for Napoleon, Joseph could set up a government temporarily at Valencia. Wellington, hampered by the distracted condition of English politics, had felt bound, in spite of victory, to withdraw to the Portugal frontier.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

By stringently enforcing the orders in council Canning had seriously injured Great Britain. Early in May, 1812, Perceval, the Tory premier, was assassinated by Bellingham, and in the consequent reconstruction of the cabinet Castlereagh had succeeded the Marquis of Wellesley. On May 13 the orders were repealed, but the United States had already declared war. By land the Americans failed dismally at the outset; but at sea they were five times victorious in as many different engagements, two English frigates striking their flag to equal force. This was an appalling novelty to the British, who unwillingly realized that the sons were not unworthy of their sires. The anxiety of Wellington and the maritime successes of the Americans were not unwelcome lights in the otherwise dark picture of European affairs upon which Napoleon was forced to look after his return from Moscow.

The prodigal Emperor was undismayed; as he had recuperated his physical powers under incredible hardships, so he sharpened those of his mind amid the greatest difficulties. To a deputation of the servile senate he roundly denounced all faint-hearted civil officials as menacing the authority of law; to the council of state he scored all such as attributed to the people a sovereignty which it was incapable of exercising, who derived authority, not from the principles of justice or the nature of things or civil rights, but from the caprice of persons who understood neither legislation nor administration. The meaning of such language was clear, and the words of the master sufficed to bring the entire machine into perfect order. Deputations began to arrive, not only from all parts of France, but from the great cities of the Empire, from Rome and Milan, from Hamburg and Amsterdam, and their expressions of devotion were limited only by the possibilities of language. Some of the wits recalled the famous scene from Molière, in which the infatuated *Orgon* displays indifference to his faithful wife and shows interest only in *Tartufe*.

But in spite of the trenchant joke, the Napoleonic government stood firm in France, and there was not a little infectious enthusiasm, which grew in proportion as the Emperor deployed with every day and hour his marvelous faculties of administration. Reduced as the appropriations were, the public works in Paris went on; the naval station of Brest was completed; the ostentatious devotion of family life was renewed, to the great edification of the plain people; the veterans received their Emperor's minutest care; the destitute families of soldiers who had perished for France were relieved: the imperial pair were everywhere in evidence when a good work was to be done. Finally, when a plan of regency for Marie Louise was divulged, the praiseworthy, genuine sentiment which underlay such activities was found to have reinforced their dramatic effect enough to make the scheme acceptable. This plan, while giving to the Empress all the splendors of imperial sovereignty throughout both the Empire and the vassal states, was carefully constructed with wholesome checks. In the hands of an able, devoted wife it might have been a tower of strength to an absent husband battling for the existence of his Em-



FROM THE PAINTING BY MEISSONIER. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

«THE SENTINEL.»

pire; worked by a vain, flabby, and perhaps disloyal nature, it had, with all its display and checks, but little value as a safeguard against the complots of the Talleyrand set, who desired the crash of the Empire that, amid the ruins, they might further pillage on their own account.

Napoleon returned from Russia sincerely protesting that what he most desired was peace. Yes, peace; but of what kind? The answer was inclusive of the whole European question. It was easy to believe that Spain was nearly exhausted, that if the process of devastation could be continued three years longer, a shattered society would finally accept the gentle Joseph as its regenerator. It was not unnatural for the Emperor to regard his Confederation of the Rhine as safe and loyal; yet, just as in the Moscow campaign his superlative strategy far outran the remainder of his system, so he had failed, embodiment of the new social order as he believed himself to be, in fully estimating the creative force of the revolution in middle and south Germany. Some inkling of the national movement he must have had, for Schwarzenberg's lukewarmness had awakened suspicions of Austria, and Prussia's new strength could not be entirely concealed. Soon after reaching Paris he learned with dismay that his Prussian auxiliaries had made terms with the Czar. This was done in defiance of their king; but it indicated the national temper, which, seeing the hand of God in the disasters of the grand army, made it impossible for Prussian troops to serve again in the ranks of a French army.

In his interview at Warsaw with De Pradt Napoleon had predicted that he would speedily have another army of 300,000 men afoot. In this rough calculation he had included both Prussians and Austrians. With a spirit of bravado, he had referred to the narrow escapes of his life: defeated at Marengo until six, next morning he had been master of Italy; at Essling the rise of the Danube by sixteen feet in one night had alone prevented the annihilation of Austria; having defeated the Russians in every battle, he had expected peace; could he have foreseen the Russian character, or have foretold their heroic sacrifice of Moscow, for which doubtless he himself would catch the blame? So now, if his allies stood firm, he would have another great army, and still conquer. This was not pure bluster, for his figures were in the main correct. Moreover, Russia's strength was steadily diminishing, a fact of which he was dimly aware. Of Kutusoff's 200,000 men only 40,000 remained when he entered Vilna after the Napoleonic forces had left it; Wittgenstein's army had suffered proportionately, and the troops from the Danube still worse. Kutusoff wished peace quite as badly as Napoleon, and the ineffective Russian pursuit was intrusted to Yermoloff, an untried officer, to Wittgenstein, and to the incapable Tchitchagoff. The bickerings and insubordination of the French marshals had now become notorious, but they were fully offset by the discord and inefficiency of the Russian generals.

The Czar, however, was not for peace. Out of the rude experiences he had undergone there had been formed two fixed ideas: that Napoleon could not, even if he would, surrender his preponderance in Europe, and that he, the Czar, might himself hope to appear as the liberator of European nationality. For a moment Alexander thought it still possible to establish himself as king of Poland by the aid of the Jesuits and of Czartorysky's friends. But the Jesuit leader knew Napoleon's strength, and fled to Spain, while Czartorysky had formed the idea that in case of Napoleon's overthrow he might unite Poland and demand a liberal constitution, which could not be worked by a Russian autocrat with 300,000 Russians at his back. The only available constitutional ruler would be a member of his own family. The autocrat did not clearly understand the drift of his boyhood friend, but he saw enough to render the notion of reconstructing Poland in any form distasteful, and finally abandoned it. He then took the sensible resolution to recruit his strength, not by emptying his own lean purse, but by securing the coöperation with his forces of the strong armies built up by Prussia and Austria. It was therefore with a fairly definite purpose that, on December 18, he left St. Petersburg for Vilna.

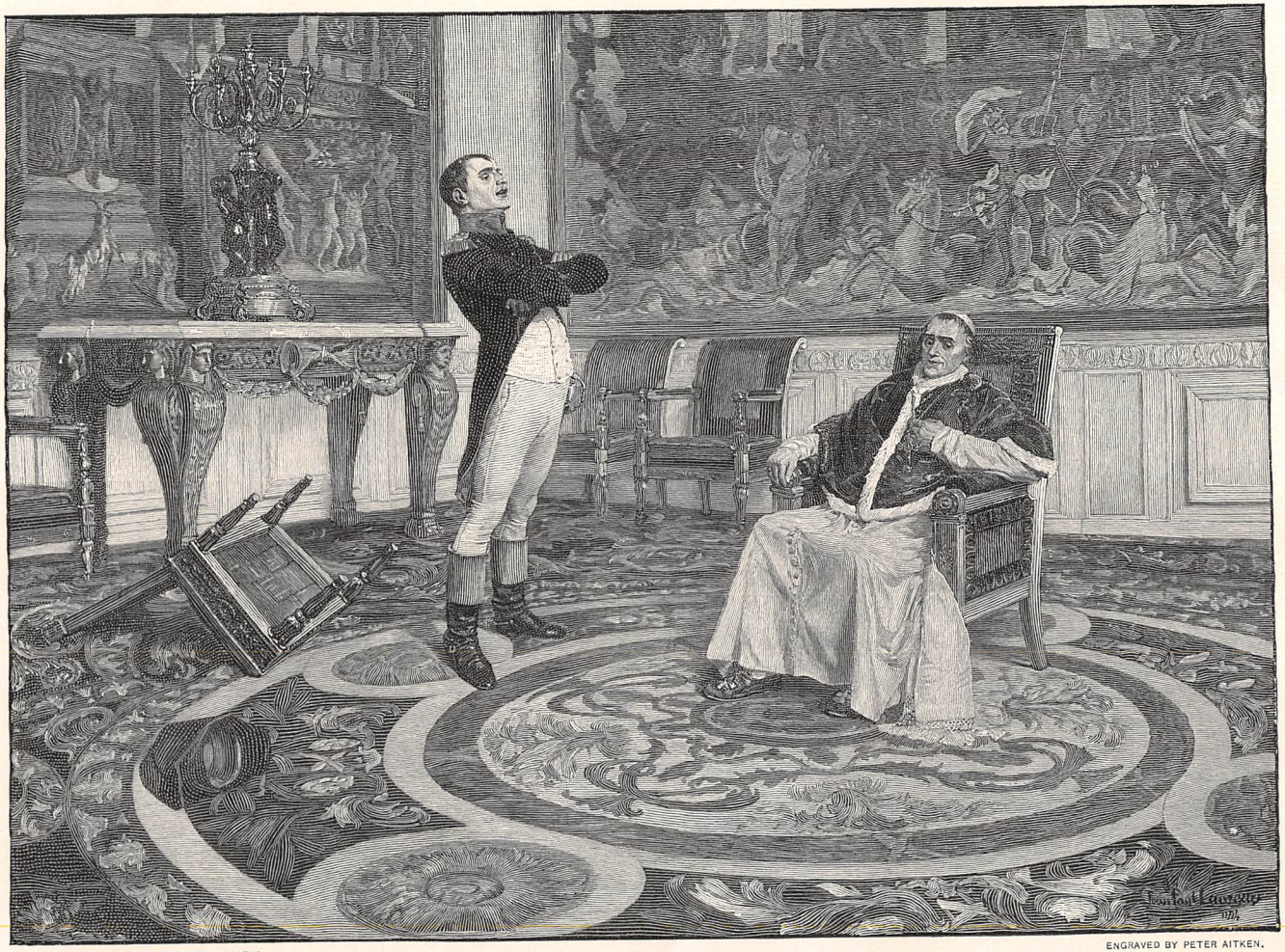
Murat had led the remnant of the grand army over the Niemen on December 14; on the 19th he entered Königsberg. The day previous Macdonald had learned by a despatch from Berthier of the final disasters to the Russian expedition, and on the 28th his van reached Tilsit. The Prussian auxiliaries were in the rear under York, who had been for nearly two months in regular communication with the Czar, and knew the details of Napoleon's rout, as Macdonald did not. Wittgenstein had been despatched to cut off Macdonald's retreat, but with the dilatoriness which characterized all the Russian movements, he came too late, a single detachment under Diebitsch falling in with the Prussians on their own territory. The Prus-

sian general was in a quandary; he was quite strong enough to have beaten Diebitsch, but his soldiers were friendly to Russia and embittered against Napoleon. His own sympathies being the same, and considering that he might in extremity plead his isolation, he therefore, on December 30, concluded the convention of Tauroggen, in which he agreed to neutralize the district of Prussia which he occupied, and await orders from Berlin. Six days later an envoy arrived from Frederick William, nominally to degrade York, in reality to conclude an alliance with Russia. By the assistance of Stein, who had been called from Vienna to counsel the Czar, such a document was finally composed and signed at Kalish on February 28. Prussia and Germany were thus born again under the auspices of Russia. It was by the Czar's authorization that Stein began the reorganization of the provinces held by the Prussian troops. These circumstances left Murat's positions at Dantzic and on the Vistula untenable. Throughout the campaign he had been vastly more concerned for his personal prestige than for Napoleon's cause, and he was only too ready to leave a sinking ship. On January 15 he surrendered his command to Eugène at Posen and left for Naples. He was in haste, for on the 12th the Russians had entered the grand duchy of Warsaw on their way to its capital. Schwarzenberg, with his own and the remnants of two other corps,—those of Reynier and Poniatowski,—could easily have checked the foe; but instead the Austrian general entered into negotiations, promised a temporary neutrality, and, when a few Cossacks appeared before Warsaw, on February 6, evacuated the city as if yielding to superior force, and withdrew across the Vistula toward the Austrian frontier.

These blows seemed to fall lightly on the armor of Napoleon's intrepidity. France was by that time not merely enthusiastic; she was fascinated and adoring. The ordinary conscription of 1813 yielded 140,000 recruits; four regiments were formed for artillery service from the idle sailors, 3000 men were taken from the gendarmerie, some even from the national guard. On January 13 the senate decreed a further draft of 100,000 from the lists of 1813, and that the conscription for 1814 should be forestalled in order that the 150,000 boys thus collected might be hardened by a year's camp life, and rendered available for immediate use when their time arrived. In order to officer this mighty host, which included about a third of the able-bodied men of France between seventeen and forty-five, such commanders as could be spared were called home from Spain, and the rabble of non-commissioned and commissioned officers which began to straggle in from Russia was drawn back into the service. These survivors were treated like conquerors, being praised and promoted until the nation became bewildered, and thought only of its recent victories. Napoleon fostered this sentiment by an exhibition of giant strength, animating the public powers, the military administration, and the popular movement, until he created a true national impulse. With this behind him, the senate in April called out another body of 180,000 men, partly from the national guard and partly from those not ordinarily taken as recruits. By this time the farmsteads of France and western Germany had yielded up all their available horses, a number sufficient to make a brave show of both cavalry and artillery. Excluding the Spanish contingent, not counting the levies of Bavaria, Saxony, and the Rhenish Confederation; allowing for sickness, desertion, and malingering,—and of all three there was much,—France and her wizard Emperor had ready on May 1 nearly half a million armed men. They lacked only one thing—two years of age and experience.

THE REVOLT OF THE NATIONS.

THIS magic was wrought, moreover, without any assistance from the precious army lists which Napoleon delighted to call his library; for those volumes had either been lost, destroyed, or left behind in distant headquarters: it was a supreme effort of memory by which the great captain brought order into his military estate. No wonder that under such a strain his financial policy was poor. To cover the enormous expense of this new army, contributions were «invited» from the rich corporations and financiers, and a new issue of paper money was ordered. The collateral security for this was found in lands belonging to several thousand communes, by the rentals of which they diminished their direct local taxes. Worth 370,000,000 francs, these domains yielded only 9,000,000, although their prospective returns were larger. With government five per cents. selling at 75, an investment of 135,000,000 would yield the same interest. This step was taken, the lands were seized, and the government cleared 235,000,000; 140,000,000 of the five per cents. were set aside to cover the income charges, and used simultaneously as collateral for notes to pay current expenses until



FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN PAUL LAURENS.

NAPOLEON AND PIUS VII AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

the lands could be sold. These last were kept at a fair price by taking 71,000,000 of treasure from the Tuileries vaults for their purchase. Throughout the previous year the legislature had been left inert, and the Emperor told Metternich at Dresden that he contemplated its abolition; it was now galvanized, and made to stamp these puerile measures with the popular approval.

Just as promises to pay, even when made by the greatest man, are not payment, so even the volition of a Napoleon is not popular spontaneity. To blend the old and the new aristocracy, the Emperor proposed a «spontaneous» rising of those high-born youth who had somehow escaped the conscription. They were to be formed into four regiments, and designated «guards of honor.» The measure was abandoned promptly when it was found that the young men had no stomach even for fancy campaigning, and their relatives no mind to deliver them up as hostages. The guard, moreover, displayed a violent jealousy.

Pius VII had lost much of his obstinacy since his removal to Fontainebleau, for the Austrian alliance was now the sheet-anchor of France; the French ecclesiastics had threatened to depose him, but the loyal Roman Catholics of Bavaria, Italy, and Austria were important factors in Napoleon's problem. After an exchange of New Year's compliments, negotiations between the temporal and the spiritual powers were reopened. At first the Emperor was exacting, and the Pope unyielding. Finally, on January 18, Napoleon appeared in person at Fontainebleau, accompanied by Marie Louise, and unannounced they entered the prisoner's apartment. The Pope started up in pleased surprise. «My father,» cried his visitor. «My son,» came the response. The Emperor caught the old man to his arms and kissed him. Next morning began a series of personal conferences lasting five days. What happened or what was said was never divulged by either participant, but on January 23 the terms of a new concordat were settled. Pius VII was to reside at Avignon with his cardinals in the enjoyment of an ample revenue, and institute in due form the bishops selected by the council. There was to be amnesty for all prelates in disgrace, the sees of the Roman bishops were to be reëstablished, and the Pope was to have the nominations for ten bishoprics either in France or in Italy at his choice; his sequestered Roman domains were likewise to be restored. The document was not to be published without the consent of the cardinals, and Napoleon was actively to promote the innumerable interests of the Church. The Emperor and the Pope had scarcely separated before the former began to profess chagrin that he had gained so little, and the latter became a victim of real remorse. The cardinals instantly displayed bitter resentment, and Napoleon, foreseeing trouble, violated his promise, publishing the text of the Fontainebleau Concordat on February 14 as an imperial decree. On March 24 the Pope retracted even his qualified assent. The Emperor had gained a temporary advantage, and had asserted a sound position in antagonism to the temporal sovereignty of the Pope; but he had won no permanent support either from France or from the Roman see, with which he had dealt either too severely or too leniently.

In the previous July a treaty between the Czar and the Spanish nation, as represented by the Cortes, had been negotiated through the intermediation of Great Britain. The recent conduct of York was sufficient indication of how the Prussian people felt. Napoleon therefore knew that he was face to face with a virtual coalition, comprising Great Britain, Russia, Sweden, Turkey, Spain, and Prussia. Yet he stood undaunted, refusing to yield, proposing peace on his old terms and on them only; hinting that Prussia, which was still bound by her treaty, might hope for some territorial increase, and that Austria might expect Illyria. Such ideas, expressed in grandiloquent phrase, could not be regarded as indicating a pacific feeling. Every social class in France had a grievance; yet amid the din of arms, and in the dazzling splendors of military preparation, even the retraction of the Concordat attracted little attention, and a few riots in Dutch cities none at all. The report of Napoleon's conciliatory attitude had gone abroad, there was money in the treasury, a vast armament was prepared, the peace so ardently desired was evidently such as is made by the lion with his prey. On April 15 the still haughty Emperor of the West started for the seat of war.

Around the skeleton abandoned by Murat at Posen Eugène built up out of the stragglers an army of 14,000 men, which he hoped would enable him to make a stand; but with York deserting at one end of the line, and Schwarzenberg seeking shelter at the other, he was compelled to withdraw to Berlin. Finding his reception too chilly for endurance, and being again menaced by the Russian advance, he fell back thence beyond the Elbe, and early in March had established his head-

quarters at Leipsic. By that time new forces had arrived from France and the various garrison towns, so that on the curving line from Bremen by Magdeburg, Bernburg, Wittenberg, Meissen, and Dresden, there stood a force of about 75,000 men in six divisions, under Vandamme, Lauriston, Victor, Grenier, Davout, and Reynier. Napoleon charged Eugène to take a position before Magdeburg, whence he could protect Holland and keep Dresden. The Emperor's general plan was to assemble an Army of the Elbe on the line of Magdeburg, Havelberg, Wittenberg, and an Army of the Main on the line of Würzburg, Erfurt, Leipsic; then, despatching the former through Havelberg toward Stettin, to hurry the latter on its heels, relieve Dantzic, and seize the lower Vistula. On March 21 Eugène began to carry out his stepfather's directions. But for the new feeling in Prussia they might have been fully executed. The princes of the Rhine Confederacy had obeyed the imperial behests concerning new levies, but without zeal—all except Frederick of Saxony, whose position was exceptional. After his interview with Napoleon on the latter's flight through Dresden he felt how precarious was the future. Warsaw, the gem of his crown, was gone, and the Prussian people were in revolt against the Emperor of the French; he turned perforce toward Austria. But Austria also was uneasy; the people were again hostile to Napoleon, and Francis, in an agony of uncertainty, could only temporize. With Saxony in this attitude, Metternich gave full course to his ingenuity.

For a year past that minister had been playing a double game. Seeking through his envoy at Stockholm to embroil Bernadotte with the Czar, he told Hardenberg almost simultaneously that it was all up with Russia, that England was worn out, and that Austria was about to assume the rôle of mediator. It was with this purpose that, on the other hand, he promised to treat Russia as Russia had treated Austria in 1809, and ordered Schwarzenberg to save his precious troops for another year. When, in his despair, Napoleon wrote to Francis from Dresden demanding an increase of the Austrian contingent to check Kutusoff's advance through Poland, Metternich suffered his master to give no answer, but sent a special peace embassy to London, and despatched Bubna, a favorite with Napoleon, to seek the same end at Paris. The Emperor of the French laid down his old ultimatum, but offered a subsidy to Austria if she would double the number of her auxiliaries. Thereupon Metternich prepared to desert Napoleon, refused to furnish the auxiliaries, and secretly advised Prussia to join her cause with that of Russia. Careful not to formulate any definite terms for the peace so clamorously desired, he refused to intervene with Russia for the restoration of Prussian Poland, thus avoiding an open rupture with France, assuring that the seat of war would be in Saxony, and gaining time to secure Austria's dignity as a mediator by the preparations of armaments strong enough to enforce her suggestions.

This attitude compelled Prussia to make a decision. Frederick William vacillated, but his first instinct led him to seek refuge with Napoleon by offering his continued alliance for either an increase of territory, or for 90,000,000 francs in payment of the commissary supplies furnished during 1812. With every day, however, his people grew more Russian in feeling, and on January 22, 1813, the court removed to Breslau, out of the sphere of French influence. Napoleon's answer soon arrived; there was no word of payment, and no binding engagement as to territory—merely a repetition of vague promises. Frederick William was disappointed, and reluctantly consented to the mobilization of his now regenerated and splendid army. He cherished the hope of keeping Alexander behind the Vistula, and forcing Napoleon to an armistice before he could cross the Elbe. But Hardenberg, Stein, and Scharnhorst were all convinced that there could be no peace in Europe without restoring the ancient balance of power and annihilating Napoleon's preponderance, especially since, from every class in the nation, came addresses and petitions expressing detestation of French rule. Moreover, the long, difficult process of German unification was complete. «I have but one fatherland, and that is Germany,» wrote Stein, in December, 1812; «the dynasties are indifferent to me in this moment of mighty development.» A born and consistent liberal, he abhorred alike the tyranny of Napoleon, of Francis, of Alexander, and of his own king. But the Czar loved him, since a united Germany was indifferent to the Polish provinces, about which Prussia cared so much. Certain, therefore, of the Russian monarch, he determined to join Frederick William at Breslau, and urge on the work of mobilizing troops. Already, by Alexander's authority, he had induced the estates of eastern Prussia to sanction York's action, and to provide for arming the militia and reserves. Their ready compliance was the



FROM THE PAINTING BY MEISSONIER.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

«INFORMATION.»

more significant because Stein had consistently refused to work through the popular League of Virtue, or any secret association whatsoever, while his long exile had made him a stranger among his own people.

It is scarcely possible within moderate limits to give the faintest conception of Prussia at the opening of 1813. The popular hatred of Napoleon was defiant; the death of Queen Louisa had made the King sullen. There was a splendid army of 150,000 men, and the statesmen had managed so well that there were arms for every able-bodied male between seventeen and twenty-four. Of these scarcely any shirked; most volunteered, numbers paid, many did both. The women sold their hair and their gold ornaments, wearing iron trinkets as a stimulus to patriotism. In some cases the stout German maidens served the guns of their artillery, and one of them, disguised in a uniform, fought in the ranks until seriously wounded. The peasantry saw their homesteads destroyed with equanimity when told that it would weaken France. Körner sang and fought; Arndt sounded the trumpet of German unity; Lützow gathered his famous «black troop,» and the universities were so fervid that Professor Steffens of Breslau issued the first call for war against Napoleon, a summons which swept the students of that university, as well as those of Berlin, Königsberg, Halle, Jena, and Göttingen into the ranks. Wherever the Russians appeared they were hailed as deliverers, and they found sympathy not merely in the Prussian army, but among the citizens of every community. This was the power from behind which Frederick William could not resist. Step by step he went forward, postponing his plans for Prussian enlargement, calling out the successive services of his army, allying himself with Russia by the treaty of Kalish to regain his former territories and win Austria's aid, and, finally, calling not merely Prussians, but even the Germans of the Rhine Confederation, to rise and emancipate their country from foreign usurpation. Hesitating princes were threatened with loss of their domains, and Stein was made head of an administrative committee to erect new governments in all occupied lands.

Such a situation was terrible for the King of Saxony. Russia already had his grand duchy, Prussia coveted his kingdom. His beautiful capital of Dresden welcomed the Russo-Prussian force, which entered when Davout marched away; for its citizens were smarting under the trials of military occupation. But when Frederick Augustus himself turned to Austria, and virtually put his army at Metternich's disposal, the Saxons in general supported him. This was a triumph for the Austrian minister, but not the only one, because European diplomacy in general soon joined hands with the national uprisings. Napoleon, determining too late on the dismemberment of Prussia, offered Bernadotte not merely Pomerania, but the lands between the Elbe and the Weser. But the crafty Gascon had studied the Prussian movement, and he preferred to join the coalition with 30,000 troops for the safer, easier prize of Norway. Great Britain abandoned her scheme for a Hanover expanded to stretch from the Scheldt to the Elbe, and subsidizing both Sweden and Prussia, cemented a new coalition. Bernadotte, promising 30,000 men, transported 12,000 across to Germany, and joined Bülow to cover Berlin. This force soon became the Russian right. Kutusoff died in April, and Barclay was ultimately restored to the chief command, having Blücher and a second Prussian army as part of the Russian center. Metternich caught the drift of these movements before they were completed, and saw that no peace was to be made with Napoleon which would leave him the preponderance in Europe; to secure any peace at all he would be compelled, as Talleyrand said, to become king of France. Accordingly the Emperor's definite offer of Silesia for 100,000 men was rejected; with the 30,000 which Saxony had put at his disposal, and with such an army as Austria herself could raise, the minister felt sure that at some critical moment she would be able, as a well-armed mediator, to command a peace in terms restoring the prestige of immemorial empire.

THE FIRST CAMPAIGN IN SAXONY.

THE grim determination of Napoleon to rule or ruin can be read in his conduct. At the first appearance of Tettenborn's Cossacks, Hamburg rose and drove out the French, remaining in possession of the allies until the end of May; but the trusty French garrisons in Dantzic, Stettin, Küstrin, Glogau, Modlin, and Zamosc, having been reinforced by Eugène, held each its own stronghold, and were left to do so. The absence of these much-needed veterans was the first element of weakness in Napoleon's army. The second was the insufficiency of his cavalry, brave as had been the parade of horses in France. It was his firm conviction, repeatedly and emphatically expressed, that without active cavalry, armed with long-range guns, offensive



FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY RAFFET, IN THE COLLECTION OF ATHERTON CURTIS, ESQ.

« VIVE L'EMPEREUR!» LÜTZEN, 1813.

warfare was not possible. This defect he had hoped to remedy in the last three weeks before opening his campaign. The third element in a fatal triad was the temper of his generals, which was restless and insubordinate almost from the outset. They were his mightiest men: Berthier as chief of staff; Mortier commanding the guard; Davout, Ney, Bertrand, Lauriston, Marmont, Reynier, Macdonald, and Oudinot, each in readiness with a corps, Victor coming up with another, Augereau preparing to lead the Bavarians, Rapp at Dantzic, Poniatowski in Galicia—twelve corps in all. It was a great array: 235,000 men on paper, actually 200,000, of whom 135,000 were mobile and in readiness when the Emperor took command at Mainz on April 17. Eugène had 47,000 more. Consequently when Napoleon, troubled by the exaggerated reports of his enemy being stronger and more forward in preparation than he had believed possible, set out for Saxony three weeks earlier than the day originally fixed by him for the beginning of hostilities, he was already a victim of his own nervous apprehensions. In colder phlegm he would have foreseen the truth. Russia had become apathetic as soon as the seat of war was transferred beyond her borders; strenuous as were the efforts of Scharnhorst, his means were slender, and he could not work miracles. All told, the allies had only 70,000 men wherewith to take the field. The two monarchs were struggling to act in harmony, but double weakness is not strength. They had only a single advantage—excellent horses in abundance for both cavalry and artillery. «The worse the troops, the greater the need of artillery»; «Great battles are won with artillery»: these were two of Napoleon's aphorisms. With his high officers sullen, his ranks untried, his cavalry feeble, his artillery hastily collected from arsenal stores, and of course antiquated, the Emperor exclaimed, «I shall conduct this war as General Bonaparte.»

Moreover, the premature opening of the campaign was certain to make Austria pivotal in European politics once again. Her preparations were not well advanced, but her strength was growing daily, while that of her rivals was sure to diminish until in the end the coalition would be powerless without her. This Napoleon saw, and he arranged his strategy to checkmate what he now felt to be a hostile neutrality, the central idea being a mass formation with Eugène to break through the enemy's line, and then a wheel toward the south to annihilate their left, and present himself victorious before Austria. But the enemy did not advance; and though the union with Eugène was effected on April 28, it was May 1 when the French van drove in the Russian outposts from Lützen, ever famous as the scene of Wallenstein's overthrow by Gustavus Adolphus a hundred and eighty-one years earlier. The Russian center was concentrated between the Elster and the Pleisse; Napoleon's line was more extended, overlapping both right and left. In a preliminary skirmish on May 1 at the pass of Rippach, Bessières, rashly exposing himself at the head of the cavalry of the guard, was killed. His loss in such a crisis was like the ruin of a great cohort on the eve of a close battle. Marmont, forgiven for his failure in Spain, was near; but close to Napoleon as he was, even he could not replace the gallant, trusted cavalry leader who for nearly seventeen years had scarcely quitted his Emperor's side.

Owing probably to the inadequate scouting force of Napoleon, the battle of Lützen was in the nature of a surprise. Wittgenstein, temporarily in command of the allies, had detached five thousand men as if to cover Leipsic, toward which the French line was advancing; then, concentrating the mass of his center and left, he crossed the Elster early on May 2 in order to attack Ney's corps on the Emperor's right. About nine Lauriston's corps, with which Napoleon was, came upon the enemy, and were fiercely engaged, so hotly, indeed, that it seemed as if the Russian right wing barred the way. A messenger was immediately despatched to bring in Ney, who arrived about eleven. The two leaders advanced to reconnoiter, and were just remarking that there was only a small force between them and the city, which they could dimly discern in the background, its roofs crowded with curious onlookers, when behind, on the right, was heard the sound of heavy cannonading. General Bonaparte was himself at once. Wheeling his army in columns, a manœuver than which none is more difficult for an army under fire, he galloped forward, and Ney dashed into the thickest of the fight to take command of his boy conscripts, who were beginning to yield. The conflict waged all day, with varying results, along the line from Great and Little Görschen to Starsiedel, the latter hamlet being the scene of terrific fighting. At five the Prussians withdrew from Kaja, and began to yield along the whole line as far as the Görschens, which they had so far held. Napoleon had from the outset been reckless,



SKETCH BY ERIC PAPE, FROM THE PAINTING BY GROS, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

GÉRARD-CHRISTOPHE-MICHEL DUROC, DUKE OF FRIULI.

cheering his boys by presence and example until they fought like veterans. As the Prussians gave signs of weakness, he brought in his artillery, poor as it was, with the old grand style, and ordered the young guard into the gap he felt sure of making. A Russian reserve arrived, however, at the crucial instant, and stayed his onset until seven. At that hour Macdonald bore down his opponents at Eisdorf, and attacked the Russo-Prussian line on the flank; the second column was then hurled against its center, and the battle was ended. The Russian reserve was strong enough to prevent the retreat from becoming a rout, but the allies were driven steadily forward until they crossed the Elbe. Without cavalry Napoleon could not harass them, and when, on May 8, he reached Dresden, they had blown up the four bridges, and were entrenched in the Neustadt on the north shore. Thus the victory of Lützen was, after all, indecisive. The gentle youth from French ly-

ceums and Prussian universities, 40,000 in all, an equal number from each army, who remained dead or wounded on the hard-contested field, had perished to little purpose. The victor captured neither prisoners nor guns in important numbers, and it was slight compensation for the loss of Bessières that Scharnhorst was killed. Moreau, summoned from America, was soon to take service with his splendid powers against his country; the allies, though beaten, were undismayed; and the French gained little except self-confidence. The one important result for Napoleon was the accession at last of the Saxon army. Frederick Augustus abandoned Austria, and, his forces coming in from Torgau, the allies retreated eastward behind the Spree. The lower Elbe was also recovered. The King of Denmark had despatched an auxiliary force to Hamburg. Their commander, believing Napoleon's fortunes submerged already, at first assisted the Russians; but after Lützen he turned his arms to Vandamme's assistance; the city was retaken, 3000 of Bernadotte's force marched out, and on May 30 Davout, with 15,000 of his own men and the 3000 Danes, marched in.

Napoleon's chief purpose was unfulfilled. Austria still stood forth as a mediator, and now with armaments to enforce her demands. An envoy to the camp of the allies stated her minimum terms to be the dismemberment of Warsaw, the restoration of Prussia, the surrender by France of Holland, Oldenburg, and the Hanseatic lands, the abandonment of the protectorate over the Confederation of the Rhine by Napoleon, and the surrender to Austria of Illyria and Dalmatia, with a rectification of her western frontier. Bubna, the envoy to Napoleon, dwelt on the necessity of territorial concessions by France for the sake of a general pacification of the Continent; this accomplished, Great Britain must yield, and Napoleon would secure indemnification from her vast colonial system, which would be at his disposal. The propositions of Austria were received by the allies with open eagerness, by the Emperor of the French with apparent hesitancy. Long consultations were held with the King of Saxony, a man of gentleness and refinement, who was completely won by Napoleon's almost filial attentions, and Bubna was often kept at the council-table until after midnight. Eugène, however, was instantly despatched to raise a new army in Italy, with orders not to conceal his move-



FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY RAFFET, IN THE COLLECTION OF ATHERTON CURTIS, ESQ.

BAUTZEN, SAXONY. NIGHT OF MAY 20–21, 1813.

ments from Austria, while Caulaincourt was instructed to reknit his personal relations with the Czar, and to surrender every point which had been contested in the previous negotiations. «My intention,» ran Napoleon's letter, «is to build a golden bridge to save him from the intrigues of Metternich.» Alas! for such vain hopes; a new diplomatic star had risen at the Russian court in the person of the young Count Nesselrode, and the personal interview so earnestly desired by Caulaincourt was steadily refused; his proposals, he was informed, must be made through the Austrian cabinet or not at all.

For some days after the occupation of Dresden Napoleon was ignorant of his enemy's whereabouts because he had no cavalry force wherewith to pursue. During the parleyings of Austria he won a second great victory, which was for the same reason utterly ineffectual. Learning that the allies had not been separated, as he hoped, but were standing at Bautzen in a strong defensive position behind the Spree, he left Dresden at noon on the 18th, determined to strike a decisive blow. His enemy, having been reinforced by Barclay, with 16,000 Russians, and by Kleist, with 11,000 Prussians, was about 90,000 strong. On the 19th both Barclay and York advanced from Bautzen; the former was defeated by Bertrand in a sharp struggle, the latter by Lauriston in a protracted fight; and at nightfall the French were before the place. In front was the unimportant stream, and behind it the allies in a double line, the front on the bank, the rear on the heights behind. About midday of the 20th the assault began. Macdonald stormed the bridge, Marmont and Bertrand crossed by pontoons; at three the French footing was won, and the assault began. For three hours the fighting was terrific, but at six a portion of the defenders withdrew behind the town to the second line; at eight the rest also. Next morning at five Napoleon, after a sleepless night, issued his orders; at eight the conflict opened all along the line. Then first the Mameluke body-servant of the Emperor spread a couch of skins, and his master slept to the lullaby of cannon and musketry for several hours, calmly assured of his combinations working perfectly. By one Ney had rolled up the Russian right under Barclay, and Napoleon, waking, sent Marmont and Bertrand around the right of the enemy's center. By four the allied armies were in full retreat. Then would have been the moment for artillery to crash and cavalry to pursue; but neither were efficient, and, while the French army did what men could do, at best they could only follow at equal speed with the foe, and could not throw his ranks into disorder. «What! no results from such carnage?» said Napoleon. «Not a gun? not a prisoner?»

There was worse to come. From time to time the flying columns wheeled and poured a heavy artillery fire into their pursuers. Near Reichenbach, Bruyères was killed by a ball; then Kirchener by another, which, ricochetting from a tree, mortally wounded Duroc, the Emperor's faithful aide, his second self. Napoleon was stricken to the heart, and, halting, gave way until nightfall to his despair. «Poor man!» said the troopers one to another, «he has lost his children.» «Everything to-morrow,» was the sorrowing ruler's one reply to all suggestions. From time to time he betook himself to the bedside of the dying man; at last Duroc himself could no longer endure his Emperor's prostration, and besought him to rejoin the soldiers. The friends parted in a long embrace; the pursuit was continued, but without ardor and without success. The victory of Bautzen was Napoleon's undoing. Had it been a second Friedland, Caulaincourt no doubt would have met Alexander; but the allies had saved their army, and Austria's accession to the coalition would still insure their success. Nesselrode was convinced that Metternich would assent, and, dark as was the hour, persisted. Wittgenstein lost his command, Barclay was fully reinstated as commander-in-chief, and, to gain time for Austria to try her vaunted mediation, an armistice was proposed to Napoleon. Had the latter known the weakness, the discord, the exhaustion of his foe, wretched as was the state of his own army and depressed as were his spirits, he might have refused, and perhaps have changed the course of history. But his faithful officers were falling like standing grain under a hail-storm, his boy soldiers, though fighting like veterans, inspired little confidence, for there was the same uneasiness among the humble privates as among the great officers; he had neither cavalry nor artillery, and his available force was reduced to 120,000 men. Barclay might, as indeed he contemplated doing, draw off into the Russian steppes; the traitors at home were already stirring; in short, Napoleon felt that he must at least consider.

THE NATIONS IN GRAND ARRAY.

YET he determined to deliberate on the strongest vantage-ground, and continued his pursuit as far as Breslau, which, like Ham-

burg, was occupied by the end of the month. Berlin, too, was threatened by Oudinot. The allied forces stood behind Schweidnitz, and the various corps of the French army were so disposed under Ney, Lauriston, Reynier, Macdonald, and Bertrand as virtually to engirdle them. Napoleon was at Neumarkt with the guard; a single bold dash southward toward the Eulen Mountains with his concentering force and he would have crushed them. But another victory like Lützen and Bautzen would reduce his army still further, and then in his weakness he would be confronted by the 100,000 Austrians his father-in-law was said to have in Bohemia. In that juncture Francis could dictate not merely an armistice, but the terms of peace—a contingency more terrible than any other. Time was as valuable to the Emperor of the French as to the foe; while they were calling in reserves and strengthening their ranks, his 180,000 conscripts of 1814 could be marched to the Elbe, and Eugène could complete his work in Italy. Accordingly, he accepted the proposal of the allies, and took another disastrous step. The fatal armistice of Poischwitz was signed at that village on June 4. It provided for a neutral zone, stretching from the mouth of the Elbe southeastward to Bohemia, which was to separate the combatants until July 20. Hostilities might not be renewed until August 1. Breslau was to be evacuated; Hamburg was to remain as the truce found it.

These terms were reached only after much bluster, the allies, weak and disorganized as they were, demanding the evacuation of both Breslau and Hamburg with a cessation of arms for a month. This stand they took in reliance partly on England, partly on Austria. But the compromise was reached at once when Francis, apparently nervous and anxious, arrived at Gitschin, near the Bohemian frontier, and opened a conference with Nesselrode. At Vienna men had said, when the news of Bautzen came, that the conqueror was perhaps an angel, perhaps a devil—certainly not a man. The cabinet had seen with alarm his attempt to negotiate directly with the Czar. Success in winning Russia would put Austria again at Napoleon's mercy; Alexander must be kept in warlike humor at all hazards. Nesselrode demanded nothing less than Austria's adherence to the coalition; Francis was still unready to fight; and Metternich, displaying all his adroitness, finally wrung from Nesselrode a basis for mediation comprising six articles: the extinction of Warsaw, the enlargement of Prussia by Dantzic, the restoration of Illyria to Austria, the independence of the Hanseatic towns, the dissolution of the Rhenish Confederacy, and the restoration of Prussia's western boundaries to the lines of 1806. This was a «minimum» considerably smaller than that proposed before Bautzen; but if its acceptance meant that Austria would never take sides with France, as Metternich is said to have verbally assured the Czar, the allies could well accept it. On June 27 it was formally arranged that a congress to pacify the Continent on this basis should be held preliminary to a general peace including England; and the treaty binding Russia, Prussia, and Austria to alliance in case of Napoleon's refusal was signed that day in secret at Reichenbach. Should Napoleon reject Austria's articles, she was, on July 20, to join the coalition, and fight until the fortresses on the Oder and the Vistula were evacuated, Italy liberated, Spain restored to the Bourbons, and Austria reënlarged to her boundaries of 1805.

«If the allies do not in good faith desire peace,» said Napoleon on June 5, as he left his headquarters for Dresden, «this armistice may prove fatal to us.» Later he believed that, if he had marched right on, Austria would not have declared against him. Shrewd as he was, he was a tyro in dynastic politics. Austria has been made, aggrandized, and saved by marriages; but no conception of duty as imposed on families by that relation in private life has ever controlled her politics. Francis was never unwilling to use his daughter for public ends, and delighted in the false construction of family feeling formed in his son-in-law's mind by homely sentiment. The latter's first instinct of treachery was that of the general, and it was right. Napoleon's suspicions were fully aroused as soon as he reached Dresden; for Bubna began at once to stickle for antiquated formalities in negotiation, and stung Napoleon to exasperation by his evident determination to procrastinate. Accordingly, the Emperor summoned Metternich to a personal meeting. The minister could not well explain. Since Castlereagh's return to power in January, 1812, Great Britain had kept at Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Vienna able diplomats ready, with purse in hand, to pay almost any sum for a strong coalition. It was the appearance of Sir Charles Stewart from Berlin, and of Lord Cathcart from St. Petersburg, at the allied headquarters which determined the character of the armistice; on June 14 and 15 they further concluded treaties with Prussia and Russia respectively, which explain the performances of Bubna at Dresden, and of the congress which later met at Prague. Prussia

virtually renounced her claim to Hanover, and agreed to keep on foot 80,000 men in return for a subsidy of two thirds of a million pounds; Russia was to maintain 160,000 men in return for one and a third million pounds, and for the care of English vessels in her harbors she was to receive a further sum of half a million. It was solemnly stipulated that neither Russia nor Great Britain would negotiate separately with France. In view of the successive stages of Napoleon's isolation, namely, the armistice, these two subsidy treaties, and the secret treaty of June 27 signed at Reichenbach, it seems futile to discuss the question whether or not Napoleon really wished peace in his famous interview with Metternich on June 27, an interview which lasted from a quarter before twelve at midday until nearly nine at night, and has improperly been considered as the turning-point in Napoleon's career.

Up to that moment Metternich's intervention had amounted to nothing short of double dealing. Of this Napoleon had written evidence. No wonder the shifty minister described his interview as «curious,» and strove in his account to deepen the shadows of his picture by discreet silence as to certain points—a trick he may have learned from Whitworth. The unfriendly narrator declares that Napoleon, when told that his soldiers were only boys, flung his hat into a corner, and hissed, «You do not know what passes in a soldier's mind; I grew up in the field, and a man like me troubles himself little about a million men.» Further he reported the Emperor to have characterized his second marriage as a piece of stupidity, and to have charged his own princely highness with venality! Probably all this is true; the professional soldier's point of view is terrible to the laity; Kossuth declared to a trustworthy witness that he had seen the letters of Maria Louisa which betrayed her husband to her father; and no one has ever denied that Napoleon was a fair judge of character, and called a spade a spade when he was angry. And angry he was when Metternich denounced the treaty of alliance between Austria and France, solemnly negotiated only one short year earlier, and, coldly throwing every other consideration to the winds, gave his victim to understand that Austria was no longer a mediator, but an armed arbiter, determined to regain her glory by the line of least resistance—that is, by alliance with Russia, and a Continental peace, to which Great Britain should not be a party. This temporary arrangement would leave England and France to renew the struggle and fight until exhausted while Austria, Russia, and Prussia were recuperating. Napoleon's one weapon against England was his Continental system; on the morrow of a victorious campaign he could not so easily throw it down. If there was to be a Continental peace, and not a general one, it must be made after a final decisive victory; and to assemble his troops for a grand battle with Austria, Russia, and Prussia, he needed time. The Poischwitz armistice was his first fatal blunder; his consent to its prolongation until August 10, ostensibly that the Congress of Prague might arrange terms for a Continental peace, was his second.

The Congress of Prague was a puppet-show, and has no place in history except as it displayed the character of Metternich, deceiving himself to its close with the belief that he was what he professed to be—an armed mediator turning the course of European politics back into dynastic channels. In reality it was as Napoleon said—he believed himself to be directing everybody, when everything was directing him. Behind the puppets were Alexander's fatalism, Prussia's regenerated nationality, the half-awakened sensibility of Austria, and lastly, British gold with British victories. Wellington had finally focused the national power of Spain, and was actually menacing the soil of France. His famous «march to Vitoria,» as it has been called because of the decisive battle fought at that place on June 21, 1813, forced Napoleon finally to abandon Spain. Already he had withdrawn his choicest veterans thence, and he was well aware how futile any further struggles for Joseph's throne must be. His conduct, therefore, was perfectly consistent; with a bold front he laid down the ultimatum of *uti possidetis* for the congress, and left for Mainz, where he remained from July 25 to August 1, arranging his military plans for the defense of the Pyrenees, and despatching Soult, against his will, for the campaign which sealed the marshal's reputation as a great soldier. Doubtless, too, he felt that distance from the absurd congress would absolve him from the guilt of its empty pretense. There, too, he met his Empress; perhaps he fondly dreamed that she might intercede with her sire; probably in the long interviews they held he was drilling her in the functions of a regent chosen to sustain in Paris the tottering cause of her consort and her child. Fouché, too, was recalled from his suspicious retirement to untangle the thread of Austrian duplicity.

But the long hours of consultation, arrangement, and execution were mainly concerned, we may suppose, with the hurrying in of new levies, the raising of cavalry, the creation of artillery, and the general preparation for the life-and-death struggle which was soon to take place. The Danish alliance was strengthened, and Murat by strenuous efforts was kept within the shadowy lines of the vanishing Napoleonic system. Beugnot, then head of the French regency of Berg, was one day called at a moment's notice to act as amanuensis, and in a flurry twice took his Emperor's chair. «So you are determined to sit in my seat,» was Napoleon's simple remark; «you have chosen a bad time for it.» The mayor of Mainz was St. André, a stanch conventional of the old school; another day he and Beugnot, with the Prince of Nassau, accompanied the visitor on a river excursion, and the Emperor, scanning with intense interest the castle of Biberich, leaned far over the boat. «What a curious attitude,» whispered the veteran revolutionary to the terrified Beugnot; «the fate of the world depends on a kick or two.»

The fate of the world was not in jeopardy, and the seat of Napoleon as Emperor of the West was not to be occupied by another; but the affairs of the Continent were to be readjusted, the beneficent work of the Revolution transferred to other hands, and the notion of Western empire to vanish like other baseless fabrics. The diplomacy of Lord Aberdeen, Castlereagh's envoy at Vienna, had succeeded before Napoleon returned to Dresden, and the treaty of eventual triple alliance, signed at Reichenbach on June 27, was made good on August 1 by Francis, who agreed, in return for an enormous subsidy from Great Britain, to join Russia and Prussia with 200,000 men. The rosters of Austria's army had been surreptitiously obtained by French agents in Prague. Napoleon was aghast as he read the proof of her gigantic efforts. At once he redoubled his own, and began to unfold a marvelous diplomatic shrewdness. With Poland's three despoilers thus united in England's pay, his isolation would be complete; a few days only remained until the expiration of the armistice; he had but one arrow left in his quiver, and he determined to speed it: to bribe Austria into neutrality by accepting her conditions and restoring the national equilibrium of Europe.

The proposition was made, and staggered Francis; for two days he dallied, and then made a counter-proposition with a new clause, which secured, not the emancipation of states, but dynastic independence for the sovereigns of the Rhine Confederation. This drew the veil from Metternich's policy. Afraid of a German nationality in which Prussia would inevitably secure the hegemony, he was determined to perpetuate the rivalries of petty potentates, and regain Austria's ascendancy in Germany as well as in Italy. This, too, would strip Napoleon of his German troops, and confine France to the west shore of the Rhine, even though it left Westphalia and Berg under French rulers. Such a contingency was abhorrent to one still pretending to Western empire, and Napoleon in turn procrastinated until the evening of the 9th, when, as a final compromise, he offered the dismemberment of Warsaw, the freedom of Dantzic and Illyria, including Fiume, but retaining Triest. But by this time dynastic jealousy had done its work at Prague, and when these terms were communicated to the plenipotentiaries unofficially, Cathcart's bellicose humor, which was heightened by the news from Wellington, served to complement Alexander's jealousy of Austria's rising power. The Prussian nationalists, too, saw their emancipation indefinitely postponed; and since the communication of Napoleon's ultimatum was unofficial and an official notification had not arrived at midnight on the 10th, the commissioners of Russia and Prussia rose at the stroke of the clock, and informed Metternich that, their powers having expired, he was bound by the terms of Reichenbach.

Metternich kept up his mask, and continued to discuss with Caulaincourt the items of Napoleon's proposition, but the other diplomats gave vent to their delight. Humboldt lingered until Austria's formal declaration of war was under way to Dresden; simultaneously beacons, prearranged for the purpose on Bohemian hills, flashed the welcome news to the expectant armies of Russia and Prussia. Napoleon still stood undismayed by forms, for under the terms of the armistice a week's notice must be given before the renewal of hostilities. On the 13th he offered Austria everything except Hamburg and Triest; on the 15th he offered even these great ports. But technical right was on the side of war, and his proposals were refused. Where the blame or merit for the renewal of hostilities rests will ever remain a matter of opinion. Amid the tangles of negotiation, it must be remembered that on March 24, 1812, Russia and Sweden began the coalition; that Russia and Prussia were forced into union on February 28, 1813, by the element of interest common to Alexander's

dynasty and the Prussian people; that Great Britain entered on the scene in her commercial agreement with Sweden on March 3, 1813; and that English diplomacy combined with the interests of Austrian diplomacy to complete and cement the coalition with the necessary subsidies. If we view the negotiations of Poischwitz and Prague in connection with Napoleon's whole career, they appear to have run in a channel prepared by his boundless ambition: if we isolate them and scrutinize their course, we must think him the moral victor. Whatever he may have been before, he was now eager for peace, and sincere in his professions. Believing himself to have acted generously when Austria was under his feet, he was outraged when he saw that he had been duped by her subsequent course. The concessions to which he was forced appear to have been made slowly, because what he desired was not a Continental peace in the interests of the Hapsburgs, but a general peace in the interest of all Europe as represented by the Empire and the dynasty which he had founded. At this distance of time, and in the light of intervening history, some credit should be given to his insight, which convinced him that strengthened nationality, as well as renewed dynastic influence, might both retard the liberalizing influences of the Revolution, which he falsely believed himself still to represent.

THE LAST IMPERIAL VICTORY.

At the opening of the second campaign in Saxony the allies had 435,000 men and Napoleon but 350,000. With this inferiority, it behooved the Emperor to use all his strategic powers, and he did so with a brilliancy never surpassed by him. Choosing the Elbe as his natural defensive line, Hamburg stood almost impregnable at one end, flanked to the southward by Magdeburg, Wittenberg, and Torgau, three mighty fortresses. Dresden, which was necessarily the focal point, was entrenched and palisaded for the protection of the army, which was to be its main bulwark. Davout and Oudinot, with 70,000 men, were to threaten Berlin, and, thereby drawing off as many as possible of the enemy, liberate the garrisons of Stettin and Küstrin; they were then to beleaguer Spandau, push the foe across the Oder, and stand ready to fall on the coalition's flank. Napoleon himself, with the remaining 280,000, was to await the onset of the combined Russian, Prussian, and Austrian forces. The allies now had in their camp both Jomini and Moreau. The former, pleading that he had lost a merited promotion by Berthier's ill-will, and that as a foreigner he had the right of choice, had gone over to the foe; the latter, yielding to the specious pleas of his silly and ambitious wife that he might fight Napoleon without fighting France, had taken service with the Czar. These two, with the Crown Prince of Sweden, were virtually the council of war. The latter and Moreau both saw the specter of French sovereignty beckoning them on, and were more devoted to their personal interests than to those of the coalition. In the service of their ambition was formed the plan by which Napoleon was overwhelmed and the fields of France drenched with blood. Under their advice three great armies were arrayed: that of the north in Brandenburg was composed of Prussians, Swedes, and a few Russians, its generals being Bülow, Bernadotte, and Tchernicheff; that of the east was the Prusso-Russian army in Silesia, now under Blücher, that astounding youth of seventy, and Wittgenstein; finally, that of the south was the new Austrian force under Charles Schwarzenberg, with an adjunct force of Russian troops under Barclay, and the Russian guard under the Grand Duke Constantine. Schwarzenberg was reduced to virtual impotence by the presence at his headquarters of all the sovereigns and of Moreau. Divided counsels spring from diverse interests; there was at the outset a pitiful caution and inefficiency on the part of the allies, while at Napoleon's headquarters there was unity of design at least.

Both contestants were under serious misapprehensions. Francis believed that, as so often before, Napoleon's goal would be Vienna; each division of the allied army therefore was to stand expectant; if assailed it was to yield, draw on the French, and expose their flanks or rear to the attacks of the other two; then by superior force the invaders were to be surrounded. The allies divined, or believed they divined, that Napoleon would hold his guard in reserve, throw it behind any portion of his line opposite which they were vulnerable, break through, and defeat them in detachments. The idea was keen; as Napoleon later confessed, his opponents had indeed «changed for the better.» But nevertheless they were deceived; for Napoleon, misapprehending and exaggerating his own inferiority, had determined, almost for the first time, to assume the defensive. This produced for the moment a powerful moral effect on his generals, who were without exception clamorous for peace, and likewise upon his new boy recruits; both classes be-

ing, like himself, persuaded that they were now fighting, not for aggression, but for life. The desperate courage of his army was further strengthened by the fact that boys had fought like veterans at Lützen and Bautzen, and that at last there were cavalry and artillery in fair proportion.

At the time no one remarked any trace of nervousness in Napoleon. Long afterward the traitorous Marmont, whose name, like that of Moreau, was to be execrated by succeeding generations of honorable Frenchmen, recalled that, in writing instructions to Davout, the Emperor had designated the enemy as a rabble and that he had likewise overestimated the strategic value of Berlin. The libeller asserted, too, that Napoleon's motive was personal spite against Prussia. It has also been studiously emphasized that the «children» of Napoleon's army were perishing like flowers under an untimely frost, 40,000 French and German boys being in the hospitals; that corruption was rife in every department of administration; and that the soldiers' pay was shamefully in arrears. An eye-witness saw Peyrusse, the paymaster, to whom Napoleon had just handed four thousand francs for a monument to Duroc, coolly pocket a quarter of the sum, with the remark that such was the custom. But in all these directions matters had been nearly, if not quite, as bad in 1809, and a victory had set them all in order. What nervousness there was existed rather among the allies. Never before in her history, not even under the great Frederick, had Prussia possessed such an army; the Austrians were well drilled and well equipped; the Russians were of fair quality and numerous, for Bennigsen was steadily building up strong reserves in Poland. Yet, in spite of their strength, the allies were not really able. Austria was the head, but her commander, Schwarzenberg, was not even mediocre, and among her generals there was only one who was first rate, namely, Radetsky. Frederick William and Alexander were of incongruous natures; their alliance was artificial, and in such plans as they evolved there was an indefiniteness which left to the generals in their respective forces a large margin for independence which each was quick to use.

It was through Blücher's wilfulness that hostilities opened, as they did, by a breach of the armistice. He had always been determined to have an independent command, and had so stipulated before Austria's accession to the coalition, a fact which momentarily thwarted his ambition. Impatient of orders or good faith, he broke into the neutral zone on August 14 at Striegau. Napoleon, hearing that 40,000 Russians from this army were marching toward Bohemia, advanced from Dresden therefore on August 15, to be within reach of the passes of the Iser Mountains on the Upper Elbe, and halted at Zittau as a central point, whence he could strike Blücher, cut off the Russians, or return to Dresden in case of need. That city was to be held by St. Cyr. On August 20 Blücher reached the banks of the Bober at Bunzlau; owing to Napoleon's nice calculation, Ney, Marmont, Lauriston, and Macdonald stood opposite to check him, the Emperor himself being at Lauban with the guard. Had Blücher stood, the Russo-Prussians would have been annihilated. But he did not stand; and retreating by preconcerted arrangement behind the Deichsel, led his antagonist to believe that he lacked confidence in his army. Perhaps this mistake was engendered by the steady stream of uneasy reports Napoleon was receiving from his own generals. On the 23d he wrote to Maret that his division commanders seemed to have no self-reliance except in his presence; «the enemy's strength seems great to them wherever I am not.» Marmont was the chief offender, having severely criticized a plan of operations which would require one or more of the marshals to act independently in Brandenburg or Silesia. At any rate, Napoleon was set in his idea, and pressed on in pursuit. On the 22d Blücher was beyond the Katzbach, and the French van close behind, when word arrived at Napoleon's headquarters that the Austro-Russians had entered Saxony, and were menacing Dresden. How alert and sane the Emperor was, how thoroughly he foresaw every contingency, appear from the minute directions he wrote for Macdonald, who was left to block the road for Blücher into Saxony, while Lauriston was to outflank and shut off the perfervid veteran from both Berlin and Zittau.

These having been written, Napoleon, wheeling the corps of Marmont, Vandamme, and Victor, together with Latour-Maubourg's cavalry and the guard, hastened back to reinforce St. Cyr at Dresden. On the 25th, as he passed Bautzen, he learned that Oudinot had been defeated at Luckau; but he gave no heed to the report, and next day he reached Dresden at nine in the morning. An hour later the guard came up, having performed the almost incredible feat of marching seventy-six miles in three days. Vandamme, with 40,000 men, had reached Pirna, a few miles above the city, and St. Cyr was drawing in behind the temporary fortifications of Dresden. The head of

Napoleon's defensive line was to be kept at any cost. The enemy, too, was at hand, but they had no plan. In a council of war held by them the same morning there was protracted debate, and finally Moreau's advice to advance in seven columns was taken. He refused «to fight against his country,» but explained that the French could never be conquered in mass, and that if one assailing column were crushed the rest could still push on. This long deliberation cost the allies their opportunity, for at four in the afternoon, when they attacked, the mass of the French army had crossed the Elbe and completed the garrison of the city. For two hours the fighting was fierce and stubborn; from three different sides, Russians, Austrians, and Prussians, each made substantial gains; at six Napoleon determined to throw in his guard. With fine promptness Mortier, with two divisions of the young guard, sallied forth against the Russians, and, fighting until midnight, drove them beyond the hamlet of Striefen. St. Cyr dislodged the Prussians, and pushed them to Strehla, while Ney, with two divisions of the young guard, threw a portion of the Austrians into Plauen, and Murat, with two divisions of infantry and Latour-Maubourg's cavalry, cleared the suburb Friedrichstadt of the rest. Napoleon, alert and ubiquitous, then made his usual round, and knew when he retired to rest that with 70,000 men or boys he had repulsed 150,000 of his foe. His inspiriting personal work might be calculated as worth 80,000 of his opponent's best men. That night both Marmont and Victor, with their corps, entered the city; and Vandamme in the early dawn began to bombard Pirna, thus drawing away forces from the allies to hold that outpost.

The morning of the 27th opened in a tempest of wind and rain, a fact which is considered as having been most advantageous to the French, since it enabled them to hide their movements, and interfered with their enemy's guns and ammunition. In any case, the second day's fighting was more disastrous to the allies than the first. At six both sides were arrayed. On the French right Victor and Latour-Maubourg; then Marmont; then the old guard, and Ney, with two divisions of the young guard; next St. Cyr, with Mortier on the left. Opposite stood Russians, Prussians, and Austrians, in the same relative positions, on higher ground, encircling the French all the way westward and around by the south to Plauen; between their center and left was reserved a gap for the Austrians under Klenau, who were coming up from Tharandt in the blinding storm, and were overdue. At seven began the artillery fire of the young guard; but before long it ceased for an instant, since the gunners found the enemy's line too high for the elevation of their guns. «Continue,» came swiftly the Emperor's order; «we must occupy the attention of the enemy on that spot.» The ruse succeeded; at ten Murat dashed through the apparently unnoticed gap, and, turning westward toward the Elbe, killed or captured all who composed the enemy's extreme left. The garrison of Pirna stood firm until afternoon, and then retreated toward Peterswald. Elsewhere there was continuous fighting, but the French merely held their own. Napoleon lounged all day in a curious apathy before his camp-fire, his condition being apparently due to the incipient stages of a digestive disorder. Early in the afternoon Schwarzenberg heard of Murat's great charge, but he still held firm. When, however, the flight from Pirna was announced, he prepared to retreat, and at five his columns were slowly withdrawing from conflict. By six Napoleon was aware that the conflict was over, and, mounting his horse, he trotted listlessly to the palace, his old gray overcoat and hood streaming with rain.

William M. Sloane.

(To be continued.)

MINE ENEMY.

TIRELESS enemy have I,
Who, with arch insistency,
Maketh without sign of cease
Keen attacks upon my peace.

Sad my plight, who never know
If by night or day my foe
Will, with his strategic art,
Storm the ramparts of my heart.

Through delay and dearth and doubt
I have kept the foeman out;
But I fear the fort must fall,
And his banner top the wall,

And I pine in long duress,
If no friend heed my distress:
Who will come and cause to flee
Love, that is mine enemy?

Clinton Scollard.



AN ESKIMO GIRL.

AN ARCTIC STUDIO.

(77° 44′ N. Lat.)

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

AT the head of an almost unknown bay, beyond the waters of Inglefield Gulf, the *Falcon* found temporary rest; and there, under a lofty peak and in the presence of a mighty glacier, we erected our two tiny buildings. The site was chosen upon a terrace in the bed of an ancient glacier, and near a rapid brook that ran down to the bay. The studio formed a wing of the larger building, and was built of three-inch grooved pine. It was made with double walls, and had an air-space of one foot completely enveloping top, sides, and bottom, and an additional air-space of one inch formed by felt covering the walls and ceiling. On the side facing the west were placed double doors, and on the south a double skylight and a window. Over three of the exterior walls was fastened the conventional tar-paper. In this small abode, the northernmost studio in the world, with a ground-space of fifteen by six and a half feet, and with a height of less than eight, my comrade and I were to dwell for more than a year.

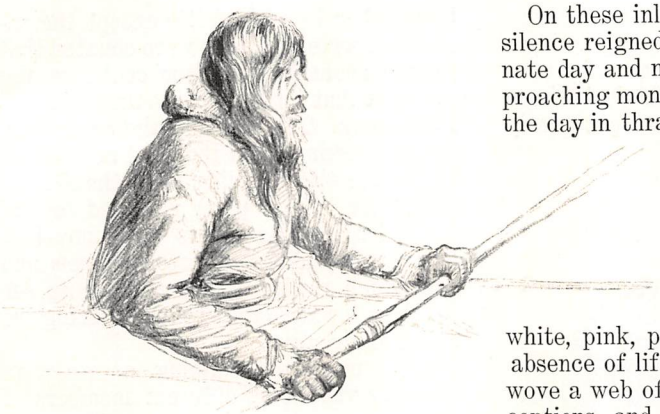
On August 26, 1893, the studio was made habitable with two folding-beds, trunks and boxes for seats and receptacles, and oil-cloth for floor-covering. A long shelf was run along the west side of the room, near the ceiling, and under the skylight was placed a series of shelves. A clock with a homelike voice gave an air of habitableness to the room, and from the ceiling was suspended a lamp with a chain for raising and lowering it—always an object of wonder and delight to the childlike Innuit, or Eskimo. Near by were two other dwellings, but of sealskin, the homes of the Innuits Myo and Kashoo, who, with their families, had been induced to leave the neighborhood of Cape Parry and come with us.

The long night was approaching, and from the time our dwelling was made ready until September 15 our days and nights were passed in long hunting-excursions. On one a distance of 190 miles was covered in a whale-boat.

We found the Innuits very quick-witted and intelligent; with unvarying good nature and a keen appreciation of fun, they proved themselves companionable in spite of their uncleanliness. Their skill manifested itself in many ways during these long excursions. Later in the year it showed itself, on one occasion, in a particularly interesting way. Having found it necessary to cross a glacier on a hunting-trip, our Innuits paused at the edge and hallooed to ascertain the direction of the echo. On the return a storm of snow and fog had obliterated all landmarks, but



KASHOO.
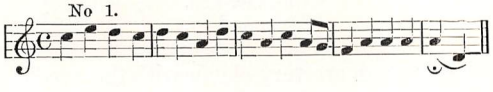


MEK-A-SHAH.
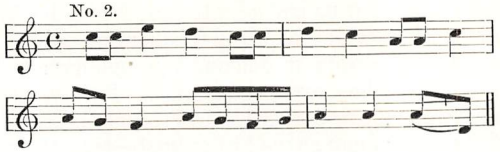
the Innuits easily found the way by means of the echo.

There was always a charm in their strange melodies, and particularly at night, as they slowly rowed along the black waters among ghostly, beautiful icebergs, under the starless sky. And such melodies! They were like the sighing of the winds, low, contented, full-breathed, yet with an undertone of sadness. But at times their songs are vehement with joy and action. Sometimes they are broken with recitative. I give the music of a few:
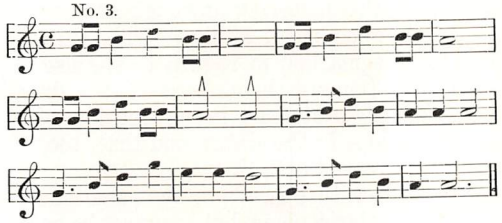
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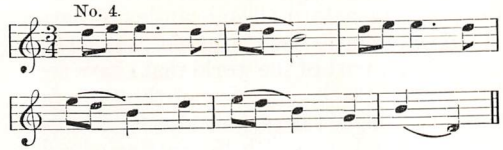


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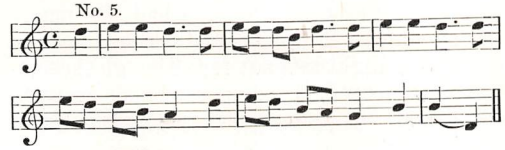


No. 3.



No. 4.



No. 5.



On these inland hunting-trips an ominous silence reigned. We were then having alternate day and night, and the spirit of the approaching months of darkness seemed to hold the day in thrall. The weird desolation and loneliness of the great peaks; the interminable ice-caps, lustrous and cold under the gray waste of cloud; the wide, mossy stretches, thick-set with irregular boulders of many hues, and thickly starred with white, pink, purple, and yellow flowers; the absence of life; the windless hush—all these wove a web of awe about one's mental perceptions, and made the world in which we walked seem a part of strange dreams.

By October 7 the sun like a ball of orange fire rose over the great hills at 10 A. M., and disappeared behind them, on the bay's farther side, by 3 P. M. Every one was busy, the men out on hunting-trips down the bay, or carrying provisions to Moraine Camp on the ice-cap. To sketch from the studio window we had to scrape the frostwork from the window-panes every few minutes, so near was winter to us. The brook had been frozen for some time, and to obtain drinking-water it was necessary to go to a small fresh-water lake half a mile up the valley. Soon it too was frozen, as the temperature was rapidly falling even in our lower regions; on the ice-cap it was already 11° below zero. Snow-squalls frequently blew over the valley, giving some of the wildest and strangest effects that I had seen in this strange land. One came up from Inglefield Gulf, a mass of purplish gray cloud that made the water even a darker hue, and half obliterated the long range of cliffs on



EL-EY-TING-WAH.

the opposite side of the bay with a translucent veil which gave them a pinkish tinge. Here and there on the cliffs were traces of straw-color, with lilac shadows, while just above the hills the clouds cleared to a light pearly



TONG-WING-WAH.

gray, with traces of pinkish yellow. Over the yet calm waters of the bay hosts of ice-floes and icebergs were scattered, all a delicate blue-green above the grayish purple of the sea. In the foreground a large iceberg had grounded near the entrance to Falcon Harbor, and gave the highest note to the picture—a light pinkish cream with shadows of greenish blue. This was at 1 P. M., and in a few moments darkness overtook the day, and snow fell thick and fast.

The studio was gradually becoming picturesque on the outside, as the eaves were decked with great pieces of reindeer meat, and the top with antlers and kayaks. At noon the lurid sun began its westering course behind the hills, giving the most beautiful effect of the day; but it moved so rapidly that one had to work with great speed to accomplish anything. I made sketches daily from the window, and then sallied forth up the valley or over the hills back of the house, which looked down upon the great glacier and Bowdoin Bay. One would need a hundred hands as well as a hundred eyes adequately to cope with the rich color harmonies of the North. I took several photographs of the glacier, and then made a quick sketch—quick perforce, for I came near freezing my fingers. Happily, the addition of some petroleum kept the colors pliable long enough to complete the sketch.

By October 18 all bird life except the ravens had deserted us. Five were counted that afternoon around the walrus cache on the rocky point that jutted out into the bay opposite the camp. This was also the resort of a number of Eskimo dogs that had never been caught since their landing from the *Falcon*. Some of our ice-cap party returned toward evening, leaving the others in a snow-hut. They brought tidings of severe storms and winds, which rendered it impossible to see about them for more than ten feet during the whole of their stay.

We did much entertaining, as we were continually visited by different members of the tribe of two hundred or more. They were content to sit and share the warmth and shelter of our house, and gaze on the curious things it contained. They would turn the pages of a magazine by the hour, and, holding the book upside down, ask questions about the pictures. What particularly pleased them was anything in the shape of gun, knife, or ammunition. Of eating they never tired. The amount of food they consumed was astonishing, and they particularly reveled in our coffee, biscuit, and pemmican. This love was manifested by a little ditty that they sang quite often:

«Uh-bis-e-ken,
Uh-pem-e-ken.»

The women are very clever with the needle, and as most of us had adopted the Innuit boot of sealskin, which required frequent mending, they were always in demand. In mechanical ingenuity they are remarkable. Both men and women are carvers in ivory, and the tiny figures—human as well as animal—that they fashion in this material, although somewhat crude, show no mean ability. This skill is also to be remarked in regard to the use of the pencil. One of them, As-sey-e-yeh, drew from memory a steamer in perspective, with the reflections in the water, and that, too, in a suggestive and artistic way.

Arctic literature dwells on the monotonous life of the polar regions, but it cannot be such to a lover of nature. The beauties of nature in those high latitudes are far more varied than in any other part of the world that I have seen. On October 26 the last view of the sun's face was denied us by the rushing clouds. The winter's routine began with the setting of a day and an all-night watch. We had the moon by day—a day full of beautiful color harmonies and twilight in tone; for although the sun had disappeared, a radiance of rich orange, succeeded by yellow and yellowish blue,

merged in the blue of the heavens, which was brightest at noon. The reign of night was upon us, and with it the beginning of a series of color-poems that the art of the painter could only faintly portray. The thermometer registering 4° below zero F., and the bay having frozen over, I took daily trips in the uncertain, mysterious light that shone in the far south—an orange radiance that brooded over the rich gray of the southern hills, fadspires very freely in these hard, steep journeys, but cools rapidly when a stop for rest or breath is taken, which adds to the discomfort. We reached the camp at last, a snow igloo at an elevation of 2500 feet. The igloo is built in two parts, through the small openings of which we crawled to the inner room. The floor of this room was strewn with hay; sleeping-bags of skin, an oil-can and a stove, and a quantity of canned goods, completed the



DRAWN BY FRANK WILBERT STOKES.

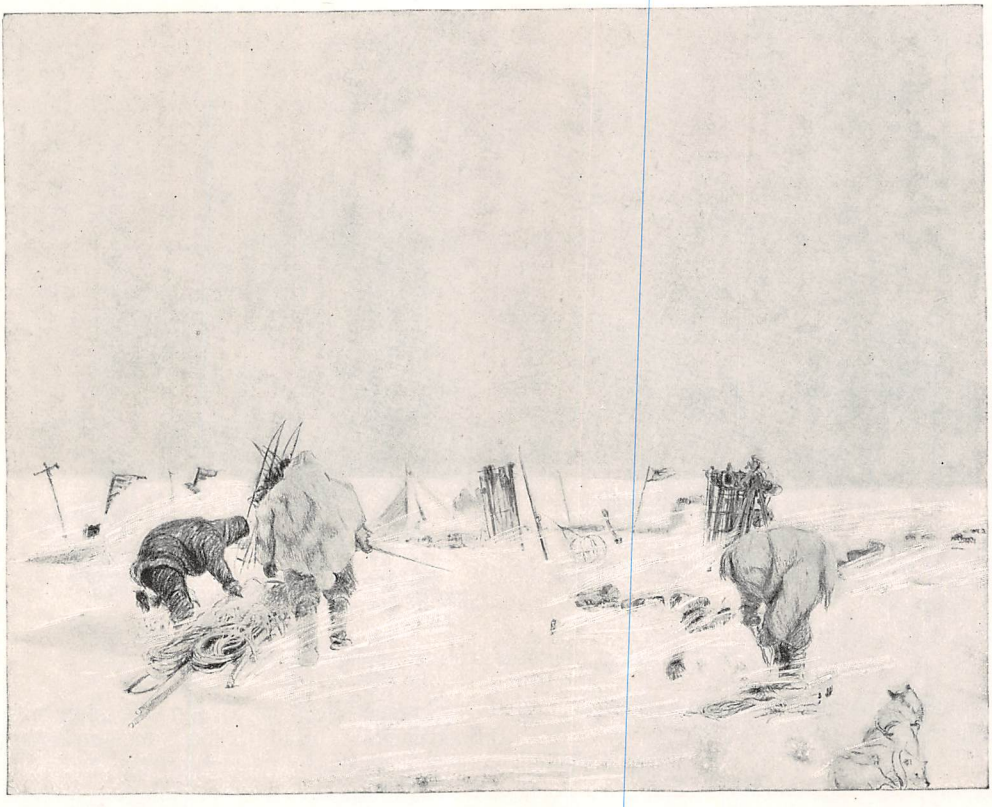
ESKIMOS AT INGLEFIELD GULF MAKING STONEWARE.

ing toward the zenith successively into orange madder, lemon, and dark lilac.

About the middle of November I visited for the first time Moraine Camp, five miles away from the studio. We started in clear, calm weather, climbing all the way. On our right, rocky walls supported ice-caps from 1500 to 2500 feet in height; to the left coursed that most majestic of rivers, the glacier, cutting its way through lofty, precipitous crags of dark brown rock from the sea of ice which ran in great swells far inland. The path was very steep, and lay through deep snow, swept by an icy wind which nipped our faces and converted the hair upon them into a solid mass of icicles. One perfurnishing. What little light the room obtained came in through a small opening in the roof and through its semi-opaque walls of snow. It was, as one may well imagine, a close and ill-smelling place, from which I was glad to escape.

In the last days of November the Innuit arrivals were numerous, and the hospitality of Kashoo's igloo and the lodge was taxed to the utmost. The light was lessening day by day, though the beauty of this ice world did not wane. I think I never felt the strength, the glory, of silence so vividly as on the 26th of the month, standing on a rocky height above the bay. Across the heavens beautiful auroras streamed at fre-

quent intervals in colors of faint orange, green, and blue, scarcely dimming the myriads of brilliant stars that glittered in the deep blue vault, which lightened to turquoise at the horizon. Majestic cliffs swept away across the bay, with its shadowy greenish-blue bergs, all bathed in one shimmering veil of transparent gold from the light of the moon. In a silence that made the beating of the heart and the pulsation of the blood in the veins seem almost audible, I was suddenly attracted by a peculiar, occasional crackling sound. Presently the sound came very near, and, turning, I perceived a yellowish-white object, about three feet in length, steadily approaching. The little creature gradually



DRAWN BY FRANK WILBERT STOKES.

THE GREAT INLAND ICE—ENCAMPMENT OF PEARY PARTY, MARCH, 1894.

circled about, until it paused about fifteen feet away. As I had remained motionless, its curiosity led it to sit down upon its haunches and deliberately stare at me. Twice it seated itself, and then, running behind a boulder, peeped over the edge, until, satisfied or alarmed, it disappeared. It was an Arctic fox.

Thanksgiving Day passed with a little dinner, and December, the darkest month of the year, was upon us. In the absence of a moon the light of the stars was so strong that on several occasions I detected shadows on the snow, while their penumbræ were full of prismatic colors. A condensation of frost had by this time completely covered the windows of the studio, and a wainscoting of the same material girded the entire room to the height of three feet. The accumulation of ice was fully an inch and a half thick on the inner door of the studio, and made it impossible to close the door completely. Every morning the door was so thoroughly frozen in the jamb that it was necessary to chop the ice away to get out. Everything in the bottom of our trunks and boxes was frozen, being covered with ice crystals. Even poppy-oil, sperm-oil, and ammonia placed upon the shelves were in a state of milky consistency. Everything of a perishable nature had to be kept free from contact with the floor and the walls, and the only safe place for canvas, drawing-paper, etc., was on the long shelf near the ceiling. A corridor surrounded the lodge and part of the studio. Here was always the



DRAWN BY FRANK WILBERT STOKES.

AN ESKIMO AND HIS DOGS RESTING ON INGLEFIELD GULF, MAY, 1894.

darkness of midnight. Eskimo dogs, alert for food, were continually underfoot; and several burros, with carrier pigeons whose days were numbered, made it an abiding-place. The remaining portion, stored with provisions, was separated by partitions.

On December 15 I noticed innumerable fox-tracks on the hills back of the camp. The south light had now grown paler and paler; a dark mass of purplish gray clouds settled over the region, leaving only a faint greenish-yellow streak. At one end of the streak the light flickered fitfully, as if a storm were raging there. The hills rose dark and gray under their mantle of snow; in the valley below two dark spots showed where our dwellings stood. A thin column of smoke ascended silently from a chimney, and a little to the right a larger column arose, lighted now and then by a fitful ruddy flame from a fire built to thaw walrus-meat for the dogs. The cries of men and dogs rose on the still air—so still that the sounds echoed and reëchoed, making strange noises in the hills.

Christmas came almost before we were aware. Sports had been arranged for the occasion, and at half-past two we assembled on the bay in front of the camp, with the stars shining overhead and the moon's light streaming over the dark hills.

A double row of ice-columns led away in dim perspective over the ice-covered bay for more than two hundred yards, reminding one of an alabaster colonnade forming the approach to an ancient Greek temple. Over these were laid bamboo poles, and at each end of the course a red torch-light was thrust into the snow. We then indulged in hurdle-racing and other sports. It was a strange spectacle, with the wild figures of the Innuits and the fur-clad members of the party, now in the cold blue light of the moon, now in the bright red light from the torches, grouped about the contestants, and the towering, gloomy mass of Mount Bartlett in the background. The games were hurried through, for it was cold sport with the thermometer 24° below zero.

Now the light of the sun began visibly to return. To our vision, sharpened by the long darkness, every change, even the slightest, was noticed. What new life and joy it brought! I never knew the blessedness of light before. The dull glow seen through the

ice-coated windows was succeeded by a manifest light at noon. Winter was surely passing, and comparative comfort would soon be ours again. No one who has not been denied the sun's light for so long a period can appreciate the sensations that its return produces.

On March 6, 1894, the start was made for the inland ice, and passing successively Moraine Camp and several previous stopping-places, guided by the bamboo poles stuck in the snow, we went some twenty-six miles inland. Even on this great ice-desert the effects are continually changing, especially at this season of alternate night and day. The wind blew ceaselessly from the far north, and with the exception of our little party there was not a sign of life. The Innuits who accompanied us built a snow-house, the eight teams of eighty-four dogs were tied to stakes driven into the ice, and the tangled traces arranged. Our petroleum and alcohol stoves furnished us with tea, which, accompanied with frozen pemmican and biscuits, formed our repast. Then every one turned into his sleeping-bag, where the inner garments, saturated with perspiration from the exertion incident to travel, became clammy and cold. This, together with icy drafts down the back, cramps, and miniature snowfalls inside the tent or igloo, and with the breath condensing in icicles about the hood of the opening, rendered the situation anything but comfortable.

Early one morning, after vainly endeavoring to sleep, I went outside. The stars were shining in a sky of dark, rich purple lightening to a yellowish tone on the northern horizon; the vast desert was a great mass of delicate lilac and green, and the igloo a brighter note of the same color. The dogs, curled up in balls and almost covered by the snow, were so many black spots. The wind blew shrill and chill, and the snow streamed and eddied in long veils over the lonely desert. The tents flapped like great birds alighting, and the wind-gage kept up a monotonous *tap-tap-tap*. The utter loneliness and desolation of the scene were so penetrating that I was glad to creep over the recumbent forms of my companions into the shelter of the sleeping-bag, where I shivered and dozed until the bright sun called us again to life and action.

With the return of light came the wild call of the kittiwake and gerfalcon, the chirrup of the snow-bunting, the peculiar note of the wheatear, the hoarse quack of ducks and many others of the feathered tribe, the reawakened roar of cascades, and an occasional cannonade as some mighty fragment of ice, becoming detached from a glacier or an iceberg, fell with a roar into the sea. Butterflies, bees, and flies flitted over the bright green moss and grasses spangled with dainty wild-flowers.

The interior of the studio became very damp as the higher temperature melted the ice between the walls, the wainscoting of ice, and the frost accumulation on the windows. The water dripped over everything, forming pools on the floor. What with Innuit models posing until midnight, and walks across the bay or climbs in the hills for a sketch, the long Arctic day gave little rest. On July 30, during one of these excursions, a startling cry of «Oo-me ok-suah-tig-eh-lay!» («The great ship has returned!») rang through the silent air; and hastening back with joyful trepidation to camp, I learned that the *Falcon* had been sighted. Two Innuits had traveled over the ice of the bay, anxious to be the first heralds of the good tidings and earn the promised reward of a gun.

Frank Wilbert Stokes.

CAPTIVE.

WHEN in the dark of some despairing dream
Sorrow has all her will with me, and ease
Is full forgotten, through her dear degrees
Steals Music, beckoning with a hand supreme
For me to follow. Straight I see the gleam
Where the winds dip them in the far, bright seas
That roll and break upon the Hebrides;
See white wings flash, and hear the sea-birds scream.
Or it may be in palace gardens falls
The moonlight on wide roses, where the swell
Of one great lover's heart in passion calls
To deeps in other hearts. And, listening, well
I know, while sink my slow dissolving walls,
So Music lured Eurydice from hell.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.



PAINTED BY GÉRARD. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.
FROM COPY, IN POSSESSION OF GEORGE CLINTON GENET, OF PORTRAIT BELONGING TO THE PRINCE DE LA MOSKOWA, GRANDSON OF NEY.

MARÉCHAL MICHEL NEY, DUC D'ELCHINGEN, PRINCE DE LA MOSKOWA.

A FAMILY RECORD OF NEY'S EXECUTION.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THESE extracts from an unpublished memoir of the Genet family, written by Mme. Campan, author of memoirs of Marie Antoinette, and lady of the bedchamber to the queen, are in the possession of Mr. George Clinton Genet, of Greenbush, near Albany, New York, the youngest and sole surviving son of «Citizen» Edmond-Charles Genet, to whom they were sent by Mme. Campan, his sister. The narrative was written for the author's nephews and nieces in America, children of Edmond-Charles Genet. He was minister of France to the United States in 1793, but became an American citizen, and settled in the State of New York, where he married a daughter of George Clinton, Governor of New York, and Vice-President of the United States. After the death of his wife he married a daughter of Samuel Osgood, Postmaster-General under Washington. He had escaped the guillotine of Robespierre, and incurred the undying hate and calumnies of the French Jacobins, of the French émigrés, and, for his course while minister, of the British faction in America. He died and was buried at Greenbush in 1834.

These extracts have a special and timely interest from the fact that an absurd at-



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MARÉCHALE NEY, DUCHESSE D'ELCHINGEN, PRINCESSE DE LA MOSKOWA.

tempt has been made recently to prove in a published volume that Ney was not shot in 1815, but escaped to America, and became a schoolmaster in North Carolina, where he lately died. An alleged facsimile of his writing is given in the book, as well as one of the writing of the old French cavalryman who, it is alleged, when drunk on a certain occasion, declared himself to be the Duke of Elchingen. The writing which it is claimed is the genuine writing of the marshal seems doubtful when compared with that known to be his, and the assumed similarity between that and the writing of the old French soldier of North Carolina is inconceivable. It is absurd to suppose that Ney should have proclaimed himself to be the Duke of Elchingen, since at the time of his execution he was Prince of Moskowa, and no longer Duke of Elchingen. It is impossible that, as is asserted in the book referred to, Ney should have consented to the subterfuge of being shot at by muskets charged with powder alone, and after falling and pretending to be dead, should have suffered himself to be carried into exile in a strange land. At the battle of Waterloo Ney vainly sought death wherever the battle was fiercest. With an army of sixty thousand men still left, he capitulated under the walls of Paris, upon condition of general amnesty of offenses both civil and military. These terms were basely violated, and to satisfy the clamor of the returned aristocrats of the old régime, Ney was executed. Wellington could have prevented this crime after the condemnation by the chamber of peers, but did not, for reasons best known to himself. Ney was offered an opportunity to escape, but refused. He asked the soldiers to fire at his heart, and they did. Moreover, at the time when it is claimed that Ney was concealing himself in North Carolina, Joseph Bonaparte

was living at Bordentown, and his house and his fortune would have been at Ney's disposal. Moreover, after the fall of the Bourbons there would have been no reason why Ney should not have returned to France. In 1832 Eugène Ney, his third son, visited the United States, and went to the house of his kinsman Genet, who resided on the Hudson, near Albany, but never heard of this alleged Duke of Elchingen. It is useless to follow these absurdities further. Ney is buried in Père la Chaise at Paris, with two of his sons and his brother-in-law Gamot. A plain slab marks the place. On the spot where he was executed stands a monument erected by the French government.

George Clinton Genet.

MME. CAMPAN'S CONTEMPORARY ACCOUNT.

[Translated from the manuscript of Jeanne-Louise-Henriette Genet Campan.]

THE AUGUIÉ FAMILY.

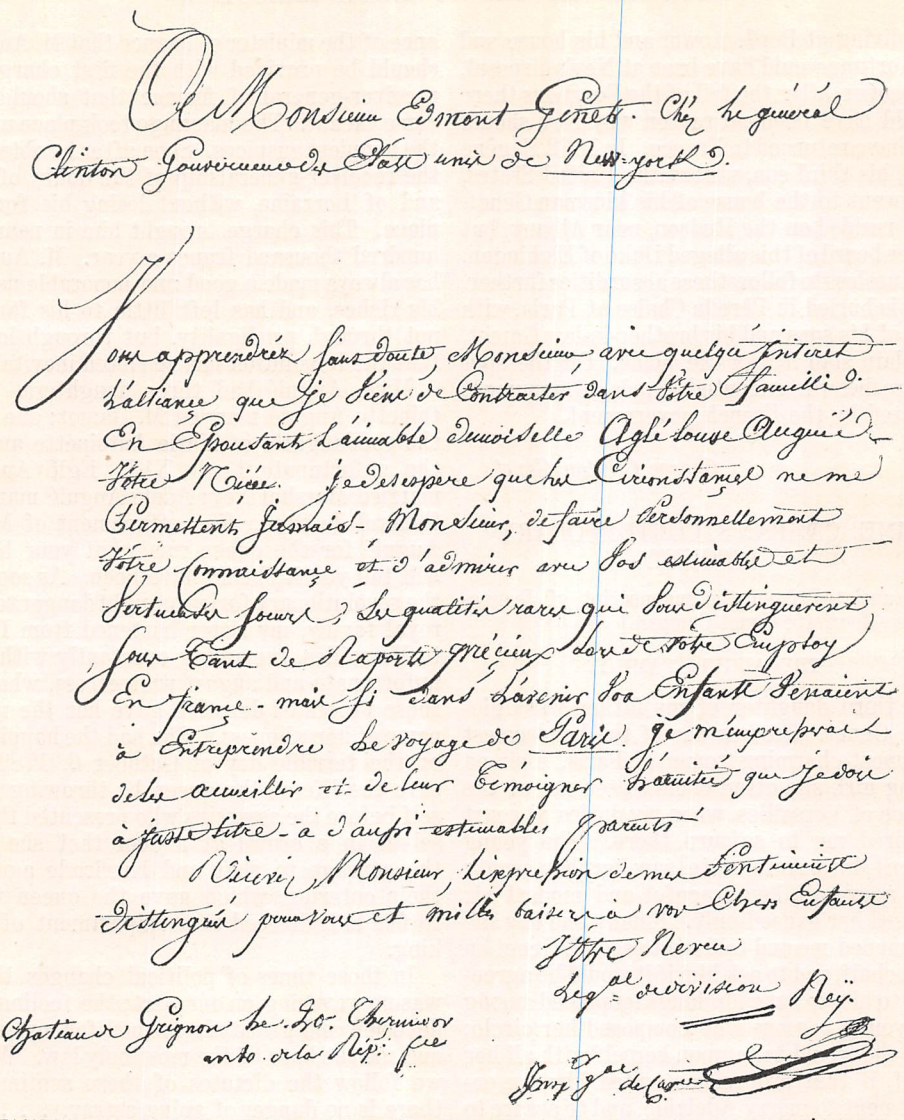
THE third daughter of my father was Adelaide Genet. She was one of the handsomest and most charming women of Paris. Being a young girl, she often came to see me at the palace of Versailles, when my duties at court required me to sojourn there. The young queen [Marie Antoinette] saw her; her beauty and, above all, her graceful and modest air pleased her exceedingly. Finally one day she summoned me and told me to see M. Genet on her behalf, and to ask him if it would be agreeable to him to have his daughter placed among the young persons who composed her circle; that she would take upon herself with all her heart, if that proposition suited him, an engagement to marry Adelaide, and to assure to whomever should ask her hand the first vacant farmer-generalship. I started at once to announce to my father an event that filled him with joy. It was a third daughter provided for and married, and his patrimony being partly dissipated, the establishing of his children in life gave him proper anxiety.

M. Auguié, born at Figeac, in the south of France, belonged to one of the best families in his province. Already occupying the place of commissary-general of subsistence in the army, he presented himself to obtain the hand of my sister. He was amiable, gallant in society, good-looking, and did as much to please my sister as to be agreeable to my father. The queen endowed my sister with a pension of seven thousand francs, a beautiful present of diamonds, and besides gave her the assurance of the minister of finance that M. Auguié should be provided with the first charge of receiver-general of finance that should become vacant. The marriage took place under the happiest auspices. Soon after he obtained the receiver-generalship of the duchy of Bar and of Lorraine, without losing his former place. This charge brought him in nearly a hundred thousand francs a year. M. Auguié has always made a good and honorable use of his riches, and has left little to his family, not through prodigality, but through losses that the Revolution has rendered inevitable.

Mme. Auguié had three daughters. Antoinette Auguié married M. Gamot; she was the goddaughter of Marie Antoinette and of the unfortunate Louis XVI. Eglé Auguié married Marshal Ney; Adèle Auguié married General de Broc. The attachment of Mme. Auguié for the queen was what your heart will tell you it should have been. As soon as the revolutionary furies brought danger to the royal family, my sister hastened from Paris to Versailles, remaining constantly with her unfortunate and august protectress, who for these proofs of devotion gave her the nickname of her «lioness.» She had the happiness on the terrible day of October 6, 1789, to save the life of the queen by throwing herself before the assassins who presented themselves in a crowd at a door that she had the courage to shut and barricade against their entering, which gave the queen time to flee half dressed to the apartment of the king.

In those times of political changes there was no wavering on our part; the feelings of devotion and gratitude formed for my sister and me the base of the most holy law. When we follow the dictates of these sentiments there is no danger of going astray. . . .

On August 10, 1792, the palace of the Tuileries was besieged and the throne of Louis XVI was overturned because it no longer rested on the ancient basis of the monarchy, and because that unfortunate monarch, in the hope of regaining his former rights, had hesitated to insure them with new constitutional laws. During that frightful and memorable day my sister and I many times ran the risk of perishing. The queen was for twenty-four hours a prisoner in the National Assembly. From there she sent for us to come to her. We hastened to her at the risk of our lives. During the passage the queen had to make from her apartments in the Tuileries to the Chamber of Deputies she had been so closely pressed by the crowd that she had been despoiled of her watch and her



FACSIMILE OF A LETTER FROM NEY TO GENET ANNOUNCING HIS MARRIAGE TO THE LATTER'S NIECE. OWNED BY GEORGE CLINTON GENET.

purse, and my sister lent her twenty-five louis. When the royal family was transferred to the Temple, Pétion, mayor of Paris, refused us permission to follow the queen thither.

Our duties had come to an end. We retired to De Beauplan; afterward we hired together the Château de Coubertin, which is a mile from that of De Beauplan. Your father quitted France on January 23, 1793. He was denounced and removed from office, inevitable death awaiting him in France if he had left your protecting shores. The National Assembly believed for a moment that he had had the temerity to return to France, and had landed at Brest, and at once the gazettes announced his arrival and death.

That very day some business of imperious necessity forced me to go from the country to Paris, to stay several days. Disguised as a peasant, I gave my arm to my faithful and good Voisin, when I heard two men crying out in a loud voice the most important news in the gazette of the day. These men repeated alternately on each side of the street: «Arrival at Brest of M. Genet, minister of the Republic to the United States. This minister will at once make the perilous ascent of the guillotine.» Ah! my dear children, these few words, read after twenty-five years, and at a great distance from the place where they first struck my ear and tore my heart, will undoubtedly cause you a vivid

emotion. Judge what the most tender sister experienced at the moment. Mme. Voisin saw me grow pale, tremble, and about to fall in the street. I might be recognized and at once thrown into the fatal cart, which often carried people to the scaffold, without trial, for simple exclamations of fright or of public disapprobation. My faithful friend sustained me, and almost carried me into a shop, where some humane people restored me to consciousness. The same day I learned that my brother had not returned, and I went again to the country, to quit it no more.

. . . It tries my feelings to have to trace the deplorable end of your aunt, Mme. Auguié. It was occasioned by the trial of the queen, who thought it her duty to declare that the twenty-five louis, which were all she had in her pocket for spending-money, should be returned to Mme. Auguié, who had lent them to her while she was a prisoner in the National Assembly. Many months had passed between that declaration of the queen and the arrest of my sister and myself. We had been assured that the secretary of the tribunal of blood had written «Augal» in place of «Auguié,» with the intention, without knowing her, of saving a victim so innocently designated; for the poor queen could not suppose, in leaving a place where she had been deprived of all kinds of communication with men, that they had become so ferocious that so simple a matter would be transformed into a crime. Finally, nine months after, while we were still reassured by the name Augal printed in all the papers in place of the true name of my sister, an atrocious man of quality (whose name I will not mention, to avoid making family hatred hereditary) took up the frightful rôle of «lamb»[1] to Robespierre, and made a note that he signed and addressed to the Committee of Public Safety. This note read: «I have been through all the prisons of Paris. I am astonished not to find there Mme. Auguié, designated erroneously in the trial of Marie Antoinette as Mme. Augal. She and her sister, Mme. Campan, ought to be in prison long since.» At once a mandate to «fetch» was hurled against my sister, and one to «arrest by soldiers» against me. Four soldiers arrived at our country house. My sister, who was to be taken at once to the prison of the Conciergerie, where the victims remained only a day or two, did not wish to be arrested. She fled upon an ass across the fields, reached Paris, and from fright at her position lost her reason; but in her madness she traced upon a piece of paper: «If I die on the scaffold, my husband, already a prisoner, will also perish; our property will be confiscated—my daughters, what will become of you! If I can escape the scaffold, I can save for you, perhaps, the property that is my own.» Still, signs of real alienation preceded the moment when she precipitated herself from the window of the furnished apartments where she was concealed. What despair reigned among us! Two days after, Robespierre and his frightful power were crushed, and the prisons were thrown open. M. Auguié came out, but found only despair in his house, and grief for a most justly cherished wife. Antoinette, his eldest daughter, almost died from grief; the gaiety of youth disappeared forever, and her misfortune developed in her a precocious intelligence that has always remained.

. . . It was at this period that I went to St. Germain. Antoinette followed her father to Paris. Eglé and poor Adèle came to take their place among my first pupils. Their eldest sister came to join them when M. Auguié was called to the service of the armies. Mme. de Beauharnais, since empress, also came out of the prison of Robespierre, who had executed her husband. She came at the same moment to confide to me her daughter and her niece. The most sincere and constant friendship was established between the amiable Hortense and my nieces; and that innocent intimacy of the class determined their destiny —a destiny brilliant and deceitful, with which they might justly be dazzled, but which conducted them, as well as her whom chance had given them as a support, toward new misfortunes.

M. Auguié, provided with the place of administrator of the posts, enjoyed for a long time the elevation of his family. He finished his career at the age of seventy-six years, six months before the sad end of Marshal Ney. His remains are in the cemetery of Père la Chaise at Paris, in the same tomb with those of «the bravest of the brave.»

Eglé, the second daughter of Adelaide Genet and M. Auguié, passed many years with me at St. Germain after the tragic end of her mother. Witty, graceful, and with agreeable talents, her infancy and youth were easy to direct. Her character endeared her to all my pupils, and she, as well as her sister Adèle, became a particular friend of Hortense de Beauharnais, who then thought little of deceitful grandeurs, and less of the fatal honor of being seated on a throne. Hortense, whose strange destiny has been

[1] This was the designation given to persons put into the prisons solely to serve as spies upon the prisoners.

so deeply connected with those of my nieces, was born with the simplest tastes. Agreeable without being handsome, capable of succeeding in the cultivation of all the fine arts, already tried by the terrible crisis of the Revolution, she had no ambition but for a retired and peaceful life, fearing the splendor of the great world; and she often said to me, after the sudden elevation of the general who had married her mother: «Alas! that man is a comet, and we are like the trains of light which involuntarily follow those stars. Where will he lead us?» Poor young girl! As events proved, she was led to an elevation above all ranks of society, to fall from the highest pinnacle that can be attained; and what was most afflicting to her truly pure soul, she was condemned to bear all the shafts of those greatly multiplied and virulent calumnies that accompany the contests of opposite parties.

Hortense contributed to the marriage of Eglé with General Ney. Eglé hesitated some time before giving her consent to this union, solely from the fear of being the companion of a warrior who would be so often exposed. Still, his great bravery, and the frank and open character which distinguished him, had inspired her with great esteem. The demand for her hand had been made, and Eglé had asked her father for eight days to consider it. He had consented, and was in doubt as to the determination of his daughter, when a very natural incident decided the question. A guest who was dining with M. Auguié spoke of the high promise of Ney, and referred to one engagement where this brave general had had seven horses killed under him. «What do you say, sir?» said Eglé, with vivacity. «He had thirteen.» M. Auguié asked his daughter if this exclamation was a consent; she blushed, and said nothing. The same evening he asked her if he could inform Mme. Bonaparte, who had been charged with the demand by the general, of her consent; she did not object, and their marriage was soon concluded. . . .

The marriage took place at the Château de Grignon. Only a few were invited: Hortense, then married to Louis Bonaparte, was the only lady present outside of the family. (Of the two witnesses for Eglé—two particular friends of her father—alas! one . . . voted for the death of the brave marshal.) The band of one of the regiments of the general was placed for a week at the Château de Grignon; the park was illuminated; all the inhabitants of the neighboring hamlets were admitted to enjoy the fête, which continued for two days. The general adored his pretty companion, and joy gave him a radiant air; but how much we were touched when, upon the day the nuptial benediction was given in the chapel of the château, we saw him leading an old shepherd and his wife whom he had discovered on the farm of the château, and who at that time, according to Catholic usage, had to celebrate by a second marriage the fiftieth year of their union! He had had each completely dressed in the fashion of their province.

These details will no doubt interest you, my dear children. All that relates to the military life of the brave Ney belongs to history, but all that relates to his private life and to his truly patriotic services is the particular property of his family. Shortly after his marriage he was sent as ambassador to Switzerland; your cousin went with him. His elevation became greater when the First Consul placed the imperial crown on his own head. The general was made marshal of the empire, Duke of Elchingen, and afterward Prince of Moskowa. His wife was successively named lady of the palace to the two empresses. Great endowments were given to them, but this brilliant state required great expenditures, and immense revenues are used up quite as easily as small ones. Wars succeeded, and the campaigns of Spain and the fatal campaign of Russia cost the marshal 600,000 francs. The estate of Courdreaux, situated on the road to Tours, is the only estate that is left free to his children. They should cherish it, for their father never took real pleasure except in this retreat, and his memory is still adored there. An incident confirms this in the most unequivocal manner: On the departure of the Prussian troops who, in 1815, were in possession of the château of the marshal, the soldiers stripped the apartments of everything. Their wagons were loaded with the booty when they received orders from their chiefs to employ them for other purposes. The spoils, the whole of the furniture of twenty-four apartments, were put up for sale in the market-place of the town of Châteaudun, which is only two leagues from Courdreaux. The best beds were offered for one *écu*, and everything else at about the same low price, but no one in the whole population of that town would buy the least part of this immense quantity of furniture. A single caldron was sold, but the inhabitants of the place, by a public act, established the fact that the purchaser inhabited a region situated more than six leagues from the estate of the marshal. The troops having departed, the property was carefully collected, and sent back to the château. My

niece lost only a single volume of a very beautiful library. This incident does as much honor to the inhabitants of that French province as to the memory of the marshal.

A position of the most fatal kind, and far beyond the political intelligence of the brave Ney, opened under his feet an abyss into which he fell; but his glory was not buried with him. He left Paris with the firm determination to drive Napoleon far from the soil of France, because he believed that his return would light up a civil war, the name of which alone filled the hero with terror. His activity, his expressions on receiving the orders of the king, were strong and sincere. Ney changed his opinion when he saw entire populations running after the footsteps of Napoleon, and when he learned that the brother of the king and Marshal Macdonald had left Lyons, as the army refused to obey either the prince or the general. His change of conduct was confirmed when the insurgent peasants took from him ten pieces of cannon, which were all the artillery his army corps possessed. Finally, when he learned that 20,000 soldiers had united themselves to the imperial eagles under the orders of Napoleon, who had already advanced forty leagues on the road to Paris, that same horror of civil war, that same love of country, and that opinion that it was his duty to defend his country by uniting himself to that one who was its chief by the will of the land or the voice of the people, decided him to follow Napoleon and to unite with him. He joined him at Auxerre, at the hotel of the prefecture where Gamot was. There he sent to Napoleon a declaration, the first words of which were: «I am your prisoner rather than your partizan. If you continue to govern tyrannically,» etc. M. Gamot heard the marshal read that singular protest before sending it to Napoleon. Unfortunately, he kept neither a memorandum nor a copy of it. That paper would have figured nobly in the trial of the brave man. Napoleon read it, and with the calm air that supreme power taught him so well to adopt, tore the paper into small pieces, and said simply, «The brave Ney is deranged.»

A sincerity, unwisely combined, directed all the actions of this brave man, so much to be regretted and so much regretted. His conduct would have deprived him of all favor with the emperor, and caused his fall under the Bourbons. A mind the first impulse of which had been for the republican virtues and the love of France could not bind itself to the political measures of the old government and to the destruction of that national glory to which he had himself contributed.

These lines which I now trace have this much of interest, that they are a faithful recital of the interviews that I had with the marshal in his prison of the Conciergerie. He relied much upon the treaty of Paris, which gave pardon and immunity to military and civil misdemeanors. He deceived himself.

[In another place, after speaking of the sister of the wife of Ney, who was married to M. Charles Gamot, Mme. Campan says:]

At the first return of the king, he [Gamot] had been provided with the prefecture of the Department of Yonne, of which the residence is at Auxerre. Napoleon, upon his inconceivable and imposing return of March 20, 1815, passed through Auxerre. An aide-de-camp preceded him, and ordered the prefect Gamot to prepare everything in his residence to receive the emperor, which he did. When Louis XVIII returned to France, Gamot was removed, and came near being proscribed and deprived of the pension granted to all the reformed prefects. He distinguished himself in his misfortunes by the touching consolation he gave to his illustrious brother-in-law in his prison at the terrible moment that deprived France of a hero so much regretted. He hastened to the fatal spot and threw himself upon the sad remains of that brave man who had fallen while sending heavenward his last patriotic cry, «Vive la France!» Gamot himself washed the bloody wounds, and rendered Ney those last duties that France in tears should have bestowed upon a hero who had so gloriously served her.

ADDENDUM.

[From a recent volume entitled «Le Maréchal Ney, 1815,» by Henri Melschinger, I have translated the following narrative of the execution of Ney.]

WHEN the Abbé de Pierre arrived, the marshal said to him: «Ah! M. le Curé, I understand you. I am ready.» . . . The Count de Rochechouart and two lieutenants of gendarmes, preceded and followed by gendarmes and grenadiers, with the clerk Cauchy, left the chamber. . . . It was Tuesday. The day was gloomy; a light rain was falling from a dense gray mist. «An abominable day,» said the marshal, with a natural smile. Then, as the Abbé de Pierre stepped aside to let him pass, «Get in, M. le Curé,» said he, gaily; «presently I will get out first.» The two lieutenants got into the carriage

with the priest and the condemned; the gendarmes and the grenadiers surrounded the carriage doors before and behind the wheels. Then there came with the Count de Rochechouart and the Marquis de la Rochejaquelin on horseback a company of veteran sub-officers, the platoon of execution, and a picket of the National Guard. A squadron of the National Guard closed the cortège. The carriage followed the alley that lies on the left side of the palace, and the alley of the large nurseries, to the gate of the Observatory. . . . Three hundred feet from the garden gate the carriage stopped. «What, arrived so soon!» observed the marshal, who believed the execution would take place, like that of Labédoyère, in the plain of Grenelle.

He descended first, as he had said; then, turning toward the Abbé de Pierre, who followed him, he gave him a gold box, his last souvenir to the maréchale, and for the poor of the parish of St. Sulpice some louis that he had left. The Abbé de Pierre embraced him, blessed him, threw himself on his knees some distance away, and remained there in prayer until all was over. The troops were formed in a hollow square. Ney advanced in front of the platoon of execution, who held their guns in the position of ready arms. He asked the adjutant Saint-Bias how he should place himself. In compliance with the orders of l'Espinois, Saint-Bias wished to bandage his eyes and place him on his knees. The marshal repelled this as a man who for twenty-eight years had seen bullets and balls flying toward him without flinching. «Do you not know, sir, that a soldier does not fear death?» he said. He then took four steps forward, «and there,» says Rochechouart, who watched the execution from the back of his horse, «in an attitude that I shall never forget, it was so noble, calm, and dignified, without any nervousness, he took off his hat, and, profiting by the moment that the adjutant gave him while stepping to one side and giving the signal to fire, he pronounced these few words, which I heard very distinctly: ‹Frenchmen, I protest against my condemnation. My honor—› At these last words, as he placed his hand on his heart, the shots were heard. He fell dead. He fell forward, having received eleven bullets out of the twelve: one in his right arm, one in his neck, three in his head, six in his stomach.» . . .

While the body of the marshal lay exposed upon the ground, guarded by pickets of infantry and cavalry, the clerk Cauchy prepared the following report:

> This seventh day of December, 1815, at twenty minutes past nine in the morning, the undersigned, Louis-François Cauchy, recording secretary of the Chamber of Peers, performing, in pursuance of an ordinance of the King of the 12th of November last, the functions of clerk of the said Chamber, went to the place of the Observatory designated for the execution of the sentence rendered yesterday by the Chamber of Peers against Michel Ney, marshal of France, ex-peer of France, more fully described in the said sentence by which he was condemned to the penalty of death applicable in the manner prescribed by the decree of May 12, 1793. The execution has taken place in our presence and in the form prescribed. In proof of which we have signed this at Paris, the day and year aforesaid.
>
> CAUCHY.

According to an official report two hundred persons were present at the execution. The people kept a mournful silence, or broke out into murmurs. . . . A man came and dipped his handkerchief in the blood of the marshal.[1] The wall which was in course of construction and the débris were soon covered with his blood. The eager crowd pressed forward to obtain the least traces. . . .

After the execution the body of the marshal, by the order of General de l'Espinois, remained exposed on the ground during a quarter of an hour, while the Abbé de Pierre, still upon his knees at some paces distant, continued to pray. . . .

The quarter-hour of exposure being ended, the body was transported to the Hospital of the Maternity, the curé of St. Sulpice walking at the head of the procession. Sisters of charity watched all night over the marshal. A great number of people of mark, says a police report, came to see the body of the marshal—peers, generals, officers, ambassadors. These peers of France, his judges, dared to mingle with strangers and a crowd, curious to contemplate their victim, to assure themselves of his death, and to enjoy his punishment. More than five hundred Englishmen came to see the dead body, says another report. A soldier of the National Guard said to them, «But, gentlemen, you must have seen him in Spain.» A veteran added, «You did not look at him like that at Waterloo.»

[1] From the national archives, F.[7] 6683.

G. C. G.

SIR GEORGE TRESSADY

by Mrs Humphry Ward

Author of "Robert Elsmere" "The History of David Grieve" "Marcella" etc

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER*]

XVII.

«HULLO! Are you come back?»

The speaker was George Tressady. He was descending the steps of his club in Pall Mall, and found his arm caught by Naseby, who had just dismissed his hansom outside.

«I came back last night. Are you going homeward? I 'll walk across the square with you.»

The two men turned into St. James's Square, and Naseby resumed:

«Yes; we had a most lively campaign. Maxwell spoke better than I ever heard him.»

«The speeches have been excellent reading, too. And you had good meetings?»

«Splendid! The country is rallying, I can tell you. The North is now strong for Maxwell and the bill—or seems to be.»

«Just as we are going to kick it out in the House! It 's very queer; for no one could tell a month ago how the big towns were going, and it looked as though even London were deserting them.»

«A mere wave, I think. At least, I 'll bet you anything they 'll win this Stepney election. Shall we get the division on the hours clause to-morrow?»

«They say so.»

«If you know your own interests, you 'll hurry up,» said Naseby, smiling. «The country is going against you.»

«I imagine Fontenoy has got his eye on the country. He 's been letting the Socialists talk nonsense till now to frighten the steady-going old fellows on the other side, or putting up our men to mark time. But I saw yesterday there was a change.»

«Between ourselves, has n't he been talking a good deal of nonsense on his own account?»

Naseby threw a glance of laughing inquiry at his companion. George shrugged his shoulders in silence. It had become matter of public remark during the last few days that Fontenoy was beginning at last to show the strain of the combat—that his speeches were growing hysterical and his rule a tyranny. His most trusted followers were now to be heard grumbling in private over certain aspects of his bearing in the House. He had come into damaging collision with the Speaker on one or two occasions, and had made here and there a blunder in tactics which seemed to show a weakening of self-command. Tressady, indeed, knew enough to wonder that the man's nerve and coolness had maintained themselves in their fullness so long.

«So Maxwell took a party to the North?» said George, dropping the subject of Fontenoy.

«Lady Maxwell, of course, myself, Bennett, and Madeleine Penley. It was a pleasure to see Lady Maxwell. She has been dreadfully depressed in town lately. But those trade-union meetings in Lancashire and Yorkshire were magnificent enough to cheer any one up.»

George shook his head.

«I suspect they come too late to save the bill.»

«I dare say. Well, one can't help being tremendously sorry for her. I thought her looking quite thin and ill over it. It makes one doubt about women in politics. Maxwell will take it a deal more calmly, unless one

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misunderstands his cool ways. But I should n't wonder if *she* had a breakdown.»

George made no reply. Naseby talked a little more about Maxwell and the tour, the critical side of him gaining upon the sympathetic with every sentence. At the corner of King street he stopped.

«I must go back to the club. By the way, have you heard anything of Ancoats lately?»

George made a face.

«I saw him in a hansom last night, late, crossing Regent Circus with a young woman —*the* young woman, to the best of my belief.»

In the few moments' chat that followed Tressady found that Naseby, like Fontenoy, regarded him as the new friend who might be able to do something for a wild fellow, now that mother and old friends were alike put aside and ignored. But, as he rather impatiently declared (and was glad to declare), such a view was mere nonsense. He had tried, for the mother's sake, and could do nothing. As for him, he believed the thing was very much a piece of *blague*—

«Which won't prevent it from taking him to the devil,» said Naseby, coolly; «and his mother, by all accounts, will die of it. I 'm sorry for her. He seems to think tremendous things of you. I thought you might perhaps have knocked it out of him.»

George shook his head again, and they parted.

In truth, Tressady was not particularly flattered by Ancoats's fancy for him. He did not care enough about the lad in return. Yet, in response to one or two outbreaks of talk on Ancoats's part,—talks full of a stagey railing at convention,—he had tried, for the mother's sake, to lecture the boy a little, to get in a word or two that might strike home. But Ancoats had merely stared a moment out of his greenish eyes, had shaken his queer mane of hair as an animal shakes off the hand that curbs it, had changed the subject at once, and had departed. Tressady had seen very little of him since.

And he had not, in truth, taken it to heart. He had neither time nor mind to think about Ancoats. Now, as he walked home to dinner, he put the subject from him impatiently. His own moral predicament absorbed him; this weird, silent way in which the whole political scene was changing in aspect and composition under his eyes—was grouping itself for him around one figure, one face.

Had he any beliefs left about the bill itself? He hardly knew. In truth, it was not his reason that was leading him. It now was little more than a passionate, boyish longing to wrench himself free from this odious task of hurting and defeating Marcella Maxwell. The long process of political argument was, in truth, every day loosening and detaching those easy convictions of a young chauvinism that had drawn him originally to Fontenoy's side. Intellectually he was all adrift. At the same time he confessed to himself, with perfect frankness, that he could and would have served Fontenoy happily enough but for another influence—another voice.

Yet his old loyalty to Fontenoy tugged sorely at his will. And with this loyalty of course was bound up the whole question of his own personal honor and fidelity—his pledges to his constituents and his party.

Was there no rational and legitimate way out? He pondered the political situation, as he walked along, with great coolness and precision. When the division on the hours clause was over, the main struggle on the bill, as he had all along maintained, would be also at an end. If the government carried the clause,—and the probability still was that they would carry it by a handful of votes,—the two great novelties of the bill would have been affirmed by the House. The home work in the scheduled trades would have been driven by law into inspected workshops, and the male workers in these same trades would have been brought under the time restrictions of the Factory Acts.

Compared with these two great reforms, or revolutions, the remaining clause—the landlords clause—touched, as he had already said to Fontenoy, questions of secondary rank, of mere machinery. Might not a man thereupon —might not he, George Tressady—review and reconsider his whole position?

He had told Fontenoy that his vote was safe; but must that pledge extend to more than the vital stuff, the main proposals of the bill? The hours clause? Yes. But after it?

Fontenoy, no doubt, would carry on the fight to the bitter end, counting on a final and hard-wrung victory. The sanguine confidence which had possessed him about the time of the second reading was gone. He did not, Tressady knew, reckon with any certainty on turning out the government in this coming division. The miserable majority with which they had carried the workshops clause would fall again; it would hardly be altogether effaced. That final wiping-out would come—if, indeed, it were attained—in the last contest of all, to which Fontenoy was already heartening and urging on his followers.

Of course Fontenoy's position in the matter was clear. It was that of the leader and the irreconcilable.

But for the private member, who had seen cause to modify some of his opinions during the course of debate, who had voted loyally with his party up till now, might not the division on the hours clause be said to mark a new stage in the bill—a stage which restored him his freedom?

The House would have pronounced on the main points of the bill; the country was rallying to the government; might it not be fairly argued that the war had been carried far enough?

He already, indeed, saw signs of that backing down of opposition which he had prophesied to Fontenoy. The key to the whole matter lay, he believed, in the hands of the Old Liberals, that remnant of a once great host, who were now charging the Conservative government with new and damaging concessions to the Socialist tyranny. These men kept a watchful eye on the country; they had maintained all along that the country had not spoken. George had already perceived a certain weakening among them. And now this campaign of Maxwell's, this new enthusiasm in the industrial North—no doubt they would have their effect.

He walked on, closely pondering the whole matter, prey to a strange and mingled excitement. Meanwhile the streets through which he walked had the empty, listless air which marks a stage from which the actors have departed. It was nearing the middle of August, and society had fled.

All the same, as he reflected with a relief which was not without its sting, he and Letty would not be alone at dinner. Some political friends were coming, stranded like themselves in this West End, which had by now covered up its furniture and shut its shutters.

What a number of smart invitations had been showering upon them during the last weeks of the season, and were now still pursuing them, for the country-house autumn! The expansion of their social circle had of late often filled George with astonishment. No doubt, he said to himself, though with a curious doubtfulness, Letty was very successful; still, the recent rush of attentions from big people who had taken no notice of them on their marriage was rather puzzling. It had affected her far more than himself; for he had been hard pressed by Parliament and the strike, and she had gone about a good deal alone—appearing, indeed, to prefer it.

«Come out with me on the terrace,» said Marcella to Betty Leven; «I had rather not wait here. Aldous, will you take us through?»

She and Betty were standing in the inner lobby of the House of Commons. The division had just been called and the galleries cleared. Members were still crowding into the House from the library, the terrace, and the smoking-rooms, and all the approaches to the Chamber itself were filled with a throng about equally divided between the eagerness of victory and the anxieties of defeat.

Maxwell took the ladies to the terrace and left them there, while he himself went back to the House. Marcella took a seat by the parapet, leaned both hands upon it, and looked absently at the river and the clouds. It was a cloudy August night, with a broken, fleecy sky, and gusts of hot wind from the river. A few figures and groups were moving about the terrace in the flickering light and shade—waiting, like themselves.

«Will you be very sad if it goes wrong?» said Betty, in a low voice, as she took her friend's hand in hers.

«Yes,» said Marcella. «It will be all the harder after this time in the North. Everything will have come too late.»

There was a silence; then Betty said, not without sheepishness, «Frank 's all right.»

Marcella smiled. She knew that little Betty had been much troubled by Frank's tempers of late, and had been haunted by some quite serious qualms about his loyalty to Maxwell and the bill. Marcella had never shared them. Frank Leven had not grit enough to make a scandal and desert a chief. But Betty's ambition had forced the boy into a life that was not his; had divided him from the streams and fields, from the country gentleman's duties and pleasures, that were his natural sphere. In this hot town game of politics, this contest of brains and ambitions, he was out of place—was, in fact, wasting both time and capacity. Betty would have to give way, or the comedy of a lovers' quarrel might grow to something ill-matched with the young grace and mirth of such a pair of handsome children.

Marcella meant to tell her friend all this in due time. Now she could only wait in silence, listening for every sound, Betty's soft fingers clasping her own, the wind as it blew from the bridge cooling her hot brow.

«Here they are!» said Betty.

They turned to the open doorway of the House. A rush of feet and voices approached, and the various groups on the terrace hurried to meet it.

«Just saved! By George, what a squeak!» said a man's voice in the distance, and at the same moment Maxwell touched his wife on the shoulder.

«A majority of ten! Nobody knew how it had gone till the last moment.»

She put up her face to him, leaning against him.

«I suppose it means we can't pull through?»

He bent to her.

«I should think so. Darling, don't take it to heart so much!»

In the darkness he felt the touch of her lips on his hand. Then she turned, with a white cheek and smiling mouth, to meet the greetings and rueful congratulations of the friends that were crowding about them.

The terrace was soon a moving mass of people eagerly discussing the details of the division. The lamps, blown a little by the wind, threw uncertain lights on faces and figures, as they passed and repassed between the mass of building on the one hand and the wavering darkness of the river on the other. To Marcella, as she stood talking to person after person,—talking she hardly knew what,—the whole scene was a dim bewilderment, whence emerged from time to time faces or movements of special significance.

Now it was Dowson, the Home Secretary, advancing to greet her, with his gray, shaven face, eyelids somewhat drooped, and the cool, ambiguous look of one not quite certain of his reception. He had been for long a close ally of Maxwell's. Marcella had thought him a true friend. But certainly in his conduct of the bill of late there had been a good deal to suggest the attitude of a man determined to secure himself a retreat, and uncertain how far to risk his personal fortunes on a doubtful issue. So she found herself talking to him with a new formality—in the tone of those who have been friends, yet begin to foresee the time when they may be antagonists.

Or, again, it was Fontenoy—Fontenoy's great head and overhanging brows—thrown suddenly into light against the windy dusk. He was walking with a young viscount, whose curls, clothes, and shoulders were alike unapproachable by the ordinary man. This youth could not forbear an exultant twitching of the lip as he passed the Maxwells. Fontenoy ceremoniously took off his hat. Marcella had a momentary impression of the passionate, bull-like force of the man before he disappeared into the crowd. His eye had wavered as it met hers. Out of courtesy to the woman, he had tried not to *look* his triumph.

And now it was quite another face—thin, delicately marked, a noticeable chin, an outstretched hand.

She was astonished by her own feeling of pleasure.

«Tell me,» she said quickly, as she moved eagerly forward; «tell me! is it about what you expected?»

They turned toward the river. George Tressady hung over the wall beside her.

«Yes; I thought it might be anything from eight to twenty.»

«I suppose Lord Fontenoy now thinks the end quite certain.»

«He may; but the end is not certain.»

«But what can prevent it? The despairing thing for us is that if the country had been roused earlier everything might have been different. But now the House—»

«Has got out of hand? It may be; but I find a great many people affected by Lord Maxwell's speeches in the North and his reception there. To-day's result was inevitable; but if I 'm not mistaken, we shall now see a number of new combinations.»

The sensitive face became in a moment all intelligence. She played the politician, and cross-examined him; he hesitated. What he was doing was already a treachery; but he only hesitated to give way. They lingered by the wall together, discussing possibilities and persons, and when Maxwell at last turned from his own conversations to suggest to his wife that it was time to go home, she came forward with a mien of animation that surprised him. He greeted Tressady with friendliness, and then, as though a thought had struck him, suddenly drew the young man aside.

«Ancoats, of course,» said George to himself; and Ancoats it was.

Maxwell, without preliminaries, and taking his companion's knowledge of the story for granted,—no doubt on Fontenoy's information,—said a few words about the renewal of the difficulty. Did he not think it had all begun again? Yes; George had some reason to think so. «If you can do anything for us—»

«Of course; but what can I do? As we all know, Ancoats does not sit still to be scolded.»

Their colloquy lasted only a minute or two; yet when it was over, and the Maxwells had gone, George was left with a vivid impression of the great man's quiet strength and magnanimity. No one could have guessed from his anxious and well-considered talk on this private matter that he was in the very heat of a political struggle that must affect all

his own fortunes. Tressady had been accustomed to spend his wit on the heavier sides of Maxwell's character. To-night he said to himself, half in a passion, grudging the confession, that it was not wonderful she loved him.

She! The remembrance of how her whole nature had brightened from its cloud as he drew out for her his own forecast of what might still happen; the sweet confidence and charm that she had shown him; the intimacy of the tone she had allowed between them; the mingling all through of a delicate abstinence from anything touching on his own personal position, with an unspoken recognition of it; the impulse of a generosity that could not help rewarding what seemed to it the yielding of an adversary—these things filled him with a delicious pleasure as he walked home. In a hundred directions—political, social, spiritual—the old horizons of the mind seemed to be lightening and expanding. The cynical, indifferent temper of his youth was breaking down; the whole man was more intelligent, capable, tender. Yet what sadness and restlessness of soul as soon as the brief moment of joy had come and gone!

A FEW afternoons of supply encroached upon the eight days that still remained before the last clause of the bill came to a division. Nevertheless, the whole eight days were filled with the new permutations and combinations which Tressady had foreseen. The government carried the Stepney election, and in other quarters the effects of the speechmaking in the North began to be visible. Rumors of the syndicate already formed to take over large numbers of workshops in both the Jewish and the Gentile quarters of the East End, and of the hours and wages that were likely to obtain in the new factories, were driving a considerable mass of working-class opinion which had hitherto held aloof straight for the government, and splitting up much of that which had been purely hostile.

Nevertheless, the situation in the House itself was hardly changing with the change in the country. The Socialist members very soon developed the proposal to make the landlords responsible for the carrying out of the new act into a furious general attack on the landlords of London. Their diatribes kept up the terrors which had already cost the government so many men. It was not possible, not seemly, to yield, as Maxwell was yielding all along the line, to these fellows.

But the Old Liberals, or the New Whigs, as George had expected, were restless. They felt the country, and they had no affection for landlords as such. Did a man arise who could give them a lead, there was no saying how soon they might not break away from the Fontenoy combination. Fontenoy felt it, and prowled among them like a Satan, urging them to complete their deed, to give the *coup de grâce*.

On the Wednesday afternoon before the Friday on which he thought the final vote would be taken, George let himself into his own house about six o'clock, thankful to feel that he had a quiet evening before him. He had been wandering about the House of Commons and its appurtenances all day, holding colloquies with this person and that, unable to see his way, to come to any decision. And, as was now usual, he and Fontenoy had been engaged in steering out of each other's way as much as possible.

As he went up-stairs he noticed a letter lying on the step. He took it up, and found an open note, which he read, at first without thinking of it:

> MY DEAR LADY: Chatsworth can't be done. I have thrown my flies with great skill, but—no go! I don't seem to have influence enough in that quarter. But I have various other plans on hand. You shall have a jolly autumn, if I can manage it. There are some Scotch invitations I can certainly get you—and I should like to show you the ways of those parts. By the way, I hope your husband shoots decently. People are very particular. And you really must consult me about your gowns—I 'm deuced clever at that sort of thing! I shall come to-morrow, when I have packed off my family to the country. Don't know why God made families! Yours always,
>
> CATHEDINE.

«George, is that you?» cried Letty from above him, in a voice half angry, half hesitating. «And—and—that 's my note. Please give it me at once.»

He finished it under her eyes; then handed it to her with formal courtesy. They walked into the drawing-room, and George shut the door. He was very pale, and Letty quailed a little.

«So Cathedine has been introducing us into society,» he said, «and advising you as to your gowns. Was that—quite necessary—do you think?»

«It 's very simple what he has been doing,» was her angry reply. «You never take any pains to make life amusing to me, so I must look elsewhere if I want society—that 's all.»

«And it never occurs to you that you are thereby incurring an unseemly obligation to a man whom I dislike, whom I have warned you against, who bears everywhere an evil name? You think I am likely to enjoy—to put up with even—the position of being asked on sufferance, as your appendage, provided I ‹shoot decently›?»

His tone of scorn, his slight figure, imperiously drawn up, sent her a challenge, which she answered with sullen haste.

«That 's all nonsense, of course! And he would n't be rude to you if you were n't always rude to him.»

«Rude to him!» He smiled. «But now let us get to the bottom of this thing. Did Cathedine get us the cards for Clarence House—and that Goodwood invitation?»

Letty made no answer. She stared at him defiantly, twisting and untwisting the ribbons of her blue dress.

George reddened hotly. His personal pride in matters of social manners was one of his strongest characteristics.

«Let me beg you at any rate to write and tell Lord Cathedine that we will not trouble him for any more of these kind offices. And, moreover, I shall not go to any of these houses in the autumn unless I am quite certain he has had nothing to do with it.»

«I have accepted,» said Letty, breathing hard.

«I cannot help that. You should have been frank with me. I am not going to do what would destroy my own self-respect.»

«No; you prefer making love to Lady Maxwell!»

He looked steadily a moment at her pallor and her furious eyes. Then he said in another tone:

«Letty, does it ever occur to you that we have not been married yet five months? Are our relations to each other to go on forever like this? I think we might make something better of them.»

«That 's your lookout. But as to these invitations, I have accepted them, and I shall go.»

«I don't think you will. You would find it would n't do. Anyway, Cathedine must be written to.»

«I shall do nothing of the kind!» she cried.

«Then I shall write myself.»

She rose, quivering with passion, supporting herself on the arm of her chair.

«If you do, I will find some way of punishing you for it. Oh, if I had never made myself miserable by marrying you!»

Their eyes met; then he said:

«I think I had better go and dine at the club. We are hardly fit to be together.»

«Go, for Heaven's sake!» she said, with a disdainful gesture.

Outside the door he paused a moment, head bent, hands clenched. Then a wild, passionate look overspread his young face. «It is her evening,» he said to himself. «Letty turns me out. I will go.»

Meanwhile Letty stood where he had left her till she had heard the street door close. The typical, significant sound knelled to her heart. She began to walk tempestuously up and down, crying with excitement.

Time passed on. The August evening closed in, and in this deserted London nobody came to see her. She dined alone, and afterward spent what seemed to her interminable hours pacing the drawing-room and meditating. At last there was a pause in the rush of selfish or jealous feeling which had been pulsing through her for weeks past, dictating all her actions, fevering all her thoughts. And to such a nature there is nothing so desolate as such a pause. For it means reflection; it means putting one's life away from one, and looking at it as a whole. And to the Lettys of this world there is no process more abhorrent—none they will spend more energy in escaping.

It was inexplicable, intolerable, that she should be so unhappy. What was it that tortured her so? Hatred of Marcella Maxwell, or pain that she had lost her husband? But she had never imagined herself in love with him when she married him. He had never obtained from her before a tenth part of the thought she had bestowed upon him during the last six weeks. During all the time that she had been flirting with Cathedine, and recklessly placing herself in his power by the favors she asked of him, she saw now with a kind of amazement that she had been thinking constantly of George, determined to impress him with her social success, to force him to admire her and think much of her.

Cathedine? Had he any real attraction for her? Why, she was afraid of him; she knew him to be coarse and brutal even while she played with him and sent him on her errands. When she compared him with George, —even George as she had just seen him in this last odious scene,—she felt the tears of anger and despair rising.

But to be forced to dismiss him at George's word, to submit in this matter of the invitations, to let herself be trampled on, while George gave all his homage, all his best mind,

to Lady Maxwell—something scorching flew through her veins as she thought of it. Never! never! She would find, she had already thought of, a startling way of avenging herself.

Late at night George came home. She had locked her door, and he turned into his dressing-room. When the house was quiet again she pressed her face into the pillows, and wept till she was amazed at her own pain, and must needs turn her rage upon herself.

WHEN Tressady arrived at the house in Mile End Road he found the pretty, bare room where Marcella held her gatherings full of guests. The East End had not «gone out of town.»

The first person that met his eye was the old man who had spoken at the meeting; he was sitting on the edge of a capacious arm-chair, with which he seemed so far but ill acquainted, and was looking round the room with a tremulous, observant eye. Close to him was a group of young Polish Jews, talking Yiddish to an interpreter, who was repeating what they said to Lady Maxwell at his elbow, while a little farther off was a circle of rope-making girls, to whom Edward Watton and the grave, square-browed woman who had taken the chair at the meeting were devoting themselves. A sad-looking child—one of the convalescents who filled the top rooms of the house—lay on a sofa near the window, while Madeleine Penley spread out toys and picture-books for the distraction of its tired eyes. And there were in the room, besides, a fair sprinkling of members of Parliament, and a number of persons, men and women, representing the various public bodies and social efforts of the neighborhood.

But there was not the smallest suggestion of «charity» or the «mission» in the gathering itself. The room was an ordinary drawing-room, filled with flowers, pictures, and books, only not so as to overcrowd the floor space; the two little workhouse girls, in the whitest of caps and aprons, were carrying round trays of coffee and cakes; and beyond the open window was a tiny garden, backed by a huge Board School and some tall warehouses, yet as pleasant within its own small space as a fountain, and flowers constantly replenished from Maxwell Court, could make it.

George was set first of all to talk to a young schoolmaster or two; but he had never felt so little able to adjust his mind to strangers. The thought of his home miseries burned within him. When could he get his turn with her? He was thirsty for the sound of her voice, the kindness of her eyes.

She had received him with unusual warmth, and with an eagerness of look that seemed to show she had at least as much to say to him as he to her. And at last his turn came. She took some of her guests into the garden. George followed, and they found themselves side by side.

«Well, what do you think of it all to-day? Are you still inclined to prophesy?» she asked him, smiling. But she was very pale, and almost, as he could see, at the end of her endurance.

«I might be if I saw any chance of the man you want. But he does n't seem to be forthcoming, and—»

«And to-morrow is the end!»

«The government has quite made up its mind not to take defeat—not to accept modifications?»

She shook her head.

They were standing at the end of the garden looking into the brightly lighted windows of the Board School, where evening classes were going on. She gave a long sigh.

«As for us personally, we can only be thankful to have it over. Neither of us could have borne it much longer. I suppose when the crisis is all over we shall go away for a long time.»

By «the crisis» she meant, of course, the resignation of ministers and a change of government. So that a few days hence she would be no longer within his reach at all. Maxwell, once out of office, would no doubt for a long while to come prefer to spend the greater part of his time in Brookshire, away from politics. A sudden sharp perception woke in Tressady of what it would mean to him to find himself in a world where, on going out of a morning, it would be no longer possible to come across her.

At last she broke the silence.

«How little I really thought, in spite of all one's anxiety, that Lord Fontenoy was going to win! He has played his cards amazingly well.»

George took no notice. Thoughts were whirling in his brain.

«What would you to say to me, I wonder,» he said at last, «if *I* were to try the part?»

He spoke in a bantering tone, poking at the black London earth with his stick.

«What part?»

«Well, it seems to me I might put the case. One wants to argue the thing in a common-sense way. I don't feel toward this clause as I did toward the others. I know a good many men don't.»

He turned to her with a light composure.

She stared in bewilderment.

«I don't understand.»

«Well, why should n't one put the case? We have always counted on the hostility of the country. But the country seems to be coming round. Some of us feel the bill should have its chance; we are inclined to let ministers take the responsibility. But, gracious heavens!—to suppose the House would pay any attention to me!»

He took up a stone and threw it nervously over the wall. She did not speak for a moment. At last she said:

«It would be a grave thing for *you* to do.»

He turned, and their eyes met, hers full of gentleness, nay, of emotion, and his hesitating and reflective. His pride, however, perceived at once that, though he had touched her feeling, she did not seriously believe that he had very much in his power; that she was thinking more of the matter as it might affect him than as it might influence the fortunes of the government. The effect was to make him instantly drop the subject so far as his own action was concerned. But they fell back into discussion of other people, and of the situation in general.

Then, as they talked, quite another and a contradictory train of thought developed suddenly in Marcella. The young man's astonishing suggestion stayed, after all, in her mind—bore quick fruit there. She remembered with what prestige, considering his youth and inexperience, he had entered Parliament, the impression made by the short and brilliant campaign of his election. Now, since the real struggle of the session had begun, his energies seemed to have been unaccountably in abeyance—under a cloud. People, she noticed, had ceased to talk of him. But what, indeed, if he had it in him, after all, to come suddenly to the front, to make a leader? As they stood by the wall, her eyes glanced him keenly up and down. She began to see with excitement that the crisis of their friendship had come. He had warned her at Castle Luton, and had resisted her since. She had taught herself to put him out of her mind so far as the actual parliamentary game was concerned; but now— Her breath came quickly.

Yet she hesitated. There was an uneasy sense of responsibility. A man risks much in thus leaving his natural groove and place. Discredit attaches to such things; they may easily frustrate a career.

As for the why and wherefore of it all, the simplicity with which she conceived it was amazingly sincere, little as the ordinary satirical observer might choose to believe it. A true friendship had grown up between them; his mind was changing; and she had been able to influence him, which was not wonderful, seeing that she was older than he, and had Maxwell's ideas and Maxwell's knowledge to draw upon. She thought of it so, and was determined to think of it so. And at least one may admit that if it were ever possible for a woman not to know, or not to allow herself to know, that she was loved, it was possible to Marcella Maxwell. A heart that is once wholly possessed knows no more of passion—turns with impatience even from the suggestion of it.

But «influence» she recognized. And as she wavered, the thought of a strong man harassed with overwork, and patiently preparing to lay down his baffled task, captured her mind, even brought a sudden rush of tears to her eyes. She turned to her companion; temptation grew upon her, overmastered her.

It was but ten minutes more that she spared to Tressady from her guests in the comparative quiet of the little garden; but for those ten minutes Marcella did penance of heart for many a month afterward. Nevertheless, they talked little more of politics. He let her see that he was miserable—miserable for private reasons—miserable at home. She had foreseen it from the first moment of knowing his wife, and had lately heard ominous talk of the young Lady Tressady from people she trusted. Yet Letty's name was not mentioned. He talked in a vague, unhappy way, accusing himself; and she listened, trying at once to comfort him and distract him. She talked of patience and time; she pointed to his public work; she bade him think how private angers and troubles may be soothed and overcome by the stress of some public service. Yet all so gently, sweetly said! She made him feel that she cared, that his life, his pain, his story mattered to her. She played the woman, and the woman who has loveliness at her command. And then, passing from this personal trouble, here and there she said the pricking, urging word—the word that sends a man forth to his task in the world and makes his will prevail.

Not with any application to the actual political moment; both carefully avoided it. But when they turned to reënter the house his hurt pride was soothed. He knew that she no longer thought him of no account. And later, when the party dispersed, he walked alone toward Aldgate, lost in the passionate memory of her eyes and voice.

His mind was made up. And as he lay sleepless and solitary through the night, he scarcely thought any more of the strait to which his married life had come. In forty-eight hours more he should have time for that. For the present he had to think how it might be possible for him to turn doubt and turmoil into victory, and lay the crown of it at Marcella Maxwell's feet.

Meanwhile Marcella, on her return to St. James's Square, put her hands on Maxwell's shoulders, and said to him, not without some tremors: «Sir George Tressady was at the party to-night. I *think* he may be going to throw Lord Fontenoy over. Don't be surprised if he speaks in that sense to-morrow.»

Maxwell looked extraordinarily perturbed.

«I hope he will do nothing of the kind,» he said in a decided voice. «It will do him enormous harm. All the conviction he has ever shown has been the other way. It will be thought to be a mere piece of caprice and indiscipline.»

Marcella said nothing. She walked away from him, her hands clasped behind her, her soft skirt trailing, a muse of meditation—meditation in which for once she did not invite him to share.

«TRESSADY, by all that 's wonderful!» said a member of Fontenoy's party to his neighbor. «What 's *he* got to say?»

The man addressed bent forward, with his hands on his knees, to look eagerly at the speaker.

«I knew there was something up,» he said. «Every time I have come across Tressady to-day he has been deep with one or other of those fellows.» He jerked his head toward the Liberal benches. «I saw him buttonholing Green in the library, then with Speedwell on the terrace. And just look at their benches! They 're thick as bees. Yes, by George! there *is* something up!»

His young sportsman's face flushed with excitement, and he tried hard through the intervening heads to get a glimpse of Fontenoy. But nothing was to be seen of the leader but a hat jammed down over the eyes, a square chin, and a pair of folded arms.

The House, indeed, throughout the day had worn an aspect which, to the experienced observer,—to the smooth-faced Home Secretary, for instance, watching the progress of this last critical division,—meant that everything was possible, the unexpected above all. Rumors gathered and died away. Men might be seen talking with unaccustomed comrades, and those who were generally most frank had become discreet. It was known that Fontenoy, who had been for some time absolutely confident, had grown suddenly anxious; and it was noticed that he and the young viscount who acted as the whip of the party had kept an extraordinarily sharp watch on all their own men through the dinner-hour.

Fontenoy himself had spoken before dinner, throwing scorn upon the clause, as the ill-conceived finish of an impossible bill. So the landlords were to be made the executants, the police, of this precious act? Every man who let out a tenement-house in workmen's dwellings was to be haled before the law and punished if a tailor on his premises did his work at home, if a widow took in shirt-making to keep her children. Pass, for the justice or the expediency of such a law in itself. But who but a madman ever supposed you could get it carried out? What if the landlords refused or neglected their part? *Quis custodiet?* And was Parliament going to make itself ridiculous by setting up a law which, were it a thousand times desirable, you simply could not enforce?

The appeal was skilfully worked, and had great effect. Every Englishman has an instinctive hatred of paper reforms.

During the dinner-hour Tressady passed Fontenoy in the lobby, and as he did so slipped a note into his hand. Fontenoy stopped a moment, and glanced at the young man up and down in silence. «If you want me,» said Tressady, looking singularly flushed and erect, «you will find me in the library.»

Fontenoy said nothing. He took the note to the terrace, and read it there in a remote corner. Then he went to look for the young viscount with the curls and shoulders, and the two men stood about the inner lobby together, Fontenoy somberly watching everybody who came out or in.

It was about ten o'clock when Tressady caught the Speaker's eye. He rose in a crowded House—a House aware not only that the division shortly to be taken would decide the fate of a government, but vaguely aware, besides, that something else was involved—one of those personal incidents that may at any moment make the dullest piece of routine dramatic, or rise into history by the juxtaposition of some great occasion.

The House had not yet made up its opinion about him as a speaker. He had done well, then not so well; and, moreover, it was so long since he had taken any part in debate that the House had had time to forget whatever qualities he might once have shown.

His bearing and voice won him a first point.

For youth, well bred and well equipped, the English House of Commons has always shown a peculiar indulgence. Then members began to bend eagerly forward, to crane necks, to put hands to ears. The Treasury bench was seen to be listening as one man.

Before the speech was over many of those present had already recognized in it a political event of the first order. The speaker had traced with great frankness his own relation to the bill—from an opinion which was but a prejudice to a submission which was still half-repugnance. He drew attention to the remarkable and growing movement in support of the Maxwell policy which was now spreading throughout the country after a period of coolness and suspended judgment; he pointed to the probable ease with which, as it was now seen, the «harassed trades» would adapt themselves to the new law; he showed that the House, in at least three critical divisions, and under circumstances of enormous difficulty, had still affirmed the bill; that the country, during the progress of the measure, had rallied unmistakably to the government, and that all that remained was a question of machinery. That being so, he—and he believed some others—had reconsidered their positions. Their electoral pledges, in their opinion, no longer held, though they would be ready at any moment to submit themselves to consequences, if consequences there were to be.

Then taking up the special subject-matter of the clause, he threw himself upon his leader's speech with a nervous energy, an information, and a resource which held the House amazed. He tore to pieces Fontenoy's elaborate attack, showed what practical men thought of the clause, and with what careful reliance upon their opinion and their experience it had been framed; and finally—with a reference not lacking in a veiled passion that told upon the House to those «dim toiling thousands» whose lot, «as it comes to work upon the mind, is daily and yearly transforming the thoughts and the ideals of such men as I»—he, in the plainest terms, announced his intention of voting with the government, and sat down amid the usual mingled storm in a shouting and excited House.

The next hour passed in a tumult. One speaker after another got up from the Liberal benches—burly manufacturers and men of business, who had so far held a strong post in the army of resistance—to tender their submission, to admit that the fight had gone far enough, that the country was against them, and that the bill must be borne. What use, too, in turning out a government which would either be sent back with redoubled strength or replaced by combinations that had no attractions whatever for men of moderate minds? Sadness reigned in the speeches of this Liberal remnant; nor could the House from time to time forbear to jeer them. But they made their purpose plain, and the government whip, standing near the door, gleefully struck off name after name from his opposition list.

Then followed the usual struggle between the division that all men wanted and the speakers that no man could endure. But at last the bell was rung, the House cleared. As Tressady turned against the stream of his party, Fontenoy, with a sarcastic smile, stood elaborately aside to let him pass.

«We shall soon know what you have cost us,» he said hoarsely in Tressady's ear; then, advancing a little toward the center of the floor, he looked up markedly and deliberately at the ladies' gallery. Tressady made no reply. He held his fair head higher than usual as he passed on his unaccustomed way to the «aye» lobby. Many an eager eye strained back to see how many recruits would join him as he reached the front opposition bench; many a parliamentary Nestor watched the young man's progress with a keenness born of memory—memory that burned anew with the battles of the past.

«Do you remember Chandos,» said one old man to another—«young Chandos, that went for Peel in '46 against his party? It was my first year in Parliament. I can see him now. He was something like this young fellow.»

«But *his* ratting changed nothing,» said his companion, with an uneasy laugh; and they both struggled forward among the noes.

Twenty minutes later the tellers were at the table, and the moment that was to make or mar a great ministry had come.

«Ayes, 306; noes, 280. The ayes have it.»

«By Jove! he 's done it—the Judas!» cried a young fellow, crimson with excitement, who was standing beside Fontenoy.

«Yes—he 's done it,» said Fontenoy, with grim composure, though the hand that held his hat shook. «The curtain may now fall.»

«Where is he?» shouted the hot bloods about him, hooting and groaning, as their eyes searched the House for the man who thus in an afternoon had pulled down and defeated all their hopes.

But Tressady was nowhere to be seen. He had left the House just as the great news, surging like a wave through lobby and corridor, reached a group of people waiting in a

minister's private room—and Marcella Maxwell knew that all was won.

XVIII.

«I SHALL go straight to Brook street and see if I can be a comfort to Letty,» said Mrs. Watton, with a tone and air, however, that seemed to class her rather with the sons of thunder than the sons of consolation.

She was standing on the steps of the ladies' gallery entrance to the House of Commons, and Harding, who had just called a cab for her, was beside her.

«Could you see from the gallery whether George had left?»

«He was still there when I came down,» said Mrs. Watton, ungraciously, as though she grudged to talk of such a monster. «I saw him near the door while they hooted him. But, anyway, I should go to Letty; I don't forget that I am her only relative in town.»

As a matter of fact, her eyes had played her false; but the wrath with which her large face and bonnet were shaking was cause enough for hallucinations.

«Then I 'll go, too,» said Harding, who had been hesitating. «No doubt Tressady 'll stay for his thanks. But I dare say we sha'n't find Letty at home yet. I know she was to go to the Lucys' to-night.»

«Poor lamb!» said Mrs. Watton, throwing up her hands.

Harding laughed.

«Oh! Letty won't take it like a lamb—you 'll see!»

«What can a woman do?» said his mother, scornfully. «A decent woman, I mean, whom one can still have in one's house. All she can do is to cry, and take a district.»

When they reached upper Brook street the butler reported that his mistress had just come in. He made, of course, no difficulty about admitting Lady Tressady's aunt, and Mrs. Watton sailed up to the drawing-room, followed by Harding, who carried his head poked forward, as was usual with him, an opera-hat under his arm, and an eye-glass swinging from a limp wrist.

As they entered the drawing-room door Letty, in full evening dress, was standing with her back to them. She had the last edition of an evening paper open before her, so that her small head and shoulders seemed buried in the sheet; and so eager was her attention to what she was reading that she had not heard their approach.

«Letty!» said Mrs. Watton.

Her niece turned with a violent start.

«My dear Letty!» The aunt approached, quivering with majestic sympathy, both hands outstretched.

Letty looked at her a moment, frowning; then recoiled impatiently without taking any notice of the hands.

«So I see George has spoken against his party. There has been a scene. What has happened? What 's the end?»

«Only that the government has won its clause,» said Harding, interposing his smooth falsetto; «won by a substantial majority, too. No chance of the Lords playing the fool!»

«The government has won? The Maxwells have won, that is—she has won!» said Letty, still frowning, her voice sharp and tingling.

«If you like to put it so,» said Harding, raising his shoulders. «Yes; I should think that set 's pretty jubilant to-night.»

«And you mean to say that George did and said nothing to prepare you, my poor child?» cried Mrs. Watton, in her heaviest manner. She had picked up the newspaper, and was looking with disgust at the large head-lines with which the hastily printed sheet strove to eke out the brevity of the few words in which it announced the speech of the evening: «Scene in the House of Commons—Breakdown of the Resistance to the Bill—Sir George Tressady's Speech—Unexampled Excitement.»

Letty breathed fast.

«He said something a day or two ago about a change, but of course I never believed—he has disgraced himself!»

She began to pace stormily up and down the room, her white skirts floating behind her, her small hands pulling at her gloves. Harding Watton stood looking on in an attitude of concern, one pensive finger laid upon his lip.

«Well, my dear Letty,» said Mrs. Watton, impressively, as she laid down the newspaper, «the only thing to be done is to take him away. Let people forget it—if they can. And let me tell you, for your comfort, that he is not the first man by a long way that woman has led astray, nor will he be the last.»

Letty's pale cheeks flamed into red. She stopped; she turned upon her comforter with eyes of hot resentment and dislike.

«And they dare to say that he did it for her! What right has anybody to say it?»

Mrs. Watton stared. Harding slowly and compassionately shook his head.

«I am afraid the world dares to say a great many unpleasant things—don't you know. One has to put up with it. Lady Maxwell has a characteristic way of doing things. It 's like a painter; one can't miss the touch.»

«No more than one can mistake a saying of Harding Watton's,» said a vibrating voice behind them.

And there in the open doorway stood Tressady, pale, spent, and hollow-eyed, yet none the less the roused master of the house determined to assert himself against a couple of intruders.

Letty looked at him in silence, one foot beating the ground. Harding started and turned aside to search for his opera-hat, which he had deposited upon the sofa. Mrs. Watton was quite unabashed.

«We did not expect you so soon,» she said, holding out a chilly hand, «and I dare say you will misunderstand our being here. I cannot help that. It seemed to me my duty, as Letty's nearest relative in London, to come here and condole with her to-night on this deplorable event.»

«I don't know what you mean,» said Tressady, coolly, his hand on his side. «Are you speaking of the division?»

Mrs. Watton threw up her hands and her eyebrows; then, gathering up her dress, she marched across the room to Letty.

«Good night, Letty. I should have been glad to have had a quiet talk with you, but as your husband 's come in I shall go. Oh, I 'm not the person to interfere between husband and wife. Get him to tell you, if you can, *why* he has disappointed the friends and supporters who got him into Parliament; why he has broken all his promises, and given everybody the right to pity his unfortunate young wife. Oh, don't alarm yourself, Sir George! I say my mind, but I 'm going. I know very well that I am intruding. Good night. Letty understands that she will always find sympathy in *my* house.»

And the fierce old lady swept to the door, holding the culprit with her eyes. Harding, too, stepped up to Letty, who was standing now by the mantelpiece with her back to the room. He took the hand hanging by her side, and folded it ostentatiously in both of his.

«Good night, dear little cousin,» he said in his most affected voice. «If you have any need of us, command us.»

«Are you going?» said Tressady. His brow was curiously wrinkled.

Harding made him a bow, and walked with rather sidling steps to the door. Tressady followed him to the landing, called to the butler, who was still up, and ceremoniously told him to get Mrs. Watton a cab. Then he walked back to the drawing-room, and shut the door behind him.

«Letty!»

His tone startled her. She looked round hastily.

«Letty! You were defending me as I came in!»

He was extraordinarily pale; his blue eyes flashed. Every trace of the hauteur with which he had treated the Wattons had gone.

Letty recovered herself in an instant. The moment he showed softness she became the tyrant.

«Don't come! don't touch me!» she said passionately, putting out her hand as he approached her. «If I defended you it was just for decency's sake. You *have* disgraced us both. It is perfectly true what Aunt Watton says. I don't suppose we shall ever get over it. Oh, don't try to bully me!» For Tressady had turned away with an impatient groan. «It 's no use. I know you think me a little fool. *I 'm* not one of your great political ladies who pretend to know everything that they may keep men dangling after them. I don't pose and play the hypocrite as some—some people do. But all the same, I know that you have done for yourself, and that people will say the most disgraceful things. Of course they will. And you can't deny them—you know you can't. Why did you never tell me a thing? *Who* made you change over? Ah! you can't answer—or you won't!»

Tressady was walking up and down with folded arms. He paused at her challenge.

«Why did n't I tell you? Do you remember that I wanted to talk to you yesterday morning—that I suggested you should come and hear my speech—and you would n't have it? You did n't care about politics, you said, and were n't going to pretend. What made me go over? Well, I changed my mind—to some extent,» he said slowly.

«To some extent?» She laughed scornfully, mimicking his voice. «*To some extent!* Are you going to try and make me believe there was nothing else?»

«No. As I walked home to-night I determined not to conceal the truth from you. Opinions counted for something. I voted—yes, taking all things together, I think it may be said that I voted honestly. But I should never have taken the part I did but—» he hesitated, then went on deliberately—«but that I had come to have a strong—wish—to give Lady Maxwell her heart's desire. She has been my friend; I repaid her what I could.»

Letty, half beside herself, flung at him a shower of taunts hysterical and hardly intelligible. He showed no emotion. «Of course,» he said disdainfully, «if you choose to repeat this to others you will do us both great dam-

age. I suppose I can't help it. For anybody else in the world—for Mrs. Watton and her son, for instance—I have a perfectly good political defense, and I shall defend myself stoutly. I have no intention whatever of playing the penitent in public.»

And what, she asked him, striving with all her might to regain the self-command which could alone enable her to wound him—to get the mastery—what was to be her part in this little comedy? Did he expect *her* to put up with this charming situation—to take what Marcella Maxwell left?

«No,» he said abruptly. «You have no right to reproach me or her in any vulgar way; but I recognize that the situation is impossible. I shall probably leave Parliament and London.»

She stared at him in speechless passion; then suddenly gathered up her fan and gloves, and fled past him.

He caught at her and stopped her, holding her satin skirt.

«My poor child!» he cried, in remorse. «Bear with me, Letty, and forgive me!»

«I hate you,» she said fiercely, «and I will never forgive you!»

She wrenched her dress away; he heard her quick step across the floor and up the stairs.

Tressady fell into a chair, broken with exhaustion. His day in the House of Commons alone would have tried any man's nervous strength; this final scene had left him in a state to shrink from another word, another sound.

He must have dozed as he sat there from pure fatigue, for he found himself waking suddenly with a sense of chill as the August dawn was penetrating the closed windows and curtains.

He sprang up, and pulled the curtains back with a stealthy hand so as to make no noise. Then he opened the window, and stepped out upon the balcony into a misty haze of sun.

The morning air blew upon him, and he drew it in with delight. How blessed was the sun, and the silence of the streets, and the dappled sky there to the east, beyond the square!

After those long hours of mental tension in the crowd and heat of the House of Commons, what joy, what physical relief! He caught eagerly at the sensation of bodily pleasure, driving away his cares, letting the morning freshness recall to him a hundred memories—the memories of a traveler who has seen much, and loved nature more than man. Blue surfaces of rippling sea, cool steeps among the mountains, streams brawling over their stones, a thousand combinations of grass and trees and sun—these things thronged through his brain, evoked by the wandering airs of this pale London sunrise and the few dusty planes which he could see to his right behind the park railings. And, like heralds before the presence, these various images flitted, passed, drew to one side, while memory in trembling revealed at last the best she had—an English river flowing through June meadows under a heaven of flame, a woman with a child, the scents of grass and hawthorn, the plashing of water.

He hung over the balcony, dreaming.

But before long he roused himself and went back into the house. The gaudy drawing-room looked singularly comfortless and untidy in the delicate purity of the morning light. The flowers Letty had worn in her dress the night before were scattered on the floor, and the evening paper lay on the chair where she had flung it down.

He stood in the center of the room, his head raised, listening. No sound. Surely she was asleep. In spite of all the violence she had shown in their after talk, the memory of her speech to Mrs. Watton lingered in the young fellow's mind. It astonished him to realize, as he stood there in this morning silence straining to hear if his wife were moving overhead, how, *pari passu* with the headlong progress of his act of homage to the one woman, certain sharp perceptions with regard to the other had been rising in his mind.

He was not in the habit of making either religious or moral professions. That a man's desires should outrun his conscience seemed to him, on the whole, the normal human state. But all sorts of new standards and ideals had begun to torment him since the beginning of his friendship with Marcella Maxwell, and a hundred questions that had never yet troubled him were even now pressing through his mind as to his relations to his wife, and the inexorableness of his debt toward her.

Moreover, he had hardly left the House of Commons and its uproar—his veins were still throbbing with the excitement of the division—when a voice said to him, «This is the end! You have had your moment. Now leave the stage before any mean anticlimax comes to spoil it all. Go! Break your life across. Don't wait to be dismissed and shaken off; take her gratitude with you, and go!»

Ah! but not yet—not yet! He sat down before his wife's little writing-table, and buried his face in his hands, while his heart

burned with longing. One day—then he would accept his fate, and try and mend both his own life and Letty's.

Would it be generous to drop out of her ken at once, leave the gift in her lap, and say nothing? Ah! but he was not capable of it. His act must have its price. Just one half hour with her face to face, to be himself in, to tell so much of his story at least as her ear might listen to. Then shut the door—and good-by!

He had a book of hers which he had promised to return. It was a precious little manuscript book, containing records written out by herself of lives she had known among the poor. She prized it much, and had begged him to keep it safe and return it.

He took it out of his pocket, looked at it, and put it carefully back. In a few hours the little book should pass him into her presence. Beyond all remorses and regrets his mind leaped forward to this last scene. Surely there are high emotions and experiences to which no law applies, which are themselves law. «So much I claim!» The voice of the will rang out clear and ardent.

Then he looked for paper and pen, and began to write.

He sat for some time absorbed in his task, doing his very best with it. It was a letter to his constituents, and it seemed to him that he must have been thinking of it in his sleep, so easily did the sentences run.

No doubt ill-natured gossip of the Watton type would be humming and hissing about her name for the next few days. Well, let him write his letter as well as he could, and publish it as soon as possible. It took him about an hour and a half, and when he read it over it appeared to him the best piece of political statement he had yet achieved. No doubt it would make Fontenoy more savage still. But Fontenoy's tone and attitude in the House of Commons had been already decisive. The breach between them was complete.

He put the sheets down at last, groaning within himself. Fustian and emptiness! But the thing had to be done, and he had done it efficiently. Moreover, the brain exercise had acted as a tonic; his tension of nerve had returned. He stood beside the window once more, looking out into a fast-awakening London with an absent and frowning eye. He was thinking out the next few hours.

A LITTLE after eight Letty was roused from a restless sleep by the sound of a closing door. She rang hastily, and Grier appeared.

«Who was that went out?»

«Sir George, my lady. He 's just dressed and left word that he had gone to take a packet to the ‹Pall Mall› office. He said it must be there early, and he would breakfast at his club.»

Letty sat up in bed, and bade Grier draw the curtains, and be quick in bringing her what she wanted. The maid glanced inquisitively, first at her mistress's haggard looks, then at the writing-table as she passed it on her way to draw the blinds. The table was littered with writing materials; some torn sheets had been transferred to the waste-paper basket, and a sealed letter was lying, address downward, on the blotting-book. Letty, however, did not encourage her to talk. Indeed, she found herself sent away, and her mistress dressed without her.

Half an hour later Letty, in her hat and cape, slipped out of her room. She looked over the banisters into the hall. No one was to be seen, and she ran down-stairs to the hall door, which closed softly behind her. Five minutes later a latch-key turned quietly in the lock, and Letty reappeared. She went rapidly up to her room, a pale, angry ghost, glancing from side to side.

«Is Lady Maxwell at home?»

The butler glanced doubtfully at the inquirer.

«Sir George Tressady, I believe, sir? I will go and ask if you will kindly wait a moment. Her ladyship does not generally see visitors in the morning.»

«Tell her, please, that I have brought a parcel to return to her.»

The butler retired, and shortly appeared at the corner of the stairs beckoning to the visitor. George mounted.

They passed through the outer drawing-room, and the servant drew aside the curtain of the inner room. Was it February again? The scent of hyacinth and narcissus seemed to be floating about him.

There was a hasty movement, and a tall figure came with a springing step to meet him.

«Sir George! How kind of you to come! I wish Maxwell were in. He would have enjoyed a chat with you so much. But Lord Ardagh sent him a note at breakfast-time, and he has just gone over to Downing street. Hallin, move your puzzle a little and make a way for Sir George to pass. Will you sit there?»

Hallin sprang up readily enough at the sight of his friend Sir George, put a fat hand into his, and then gave his puzzle map

of Europe a vigorous push to one side that drove Crete helplessly into the arms of the United Kingdom.

«Oh, what a muddle!» cried his mother, laughing and standing to look at the disarray. «You must try, Hallin, and see if you can straighten it out—as Sir George straightened out father's bill for him last night.»

She turned to him, but the softness of her eyes was curiously veiled. It struck George at once that she was not at her ease, that there had been embarrassment in her very greeting of him.

They began to talk of the debate. She asked him minutely about the progress of the combination that had defeated Fontenoy. They discussed this or that man's attitude, or they compared the details of the division with those of the divisions which had gone before.

All through it seemed to Tressady that the person sitting in his chair and talking politics was a kind of automaton with which the real George Tressady had very little to do. The automaton wore a gray summer suit, and seemed to be talking shrewdly enough, though with occasional lapses and languors. The real Tressady sat by and noted what passed. «How pale she is! She is not really happy or triumphant. How she avoids all personal talk; nothing to be said, or hardly, of my part in it—my effort. Ah! she praises my speech, but with no warmth. I see. She would rather not owe such a debt to me. Her mind is troubled—perhaps Maxwell—or some vile talk?»

Meanwhile all that Marcella perceived was that the man beside her became gradually more restless and more silent. She sat near him, with Hallin at her feet, her beautiful head held a little stiffly, her eyes at once kind and reserved. Nothing could have been simpler than her cool gray dress, her quiet attitude. Yet it seemed to him he had never felt her dignity so much—a moral dignity, infinitely subtle and exquisite, which breathed not only from her face and movements, but from the room about her—the room which held the pictures she loved, the books she read, the great pots of wild flowers or branching green it was her joy to set like jewels in its shady corners. He looked about it from time to time. It had for him the associations and the scents of a shrine, and he would never see it again! His heart swelled within him; the strange double sense died away.

Presently Hallin, having put his puzzle safely into its box, ran off to his lessons. His mother looked after him wistfully. And he had no sooner shut the door than Tressady bent forward. «You will have realized that I must leave Parliament.»

«Is that really so?» she said, hesitating. «Your case, as you put it, was a very strong one. Is n't it possible that you may, after all, carry your constituents with you?»

He shook his head impatiently.

«I might if I cared to go on with the struggle; but I shall not go on with it. I no longer belong to any party in the House. I have no party and no convictions. London has been a great mistake. I must get out of it if only lest my private life should drift on a rock and go to pieces. So far as I know, it has brought me one joy only, one happiness only—to know you!»

He turned very pale. The hand that was lying on her lap suddenly shook. She raised it hastily, took some flowers out of a jar of poppies and grass that was standing near, and nervously put them back again. Then she turned to him almost timidly.

«I owe a great deal to your friendship. My mind—please believe it—is full of thanks. I lay awake last night thinking of all the thousands of people that speech of yours would save—all the lives that hang upon it.»

«I never thought of them at all,» he said abruptly.

She shrank a little. Evidently her presence of mind failed her, and he took advantage.

«I never thought of them,» he repeated, «or, at least, they weighed with me as nothing compared with another motive. As for the thing itself, by the time yesterday arrived I had given up my judgment to yours; I had simply come to think that what you wished was good. A force I no longer questioned drove me on to help you to your end. That was the whole secret of last night. The rest was only means to a goal.»

But he paused. He saw that she was trembling, that the tears were in her eyes.

«I have been afraid,» she said, trying hard for composure; «it has been weighing upon me all through these last few days—that—I had been putting a claim—a claim of my own forward.» It seemed hardly possible for her to find the words. «And I have been realizing the issues for *you*, feeling bitterly that I had done a great wrong—if it were not a matter of conviction—in—in wringing so much from a friend. This morning everything,—the victory, the joy of seeing hard work bear fruit,—it has all been blurred to me.»

«Don't let it be,» he said quietly. «I have had my great moment. It does not fall to

many to feel as I felt for about an hour last night. I had seen you in trouble and anxiety for many weeks. I was able to brush them away, to give you relief and joy—at least, I thought I was.» He drew himself up with a half-impatient smile. «Sometimes I suspected that—that you might have some generous regrets; but I said to myself: ‹Those will pass away, and the solid thing—the fact—will remain. She longed for this particular thing; she shall have it. And if the truth is as she supposes it—why not? There are good men and keen brains with her—what has been done will go on gladdening and satisfying her year by year. As for me, I shall have acknowledged, shall have repaid—›»

He hesitated, paused, looked up.

A sudden terror seized her; her lips parted.

«Don't—don't say these things!» she said, imploring, lifting her hand. It was like a child flinching from a punishment.

He smiled unsteadily, trying to master himself—to find a way through the tumult of feeling.

«Won't you listen to me?» he said at last. «I sha'n't ever trouble you again.»

She could make no reply. Intolerable gratitude and pain held her, and he went on speaking, gazing straight into her shrinking face.

«It seems to me,» he said slowly, «the people who grow up in the dry and mean habit of mind that I grew up in break through in all sorts of different ways. Art and religion—I suppose they change and broaden a man. I don't know; I am not an artist, and religion talks to me of something I don't understand. To me, to know you has broken down the walls, opened the windows. It always used to come natural to me—well, to think little of people, to look for the mean, ugly things in them, especially in women. The only people I admired were men of action—soldiers, administrators; and it often seemed to me that women hampered and belittled them. I said to myself, ‹One must n't let women count for too much in one's life.› And the idea of women troubling their heads with politics or social difficulties half amused, half disgusted me. At the same time I was all with Fontenoy in hating the usual philanthropic talk about the poor. It seemed to be leading us to mischief; I thought the greater part of it insincere. Then I came to know you; and, after all, it seemed a woman could talk of public things and still be real; the humanity did n't rub off, the color stood. It was easy, of course, to say that you had a personal motive; other people said it, and I should have liked to echo it. But from the beginning I knew that did n't explain it. All the women»—he checked himself—«most of the women I had ever known judged everything by some petty personal standard. They talked magnificently perhaps, but there was always something selfish and greedy at bottom. Well, I was always looking for it in you. Then instead, suddenly, I found myself anxious lest what I said should displease or hurt you, lest you should refuse to be my friend. I longed desperately to make you understand me, and then, after our talks, I hated myself for posing and going further than was sincere. It was so strange to me not to be scoffing and despising.»

Marcella woke from her trance of pain, looked at him with amazement. But the sight of him, a man with the perspiration on his brow, struggling only to tell the bare truth about himself and his plight, silenced her. She hung toward him again, as pale as he, bearing what fate had sent her.

«And ever since that day,» he went on, putting his hand over his eyes, «when you walked home with me along the river, to be with you, to watch you, to puzzle over you, has built up a new self in me that strains against and tears the old one. So these things—these heavenly, exquisite things that some men talk of—were true. They were true because you existed, because I had come to know something of your nature, had come to realize what it might be for a man to have the right—»

He broke off abruptly and buried his face in his hands, murmuring incoherent things. She turned away from him, dreading to hear them. But gradually her composure, her self-command, came back—replaced the terror and distress which had been reigning in her look. Once or twice she began to speak, and the words died away again. At last she said, bending toward him:

«I have done very ill. I have been thinking all through of my personal want—of personal victory.»

He shook his head, protesting; and she hardly knew how to go on. But suddenly the word of nature, of truth, came.

«Sir George!» She put out her hand and touched him timidly. «May I tell you what I am thinking of? Not of you, or of me; of another person altogether.»

He looked up.

«My wife?» he said, almost in his usual voice.

She nodded, her eyes full of sudden tears. He got up abruptly, walked to the open window, stood there a few seconds, and came back.

«It has to be all thought out again,» he said, looking at her appealingly. «I took marriage as carelessly as I took everything else. I must try and do better with it.»

She was silent, but the inner voice was saying bitter, self-accusing things. Betty's light words about the wife came back to her, and her heart was sore with a vain repentance. If the wife cared nothing for the husband, Tressady's relation to herself had made estrangement easier; and if she cared, «why, then she hates me—and she has the right!» A sudden perception leaped in Marcella, revealing strange worlds. How she could have hated—with what fierceness, what flame—the woman who taught ideal truths to Maxwell!

But her pride, her noble pride as Maxwell's wife, could not bring a word of this to speech. She sat in dumb sadness and perplexity, thinking of a hundred things and not venturing to say them.

He remained standing by her till suddenly he became aware of her grief. The sight of her drooped head brought the color flashing back into his cheeks.

He took up his gloves and struck one of them against his hand. «What a *coward* I have been to come to you this morning! If I had gone away without a word I might still have taken some joy—»

He wrestled with himself.

«It was mad selfishness,» he said at last, in a low, dry voice. «Mad it must have been, or I could never have come here to give you pain. Yet this morning some demon drove me. Oh, forgive me! Good-by! I shall always bless you. You must never think of me again.»

She felt his grasp upon her fingers. He stooped, passionately kissed her hand and a fold of her dress, then walked quickly and decidedly away. She rose hurriedly, but the door had closed upon him before she had found her voice or choked down the sob in her throat.

She could only drop back into her chair, weeping silently, her mind lost in a maze of remorseful memory.

A few minutes passed. There was a step outside. She sprang up and listened, ready to fly to the window and hide herself among the curtains. Then the color flooded into her cheek. She waited. Maxwell came in. He too looked disturbed, and as he entered the room he thrust a letter into his pocket almost with violence. But when his eyes fell on his wife a pang seized him. He hurried to her, and she leaned against him, saying in a sobbing voice:

«George Tressady has been here. I seem to have done him a wrong—and his wife. I am not fit to help you, Aldous. I do such rushing, blind, foolish things; and all that one hoped and worked for turns to mere selfishness and misery. Whom shall I hurt next? You, perhaps—*you!*»

And she clung to him in despair.

A FEW minutes later the husband and wife were in conference together, Marcella sitting, Maxwell standing beside her. Marcella's tears had ceased; but Maxwell had hardly ever seen her look so sad, and he felt half ashamed of his own burning irritation and annoyance with the whole matter.

Clearly, what he had dimly foreseen on the night of her return from the Mile End meeting had happened. This young man, ill balanced, ill mated, yet all the time full of ability, had fallen in love with her; and Maxwell owed his political salvation to his wife's charm.

The more he loved her, the more odious the situation was to him. That any rational being should have even the shred of an excuse for regarding her as the political coquette, using her beauty for a personal end, struck him as a kind of sacrilege, and made him rage inwardly. Nevertheless, the idea struck him—struck and kindled him all at once—that the very perfectness of this tie that bound them together weakened her somewhat as a woman in her dealing with the outside world. It withdrew from her some of a woman's ordinary perception with regard to the men about her. The heart had no wants, and therefore no fears. To any man she liked she was always ready, as she came to know him, to show her true self with a freedom and loveliness that were like the freedom and loveliness of a noble child. To have supposed that such a man could have any feelings toward her other than those she gave to her friends would have seemed to her a piece of ill-bred vanity. Such contingencies lay outside her ken; she would have brushed them away with a laughing contempt had they been presented to her. Her life was at once too happy and too busy for such things. How could any one fall in love with Aldous's wife? To ask the simplest question of all—why should one?

Yet Maxwell, as he stood looking down upon her, aware of a certain letter in his inner pocket, felt, with growing yet most unwilling determination, that he must somehow try to make her turn her eyes upon this dingy world and see it as it is.

For it was not the case merely of a spiritual drama in which a few souls, all equally sincere and void of offense, were concerned.

That, in Maxwell's eyes, would have been already disagreeable and tragic enough. But here was this keen, spiteful crowd of London society watching for what it might devour—those hateful newspapers, not to speak of the ordinary fool of every-day life. The whole course of the previous day's debate, the hour of Tressady's speech, while Maxwell sat listening and bent forward in the Speaker's gallery overhead, had been—for her, too—poisoned by a growing uneasiness, a growing distaste for the triumph laid at their feet. She had come down to him from the ladies' gallery pale and nervous, shrinking almost from the grasp of his hand.

«What will happen? Has he made his position in Parliament impossible?» she had said to him, as they stood together for a moment in the Home Secretary's room; and he understood of course that she was speaking of Tressady. In the throng that presently overwhelmed them he had no time to answer her; but he believed that she too had been aware of the peculiar note in some of the congratulations showered upon them on their way through the crowded corridors and lobbies. On the steps of St. Stephen's entrance an old white-haired gentleman, the friend and connection of Maxwell's father, had clapped the successful minister on the back, with a laughing word in his ear: «Upon my word, Aldous, your beautiful lady is a wife to conjure with! I hear she has done the whole thing—educated the young man, brought him to his bearings, spoiled all Fontenoy's plans, broken up the group, in fact. Glorious!» And the old man looked, with eyes half sarcastic, half admiring, at the form of Lady Maxwell standing beside the carriage door.

«I imagine the group has broken itself up,» said Maxwell, shortly, shaking off his tormentor. But as he glanced back from the carriage window to the crowded doorway, and the faces looking after them, the thought of the talk that was probably passing amid the throng set every nerve on edge.

For deep and strong at the heart of him lay all the instincts of the English gentleman of high place—those instincts which prompt even the man of loose character to draw a haughty screen between his womenkind and the prattle of an ill-bred world. Maxwell's marriage had masked or beaten them down, but they were still there.

Meanwhile she sat beside him, unconsciously a little more stately than usual, but curiously silent, till at last, as they were nearing Trafalgar Square, she threw out her hand to him almost timidly:

«You *do* rejoice?»

«I do,» he said, with a long breath, pressing the hand. «I suppose nothing ever happens as one has foreseen it. How strange, when one looks back to that Sunday!»

She made no reply, and during their further conversation it might have been observed that they avoided any intimate discussion of Tressady's motives and procedure.

And now this visit!—this incredible declaration!—this eagerness for his reward! Maxwell's contempt and indignation were rising fast. Mere chivalry, mere decent manners even, he thought, might have deterred a man from such an act. Meanwhile, in rapid flashes of thought, he began to debate with himself how he should use this letter in his pocket—this besmirching, degrading letter.

But Marcella had much more to say. Presently she roused herself from her trance, and looked at her husband.

«Aldous!» She touched him on the arm, and he turned to her gravely. «There was only one moment when—when I tried to bribe him. He came down to Mile End on Thursday night. I told you. I saw he was unhappy—unhappy at home. He wanted sympathy desperately. I gave it him. I let him talk—about his loneliness sometimes—sometimes about the House. I tried to attach him, to get hold of him politically through his private feelings. That is quite true; I did.»

«You probably did it without being conscious you were doing it,» he said unwillingly. «Of course, if any man chooses to misinterpret kindness—»

«No,» she said steadily; «I knew. I was really saying to myself all the time, 'If I make myself delightful to him, he may change the look of things—he might avert failure from us after all; who knows?' And I did make myself delightful. It was quite different from any other time. There! it is quite true.»

He could not withdraw his eyes from hers—from the mingling of pride, humility, passion, under the dark lashes.

«And if you did, do you suppose that *I* can blame you?» he said slowly.

He saw that she was holding an inquisition in her own heart, and looking to him as judge. How could he judge—whatever there might be to judge? He adored her.

For the moment she did not answer him. She clasped her hands round her knees, thinking aloud.

«From the beginning, I remember, I thought of him as somebody quite new and fresh to what he was doing—somebody who would

certainly be influenced, who ought to be influenced. And then»—she raised her eyes again, half shrinking—«there was the feeling, I suppose, of personal antagonism to Lord Fontenoy. One could not be sorry to detach one of his chief men. Besides, after Castle Luton, George Tressady was so attractive! You did not know him, Aldous; but to talk to him stirred all one's energies. It was like a mental contest; one took it up again and again, enjoying it always. As we got deeper in the fight, I tried never to think of him as a member of Parliament; often I stopped myself from saying things that might have persuaded him as far as the House was concerned. And yet, of course,»—her face, in its nobility, took a curious look of hardness,—«I *did* know all the time that he was coming to think more and more of me—to depend on me. He disliked me at first; afterward he seemed to avoid me; then I felt a change. Now I see I thought of him all along just in one capacity,—in relation to what I wanted,—whether I tried to persuade him or no. And all the time—»

A cloud of pain effaced the frown. She leaned her head against her husband's arm.

«Aldous!» Her voice was low and miserable. «What can his wife have felt toward me? I scarcely thought of her after Castle Luton; she seemed to me such a vulgar, common little being. And now to-day—in what he said— But surely, if they are unhappy, it is not—*not* my doing; there was cause enough—»

Nothing could have been more piteous than the tone. It was laden with the remorse that only such a nature could feel for such a cause. Maxwell's hand touched her head tenderly. A variety of expressions crossed his face, then a sharp flash of decision.

«Dear, I think you ought to know—she has written to me.»

Marcella sprang up. Face and neck flushed crimson. She threw him an uncertain look, her nostrils quivering.

«Will you show me the letter?»

He hesitated. On his first reading of it he had vowed to himself that she should never see it; but since her confessions had begun to make the matter clearer to him, a moral weight had pressed upon him. They two, with conscience and good sense to guide them, must find a way out of this matter. He did not feel that he could hide the letter from her if there was to be common action and common understanding.

So he gave it to her.

She read it, pacing up and down, unconscious sounds of pain and protest forcing themselves to her lips from time to time, which made it very difficult for him to stand quietly where he was. On that effusion of gall and bitterness poor Letty had spent her sleepless night. Every charge that malice could bring; every distortion that jealousy could apply to the simplest incident; every insinuation that, judged by her own standard, had seemed to her most likely to work upon a husband—Letty had crowded them all into the mean, ill-written letter—the letter of a shop-girl trying to rescue her young man from the clutches of a rival.

But every sentence in it was a stab to Marcella. When she had finished it she stood with it in her hand beside her writing-table, looking absently through the window, pale and deep in thought. Maxwell watched her.

When her moment of consideration broke, her look swept round to him.

«I shall go to her,» she said simply. «I must see her!»

Maxwell pondered.

«I think,» he said reluctantly, «she would only repulse and insult you.»

«Then it must be borne. It cannot end so.»

She walked up to him, and let him draw his arm about her. They stood in silence for a minute or two. When she raised her head again her smile had come back.

«Aldous, help me! If we cannot repair this mischief—you and I—what are we worth? I will tell you my plan.»

There was a sound at the door. Husband and wife moved away from each other as the butler entered.

«My lord, Mrs. Allison and Lord Fontenoy are in the library. They asked me to say that they wish to consult your lordship on something very urgent. I told them I thought your lordship was engaged, but I would come and see.»

Marcella and Maxwell looked at each other. Ancoats! No doubt the catastrophe so long staved off had at last arrived. Maxwell's stifled exclamation was the groan of the overworked man who hardly knows how to find mind enough for another anxiety. But a new and sudden light shone in his wife's eyes. She turned to the servant almost with eagerness:

«Please tell Mrs. Allison and Lord Fontenoy to come up.»

(To be continued.)

Mary A. Ward.

IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

BY JAMES BRYCE, M. P.,
AUTHOR OF «THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH,» «THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE,» ETC.

[THIRD PAPER.]



IN the first of the two articles which have already appeared in this magazine regarding South Africa, the physical character and aspects of the country were described, these being the permanent and the most potent factors in its economic condition and its industrial future. In the second a brief sketch of its history was given, explaining what have been the relations in the past of the three native and the four European races which originally inhabited, or have subsequently settled in, it. It is now time to pass on to consider the country as it now stands, and to attempt to convey to the reader some general impressions of the nature and value of the resources of the country, of the character of the population, and of the problems, social and political, which confront and occupy them. These are large topics, too large to be adequately dealt with in eight or ten pages. It becomes necessary to select from among them those which are most likely to have interest for readers in the United States. I must therefore pass very lightly over the economical resources and industrial prospects of South Africa, in order to find space for discussing a little more fully the relations of the natives to the white race; the relations of the two European races to each other in the two British colonies and the two Dutch republics; and the political questions the urgency of which has fixed the eyes of Europe and America upon South Africa.

There are three sources of wealth and three kinds of employment for labor in South Africa—agriculture, stock-raising, and mining. Timber is so scarce and so poor as to be hardly worth mention, and manufactures, for reasons to be presently stated, have as yet hardly come into existence.

Agriculture is pursued on a scale very small in proportion to the immense area of the country. Much of it is a desert, sandy in some regions, stony in others. Much of it is mountainous. Of the comparatively level districts, a great part, probably four fifths of the whole, is too arid to be cultivable without irrigation; that is to say, the rainfall is either too small in total volume, or too ill distributed through the year, to permit good crops to be raised without artificial aid. That large tracts, both in Cape Colony and in Natal, which might be brought under the plow still lie untilled is due partly to the tendency of the European settlers to prefer cattle-farming to agriculture; partly to the inferiority of native labor; partly also to the fact that plenty of arable land is still occupied by Kafir tribes, who make but little use of it. The introduction of irrigation would make a vast difference, for some of the regions which are now untilled for want of rain, such as the Karroo desert, have a soil of surprising fertility, which produces luxuriant crops when water is led on to it. The price of cereals has, however, sunk so low all over the world that it is seldom worth while to go to the expense of irrigation, nor will irrigation become profitable until a larger population has created a better market in South Africa itself. At present Cape Colony and the Transvaal import not only wheat, but maize also, although a protective tariff has been imposed on all food-stuffs. The chief agricultural development of late years has been in the direction of fruit, large quantities of which now go to the English market in the months of January, February, and March, the midsummer and autumn of the southern hemisphere.

The main industry of South Africa, for the last two centuries, has been the rearing of cattle and sheep. All the country, except the very barest parts of the deserts, is fit for some kind of live stock. Even the Karroo, which looks like a desert as one crosses it in the train, produces small, succulent shrubs much relished by sheep, while great stretches of wild-bush country, covered with a dense scrub, are turned to account as ostrich farms, whence great quantities of feathers are sent to Europe and America. Owing, however, to

the thinness of the pasture in the drier regions, and to the occasional droughts even in those which are better watered, as well as to the destruction of the herbage by locusts in the years when those pests appear, the stock-farms are of great size, and the number of cattle small when compared with the area over which they range. Still, the country, and especially the newly opened regions of Bechuanaland and Matabeleland, will carry many more live stock than have yet been placed upon it. South Africa will doubtless become in time one of the great ranching countries of the world.

Till within the last thirty years nobody thought of these regions as possessed of mineral wealth; for, though iron had been found in some places and copper in others, neither was largely worked, and the belief in the existence of the precious metals rested on nothing more than a Portuguese tradition. In 1867 the first diamond ever found in South Africa was picked up by a hunter out of a heap of shining river-pebbles. This was near the banks of the Orange River, a little above its confluence with the Vaal River. Then a diligent search for diamonds began in all the surrounding districts. In 1870 diamonds were discovered in considerable quantities near where the town of Kimberley now stands. A rush of miners soon filled the neighborhood, and from that time onward Kimberley has been the center of the diamond-getting industry, though there are other mines scattered here and there to the west and south of it. The total value of the diamonds exported from South Africa up to the present year has been roughly estimated at nearly one hundred millions sterling, and the value of the present annual output, which is kept down in order to prevent the price from falling, since the demand is of course a limited one, at between four millions and four and a quarter millions.

One result of the diamond finds has been to create a considerable population in what was formerly an arid wilderness, so little prized that it had remained doubtful whether the British crown or the Orange Free State was entitled to its ownership. Another has been to accelerate the development of the gold-mines which were discovered some fifteen years later in the Transvaal Republic; for the men who had made fortunes out of the diamond diggings were near the spot, and eager to turn their capital to account in fresh enterprises. To describe the gold-fields of South Africa would need more pages than I have lines to give. One fact, however, must be mentioned and emphasized. These gold-fields are of three kinds. One kind consists of alluvial deposits, from which the gold is extracted by washing. Such alluvial deposits are found in many parts of the world, notably on a great scale in California; and those of South Africa present no peculiar features, and are neither of great extent nor of conspicuous wealth. The second kind is the quartz reefs. These also occur in other parts of the world, as, for instance, in California, in several parts of Australia, in the Ural Mountains, in South America, and in southern India. In South Africa such reefs have been found in Natal and Zululand, in the mountains along the eastern border of the Transvaal Republic, and in many parts of Matabeleland and Mashonaland. Their value has been still very imperfectly ascertained, but it seems probable that in the three last-mentioned districts some of the workings will turn out to be rich. The third kind, however, is peculiar not only to South Africa, but to one particular region (called the Witwatersrand, or «Rand Basin») in the Transvaal Republic. Here the metal is found pretty equally distributed through beds of hard, conglomerate rock, which come to the surface over an area about 130 miles long by 30 miles wide. The gold occurs in very small flakes seldom visible to the eye, and is often so entangled with other minerals, especially iron pyrites, as to require elaborate and costly chemical processes for its extraction. But the remarkable feature, and the one which makes mining in the Rand so much less uncertain and speculative an undertaking than gold-mining has everywhere else proved to be, is that the conglomerate beds (called by the Dutch *banket*) contain through great part of their length, and, so far as has yet been ascertained, through their depth also, down toward the center of the earth, a proportion of gold to rock which varies but little, and which enables the yield of metal to the ton to be pretty accurately estimated beforehand. This yield is greater in some mines, less in others; but its aggregate is so large that South Africa has now become the third gold-producing country of the world, and may probably become before long the second. The total value of the gold extracted annually is now about eight millions sterling. The richest workings are near the center of the northern edge of the Rand Basin, about the town of Johannesburg, which, first laid out in 1886, has now a population of about 60,000 people. The total number of inhabitants in the central Rand district can hardly

be less than 120,000, and this is the only part of South Africa where the density of the population and the stress and strain of life remind the traveler of England and the United States. This district, which twelve years ago was a solitary waste, high and bare, where a farm of three thousand acres could be bought for fifty pounds, has now become the focus of South African industry and finance, and the seat of a new community, whose struggles with the government of the republic have made Johannesburg (as we shall presently observe) the center of gravity in South African politics.

Though both coal and iron are abundant in the two British colonies and in the Transvaal, manufactures have not yet sprung up, even in the older parts of Cape Colony, nor is there any present sign of their development. It is cheaper to import from Europe such articles as the country needs; for white labor is dear, black labor is unskilled, and the poorer classes have not begun to demand a tariff to protect their local industries against the competition of other countries.

The mention of labor brings us to a question of the greatest interest, which touches the central problems of economics and politics in South Africa. Who will form the bulk of the laboring class in the future—the whites or the blacks? And how will the difference of color affect the relations of one part of the laboring class to the other, or of the laboring class generally to the other classes of the community?

The question of labor is largely a question of climate. Now the climate of South Africa is peculiar. It is hot—much hotter than the climate of southern Europe (except a few spots along the Mediterranean coast) or than that of Virginia, Kentucky, or Missouri; but it is not an exhausting climate, because the nights are nearly everywhere cool, and the air is dry. European races can thrive and multiply both in the British colonies and in the two republics. It is only on the flats of the east coast and in the valley of the Zambesi that the conditions of health become really unfavorable. Elsewhere the heat, even of a summer day, is not greater than the peoples of southern Europe—Portuguese, for instance, or Sicilians—could well support. And probably the races of northern Europe, such as the Dutch and the English, could, in most parts of the country, do out-of-door work without injury. Had South Africa, like California or New South Wales, been colonized solely by white men, South Africa, like those countries, would probably have had a white laboring population. But unluckily South Africa was colonized in much earlier days, when the importation of negro slaves was deemed the easiest means of securing cheap and abundant labor. Slaves were first brought in 1658. Thereafter, until slavery was abolished by the British Parliament in 1834, all the hardest and humblest kinds of work were done by slaves. The white people lost the habit of performing manual labor, and acquired the habit of despising it. No one would do for himself what he could get a black man to do for him. New settlers from Europe fell into the ways of the country, which suited their disinclination to exert themselves under a burning sun. Thus, when at last the abolition of slavery arrived, the custom of leaving all the menial and toilsome work to the colored people, who formed the majority of the population, continued. It is as strong as ever to-day. Both on farms and in towns it is by the «Cape boys» or by the Kafirs that all unskilled labor is performed. The only considerable exception was afforded by the German colonists who were planted in the eastern part of Cape Colony after the Crimean War of 1854, in which they had served among the British forces. These colonists cultivated the land themselves, and cultivated it far more efficiently than did the surrounding Kafirs. But to-day one is told that their children are now disinclined to do so, and that they have either sold or let their allotments to the natives, or else are working the land by hired native labor. All other immigrants from Europe adopt the habits of the country in a few weeks or months. The English carpenter has a «boy» to carry his tools for him; the English bricklayer has a native hodman to hand the bricks to him, which he proceeds to set. Work requiring skill is very often done by whites, because they do it much better; but white labor leans on and uses black labor. So on the railways the station-masters and guards are white, but the heavy jobs which need little skill fall to the blacks; so field-hands and those who actually herd the cattle are natives, though there are usually whites over them in a position of authority. In all new countries skilled labor is dear, but in South Africa it is exceptionally dear, because the skilled white man insists on having blacks beneath him, and black labor, though it is cheap if measured by the price paid for it, is really dear if measured by what it accomplishes; for it is unskilled and uncertain, the native, except in a few of the older parts of the country, not yet hav-

ing acquired that habit of steady and patient industry which makes labor effective. It is of course in the newest districts, where the natives are still raw and scarcely removed from a savage state, that this uncertainty is most felt. In the gold-fields of the Transvaal and Mashonaland the supply of native work-people often falls short, although at Johannesburg a native can earn three pounds (fifteen dollars) a month besides his food and such lodging as he needs. The development of the mines is of course to some extent retarded by this difficulty of obtaining a permanent supply of labor.

The facts we have been considering have a bearing upon still wider questions. They indicate that, as the bulk of the population is now black, so it will remain. The substratum of society, which is larger than the strata that it supports, seems likely to be, probably forever, composed of colored people. What, then, will be the relation of these colored people to the whites? This is a question of so much interest to American readers, who have in the Southern States of their own country a similar problem to solve, that it deserves a comparatively full discussion.

The colored population of South Africa consists of far more diverse elements than does that of the Southern States of America. Besides the race which was formed by the mixture of the imported negro slaves with the indigenous Hottentots, there are a good many Malays in Cape Colony, and a still larger number of East Indians in Natal and the Transvaal. Over and above these, there is a great host of Kafirs, some civilized and established as servants or agriculturists among the Europeans, many more living under their own tribal system and following their savage customs. The grades of advancement among these natives from pure barbarism to civilization are almost infinite. Scarcely less varied are the intellectual capacities of the different elements in this mixed multitude of colored people. All, however,—the educated and the savage, the Christian and the heathen, the African and the Indian,—are alike treated by the whites as divided from themselves by a wide and impassable gulf. No one can imagine a social separation more complete than this is; nor is there any feature of South African life which strikes the visitor with a more painful surprise than the sentiment, I will not say of hatred, yet certainly of repulsion, which he finds so generally entertained by the higher toward the less advanced races. This sentiment is not chiefly due to the long and fierce wars waged with the Kafirs, for the respect felt for their bravery has tended to efface the recollection of their frequent cruelties. Neither is it caused (except as respects the Indian traders) by the dislike of the poorer whites to the competition with them in industry of a class living in a much rougher way and willing to accept much lower wages. It seems to spring partly from the old feeling of contempt for the slaves (a feeling which has descended to a generation that has never known slavery as an actual system), partly to physical aversion, and partly to an incompatibility of character and temper which makes the faults of the colored man more offensive to the white than the (perhaps morally as grave) faults of members of his own white race. Even between civilized peoples, such as Germans and Russians, Frenchmen and Englishmen, there is a disposition to be unduly annoyed by traits and habits which are not so much culpable in themselves as distasteful to men constructed on somewhat different lines. This sense of annoyance is of course more intense toward a race so widely removed from the modern European as the Kafirs are. The attitude of contempt I am describing pervades all classes, though it is strongest in those rude and uncultivated whites who plume themselves all the more upon their color because they have little else to plume themselves upon; while among the most refined and thoughtful it is restrained by self-respect, and by the sense that allowances must be made for the defects of a backward race. There are always men of weight in the Cape legislature who hold it their duty to protect native interests, and who try to inculcate a friendly policy. The general tendency, however, is that which I have described. It rarely if ever happens that a native, whatever his rank, is received on any social occasion inside a white house; indeed, he would seldom be permitted, except as a domestic servant, to enter a private house at all. When Khama, the famous chief of the Ba-Mangwato, a Christian, and a man of admittedly high character, who has ruled his people with singular wisdom and ability, was in England last autumn, and was there entertained at lunch by the Duke of Westminster and other persons of social eminence, the news excited general annoyance and disgust among the whites in South Africa. A story was told me of a garden party given by the wife of a leading white ecclesiastic, the appearance at which of a native clergyman led many of the white guests to withdraw in dudgeon. Once, when I was a guest at a mission station in Basutoland, I was

asked by my host whether I had any objection to his bringing in to the family meal the native pastor, who had been preaching to the native congregation. When I expressed some surprise that he should think it necessary to ask, he explained that race feeling was so strong among the colonists that it would have been deemed improper and, indeed, insulting to make a white guest sit down at the same table with a black man, unless special permission had first been given. Thus one may say that there is no social intercourse whatever between the races; their relations are purely those of business. Now and then the black man gets ahead of the white, but the latter's pride of race remains. I was told of a white who condescended to be hired to work by a Kafir, but stipulated that the Kafir should address him as «Boss.» Of intermarriage there is, of course, no question. It is not forbidden by law in the two British colonies, as it is in most, if not all, of the Southern States of America, but it is excessively rare; nor does it appear that there are now other irregular unions outside marriage, as there constantly were in the old days while slavery existed. In this respect the case of South Africa remarkably resembles that of the Southern States, where also there is now very little mixture of blood, though there was a great deal fifty years ago. Probably in both cases it is better that the races should not mingle their blood; for the white race would be likely to lose more than the black race would gain.

It must not, however, be supposed that this social severance is accompanied, at least in the British parts of South Africa, by unjust laws or harsh treatment. Since the famous ordinance of equal civil rights, published in 1828, colored people (in Cape Colony) have been, in the eye of the law, on a level with whites. When the electoral franchise was conferred on the colonists in 1853, no color-line was drawn. Some years ago the whites, and the Dutch party in particular, which is the specially anti-native party, became uneasy at the strength of the colored vote, though it was not a solid vote, and a statute was accordingly passed introducing a combined property and educational qualification, which will tend to reduce the number of colored voters. The same restrictions are, however, applied to whites also, so there has been no inequality of treatment. Neither the natives nor their friends in the colony seem to complain of this act, which may be defended by observing that while, on the one hand, it admits those colored people whose intelligence qualifies them for the exercise of the suffrage, it excludes a large mass whose ignorance and indifference to political issues would put them at the mercy of rich and unscrupulous candidates. It appears less open to objection than some of the attempts recently made in one or two of the Southern States to evade the provisions of the latest amendments to the Constitution of the United States. In Natal the Kafirs are nearly all in a tribal condition, and hardly any natives enjoy the suffrage, though they are not expressly excluded. There has grown up, however, a strong antagonism to the Indian immigrants, who are numerous and intelligent enough to cause disquiet to the small white population, and legislation has been proposed for excluding them from the electoral suffrage. Probably, however, this legislation will not take color *per se* as the disqualifying element, but will be based upon the fact that the Indians come from a country where responsible government has not been granted to the inhabitants. The two Dutch republics are much less indulgent than the two British colonies. Neither in the Orange Free State nor in the Transvaal is any person of color permitted to vote; indeed, he cannot even hold land. Democratic republics are not necessarily respectful of what used to be called «human rights.» Indeed, the Transvaal Dutch are accustomed to taunt the Cape colonists at being, to use their phrase, «ruled by black men,» though the colored vote is an appreciable factor only in a few constituencies of the colony, while it seldom or never happens that a colored man is either elected to the Assembly or appointed to any public office.

There is in the British colonies a certain amount of special legislation regarding the blacks, designed partly to protect them, partly to impose restrictions on them in what is supposed to be the general interest of the community. Cape Colony, for instance, has a so-called «curfew law,» obliging natives who are out after dark to be provided with a pass, a law which acts oppressively in the case of the best class of natives, though defended as necessary for public order and security, having regard to the large population of the lower class and their propensity to petty thefts. The colony has also passed certain «labor laws» intended to check the disposition of the Kafirs living on the native reserves to become idle or take to vagrancy. There is, no doubt, a danger that people who have never acquired habits of steady industry (for the tribal Kafir leaves to his wives

the cultivation of his plot of maize or sorghum) may relapse into a laziness prejudicial to their own advancement, seeing that a few weeks' labor is enough to provide all the food which the ordinary Kafir needs to support him through the year. But as such laws are prompted not merely by a regard for the welfare of the Kafir, but also by the desire of the white colonist to get plenty of labor, and to get it cheap, they are obviously open to abuse, and require great care in administration. In the Dutch republics the laws which control the natives are far more stringent. The Transvaal Boers have sometimes worked their system of apprenticeship, and the scheme of treating natives resident on a farm as being attached to it for the purposes of labor, in a way which can with difficulty be distinguished from predial serfdom. And even in the more liberal Orange Free State a «pass law» is in force, which requires every native moving from place to place to be provided with a passport, in default of which he may be detained. On the other hand, the laws which, in Natal and in the Free State, and in the territories of the British South Africa Company, forbid the supply of intoxicating liquor to natives are clearly in the interest of the natives themselves, and it is much to be regretted that the influence of the wine-growers and distillers in Cape Colony has hitherto prevented a similar protection from being enacted there.

A survey of the laws in force is of course not enough to convey an impression of the actual treatment of the weaker, though more numerous, native element by the stronger whites. That treatment is, in the two British colonies and in the Orange Free State, as well as in the territory of the Company, seldom harsh or unjust. Sometimes a farmer punishes his servants with excessive severity, and escapes punishment because a local jury refuses to convict him. A shocking case of this kind occurred a few years ago. Sometimes an unscrupulous trader defrauds the natives he has been dealing with on the outskirts of civilization, and enjoys immunity because it is hard to secure legal evidence of his misdeeds. Sometimes an employer tricks his native workmen out of part of their wages, relying on their ignorance of the modes of obtaining redress. But, on the whole, the natives have not much to complain of in the way of positive injury; and public sentiment, if less strict than that of England, is more strict than it used to be, and more strict than it has been, at various epochs, in the Southern States of America. The lynching of natives is unknown. This is partly due to the presence of missionaries, who are always quick at reporting offenses committed against natives in the outlying districts; partly also to the high sense of duty shown by the magistrates and other officials, especially those of the imperial government. It is, however, largely due also to the general good conduct of the Kafirs themselves. There is much petty pilfering, and a disposition to acts of violence against other natives, but much more rarely against whites. Native morality is of course lax in many of the points which whites deem important; but outrages on women, such as are, unhappily, common in parts of the Southern States of America, are extremely rare. Indeed, it is only in Natal, where the native population is very large, and the white population small and scattered, that one hears of them at all. Thus the cause to which most of the American lynchings are due is absent, while the general respect for law and authority so conspicuous in South Africa, where people do not carry arms (except for the purposes of hunting), and murderous affrays scarcely ever occur, has prevented the habit of taking the law into one's own hands from growing up among the whites.

Similar in many respects as is the position of the natives in South Africa to that of the colored people in the Southern States, there are also some remarkable differences. Though in point of natural capacity and strength of character the Bantu races are equal, possibly even superior, to the negroes brought from Africa to America (most of whom seem to have come from the Guinea coasts), the former are, in point of education and in habits of industry, far behind the latter. They have not been subjected to the industrial training of nearly two centuries of plantation life or domestic service, while comparatively few have had that stimulation which the grant of the franchise after the war of secession has exercised upon a large section of the American negroes, even in places where they have not been permitted to turn their nominal rights to practical account. On the other hand, the South African natives are far more numerous, relatively to the whites, than the negroes are in the Southern States. In the two British colonies and the two Dutch republics the total number of Europeans is about 650,000, that of colored people about 2,450,000, or nearly four to one, whereas in the old slave States of America there were (in 1890) 13,000,000 of whites against 6,740,000 colored, or just half. Moreover, in Amer-

ica there are more than forty millions of whites in the other parts of the republic, and the strength of the white element is therefore overwhelmingly in excess. This numerical preponderance of the blacks in South Africa does not, indeed, constitute any present political danger. The Kafirs and other colored people are not only very backward, but have no cohesion whatever. Most of them live under their tribal chiefs, and the tribes are divided from one another not only by differences of language, but by ancient feuds. Zulu laborers, for instance, and Kafirs of the Xosa tribes will sometimes fight when employed side by side as railway plate-layers. The time is still far distant when all the natives will have learned to use one speech, and when they will have so far advanced in knowledge and character as to be capable of combining and of producing from among themselves leaders who can direct their collective action. So far, therefore, as politics go, there is really no more reason for alarm in South Africa for a century to come than there is in the United States. It is not so much the political as the social situation that here, as in the United States, may excite some apprehension. And this situation is likely to grow rather worse than better as time goes on; because the more educated and capable the natives become, the more will their industrial competition press upon the whites, and the less inclined will the natives be to acquiesce, as they now do, in the social disparagement and inferiority to which the contempt and aversion of the whites condemn them.

This race problem is one of the two clouds which hang over the future of South Africa. The other is the jealousy and rivalry of the Dutch and English. This latter seems for the moment to cover the sky. Yet it is really less menacing, for the difficulties it springs from are difficulties which can be measured, and which do not go so deep down into the roots of human feeling and character. Although the antagonism of the two European races has been a great misfortune for the country, and may give a good deal more trouble in the next few years or decades, it need not be permanent; for a fusion is not merely possible, but even probable, if judicious means are followed, whereas in the case of blacks and whites fusion is evidently out of the question.

In the second of these three articles, the relations of the Dutch colonists to the British government during the first years of British rule were mentioned, and the circumstances which led to the establishment of the two Dutch republics briefly sketched. I now come to the present relations of the two races, a topic full of interest, but not easy to discuss, because at the moment of writing this article (March, 1896) the political position is a critical one, and events may happen which will have transformed that position before these lines can be read in the United States. Common prudence requires that one should avoid prophecies which a few weeks may falsify, and be content with setting forth those broad features of the situation, a knowledge of which will at least help the reader to comprehend any and every event as it may supervene.

The South African Dutch, or Boers (farmers), as we commonly call them, are a very peculiar people, who, in isolation and backwardness, if in little else, resemble the Spaniards of such a country as Ecuador more than they do any French or British colony. They have little tie to Holland, little knowledge of, or interest in, anything that passes in Europe. Their attachment is wholly given to Africa, so much so that some have even disclaimed European origin, till it was pointed out to them that if not of European they must be of Kafir stock. The love they bear to Africa is all the more intense because the mother-country has no share in it, and their detachment from the stream of modern life is increased by the fact that they speak a tongue which is so unlike modern cultivated Dutch that they have to learn that language as they would learn Latin or English. Many cannot even understand the Dutch version of the Bible, or comprehend the talk of a Hollander when he comes among them. Their speech—the *taal*, as they call it—is very rude, with a small vocabulary, corrupted to some extent by native words, and incapable of expressing abstract ideas. It has helped to keep them ignorant and curiously conservative in their social and religious ideas. Not a few look upon the scab that afflicts their sheep as a direct visitation from the Almighty, against which it is impious to take human means. Some opposed railways because God had made the country without them. So rigid is their orthodoxy that one of the former Transvaal presidents lost his hold upon the people because he became suspected of free opinions.[1]

[1] The story is sometimes told that they distrusted him because he was reported to have declared in a sermon —having been formerly a Predikant (preacher)—that the devil had no tail, that personage being always represented with one in the old picture Bible which no Boer family is without.

They have no taste for agriculture, much less for commerce or mining or manufactures; but love to live alone in the midst of a huge farm, where they can see no smoke but that of their own hearth, hunting the wild creatures, and driving their cattle hither and thither where the pasture is best, ruling their black herdsmen in their own grim way. No people has shown less taste for politics, and it is probably from this distaste for association and town life, which has spread from the Dutch to their English neighbors, that Cape Colony is, of all the greater British colonies, that one in which there has been the least active political life, a fact the more remarkable because there is no new country which has crowded more history into its short career than South Africa has done. The Boers are strong, active fellows, good marksmen at short range, full of courage and capable of enduring great fatigue, unpolished as well as ignorant, but kindly and given to hospitality. The women lead sedentary lives, and are, by common consent, seldom attractive, and still more seldom intellectually cultivated; but they too showed wonderful spirit and constancy in the dangers and hardships of the terrible Zulu wars.

These characteristics belong to the Boers generally all over South Africa, in the British colonies of the Cape and Natal as well as in the republics of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. But they vary in intensity according to the degree in which the Boer has been affected by English institutions, and by the ideas and habits of the English settlers.

In Cape Colony there have been ninety years of British rule, with a steady, though not large, influx of English and Scotch colonists. Of the 380,000 whites, rather more than half are of Dutch origin, or habitually speak Dutch, though of course it is as hard to say who is practically to be treated as a Dutchman as it would be to say who is to be deemed a German in Iowa or a Swede in Minnesota; for language and origin do not necessarily govern a man's habits and sympathies. That the process of Anglicization should have proceeded so slowly in these ninety years may be ascribed, not only to the singular conservatism of the Boers, but also to the thinness of population, the Boers living in small villages, or scattered over a vast area, with few occasions for contact with the British part of the population. To-day the country districts, especially near Cape Town and in the Western Province generally, are almost wholly Dutch, while the townsfolk, even if they bear Dutch names, are practically English. There is no social separation between the two races, who intermarry freely, and have much the same interests, except so far as the interests of the townsman diverge from those of the farmer. Nor was there any sharp political distinction till, in 1880, the Boers of the Transvaal revolted against the British government that had been established there three years previously. The sturdy resistance which the Boers then made to the British troops evoked so warm and general a sympathy from the colonial Dutch that some fears were entertained of a civil war within the Colony itself. An outbreak of race hostility there would have been a grave misfortune, and the desire to avert such an outbreak was the strongest among the motives that induced the British government to restore to the Transvaal (in 1881) its independence. Since 1881 the Dutch have formed in the colony a political party, which at present commands a majority in the Assembly. They are not, however, an anti-English party. They are an agricultural party, to some extent an anti-native party, in some slight degree a protectionist party; but they have never shown any disaffection to the British crown, and their desire to secure the minimum of interference by the home government is shared by the English members of the legislature. That the danger of race enmity, and of hostility to the connection with the mother-country, has been so far avoided is mainly due to the efforts of two statesmen. One of these persons is Mr. Hofmeyr, himself of Dutch stock, a shrewd, cool, and somewhat taciturn man, who was one of the chief founders of the so-called «Afrikander» party—the party which is, first of all, African, and therefore primarily, though not exclusively, Dutch in sentiment. The other statesman is Mr. Cecil Rhodes, an Englishman born, the son of a country clergyman, and himself a graduate of Oxford University. No man in South Africa has been more steadily attached to the British connection, or has done half so much to secure for Britain those vast territories to the west and to the north of the Transvaal, which were coveted by both the Transvaal Republic and by the German Empire. But in his political career in Cape Colony, of which he was prime minister from July, 1890, till January, 1896, Mr. Rhodes succeeded in obtaining the support of the Dutch party, and labored assiduously to bring about a unity of sentiment and aim between the Dutch and the British elements in the population. The energy and firmness of his character, and the grasp of

political and economic questions which he has evinced, make him the most striking figure among the colonial statesmen of Britain in this generation. He has been deemed by some a less adroit parliamentarian than was the late Sir John Macdonald in Canada, but he is possessed of a wider outlook and far more conspicuous executive capacity. The ascendancy which these gifts secured for him enabled him, while extending British influence up to and beyond the Zambesi, at the same time to retain, down till the recent Transvaal troubles, which have gravely affected the situation, the confidence of that Dutch, or Afrikander, population which had least national sympathy with what is called an «imperial British policy.»

So much for Cape Colony. Now let us turn to the two Dutch republics. In the smaller of these, the Orange Free State, the Boer element largely preponderates over the British. English is spoken in the towns, and by many farmers; but South African Dutch is the official language, and the speech of three fourths of the whites. They are, on the whole, less Anglicized than the colonial Boers, but they have little or no anti-English sentiment; for the British government has never, since the renunciation of its sovereignty in 1854, interfered with their independence, and the citizens of English stock are just as much attached to that independence as are the purest-blooded Boers. The commercial ties that unite them to Cape Colony have been drawn closer by the construction of a railway through the state by the Cape government, and by the conclusion of a customs union with the Cape. Nevertheless, the sentiment of kinship with the Boers in other parts of Africa remains strong. In 1881 many of the Orange Free State men were arming to help their Transvaal brethren, and since then projects of political union between the two republics have been more than once mooted.

It is in the Transvaal that the Dutch African stock has remained least intermingled with any foreign strain, preserving in their crudest form all the peculiarities of its very peculiar character. The Boers live dispersed on their huge farms over this huge territory. There are only some sixty or seventy thousand of them in an area as big as Great Britain, seeing few strangers, and hearing little of what goes on in the rest of the world. Many are illiterate, and the rest read nothing but the Bible. These conditions, coupled with natural force of character, might seem to be favorable conditions for the production of a simple and imaginative literature. But the Boers have never produced any literature whatever, and the limited resources of their taal would, indeed, hardly permit them to do so. They are very prejudiced, and the strongest of their prejudices, next to that against Roman Catholics, or persons theologically suspect, is against the English, whom they call «red-necks,» except when they use a more opprobrious term. So dearly do they love their roaming pastoral and hunting life that the discovery of gold-fields in their territory caused them little pleasure. They were content to sell the land to the speculators who flocked in, and never attempted to work the mines themselves, or even to take shares in the mining companies. There are among them so few persons fitted by education or taste for any kind of administrative work that when the need was felt for such persons to fill the largely increased number of official posts, President Krueger, being unwilling to take them from the Dutch-speaking people of a British colony, resolved to import his officials from Holland. These newly arrived Hollanders, whose number has become considerable,—I have heard it estimated at fifteen hundred,—are now an important factor. They are disliked and suspected by the old Boers, partly as strangers, partly, one is told, because their orthodoxy is doubted; but they exercise much influence on the policy of the Boer government, and they are, not from prejudice, but from self-interest, fully as anti-English in sentiment as the most old-fashioned Boer can be.

Besides the old Boers and the new Hollanders, there has grown up in the Transvaal during the last ten years a large population of strangers, the so-called Uitlanders, who have come in for the sake of working the mines or of supplying goods to those who work them. Probably one half of the strangers come from Cape Colony and Natal, some being of British, a smaller number of Dutch origin. Of the rest the large majority are British, but there are also many Australians, several thousand Germans, some Italians, and a few French and Scandinavians, as well as Russian Jews. There are also Americans, important not so much from their numbers as from their position; for most of the mining engineers, with a good many of the foremen and skilled workmen, have brought their special knowledge and experience hither from California or other parts of the Western States. It is impossible to estimate either the total strength of this host of newcomers or the respective numbers of its component national elements, for the influx has been rapid, and the component elements vary

from month to month. You might as well try to measure the volume of a South African river, which rises and sinks according to the rain-storms that in the wet season burst along the courses of its various affluents. Last November the Cape railway was bringing into the Witwatersrand gold-fields a thousand European immigrants every week. This mixed multitude, however, falls into two broad divisions, those who speak English, coming from Britain, from Cape Colony, from Australia, and from the United States, and those who speak some other European language. The former are, of course, far more numerous—probably four fifths of the total, which at the end of last year must have reached or exceeded one hundred thousand, being therefore much larger than the whole number of native Boers.

The singular contrast of two populations which the Transvaal presents is probably without precedent. On the one hand, a multitude of strangers, brought together from every corner of the earth by the desire of gain, and crowded into a small space, from which they have squeezed out the former inhabitants; on the other hand, a simple, pastoral people, untouched by modern commercial civilization and modern ideas, scattered over a vast area, where they seek to live in the primitive fashion of their forefathers, but unable to avoid the impact of these strangers, and driven to think how they can best avoid being absorbed or overmastered by them. In the struggle which circumstances have made inevitable, the chances might seem to lie in favor of the newcomers, who have wealth, numbers, and intelligence on their side. The Boers, however, are made of tough and well-tempered metal. As in Montenegro, every man between sixteen and sixty is a soldier—a soldier who, like the Montenegrin, makes up for the want of discipline by his hardy frame, his courage, and his religious devotion to the cause of his people. They have also the advantage of a seasoned and skilful chief. President Krueger, who came from Cape Colony as a boy of ten in the great trek of 1836, has, since he reached manhood, been conspicuous in the military adventures and civil troubles of the country. To the natural shrewdness and tenacity of his character, these years of active and changeful life have added a great experience of men and a perfect coolness in emergencies. He is keen, vigilant, astute, and, above all, resolute, and he represents so faithfully the dominant feelings and the inbred habits of the Boer people that he has been able to acquire a surprising influence over them, and to exert over the Assembly a practical authority far in excess of the very limited powers which the constitution of the republic permits to the President.

The struggle between the Boers and the strangers, which has practically become a struggle between the English and the Dutch elements, now centers in the demand of the strangers to be admitted to the electoral franchise. Formerly electoral rights were readily acquirable by an immigrant in the Transvaal, as they are to-day in the Orange Free State. In 1881 a residence of two years gave the vote. But when President Krueger perceived that the influx of strangers would alter the character of the electorate, and ultimately transfer the balance of power to English-speaking citizens, he persuaded the Assembly to extend the period of residence required for citizenship, first to five, and then to fifteen years, and thus practically to exclude the whole of the new population which has come in since 1885. Thus electoral rights are now confined to less than twenty-five thousand citizens, while probably double that number of persons, of voting age and sex, are living within the republic debarred from those rights. It is easy to understand Mr. Krueger's position. «These newcomers,» he argues, «are in all essentials strangers to our polity. They do not belong to our Dutch Reformed churches; they do not like our customs; they do not speak our tongue. They would use their votes, if votes were given them, to turn out the present officials and legislators, and would end by making the country English, like Cape Colony or Natal. It was not for such a fate that we quitted the homes of our fathers to go out into the wilderness and overcome the Zulus sixty years ago; and against such a fate we will struggle to the end.» On the other hand, the strangers complain that, though they form a large majority of the population, own half the land in the republic, and pay more than ninety per cent. of the taxes, they are denied a share in the government of the country and in the application of its revenues, and are obliged to submit to excessive and unfair imposts, voted by a legislature some of whose members are gravely suspected of corruption, and administered by officials many of whom are far from trustworthy. These were the motives which prompted the creation three years ago of an organization to obtain political reforms, and which led to the rising of the stranger population, or rather of a part of the English-speaking portion of it,

at Johannesburg in December last—a rising the declared aim of which was not the overthrow of the Transvaal Republic, but to compel the Boer Assembly to extend the suffrage to the newcomers.

Of that abortive rising, and of the expedition of the British South Africa Company's men, which came to help it, but was surrounded and forced to surrender to the Boer troops, this is not the place to speak, for those events have led to judicial proceedings now pending in England. The result has so far been unfavorable to the demands of the strangers. President Krueger's hold on his citizens had been previously shaken by their dislike to the officials he had brought from Holland. The invasion, however, evoked all the patriotism of the Boers, and made the President, who successfully withstood it, more popular than ever. At the same time it stirred the feelings of the Dutch in the Orange Free State and even in Cape Colony. Seeing their own kinsfolk threatened by an expedition which had started from British soil, they forgot for the moment their own commercial grievances against the Transvaal government (which had built up a wall of tariffs against them), and gave all their sympathy to the threatened republic. As the British home government had not only disavowed, but had even tried to stop, the expedition on its way, no resentment has been felt by the Cape Dutch against Britain. But the movement toward a political fusion of Dutch and English in the Colony has received a check, and the tendency of the Orange Free State toward a closer union with its sister republic has been strengthened. Meanwhile, the grievances of the new population in the Transvaal have not been removed, and as the influx of strangers to the Witwatersrand mines will doubtless continue, it is clear that something must be done to give a more or less complete satisfaction to their claims, and to prevent a recurrence of the troubles of last December and January. It is impossible, in our times, for a minority to continue to rule over a large and increasing unenfranchised majority of people superior in intelligence and wealth, however strong the original position of the minority may have been, and whatever sympathy their attachment to their own simple and primitive life may evoke.

I have dwelt somewhat fully on the relations of the Boers to the English-speaking strangers in the Transvaal, because the questions now at issue there involve the wider issue between the English and Dutch races in South Africa. The Witwatersrand mining district is at this moment the political center of the southern half of the continent; for it is by far the wealthiest district, and it is the spot where population is becoming dense, and in which finance has established its seat. For the next fifty years at least it will apparently be the focus of industry and commerce for the surrounding counties from Cape Town to the Zambesi. It is the magnitude of the prize that makes the present contest exciting, and draws the eyes of Europe to these few square miles of barren upland, of which no one had heard fifteen years ago. Whatever be the political outcome of the contest, whether the strangers obtain votes or not, and whether or not the present form of government is maintained, there cannot be much doubt as to the ultimate result. Man for man, the Boers are not inferior to the English settlers either physically or in force of character. Probably they are not less capable of developing, with proper education and under stimulative conditions, a vigorous intellectual life. There is no better stock in the world than that Low German stock to which they belong. But not only are they less numerous and less wealthy than the English-speaking strangers (many of the cleverest of whom are not English at all, but of Semitic origin), but they are unsuited by their ideas and habits for the task of developing the material resources of their country, and dealing with the financial and commercial problems which its rapid growth has brought to the front. Without in the least comparing them to the Mormons, who were far inferior to them in many respects, their civilization resembles that of the Mormons in being one which could maintain itself only in isolation. Now that the strenuous industrial current of the modern world has reached it and begun to wash against it, its foundations cannot long resist the sapping influences. The Transvaal, therefore, and all South Africa with the Transvaal, seems destined in the future to belong to the English type of civilization, and to speak the English tongue. But the Dutch tongue also will hold its ground for many years to come, and Boer traits will no doubt powerfully affect the South African character as it acquires, after a generation or two, a settled and distinctive quality. The wish and hope of every one who knows the country must be that the fusion, which will (almost certainly) come at last, may come peaceably, and come not by a victory of the one element which could leave resentment in the breasts of the other, but by a process of gradual assimilation similar to that which turned Englishmen and Scotchmen from ene-

mies into friends, and is welding Flemings and Walloons into one Belgian people.

The reader may expect, before this article comes to an end, some brief expression of opinion as to the more distant future of South Africa, and particularly as to whether its inhabitants will become a great civilized nation, one of the dominant powers of the southern hemisphere—a nation such as the Australians are becoming in the East, and as the Argentine Republic might become in South America, were it in the hands of an orderly and progressive race.

That South Africa will ultimately be united into one political body, probably in a federative form, seems highly probable. Federative union would not only increase its political strength, but would also accelerate its material development. Its growth in wealth and population will, however, depend chiefly on its natural resources. Agricultural progress can hardly be rapid while other countries produce, without artificial aid, foodstuffs which in this dry climate must, over wide areas, be grown by means of irrigation. The capabilities of South Africa for stock-raising are unquestionable; but stock-raising, even on a vast scale, does not imply any great increase of population, or any great advance in the arts and refinements of life. It is therefore chiefly in respect of its mineral treasures that wealth will grow, and the country fill up rapidly with immigrants; for the afflux of settlers to the mines creates markets and stimulates every branch of trade. The value of the mines of Matabeleland and Mashonaland is still imperfectly ascertained, but that of the Witwatersrand gold-field admits of no doubt, and even if, as some experts hold, that gold-field will be worked out within a century from now, it seems certain that for fifty years at least it will continue to provide occupation for a large mass of people, skilled as well as unskilled workers. In that region, therefore, a considerable growth of population may be looked for, and it will be accompanied by a less rapid rise in the number of those who pursue agriculture, or otherwise supply the wants of a mining class. Probably, therefore, a steady growth, as well of population as of wealth, can be counted on for a century to come, which is as far forward as any one can venture to look. But the growth may not be very swift, and the white population, which is now much less than one million, probably about 750,000, in all South Africa, may, twenty-five or thirty years hence, scarcely exceed two millions. For it must be remembered that the laboring population is colored and will remain colored. Speaking broadly, the country will be a black man's, and not a white man's, country, and this is why the question of the future social and industrial relations of blacks and whites becomes of such paramount importance. There is no reason to apprehend in South Africa, any more than in the Southern States of America, a predominance of the inferior race; but the future peace and prosperity of the country will largely depend upon the wisdom and temper with which the higher race treats the backward one, and leads it onward and upward.

James Bryce.

«I JOURNEYED SOUTH TO MEET THE SPRING.»

I JOURNEYED South to meet the Spring,
To feel the soft tide's gentle rise
That to my heart again should bring,
Foretold by many a whispering wing,
The old, the new, the sweet surprise.

For once, the wonder was not new—
And yet it wore a newer grace:
For all its innocence of hue,
Its warmth and bloom and dream and dew,
I had but left—in Helen's face.

A COMEDY OF WAR.

CYRUS BENSON'S engagement to Patience Hatheway was a source of wonder to all Mantit. Patience was not bad-looking, speaking negatively, after the Mantit fashion, and a man would not have minded the cast in her left eye had her temper not been equally crooked. But when that was fairly roused, she was a Tartar, and everybody and everything animate fled before her as before an impending cyclone.

But neither crooked eye nor crooked temper had stood in the way of her being sought in wedlock even before her engagement to Cyrus. The one other suitor who had stormed, though he had failed to carry, her maiden fortress, was a well-to-do farmer living at Plympton in the remote neighborhood of Mantit. His wife had recently died, and as he was looking about for a successor to care for his seven children and an equal number of cows, a waggish acquaintance had recommended Patience.

Up to the moment of recommendation he had never heard her name. Nevertheless, he at once resolved to go and offer himself, believing, with the fatuity of many a man similarly intentioned, that he had only to hold out his hand and the apple—in this instance a crab—would drop into it.

He accordingly drove over, and arriving, hitched his horse to the iron staple in the woodhouse, and knocked at the kitchen door. No response was made. He knocked a second time. The third time he applied the full force of his fist, and a voice—a voice that made him start in his boots—responded:

«Come in, can't ye, and not stand there beatin' the door in.»

The invitation was not encouraging; but our farmer, not of those who, having put their hand to the plow, turn back,—at least not at the first rebuff,—lifted the latch and entered. Patience was standing by the stove with a long-handled skillet in her hand, preparatory to putting on the potatoes for dinner. Her face wore the aspect of a storm-cloud out of which the lightning might leap at any moment.

«Good morning,» said the visitor in his most conciliatory manner, and he could be very conciliatory.

«Yah!» said Patience.

To this, lacking a proper response, he was silent. And Patience again opened her mouth:

«Well, can't ye speak, man? What d' ye want?»

During his drive over he had somewhat carefully formulated a proper speech in which to make his proposal; but it had fled, and, although he now made a rapid and desperate search in the caverns of his memory, he could not so much as catch a glimpse even of the tail of it.

«Yah!» said Patience again, raising the skillet threateningly.

«I rode over from Plympton to ask ye to marry me, and—» he blurted out, saying exactly the thing he did not intend; but his proposal was never completed.

The skillet flew from the uplifted hand, and the farmer, who had kept his hold upon the door-latch, was outside in an instant, and, hastily unhitching his horse, skipped into the wagon with a celerity that would have surprised those familiar with his rheumatic habit, and lashing his horse into a run, did not draw rein till he was fairly outside the lane and on the highway.

«That skillet must 'a' split the door panel,» he remarked to the sympathizing wag who had named Patience, and to whom he imparted the result of his offer. «Patience d' ye say her name was? It 'd ought to be Fury. I never see such an eye»—her left eye probably, which in her rages retreated fairly out of sight behind the bridge of her nose.

This marked rejection of the farmer's suit led her neighbors to infer that Patience did not intend to marry, and for some time gossip ceased to concern itself with that probability, and took the direction of her savings, which were thought to be considerable, her hair, which must be dyed, as it «never could 'a' kep' its color so at her age,» and her kitchen door, which, with her customary contrariness, she had had painted a sky-blue instead of the conventional chocolate-brown.

But it broke out afresh on the discovery that Cyrus Benson spent every Friday evening

regularly at Patience's. Had it been Sunday evening no doubt would have been felt even at the first as to his intentions, but the choice of Friday threw speculations off the track. It is true that every other evening of the week had been long devoted to its special purpose; for Cyrus was the most methodical of men.

Tuesday evening he spent at the store, where he bought one cigar, lighted it before taking his departure, smoked it leisurely along the road and through the fields across lots, depositing the stump in a hollow oak by the last pair of bars. A favorite arithmetical problem with the store humorists was the number of stumps therein deposited in a given time, and whether, allowing to Cyrus the traditional years of man, he would be able to fill it in his lifetime—a problem complicated by the probable decay of the earlier strata. Monday and Thursday evenings were spent in a neighboring shoe shop playing checkers with the shoemaker. They played until nine o'clock, stopping on the stroke of the hour whatever the crisis of the game. Wednesday evening he walked to Tarkiln to visit a distant cousin. Saturday evening he passed in the laborious reading of his weekly paper, and Sunday evening he slept.

But nobody ever could tell where he might turn up on Friday night. Whatever erratic tendency he had in his nature seemed to break out on that evening of the week.

«He might be here and he might be there; there was no calculatin' on Cyrus of a Friday night. He was such a queer chap, but clever —clever as the day,» the adjective being used in its old New England sense.

But these erratic Friday evening wanderings came to an end in Patience's comfortable sitting-room, and everybody was astonished, and knew not what to think.

«Cyrus Benson! Well, I am beat! Why, he 's meek as Moses!»

«Well, he 'd have to be to live with Patience.»

«Live with Patience! You don't mean to say he 's thinkin' o' marryin' her!»

«What he 's thinkin' of I don't know, but it 's my opinion she 's made up her mind to marry *him*.»

«Well, if she 's made up her mind, the whole United States can't stop her.»

So by degrees doubt was merged into certainty, and Cyrus, entering the store one Tuesday evening, was met with such a storm of facetious congratulation that he was dazed, and would have left without his weekly cigar had not the storekeeper pressed it upon him and lighted it himself.

«No,» he said, as Cyrus tended the customary payment; «darn it all, man! we 'll have a treat all round in honor of the event.» He brought out a bunch of cigars and opened half a dozen bottles of root beer. «Here 's to the health and happiness of the future Mrs. Cyrus Benson,» said he to Cyrus. Then, «Good Lord!» But this was an aside.

«I feel pretty much as I do when I see our old cat pounce on a robin. I 'd resky it if I could,» he remarked after Cyrus had left. «He 'll be reg'larly chawed up.»

No one ventured to mention the matter to Patience until Mrs. Acorn, bolder than the other matrons, did so, and found her remarkably complacent.

«It come out before I thought, and I expected nothin' short o' havin' my eyes scratched out. But she was as smilin' as a baskit o' chips—real tickled. But Lor'!»—reflectively,—«she 's nothin' but a woman, and a woman 's a woman after all 's said and done»—which was a nail hit on the head. Few women lack womanly sensitiveness, and the feeling, on the part of Patience, that he viewed her wholly in a commercial light had doubtless added vigor to the arm with which she had hurled the skillet at the venturesome farmer.

«Well, I don't know what Cyrus can be thinkin' of. He 's got more courage than folks ever give him credit for. 'T ain't many men folks 'd care to tackle Patience. And what would his poor mother say? Poor creatur'! We don't know what we 're fetchin' child'en into the world for.»

It was more than a nine days' wonder. But speculation concerning this marriage, and other things of lesser importance, was cut short by the breaking out of the Civil War, and what followed in Mantit was an epitome of the whole North.

There was an evening telegram; a night ride on the part of the captain of the Light Infantry Company to summon his men scattered through the adjacent towns, many of them mere lads who, when they donned their uniforms, did so with the expectation of being summoned to no more serious duty than a semi-annual training or yearly muster. But each sprang to the call, and additional recruits came forward, among the latter being Cyrus Benson.

In the chill and gray April morning they assembled on the green by the store. The storekeeper had raised a flag, scant of stars and shabby, but it served. Young girls were

there, flushed with excitement and patriotism, yet not quite believing it all. War was as yet too unfamiliar a thing. Older women choked back the tears till there was time to weep—if there ever would be. They had sat up all the night making, mending, and washing, preparing a comfortable kit. Time enough to sleep when their soldier was on the march—if they could sleep.

But Patience was not there. She had had a stormy interview with Cyrus when he called on his way to the rendezvous to tell her he had enlisted. His appearance was not heroic. His toilet had been of the rapidest and slightest, and, ordinarily as «neat as a pin,» he was decidedly frowzy. His uniform would be furnished him in Boston, together with one of Governor Andrew's now historic overcoats. But had he been in the freshest and gayest military trim, that would have had no mollifying effect on Patience.

«You ain't a-goin' one step,» said she, after he had announced his intention; and she stepped up, and bolted the door behind him. But Cyrus was too quick for her, and had opened a window and was out before she knew it.

Finding commands of no avail, she opened the door and stooped to entreaty; but to this Cyrus was equally impervious. He did not not argue; that was not his way. With all his «cleverness» he had an obstinate streak in him—the obstinacy of the good-natured man; he was «set.»

Patience entreated, going back now and again to her first fierce declaration, «You sha'n't go one step, Cyrus. Them good-for-nothin' niggers are at the bottom of it,» said she, «and I wish they was in Tophet.»

She was never an abolitionist.

«I don't care what 's at the bottom of it. The country 's a-callin', and I 'm goin',» said Cyrus.

«Yah!» responded Patience. «Country a-callin'! It 's just because you want to get quit o' work, you and the whole lazy kit of 'em.»

To this Cyrus made no reply. And his silence was all the more exasperating that Patience felt behind it the impregnable wall of a resolution that she could neither storm nor coax into capitulation.

«I should like to part pleasantly,» he said at last, «seein' it 's likely I may never come back.»

But Patience was past feeling the pathos of his speech.

«I warrant you 'll come back fast enough,» said she, «after plantin' and hayin' 's over. And you promised. What 's the good o' your promises? But, there! It 's just like a man, makin' a woman trust him and then clearin' out and leavin' her.»

«But I shall come back if I 'm alive, I tell ye. I ain't any notion o' breakin' my promise. But 't ain't a time to be marryin' and givin' in marriage. The country 's a-callin'.»

«Country! Yah! Such talk 's sickenin'! And I don't believe a word of it. And if you do go you need n't come back here again. I 'm well quit of ye.» Then she went in, and banged the sky-blue door.

Cyrus stood for a moment irresolute. He heard confused noises in the kitchen,—chairs slammed about, a table pushed across the floor, the fall of crockery,—and a cat sprang out of the window he had opened, with eyes glaring and tail bristling. It was no use to linger; Patience's tempests of passion were long in stilling; he had but to go. As he did so he drew the cuff of his sleeve across his eyes. For, bad-tempered woman though she was, «crabbed» as everybody called her, she was the only woman Cyrus could in any sense call his own; for his mother was dead, and he had no sister.

Other women might be kind to him. Good Mrs. Acorn pressed upon him a package of tea, and the doctor's wife had ready two pairs of woolen socks to add to his kit. But he would have given all other kindnesses for one kind word from Patience.

After that Patience's temper became still more uncertain. When the Mantit branch of the Sanitary Commission was started, the committee for her district called upon her for contributions of «old linen, worn dress skirts, spare blankets, dried apples, jell.» «Anything,» said Mrs. Acorn; «you can use up anything for beddin' and such purposes, and I know you 've got a store laid by in your garret. Your mother was a master hand for savin' everything. And you 're goin' t' have plenty o' apples, I see. The Sanitary 's goin' to send 'em down where our own folks be; it 'll be *such* a comfort to the boys. And dried apples go to the right spot, Isaac writes. They 'd had a few the last time o' writin',—just about a gill apiece,—and they stewed 'em themselves in their little tin cups, and they were ‹lickin' good,› Isaac wrote. That 's his favorite word for what he likes. There 's nothin' like our own folks' victuals; and mebbe Cyrus 'll get some o' yours, Patience, and—»

«‹Cyrus Benson 's nothin' to me,› says she,»—so reported Mrs. Acorn at the weekly

meeting of the Sanitary,—«‹Cyrus Benson 's nothing to me,› —a-slattin' down a pan o' milk she 'd fetched out to skim, and sloppin' it all round over the table and floor, and if I had n't 'a' drew back 't would 'a' gone all over me too,—‹and I 'm surprised you should think o' askin' me to contribute,› says she. ‹If they want to fight, let 'em; but I 've no call to help bind up their wounds and keep 'em at it. And I 've somethin' else to do besides dryin' apples for a parcel o' lazy men to eat. Let 'em go home and go to work, the whole kit of 'em, North and South, I say. Wastin' the substance of folks for what?—I should like to ask.›

«And as she asked I ventur'd to answer,—betterwise I should 'a' just got up and come away,—‹It 's for our country, Patience,› says I—‹the country our fathers bled and died for, and that we are so proud of, and want to keep goin' all right for our pusterity,› says I.

«Well, you know Patience and her manners when her dander 's up, which is consider'ble often. ‹Yah!› says she, in that irritatin' way o' hers. ‹My father was a peaceable man that minded his own business and fit nobody; and I ain't much concerned about the future o' my pusterity,› says she. ‹And you can tell the folk that sent ye—› ‹I 'm a committee,› says I, interruptin' her, ‹and represent the great Sanitary Commission.› ‹Well, you can tell 'em from me,› says she, ‹they won't get nothin' out o' me—not a red cent, nor the wormiest apple on the place, nor the raggedest sheet. And as for Cyrus Benson,› says she, a-slattin' that pan o' milk again, ‹I don't know what right you have to speak to me about that obstinate fool. He 's nothin' to me.› And at that I had to speak again. ‹And,› says I, ‹you know best, Patience, whether Cyrus is anything to you or not, but you 've no call to speak that way of him. He may n't be so bright as some, but he 's a kind, clever creatur' as ever breathed, and he 's showed his patriotism as few have, enlistin' again after his three months was out, and for the war, too.›

«But Lor'! you 'd 'a' thought I 'd said somethin' dretful. ‹Bright!› says she, and that left eye o' hers slid right back o' the bridge of her nose, just as it does when she 's in one o' her tantrums. ‹Clever!› says she, and over went that pan o' milk slap on to the floor, what was left on 't, and I got up and come away as quick as I could. And I declare, I don't know what to make o' her. She ain't a real Copperhead, for she don't seem to have no sympathy with either side.

«Well, that 's better than if she took up for the Southerners, as some o' our folks do. They say Dr. Hall, over to Titicut,—he 's been a Copperhead from the beginnin',—he said the other day, right out to Sprague's Shingle Mill, that he hoped the South would lick. And at that they after him and chased him into the woods, and he ain't been seen since. They say he 's hidin' in Turkey Swamp. But I doubt about that. Turkey Swamp 's one o' Mis' Hall's back chambers, I guess. They 've threatened to tar and feather him when they do get him.

«Well, 't was queer the way Patience ketched me up about Cyrus. If she wa'n't the woman she is, and he wa'n't the man he is, and they were both young folks, I could account for it.»

And Mrs. Acorn, wagging her head slowly from side to side, fell into a brief reverie concerning the time when she and «father» were young, before Isaac, who, like Cyrus, had enlisted for the war, was born, and when to hear father called «clever and kind,» would have angered her almost as bad as the same terms, applied to Cyrus, did Patience. Then the talk of the circle took a more intimate turn as the women cut and basted and knit; how a great battle was talked of; Isaac had written about it, and so had the other boys. And the voices grew more and more subdued, with lapses into silence, and more than one tear was surreptitiously swept away as though it were an officious fly.

And then Mrs. Acorn aroused herself with a cheerful remark about the blackberry wine she had been making for the Sanitary, and which she had corked so tightly in a glass demijohn before it had fairly worked that it went off in the dead of the night like a cannon, and jarred the bed. And when she went down cellar the next day to see how her wine was getting on, she found nothing but bits of glass and a damp spot on the cellar bottom. «And how father did laugh! ('T would do Isaac more good than pints o' wine to hear about mother's demijohn bu'stin',› said father.» Nothing pleased father and Isaac more than to get the laugh on her.

But Isaac never heard of it; for the great battle came. Was it Gaines's Mills, or Fredericksburg, or Gettysburg? What matters it? The ——th Massachusetts was in it, and Isaac fell, shot in the forehead; and Charlie Smith was hurt by a shell in the breast, and would lose one arm, or perhaps both, even if he got up; and Melvin Pratt and Cyrus Benson were missing. So telegraphed their captain—not the one who took the midnight ride;

he had won his bays, and slept in a soldier's grave.

Isaac's body would be sent home, he wrote later on; as for Melvin and Cyrus, they had been buried in nameless graves.

And the Sanitary work went on as before, for «there 's other mothers' sons if mine 's gone,» said good Mrs. Acorn. And Patience had her tempers, and seemed to grow harder; at least, so thought Mrs. Acorn at times, and then, again, she did n't know.

She could never account satisfactorily for Patience «ketching» her up so about Cyrus if she did n't care for him, and if she did, it must be «dretful hard» to have nobody to speak to. To talk with «father» about Isaac was a sight of comfort to her; what she should do without father to speak to she did n't know. So one day she just stepped in, and found Patience cleaning out the wood-house. That was an infallible sign that she was out of sorts, and her reply to Mrs. Acorn's greeting was as short as pie-crust; but Mrs. Acorn, observing her closely, saw that she was unusually pale and thin.

«She never did have any fat to boast of, but now she 's nothin' but a rail. I did n't mention Cyrus; I thought 't wa'n't wise; and I did n't stay long. But I 'm sure she 's feelin' it. Sorrer softens most folks, but it don't her, poor creatur'! She ain't one of the meltin' kind. After her mother died she was just like a snappin'-turtle for months; and she 's just so now.»

It was a smiling, joyous June morning, and Patience, as her opposite neighbor in the lane observed, was «airin'» all her feather-beds. For Patience was superlatively neat; «Possessed,» as the doctor's wife, who was fond of epigrams, had once remarked—«possessed with a neat devil.»

She was spreading the beds on chairs in the front yard, where sun and wind had equal play. She beat and punched the beds, and shook her stiff-corded sunbonnet, shutting out at the same time the landscape and the approaching figure in it. It was a halting figure, and had been for some time making the distance up the lane, and across the stretch of close, even turf that lay between it and the front yard—a figure of a man in ragged blue, one arm gone, one leg gone below the knee, a hideous purple scar across one cheek and temple, and a faded green shade over one eye. As Patience at last looked up, her eyes fell upon him where he stood outside the gate. The nimble wind shook his empty sleeve and trousers' leg.

He was the first to speak. «Don't ye know me?» he asked. «Don't ye know Cyrus?»

But she neither stirred nor spoke.

«I thought ye 'd be glad to see me,» he said querulously. There was a moment or two of further waiting, and then she came slowly forward, and, still without speaking, opened the gate for him, and taking him by the empty sleeve, led him into the house. The opposite neighbor, with her eye glued to the opening between the shade and the window casing, was paralyzed at the sight.

She quickly recovered, however, and ran out across to Mrs. Acorn's. «Good gracious! it 's Cyrus Benson as sure as you 're alive—what there is left of him. And to see Patience leadin' of him in, just for all the world like Mary and her little lamb!» The neighbor was an elderly widow of a sentimental turn of mind.

The news spread like wild-fire, and Patience was inundated with callers. Nothing short of unquenchable curiosity would have made them dare such an invasion, and she received them with an equanimity, a subdued quietness of manner, that surprised them. But no one was permitted to see her guest. She had put him right to bed, Patience said. He was dreadfully weak and worn, and slept the greater part of the time. When he was able to sit up they could see him. At the end of the week he was seen sitting in the south porch in the sun, and after that callers came in almost every day.

But he had little to say in answer to their eager and numberless questions. For the most part he was listless, and sat with his head bent down.

«Poor creatur'! He 's lost what little mind he ever did have.»

«The men folks say they don't think 't is Cyrus.»

«Men folks! What won't men folks say when they get together? Talk o' women gossipin'!»

«They say Cyrus's eyes were black, and this man's eye is blue.»

«Well, don't eyes change, I should like to know? Babies' eyes gen'rally change, and kittens' always. He 's suffered enough to turn his eyes any color, I should think. Just as if it can be anybody but Cyrus!»

«Patience seems to think 't is,» said Mrs. Acorn; «and if anybody 'd ought t' know whether it 's Cyrus or not, it 's her. The most of us 'u'd know our own.»

«That 's so,» said the sentimental widow; «it 's difficult to deceive the eye of affection.»

However, she had her own doubts on one or two occasions when, drawn thither by

explosive sounds, she listened by the lilac bushes under the returned soldier's window.

«Swearin'! Yes; actually swearin' at her, Mis' Acorn, and throwing things—teacups and shoes—with that one arm o' his. And she answerin' just as patient! I never could 'a' believed it o' Cyrus if I had n't heard it with my own ears. And it kind o' shakes my belief that 't is him.»

«Well, I would n't mention it further; it 's safe with me; and probably he 's out o' his mind.»

At the end of the second month the soldier, who had never got farther than the arm-chair on the sunny south porch, took to his bed, and the doctor was called in. When he came away he was stopped nine times by as many women between the door of Patience's house and his own. Each asked two questions: «Will he get well?» and «Is he Cyrus Benson?»

To which the doctor replied that he would probably never be any better, and that a man ought to know himself who he was, and he supposed this one did. Upon which it was reported that the doctor said that it was Cyrus Benson.

Mrs. Acorn shared the last vigils with Patience. She would have no one else, and would not have had her had not Mrs. Acorn laid aside her bonnet and declared that she would stay.

«No woman 'd ought t' be left alone at such a time,» said she.

«I never could 'a' got through with it, it seemed to me, if I had n't kep' sayin', ‹Poor creatur'! he don't know what he 's about,›» she confided to her husband. «Such langwidge and strikin' at Patience! His sufferin's must 'a' been dretful. And she so gentle! I never could 'a' believed Patience could 'a' been so gentle-mannered. Liftin' his poor head just as if 't was a baby's, and speakin' so tender! 'T was a relief when he breathed his last. And she never shed a tear; only said, ‹Poor boy! The Lord have mercy on him!›»

There was a crowded funeral. Probably there had never taken place in Mantit one of more absorbing and dramatic interest. The doubt concerning the authenticity of the subject—a doubt only momentarily quelled by the doctor, whose reply, it was discovered, was capable of more than one interpretation—lent an original piquancy to the occasion. And the doubt was strengthened as the services went on. It was observed that the minister was very general in his remarks and prayer. No direct mention was made of mourners; and of course if it was n't Cyrus, neither Patience nor anybody else could be regarded as mourners. For all that was said, it might have been anybody's funeral, or nobody's; by which it was evident that the minister was in doubt.

Speculation even found place about the silent form. «Surely that was never Cyrus Benson's nose!» It was surprising to find how little one really knows about his neighbor's nose when it comes to a definite description thereof.

There was an immediate division as to whether Cyrus's was Roman or straight, and two or three were sure that it turned up at the end. And his hair? Cyrus's was black; no, it was brown; but the locks of the sleeper were so scant and so gray that whether brown or black could not be determined. Had it been his right hand that was left, the doubt as to his identity could have been solved, for the middle finger of that hand had been chopped off by an ax; but the left hand was just like any other man's hand.

But upon one thing all agreed: Patience had done her part handsomely. The coffin was of the best black walnut, lined with fine white cashmere, and the handles were silver-plated; the robe, too, was of fine white cashmere. Yes, there could be no doubt that, whatever others might think, Patience believed that—but there was no plate, no inscription, no name to tell who slept therein. Did that omission look like certainty on her part? They were again at sea.

He was laid at last in the old graveyard just where it sloped greenly to the small lake, and the autumn maples dropped their scarlet and gold into his grave. It was far from the corner where lay the Bensons and the Hatheways, and again it was asked, Did Patience, or did she not, believe it was Cyrus? She was seen to wipe her eyes as she turned away from the open grave, and would she weep for a stranger and a deceiver? But why had she not put on black? Surely for a promised husband—

No one dared to put the question directly to her; but each was consoled therefor by the reflection that certainty would have spoiled half, nay, three fourths, of the interest of the occasion.

Patience went back alone, and sat awhile in the parlor, and felt as though life, like her house, had suddenly grown very empty. And then she went and stood in the silent bedroom, and even took down and surveyed the shabby uniform and cap; and as she did so she muttered to herself something that sounded like «atone.»

Then she put aside her bonnet, and sat down by the round, light stand in the sitting-room, upon which lay the great old leather-bound family Bible, and opening, read the words, «Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.»

And so might it not be that, doing to one of the great brotherhood of man, it was done to all, or even to some other one of them in particular? Surely He who knew the heart of man, who had a knowledge of its infirmities, who had Himself suffered, though sinless, surely it would be like Him to open some such way of atonement to the repentant soul. So, vaguely at first, and then with a sense of peace, this thought cleared itself to her understanding.

Peace came soon (the nation's peace), and the boys—those that were left—came home. Life settled back into the old ruts, and Patience went her ways, though changed, it was said, showing less temper, and being kinder, but keeping to herself, and not caring much to see folks. She always carefully tended the grave on the green slope, though the sentimental widow, who had erected a headstone to her husband's memory, with a space left upon it which was to be filled in due time with the name of his «inconsolable relict,» could not be reconciled to Patience's neglect in placing no stone by this grave.

Patience was busy about it one night, digging the plantain from the turf, and watering a rose-bush and the root of pinks she had transplanted thither. It was sundown, and the old grave-digger, unseen by her, was prowling about the yard, soliloquizing upon the many he had put to bed and covered up therein, and thinking that his own retiring hour could not be far distant, and that a quieter, prettier spot could not be found in which to take the last sleep, with the prismatic tints of the evening sky reflected in the placid lake, the breeze humming a gentle lullaby in the pines by the shore, the aromatic scent of sweet-fern, bayberry, and sweet-brier afloat, and saturating all the atmosphere, when he suddenly came to a full stop. A man was opening the gate.

«Je-rushy!» muttered the grave-digger, falling back behind a tall clump of cinnamon rose-bushes.

The man walked straight toward the spot where Patience was kneeling at work, and stopped within a few paces of her. Though his face was pale, he was no ghost, and he walked with a firm, soldierly step. Patience presently got up, and turning, saw him. The grave-digger, looking intently, observed her pause an instant, and then run toward the man with hands outstretched, and stumbling over the intervening graves. Cyrus, for it was he, caught her hands in his.

«Whose grave is that?» he asked.

«O Cyrus, it 's a poor man's who wore a uniform, and said he was you; and he was maimed and poor, and—and—I nussed him for your sake; for I thought you were dead, and it would atone. I said it would atone!»

She spoke so wildly that the grave-digger thought she must have gone out of her mind at the sight of Cyrus's unexpected coming, as if it were from the dead; and he thought of going forward, but she spoke again:

«I spoke cruel to you, Cyrus,» she said; «I spoke cruel to you when you went away. But I 've been punished—I 've been punished.»

And then he saw that Cyrus put her two hands—not pretty or slender or white hands, but hands brown and hard with labor —into one of his, and patted them with the other, saying:

«'T ain't wuth namin', Patience; I never laid it up. There! there!» as he would have done to a baby. For Patience was now sobbing and crying, «Forgive! forgive!»

The grave-digger could hear her where he stood, though he could not, strain his old ears as he might, hear Cyrus's reply; neither could he hear what followed; but at last he heard her say:

«Come, Cyrus, let us go home.» And he watched them as, hand in hand, they passed out of the gate, stepping westward through the afterglow, which of a sudden suffused both earth and sky.

Frank Pope Humphrey.

RECOLLECTIONS AND ANECDOTES OF BÜLOW.

WHEN Hans von Bülow, in 1851, at the age of twenty-one, resolved to devote his life entirely to music, he found a large field for desirable reform in which to exercise his activity. Liszt, who, previous to 1847, had reaped the laurels of a royal virtuoso, then began his career as conductor at the Royal Opera House in Weimar, and soon found himself surrounded by the best of the young musical talent of the world. His pupils—the artists of our generation—he easily indoctrinated with the novel ideas which he brought forward in his own compositions. He began the publication of his symphonic poems, and in 1850 brought out Wagner's «Lohengrin» in Weimar for the first time. This production, under the baton of Liszt, opened the «thirty years' war» between the classical and the new German schools. The offensive struggle was made under great difficulties, the headquarters of Liszt, the general-in-chief, being in Weimar. The contention was between form and freedom; the «classicists» confined their creative acts to well-defined art forms, while the «romanticists» desired to bring out new ideas, to enrich the tone material of their art, and to add to it new means of expressing emotion. The romantic school, however, had within itself the germ of artistic realism. Thus Schubert, whose spirit is essentially romantic, is accounted classic because he merely sought to express the sentiment of the poems he turned into songs, without any effort to make each note conform to the exact shade of feeling expressed by the word to which it was sung. Thus conformity of note to word, the crucial test of the new German school, was instituted by Liszt, whose songs are practically small phrases in recitative form. Liszt further declared war by breaking the laws of formal symmetry in his symphonic poems. In proposing that the only limits to musical form should be the limits which define the poetical idea expressed by the music, he became, with Berlioz, the champion of program music. To obtain new means to express the different emotions, he used new and unusual harmonic combinations. Berlioz, who had visited Germany between 1842 and 1845, enlarged the orchestra with new instruments and new tone-coloring. Wagner employed all these innovations in his music-dramas, and became the exponent *de facto* of the new German school.

Wagner's versatility as a writer soon brought matters to a crisis, and at the same time secured him a host of adherents. Among the Liszt-Wagner forces were many men now well known for originality and talent. Among them we recall Friedrich Nietzsche, professor of classical philology in Basel. Upon the publication of «Parsifal,» however, Nietzsche publicly announced his defection from the cause in a pamphlet called the «Fall of Wagner.» On the other hand, Heinrich Ehrlich (better known in America as the editor of «Tausig's Studies») contributed a tract on «Wagner's Art and True Christianity.» Richard Pohl, L. Köhler, Franz Müller, Joachim Raff, William Tappert, Heinrich Porges, Otto Lessmann (Bülow's pupil), and Gottlieb Federlein all wrote, analyzed, and explained in tracts, in the columns of the «Allgemeine Deutsche Zeitung,» or in other musical periodicals wherever open to their views. Franz Brendel, who succeeded Schumann in the «Neue Zeitschrift für Musik,» made that paper a kind of official organ for the propagation of the ideas of the young dramatic-musical school, and it was in its pages that Wagner's famous anonymous article, «Das Judenthum in der Musik,» first appeared. The activities of the new propaganda did not stop here. Felix Draeseke wrote a humorous school of harmony in rhyme, while Weitzman actually formulated the laws of the new harmonic development, and reduced the whole to a practical pedagogic basis. Karl Klindworth wrote the piano scores of the Nibelungen Trilogy; Peter Cornelius, poet and musical littérateur, translated many of Liszt's French writings into German; Tausig, whom Weitzman dubbed «the last of the virtuosi,» conducted the works of Wagner, Liszt, and Berlioz in Vienna. The entire movement was full of energy, productivity, and violent rancor. Religion, race, morals, politics, and artistic convictions were inextricably involved in the

mêlée. Such an array of musical genius as the world will hardly see again, intoxicated with the beauty, the liberty, the originality, and the power of the new creative movement, threw itself into it with all the ardor of the artistic nature.

No wonder that a man like Bülow, a thinker, a student educated in the universities of Berlin and Leipsic, did not stand aloof, but took up the cry, «The public needs education, and must have it. I will be your teacher; follow me.» Like Napoleon, he decided to be dictator in the new empire. He wrote, he edited, he gave concerts and recitals, he revised, he founded concert organizations, he published, he brought forward writers and musicians. He invigorated, disciplined, inspired, and, in short, constituted a head center of aggression in the prosecution of the movement to which he adhered. The declaration of war against Wagner in Paris in 1859, Wagner's part in the political conspiracy in Saxony, and his consequent exile, the glorious victories of his operas in the Bavarian capital, and the present recognition of his greatness in Paris, are significant epochs in the struggle. In all this Bülow's success is identified with Wagner's; but in estimating Bülow's life-work, he is seen to be greatest not in his own musical performances, but in what he impressed upon that performance. In him Emerson's saying, «Somewhat resides in the men whose fame has come down to us that begot an expectation that outran all their performance,» is most strongly exemplified. Neither Bülow's piano-playing nor his conducting accounts for the enormous influence that he exercised upon the musical life of his generation. His influence on music was the work less of his musical endowment than of his personality; «that reserved force which acts directly by presence, and without means,» was emphatically his. And behind that force lay his simplicity of aim and his sincerity of conviction. He was first and foremost a teacher. To teach he traveled as concert pianist, and gave recitals in all the principal cities of Europe. His programs were carefully planned to propagate his ideas. To a collector these programs would be treasures of art; every worthy master, known or unknown to the musical world, was represented. What the painter gains from the exhibit of academy and salon, the composer obtains from the concert program of the popular artist. The popularity which more than one modern composer now enjoys is directly traceable to Bülow's introduction of his works. This presentation to the public of new music Bülow persistently made, for music's sake. He shared with Liszt the habit and principle of working continuously for what he recognized as good.

As pianist, conductor, and writer, Bülow taught and trained his public; but among his many personal pupils, although his lessons were careful, minute, and painstaking in the extreme, not one has achieved undoubted preëminence; while Liszt, who inspired, attracted, encouraged, and never taught, really formed the pianists of the world. Creative genius is a fire that kindles and sustains kindred genius, and such genius Bülow had not; yet his relations with his pupils are a pleasant theme, in sharp contrast to his haughtiness among people of high social rank, and to his short memory of favors received from such noble sources. I like to remember how, in the midst of a brilliant concert in a famous capital, he recalled the name of an old bassoon player in the orchestra, the father of a former pupil; how he hunted the old man up, and sat by him the whole evening in the intervals of the performance, saying kindly things about the son.

But, although Bülow formed no one preeminent pianist, he succeeded in impressing his standard of musicianship upon the whole musical life of Germany, and that standard was exacting. One of his pupils once requested of him an opportunity to play in concert. Bülow looked non-committal, and made no reply. Six months later the applicant, who had meanwhile given up hope of appearing in public, and had been teaching diligently in a conservatory, received a note announcing that, through Bülow's recommendation, he was invited to play exactly five days later in one of the oldest German university towns. Appalled at the prospect, the young man hurried to his patron to explain. «Not ready!» exclaimed Bülow, looking through him as if he did not exist, and then, turning scornfully on his heel, «An artist is always ready.» Stung by his contempt, the youth undertook the concert, slept not during three nights and days of preparation, was successful, and, hastening to return thanks, found that Bülow had already possessed himself of full information, and was humming and playing snatches of the program in high good humor.

Another pupil, on whom he sprang a similar surprise, did not fare so well. Bülow had promised to bring out a concerto (Op. 30) which Friedrich Kiel, his enthusiastic admirer, had dedicated to him. The annual meeting of the Ton-Künstler Verein, to be held at Carlsruhe, furnished the opportunity. Although Kiel belonged to a most conserva-

tive classical school, and Bülow was immersed heart and soul in the «music of the future,» the latter threw himself into the study of his friend's composition with such ardor that when, after the manuscript had been in his possession five days, Kiel called, by invitation, to look over the *tempi* and *nuançen*, Bülow played the whole from memory, and turned over the manuscript to the composer so that he could accompany him on the second piano. The domestic sorrow which resulted in the breaking up of his home immediately followed. Beside himself from the shock, Bülow was confined to his room by his physician's orders; but in his agony he did not forget Kiel, though playing was now impossible for him. As soon as he could command himself, he wrote to one of his most efficient pupils, offered the young man a check for one hundred thalers for his traveling expenses, and begged him to undertake the concerto. There were now only four days before the concert; the pupil could not prepare Kiel's work in time, and it was omitted from the program. Bülow never forgave the unfortunate pianist, and would have nothing more to do with him.

I have before me a letter of Bülow's, written to a pupil who had disappointed him, which gives a curious insight into his work as a teacher. After complaining that out of every eighteen lessons he loses six, that he cannot compose on lesson days, he adds: «It is not preference for teaching that makes me rob myself of my time; I have talents which suffer greatly from my choice of this profession, and time is very short, especially for an artist who wishes to accomplish anything out of the ordinary. I cannot persuade myself to resign this ambition, though I am obliged to curtail it greatly by using my time for other matters. I have therefore divided my hours in such a way that some days are taken up entirely in giving lessons, others exclusively in private work. Except when small concert tours have interfered, I have always considered myself bound to keep my appointments with my pupils. You, whose capital is the use you make of your time, will understand the justice of my resolution. I am not going to be absurd, and blame you for the lessons you have missed, but I must make other arrangements in future.» Here we have the man—scrupulous, industrious, ambitious, and kindly, but devoid of the careless spontaneity of the creative musician. Mendelssohn could beguile a sleepless night by writing a hunting-song; Schubert scrawled his immortal serenade on a wine-house table; Mozart paid a butcher's bill with a waltz; but Bülow could not collect his thoughts to compose on lesson days.

Bülow had no mercy on himself; he would rob himself of sleep for weeks to do a bit of writing or editing. The story of the tumbler of cold water that Buffon ordered his valet to throw in his face to spoil his morning nap is literally true of Bülow. Under such hydropathic inspiration he actually finished his «Fantasie» (Op. 17) on the «Ballo in Maschera.»

It is usual to say that Bülow could not compose; but this is true only so far that his talent for composition was of less importance than his personality. His «Sänger's Fluch» is musical, interesting, and beautiful, but devoid of emotion. The same is true of his «Nirvana.» Musicians enjoy Bülow's compositions in exact proportion to their musical learning. The same must be said of his piano playing. His interpretation was always interesting and polished, accurate even to the smallest details; but there was no spontaneity in it. Schumann he disliked because he could not command the necessary technic to play him, and he could play neither Chopin nor Liszt, because he lacked the fancy required for the one and the abandon necessary to interpret the other. The difference between Liszt's «Don Juan» fantasia, under the fingers of Tausig, or even of D'Albert, and under those of Bülow, discovers the fatal defect in the latter. At the piano Bülow was never free. His fame as a pianist must rest on his playing of Beethoven, especially Op. 106 and Op. 111. Here his resources are exclusively intellectual—discrimination, contrast, construction, and climax. Bülow's mental organization was inflexible. He has been described as a cross between a Bismarck and a Schopenhauer. He was rigid in mind and body. The feline suppleness of muscle characteristic of the born pianist was not his. His technic was obtained and kept up at great physical expense. His well-known saying that if he lost one day's practice he felt it himself, but if he lost three the public knew it, is a confession of the burden he carried. Contrast the career of Paganini, who, during the great concert tour in which he carried the world by storm, never practised a note. He had his skill by nature. Bülow, on the contrary, acquired his virtuosity painfully and late, and in consequence lost it early. To the bodily fatigue and nervous wear occasioned by incessant piano practice must be attributed a great part of his irritability, and ultimately his untimely death. He always said that he began to study two years too late, *i. e.*, at eight years of age instead of six. As he had sufficient execution at fourteen to play Men-

delssohn's concerto in G minor before Frederick Wieck, the father and teacher of Clara Schumann, the statement marks the difference between amateur and professional requirements.

The lack of spontaneity in Bülow's piano playing was in astonishing contrast to the fire, dash, and freedom of his conducting. The orchestra was, in fact, his natural instrument, and this explains his passionate devotion to the new school of composition, which had the development of orchestral music as its vital factor. His mental equipment for a conductor was complete. The ear and memory of musical genius were Bülow's in a most astonishing degree. His phenomenal memory had, in fact, no boundary line.

I have referred to Bülow's astonishing feat of memorizing Kiel's concerto, which the man who wrote it could not accompany without notes. His accuracy was almost infallible. He was once rehearsing a composition of Liszt's for orchestra, in that composer's presence, without notes. Liszt interrupted to say that a certain note should have been played *piano*. «No,» replied Bülow; «it is *sforzando*.» «Look and see,» persisted the composer. The score was produced. Bülow was right. How everybody did applaud! In the excitement, one of the brass-wind players lost his place. «Look for a b-flat in your part,» said Bülow, still without his notes. «Five measures farther on I wish to begin.»

I once called on Bülow, by appointment, at a certain hour. As I waited outside the door, watch in hand, for the precise moment agreed on (it was one of his peculiarities to resent violently any deviation from his hours; to be a moment too early was just as heinous an offense as to be a moment too late), I heard him reading Bach's «Chromatic Fantasie» at the piano, so slowly conning each note that I knew he was committing it to memory. «There,» said he, when I entered, «it 's done. I am going to play it in a concert to-night, and I 've learned it by heart since dinner. I do not like to be so hurried, but I had no time, and I am determined to make them hear Bach whether they like it or not. Do you know how to be perfectly sure of your piece in public? Play it over with each hand separately three times the day before the concert, and do not play it at all the day you perform. Then you are certain not to forget the notes.»

Long before middle life he knew by heart even the smallest details of the classical works of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Scarlatti, Bach, Handel, and those of the modern school, such as Chopin, Schumann, Brahms, Jensen, Raff, Liszt, and Wagner. Not only were their piano compositions on his finger-tips, but still more surprising were his feats of musical memory as an orchestra and opera conductor. The Hanover, Meininger, and, above all, the Munich Opera-house, furnish a list of the most incredible achievements of his skill as a leader of the operatic stage. Will there ever again be an orchestra trained to play the Beethoven symphonies without notes, as the Meininger Orchestra played them under Bülow's baton?

Here, too, the instinct of the teacher shone preëminent. He founded the Symphonic Concerts in Berlin to offset the Philharmonic Concerts of Taubert. This successfully accomplished, he wrote to a friend: «As I do not like to see my work go to pieces, I am happy that Hans von Bronsart will be my successor in Berlin. I go with pleasure to Munich, where I am sure to find a more congenial atmosphere.» The «atmosphere» was operatic. All Wagner's operas, regardless of cost, were put on the stage by order of King Louis, under the direct inspiration of the composer, and the leadership of Bülow.

Bülow's fame as an interpretive musician may safely rest upon his conducting of the works of Wagner and Beethoven. The incomparable production of «Tristan und Isolde» in Munich in 1865, of the «Meistersinger» in 1868, his training, in 1880, of the hitherto unknown Meininger Orchestra, with which he «concerted» all over Germany and Holland, and finally, the Philharmonic Concerts in Berlin and Hamburg, are immortal in the annals of the conductor's baton.

Bülow's own shortcomings as composer and pianist did not make him blind to the abilities of others; but he demanded artistic sincerity. Pot-boilers were his abhorrence. «I do not see how Jaell can play the same piece an hour every morning, year after year,» he exclaimed indignantly, as he kicked the music under the piano after reading (by request) one of this popular artist's paraphrases. He was just as ready to extol as to condemn. One day a foreigner, young and unknown, entered Bülow's music-room as he sat talking over business matters with Wagner. The stranger presented a letter of introduction, to which the artist paid little attention, and sat down patiently to wait. Wagner continued to talk, and to escape hearing a conversation not meant for his ear, the visitor approached the piano. The score of «Rheingold» stood open on the rack. Before he realized it he became absorbed in the music, began to play it at first *sotto voce*, and soon, abandoned to its

charm, with a most superb mastery. Wagner, on the point of taking leave, turned back and stood motionless to listen; the splendid genius of the player became more and more evident; and, unable to restrain themselves, Bülow and Wagner rushed to embrace the unknown musician. It was Camille Saint-Saëns.

Bülow had barely received his appointment as court pianist to Ludwig I of Bavaria when the blow fell which ruined his life. Before him stood two alternatives: should he sacrifice his artistic or his human feelings? To adhere to Wagner, who had broken up his home, and to the movement to which he was enthusiastically pledged, meant to stamp out every emotion of resentment that is keenest in man. Bülow, with incredible self-abnegation, resolved that the progress of music, to which he had devoted his life, should not suffer in his quarrel. He continued to support the career of the rising genius, and never flinched from his resolution to force Wagner's success onward until that success was absolute. None the less the inner struggle destroyed him. His health never recovered. His fickleness to friends and benefactors became proverbial. His irritability developed almost into mania. The natural sweetness and loyalty of his nature were turned to bitterness. The cruelty of his epigram set his path with enemies. But his work for music went forward unceasingly, and it is impossible to overestimate what his self-sacrifice has done for it.

In the early days of the Wagner struggle Bülow threw the whole weight of his personality into the scale. Musicians and press eyed the Wagnerian innovations askance, and even Bülow's own orchestra, which found its technic inadequate to the new demands, privately declared the Wagnerian effects to be humbug. Bülow nursed his wrath as if it had been a personal affront, and one day at a rehearsal of the «Meistersinger» he stopped the orchestra just before a peculiarly treacherous passage, laid down his baton, and said sarcastically to the delinquent horn-blowers, «Look out, gentlemen; there 's ‹humbug› ahead.»

Bülow's part in accomplishing Wagner's triumph has prevented recognition of the breadth of his own views, and of his ultimate freedom from party bias. Brahms is as conservative as Wagner is revolutionary, yet it was Bülow who brought Brahms to the front, and trumpeted his fame in notes of the most lavish praise and admiration. He was just as untiring in his efforts to forward the fortunes of Raff, whose dangerous gift of melody fairly betrayed him into many a *salon-stuck*. Bülow even played Raff's concerto, which is brimful of light melody. When Jensen could not obtain a hearing, Bülow put his music on his recital programs, wrote an exquisite critique on his genius, and thereby produced for his favorite a host of admirers. He was always in the opposition. When one battle had been successfully fought, he turned to find a new fray. When the tide of popular fancy turned against Mendelssohn, Bülow hastened to play and edit his compositions. His editions of the «Capriccio» (Op. 5), and of the «Rondo» (Op. 14), are the most exquisite extant. He always found time to write a friendly preface to a meritorious work, and no paragraph ever emanated from his pen that was not thoughtful and suggestive. He concerned himself about the little canons of Kunz, the forgotten beauties of Scarlatti and Gluck, and the noble literature of Beethoven. His name was the «open sesame» to popular approval, and it was never refused to anything which he believed to be of value to music.

Bülow loved culture passionately. There is an authentic story of his making a day's journey to Stockholm with a well-known savant, and discussing with him every current topic of politics, literature, science, and art, except music. In the evening the traveler was astonished to find his delightful companion on the platform giving a piano recital.

When he made a concert tour, he provided himself with the history of the countries he traversed. He went through Italy one entire season with a history of Rome under his arm. Undoubtedly the author who had the greatest influence on him was Schopenhauer. To the day of his death he could repeat pages of his books by heart; when he was in the university he used to sleep with his favorite volume under his pillow. Once a fellow-student came in, and playfully threw the book across the room, to Bülow's intense anger. Schopenhauer is a poor consolation to a man of sorrows, and his influence was no help to Bülow's inner life and feeling. Under his tuition his scholar became a confirmed pessimist. His emotional pessimism, his refractory nervous organization, his quick and vivid musical intelligence, and his wide and varied culture, all worked together in everything he did, and no estimate of his influence upon the music of to-day is just which does not find each of these elements vital in it.

The pathetic part of music is its loneliness. Bülow could recognize the genius of Saint-Saëns because he was great himself. But he learned early that from his public he could

expect no similar recognition. He had not the genial art of emotional, musical speech which is nature's universal language. He grew to hate the laity, which would rather feel than reason about what it listens to. As he became older, more cold, more intellectual, and more unhappy, his temper toward his hearers grew worse and worse. «If you will alter the stage as I propose,» he said to Wagner, in my hearing, «we shall lose only a couple of rows of hogs from the auditorium.»

Social rank did not count in his estimate of values. He broke up an audience of titled personages assembled to enjoy one of his rehearsals, by causing the bassoon players to perform their parts alone until the listeners all left in disgust. «Now,» said he, cheerfully, when the last of his noble hearers had departed, «we 'll go to work.» He kicked the name-board of a certain piano off the stage because it degraded the artist into an advertisement. In the presence of an enthusiastic audience he once noticed two laurel wreaths on the piano. He picked them up, looked at them, and then kicked them under the instrument. He did this because he resented the idea that musicians should be treated differently from other men. He wished music to be a manly calling. He would not have it degraded into a matter of patronage. «Go, take that laurel wreath to Herr Franz Lachner [his predecessor in Munich], who is on the pension list,» he exclaimed to an usher. «I am not superannuated.»

Like Liszt, Bülow realized with shame that music was an art the exponents of which were the pets and playthings of noble patrons. Like Liszt, he asserted the right to live on equal terms with people of culture—as a private gentleman. To build music up into the rank and standing of an independent profession was the dream and struggle of Bülow's life. Every musician who values his own manhood owes to him an opportunity of self-respect heretofore unheard of.

His naïveté was equal to his insolence. The *haute société* of Berlin was gathered to examine a phonograph. There were cylinders of sentiments from the Emperor and various noble personages, and Bülow was asked to play into the instrument. When he came to hear his own performance repeated through the tube, his amazement and horror were boundless. «That machine is n't worth anything,» he exclaimed. «It is n't true; I never played like that, never!»

I have said that there was a lack of feline character in Bülow's physique. He was, however, very feline in his nature. When he saw a friend whom he liked in the street, he would run toward him, embrace him, and kiss him on both cheeks. Within ten minutes his manner would change, and he would say some thing so bitter, so personal, so wounding, that the victim would never forget its sting. Months or years after the same man would perhaps receive, unexpected and unasked, some practical advancement in his fortune that could be traced directly to Bülow's helpful hand. Bülow's love of helpfulness and his passion for sarcasm were continually at war. He not only worked with voice and pen for musicians whose talent constituted their only claim on him, and whom he insulted between whiles, but the proceeds of his concerts were freely spent on artistic interests. One whole tour was made to increase the capital to bring out Wagner's operas. Musicians' widows, music societies, monuments, and publishing schemes all profited by his generosity. And yet at the end of a century of bitterness, hatred, and rancor, unparalleled in the history of art, this «gospel of music,» as its cult fondly called the doctrines which they advocated, is, after all, not a final and conclusive revelation of the laws of beauty. It is but one wave of musical development. In the great ocean of music nothing is lost. The Wagner cult, which has beaten with such fury upon the shore of art, which proclaimed it to be its mission to efface everything old and time-worn, has effaced nothing, and a new generation will witness a new development peculiar to itself; but into the broad current of the world's musical life the passionate, forceful nature of Bülow has passed, and there it will be more and more felt for good.

Bernard Boekelman.

THE VALLEY OF CHILDISH THINGS, AND OTHER EMBLEMS.

I.

ONCE upon a time a number of children lived together in the Valley of Childish Things, playing all manner of delightful games, and studying the same lesson-books. But one day a little girl, one of their number, decided that it was time to see something of the world about which the lesson-books had taught her; and as none of the other children cared to leave their games, she set out alone to climb the pass which led out of the valley.

It was a hard climb, but at length she reached a cold, bleak table-land beyond the mountains. Here she saw cities and men, and learned many useful arts, and in so doing grew to be a woman. But the table-land was bleak and cold, and when she had served her apprenticeship she decided to return to her old companions in the Valley of Childish Things, and work with them instead of with strangers.

It was a weary way back, and her feet were bruised by the stones, and her face was beaten by the weather; but half way down the pass she met a man, who kindly helped her over the roughest places. Like herself, he was lame and weather-beaten; but as soon as he spoke she recognized him as one of her old playmates. He too had been out in the world, and was going back to the valley; and on the way they talked together of the work they meant to do there. He had been a dull boy, and she had never taken much notice of him; but as she listened to his plans for building bridges and draining swamps and cutting roads through the jungle, she thought to herself, «Since he has grown into such a fine fellow, what splendid men and women my other playmates must have become!»

But what was her surprise to find, on reaching the valley, that her former companions, instead of growing into men and women, had all remained little children. Most of them were playing the same old games, and the few who affected to be working were engaged in such strenuous occupations as building mud-pies and sailing paper boats in basins. As for the lad who had been the favorite companion of her studies, he was playing marbles with all the youngest boys in the valley.

At first the children seemed glad to have her back, but soon she saw that her presence interfered with their games; and when she tried to tell them of the great things that were being done on the table-land beyond the mountains, they picked up their toys and went farther down the valley to play.

Then she turned to her fellow-traveler, who was the only grown man in the valley; but he was on his knees before a dear little girl with blue eyes and a coral necklace, for whom he was making a garden out of cockle-shells and bits of glass, and broken flowers stuck in sand.

The little girl was clapping her hands and crowing (she was too young to speak articulately); and when she who had grown to be a woman laid her hand on the man's shoulder, and asked him if he did not want to set to work with her building bridges, draining swamps, and cutting roads through the jungle, he replied that at that particular moment he was too busy.

And as she turned away, he added in the kindest possible way, «Really, my dear, you ought to have taken better care of your complexion.»

II.

THERE was once a maiden lady who lived alone in a commodious brick house facing north and south. The lady was very fond of warmth and sunshine, but unfortunately her room was on the north side of the house, so that in winter she had no sun at all.

This distressed her so much that, after long deliberation, she sent for an architect, and asked him if it would be possible to turn the house around so that her room should face the south. The architect replied that anything could be done for money; but the estimated cost of turning the house around was so high that the lady, who enjoyed a handsome income, was obliged to reduce her way of living and sell her securities at a sacrifice to raise money enough for the purpose.

At length, however, the house was turned around, and she felt almost consoled for her impoverishment by the first ray of sunlight which stole through her shutters the next morning.

That very day she received a visit from an old friend who had been absent a year; and this friend, finding her seated at her window in a flood of sunlight, immediately exclaimed:

«My dear, how sensible of you to have moved into a south room! I never could understand why you persisted so long in living on the north side of the house.»

And the following day the architect sent in his bill.

III.

THERE was once a little girl who was so very intelligent that her parents feared that she would die.

But an aged aunt, who had crossed the Atlantic in a sailing-vessel, said, «My dears, let her marry the first man she falls in love with, and she will make such a fool of herself that it will probably save her life.»

IV.

A THINLY clad man, who was trudging afoot through a wintry and shelterless region, met another wrapped in a big black cloak. The cloak hung heavily on its wearer, and seemed to drag him back, but at least it kept off the cold.

«That 's a fine warm cloak you 've got,» said the first man through his chattering teeth.

«Oh,» said the other, «it 's none of my choosing, I promise you. It 's only my old happiness dyed black and made over into a sorrow; but in this weather a man must wear what he 's got.»

«To think of some people's luck!» muttered the first man, as the other passed on. «Now I never had enough happiness to make a sorrow out of.»

V.

THERE was once a man who married a sweet little wife; but when he set out with her from her father's house, he found that she had never been taught to walk. They had a long way to go, and there was nothing for him to do but to carry her; and as he carried her she grew heavier and heavier.

Then they came to a wide, deep river, and he found that she had never been taught to swim. So he told her to hold fast to his shoulder, and started to swim with her across the river. And as he swam she grew frightened, and dragged him down in her struggles. And the river was deep and wide, and the current ran fast; and once or twice she nearly had him under. But he fought his way through, and landed her safely on the other side; and behold, he found himself in a strange country, beyond all imagining delightful. And as he looked about him and gave thanks, he said to himself:

«Perhaps if I had n't had to carry her over, I should n't have kept up long enough to get here myself.»

VI.

A SOUL once cowered in a gray waste, and a mighty shape came by. Then the soul cried out for help, saying, «Shall I be left to perish alone in this desert of Unsatisfied Desires?»

«But you are mistaken,» the shape replied; «this is the land of Gratified Longings. And, moreover, you are not alone, for the country is full of people; but whoever tarries here grows blind.»

VII.

THERE was once a very successful architect who made a great name for himself. At length he built a magnificent temple, to which he devoted more time and thought than to any of the other buildings he had erected; and the world pronounced it his masterpiece. Shortly afterward he died, and when he came before the judgment angel he was not asked how many sins he had committed, but how many houses he had built.

He hung his head and said, more than he could count.

The judgment angel asked what they were like, and the architect said that he was afraid they were pretty bad.

«And are you sorry?» asked the angel.

«Very sorry,» said the architect, with honest contrition.

«And how about that famous temple that you built just before you died?» the angel continued. «Are you satisfied with that?»

«Oh, no,» the architect exclaimed. «I really think it has some good points about it,—I did try my best, you know,—but there 's one dreadful mistake that I 'd give my soul to go back and rectify.»

«Well,» said the angel, «you can't go back and rectify it, but you can take your choice of the following alternatives: either we can let the world go on thinking your temple a masterpiece and you the greatest architect that ever lived, or we can send to earth a young fellow we 've got here who will dis-

cover your mistake at a glance, and point it out so clearly to posterity that you 'll be the laughing-stock of all succeeding generations of architects. Which do you choose?»

«Oh, well,» said the architect, «if it comes to that, you know—as long as it suits my clients as it is, I really don't see the use of making such a fuss.»

VIII.

A MAN once married a charming young person who agreed with him on every question. At first they were very happy, for the man thought his wife the most interesting companion he had ever met, and they spent their days telling each other what wonderful people they were. But by and by the man began to find his wife rather tiresome. Wherever he went she insisted upon going; whatever he did, she was sure to tell him that it would have been better to do the opposite; and moreover, it gradually dawned upon him that his friends had never thought so highly of her as he did. Having made this discovery, he naturally felt justified in regarding himself as the aggrieved party; she took the same view of her situation, and their life was one of incessant recrimination.

Finally, after years spent in violent quarrels and short-lived reconciliations, the man grew weary, and decided to divorce his wife.

He engaged an able lawyer, who assured him that he would have no difficulty in obtaining a divorce; but to his surprise, the judge refused to grant it.

«But—» said the man, and he began to recapitulate his injuries.

«That's all very true,» said the judge, «and nothing would be easier than for you to obtain a divorce if you had only married another person.»

«What do you mean by another person?» asked the man in astonishment.

«Well,» replied the judge, «it appears that you inadvertently married yourself; that is a union no court has the power to dissolve.»

«Oh,» said the man; and he was secretly glad, for in his heart he was already longing to make it up again with his wife.

IX.

THERE was once a gentleman who greatly disliked to assume any responsibility. Being possessed of ample means and numerous poor relatives, he might have indulged a variety of tastes and even a few virtues; but since there is no occupation that does not bring a few cares in its train, this gentleman resolutely refrained from doing anything.

He ceased to visit his old mother, who lived in the country, because it made him nervous to catch the train; he subscribed to no charities because it was a bother to write the checks; he received no visits because he did not wish to be under the obligation of returning them; he invited no guests to stay with him, for fear of being bored before they left; he gave no presents because it was so troublesome to choose them; finally, he even gave up asking his friends to dine because it was such a nuisance to tell the cook that they were coming.

This gentleman took an honest pride in his complete detachment from the trivial importunities of life, and was never tired of ridiculing those who complained of the weight of their responsibilities, justly remarking that if they really wished to be their own masters they had only to follow his example.

One day, however, one of his servants carelessly left the front door open, and Death walked in unannounced, and begged the gentleman to come along as quickly as possible, as there were a good many more people to be called for that afternoon.

«But I can't,» cried the gentleman, in dismay. «I really can't, you know. I—why, I 've asked some people to dine with me this evening.»

«That 's a little too much,» said Death. And the devil carried the gentleman off in a big black bag.

X.

THERE was once a man who had seen the Parthenon, and he wished to build his god a temple like it.

But he was not a skilful man, and, try as he would, he could produce only a mud hut thatched with straw; and he sat down and wept because he could not build a temple for his god.

But one who passed by said to him:

«There are two worse plights than yours. One is to have no god; the other is to build a mud hut and mistake it for the Parthenon.»

Edith Wharton.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Folly of Bimetallism.

NOTHING could be of more service to the country in the forthcoming Presidential campaign than to have both great National parties declare unequivocally in their platforms in favor of the gold standard of value. That would go a long way toward settling the policy of the next National administration in advance. It would take the question out of the campaign as a subject of discussion between the two parties, and would give the country the assurance that, no matter which party should win in the election, there would be no danger of free-silver legislation. Thus this threatened obstacle to the return of prosperity would be removed.

Of course such a desirable effect as this can be produced only in case both parties are unequivocal in their declarations. If one be more explicit than the other, then this issue is certain to take and hold first place in the campaign. On that point there can be no doubt. We have referred in former articles in this place to the many signs that have been revealed during the last few months which indicate the sentiment of the people upon this subject. They showed their determination to uphold the gold standard when they oversubscribed the last issue of bonds, and they showed it subsequently in the way in which they induced so many of the State political conventions to put the word «gold» into their platforms. By far the greater majority of the conventions held by both parties, up to the date of this writing, have declared emphatically, and without evasion or equivocation, in favor of the gold standard and against free-silver coinage. To realize the full significance of this it should be borne in mind that the phrase «gold standard» has not appeared in any political platform for many years—not since the worship of silver as a National fetish became popular. The people have recovered from that delusion, and are forcing the politicians to take note of their recovery.

This being the case, it is obvious that the party which fails to commit itself squarely to the gold standard will be certain to encounter formidable popular opposition in the campaign. The shrewdest politicians in both parties take this view, saying that not only the industrial and commercial interests of the country, but the wage-earners and the farmers are now so keenly alive to the merits of the gold standard that they are determined to have no further trifling with the subject. They are weary beyond endurance of the long-continued doubt about our currency system, and are resolved to put an end to it now. Other questions can wait, but this must be settled without further delay.

Profession of faith in bimetallism, «whenever this can be accomplished by international agreement,» is no longer regarded as satisfactory evidence of sound-money views. This is one of the most significant developments of the last few months. The politicians and platform-makers have felt the necessity of adding to such profession a pledge of belief in the gold standard as the only safe currency basis pending the advent of bimetallism. This foreshadows the early withdrawal of bimetallism as a panacea for our financial ills, and that will be a long step forward. It is folly to talk about international agreement upon it as possible, for there is not the slightest hope of such a thing. England would never consent to it, if other countries should, and without her consent agreement is impossible. Her financial condition to-day, which is justly the admiration of the world, offers a most convincing demonstration of the supreme wisdom of the gold standard. She has stood inflexibly upon it, through all financial storms, and the consequence is that she does the banking business of the world, and exhibits a degree of national prosperity that cannot be equaled in any other country. Her treasury was never so full, her savings and other bank deposits were never so large, her securities never commanded so high a price, her revenue receipts far exceed expenditures. To say that, under such conditions as these, she will consent to change her standard of value is a manifest absurdity. The talk about international bimetallism as a possibility is, therefore, no less an absurdity, and must soon be abandoned.

With bimetallism out of the case, the only question is whether we shall have the gold or the silver standard. We must have one or the other, and nobody who has followed the course of public sentiment during the last year can believe that the people will consent to accept silver. Neither will they consent to have any doubt about it. There are certain great facts about the two standards which have become firmly lodged in the public mind. One is that gold is the best money known to man, and that every man who does business, or works for wages, or has anything to sell, wants none but the best money with which to transact his business or in which to receive his payment. Another fact is that if you have the gold standard you have silver in use also, but if you have the silver standard gold will not remain with you; for there is not a free-silver coinage country in the world to-day which is not on an exclusive silver basis. Another fact is that, if you have the silver standard, all values—savings bank deposits, life insurance policies, pensions, rents, annuities, wages, railway earnings—all will drop from a dollar to fifty cents at one stroke. In the face of facts like these it is a libel on the national intelligence to say that the American people will consent to depart from the gold standard. Nobody who possesses anything wishes for such a departure. The bankrupts and paupers of the country may wish it, but did anybody ever hear of a nation adapting its financial system to the wishes of those elements of its population? This country to-day is the paradise of

the laboring man. He receives higher wages than are paid in any other country, higher than are paid in silver-standard countries. Does he wish to receive them in silver rather than in gold? Ask him, and see what response he makes. He stands with the merchant, the manufacturer, and the prosperous farmer in saying that the best money is not too good for him. It is only the man who has nothing and who earns nothing who is in favor of second-rate money; for he thinks that he may possibly be able to get some of that, though, as a matter of fact, it will be as far beyond his reach as the best money, for unless he has something to give in exchange for it none of it will flow into his pockets. The common sense of the American people has asserted itself on this question, and the party or candidate that ventures to ignore this fact will regret the mistake before the present campaign is ended.

President Cleveland's Emancipation Proclamation.

THE President's order of May last, bringing within civil-service regulations virtually all the Federal employees before excluded from their operation, was really a new emancipation proclamation. It completed the work of freeing the political slaves, whose serfdom had been begun by Andrew Jackson over sixty years before. Thus one Democratic President has undone the evil wrought by another Democratic President. Jackson placed the Federal service in politics, making all its positions the perquisites of politicians—the bribes which were paid for political activity and support. What President Cleveland has done has been to put the service back where it was when Jackson looted it; that is, make its employees once more the servants of the people rather than the creatures and servants of the politicians. The American people owe the President a debt of gratitude for this act, which will be more and more appreciated as time advances. He has been the unswerving friend of the reform, and has done more for it than all other Presidents combined.

Henceforth the 85,200 employees in the Federal service are as absolutely removed from the control of the politicians as are the employees of a bank or a great commercial house. They are certain to hold their positions as long as they perform their duties acceptably. When vacancies occur, every citizen of the United States will have equal chance with every other to get one of them. The examinations will be free to everybody, and the fittest applicants are sure to win; nobody's influence or «pull» will be of the slightest value to an applicant. Republicans and Democrats will have equally good chances for succeeding, no matter what the politics of the administration in power may be. This is one of the most thoroughly American aspects of civil-service reform. When political influences decided the matter, only the candidates of one political party could hope to get into the government service. If one party were in power for a long period, all the young men of the opposite party were excluded from the service. Henceforth the best man is sure to win, no matter what his politics may be. Surely there could be nothing more thoroughly American in spirit than that—nothing more democratic.

In every way the change is in the interest of the people. Not only do all the young men and women of the country have equal chance to obtain positions, but the Government is assured of far better service than was possible under the old system, and consequently the people have the benefit of a more economical administration. The business of the Government will be carried on now in precisely the same way as private business is. No private business could live in the way in which our public business was conducted under the old spoils system; that is, with a complete change of employees every four years, the new ones, like the old, being all more or less incompetent; for they were recruited from the professional political class, which was made up largely of persons who had been either too idle or too shiftless or too unprincipled to fit themselves for regular business or professional life. Instead of drawing from all the people for the best material, the old system drew from a small class composed largely of men notoriously unfit.

Next to the people, the chief beneficiaries of the new order of things will be Senators and Representatives and members of the Cabinet. These will no longer be compelled to sacrifice the greater part of their time to hearing applications for office and getting places for political workers. They can say to all comers that they have no power whatever in the premises any more than an ordinary private citizen has, and the result will be that they will be able to devote more time to the public business. We have no doubt that at heart the great majority of Senators and Representatives will rejoice over the new situation, for it was one of the most annoying delusions of the old system that any, even the most astute politician could use it in such a way as to give satisfaction to his followers. It was impossible to give all applicants what they desired, and the result in most cases was that the number of enemies made exceeded the number of friends.

But the best effect of all is that it brings us back to a proper conception of what public office is. This was well expressed in a recent decision of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, wherein it was said, «Public offices are created for the purpose of effecting the ends for which government has been instituted, which are the common good, and not the profit, honor, or private interest of any one man, family, or class of men.» The boss or spoils view is precisely the opposite of this. That treats public office as part of the available campaign funds of a boss, to be used for the purchase of votes, as bribes for support in the campaign and at the polls. A worse and more debasing form of slavery than a public office, won and held on such terms, could not be conceived. The incumbent knows that just as soon as his boss goes out of power, out he must go from his office. As the manner in which he performs his duties has nothing whatever to do with his retention in office, he pays slight attention to his work, and seeks only to retain the favor of the boss while the latter continues in power. To call such a system as this American, and to say, as the spoilsmen do, that the new system is un-American because it creates an office-holding class, is perhaps the supreme instance of boss impudence; yet for a long time many persons were deceived by it.

We are certain, however, that President Cleveland's act is thoroughly in accord with public sentiment at present. Nothing has been clearer for the last few years than that the people have been disgusted with the

scramble for office that has followed the advent of a new President in Washington. They have been longing for Presidential action which should put an end to this National disgrace forever. In March, 1897, when the next President shall take office, there will be nothing for the spoils men to collect about and scramble for except the fourth-class post-offices, the consulships, and foreign missions, mainly only those offices which are filled by the President with the consent of the Senate. It will not be many years, we are confident, before all the post-offices and the consular service will be brought within the same regulations, for this reform is certain to go forward. Its chief advancing influence is the improved service which it secures for the people. That makes converts wherever it is seen. It used to be said that if the offices were not treated as spoils for the victors, nobody would do the necessary political work to carry elections, and there would be danger that these would go by default. Nobody seems to anticipate any peril of this kind at present, and certainly no one familiar with our professional working politicians will deny that if they, with their bosses at their head, were to leave politics in disgust, their departure would be a cause for National thanksgiving.

The chief work of reformers now ought to be to extend the national system to state officers, so that throughout the union all public servants shall become the servants of the people. That is the surest way to break down the power of the bosses, for without spoils they will find it impossible to perpetuate their machines.

Fears for Democracy.

EVERY great change in the political and social order of the world is closely followed by a revulsion of feeling and of opinion. Hope has hardly turned to elation when it begins to give place to despondency; the era of enthusiasm is succeeded by a period of criticism. The reform for which men have been longing is, in their belief, to undo all the evils of the older world; and in the list of those evils they comprehend not only such as are caused by the existing system, but other ills for which imperfect human nature is really responsible. When the new system is fairly established, it is discovered that most of the political and social vices of the former age have reappeared, more or less modified in their form, but substantially unchanged in character. In the period of disillusion that ensues, the old order seems fairer than it was, and what has been gained is underrated. Then comes the critic who, with injustice as great as that of the reformers, holds the new order responsible for all that is amiss—not only for its own peculiar sins of commission or omission, but for all the hereditary sins of the race.

The political fact which gives its stamp to the nineteenth century is the triumph of democracy. Now democracy signifies nothing in itself but the equal distribution, without regard to class, of the power to make laws and to control their enforcement. It is the most effective safeguard yet discovered against the oppression of an unorganized majority of the weak by an organized minority of the strong. Ideal monarchy *may* discharge this duty; by basing the throne on the whole people, it may prevent class rule; but historical monarchy has usually meant class rule. It meant this in the France of the Bourbons; it means this to-day in the Russia of the Romanoffs. Democracy is historically a reaction against class rule rather than against kingly rule. Its first demand and its dearest desire is political and legal equality. But from the beginning of the democratic movement the leaders have promised, and their followers have expected, other things. Democracy was to put an end to governmental extravagance and corruption. The monarch, reaping where he had not sown, might fling the treasures of the nation to courtiers and courtezans; his officers, accountable to him alone, might divert millions from the national treasury; but the plain people, who paid the taxes, would exercise another sort of thrift and watchfulness. Democracy, it was sometimes maintained, would put an end to governmental paternalism. The king, regarding his kingdom as his patrimony, might seek to develop its resources by constant surveillance and interference; the plain people would see to it that governmental functions were restricted to the most necessary common ends, and that the freest play was given to individual energy and intelligence. Democracy, finally, was everywhere to assure liberty—not merely political liberty, which means the right of every man to a share of governmental power; nor merely economic liberty, which means the right of every man to seek his fortune in any honest way; but civil, religious, and social liberty as well, since no man will desire to coerce his fellow as long as his fellow minds his own business. Such unjustifiable coercion could suggest itself only to a *jure divino* despot.

With the establishment of democratic government has come the recognition that democracy alone does not secure all these ends. It does not make men unselfish or reasonable or even honest. It secures the realization, in the long run, of the will of the majority, but it does not insure the wisdom of that will. It does not protect the minority against the majority; an unchecked majority may exercise a degree of tyranny over a dissentient minority from which a czar would shrink. For a number of years European writers have been calling attention to these and other defects of democratic government. A French deputy, M. Frary, declared, some twenty years ago, in his «Manuel du Demagogue,» that democracy does not care for liberty, but only for equality. Sir Henry Maine made the same assertion in his «Popular Government.» Mr. Lecky repeats it in his recent work on «Democracy and Liberty.» Maine declared that the tendency of democracy is socialistic; it facilitates the plundering of the rich by the poor. Lecky, too, views with some alarm the tendency of democratic communities toward progressive taxation of incomes and inheritances. Both Maine and Lecky lay much stress upon the corruptness of the French and the American governmental service. Lecky distrusts the impartiality of our elective judiciary. Both of these critics recognize abstractly that monarchic and oligarchic governments have been corrupt, and that monarchic governments, at least, have shown strong tendencies toward state socialism; but neither seems to realize that oligarchic government has often been a system of legalized plunder, or that the most highly developed socialism in history was that of the Roman empire in the fourth century; and each of them lapses into forms of

expression that seem to imply a peculiar responsibility on the part of democracy for the corruptness of some of its officials, for the desire of some of its citizens to make other citizens pay disproportionate taxes, and for the tendency of many citizens to regulate other men's business instead of minding their own. Both critics seem at times to forget that these weaknesses are not peculiar to any single age or form of government. Frary is more discriminating. He maintains that the modern demagogue, who wins by flattery the favor of the sovereign people and abuses their confidence for his selfish ends, is simply the seventeenth-century courtier in nineteenth-century costume; and while he recognizes the inclination of French democracy to state socialism, he rightly attributes it to a faith in «l'état providence» inherited from the Bourbon régime.

Mr. Lecky, like most conservative Englishmen of the present time, has a great admiration for our written constitutions, and especially for the protection they afford to personal liberty and to property. But neither he nor any other Englishman, unless it be Mr. Bryce, has fully grasped the peculiarity which chiefly distinguishes our system of government from that of Europe —from that of republican France as well as from that of monarchic Prussia. The difference lies in the extent to which we are accustomed to look to private initiative and private association for work that in Europe is commonly done by government. Society attains its ends in all countries partly by government and partly through liberty, but in no other country is the field of governmental action so closely circumscribed and the field of liberty so little limited as in the United States. This is still true in spite of the tendency of some of our latter-day legislators to exalt their office, and in spite of the tendency of our courts to give undue extension to the conception of «the police power.» It behooves us to see that it remains true. Democracy does not entail, as some of our foreign critics seem to think, a special risk of over-government; but we must not delude ourselves into thinking that democracy alone gives any safeguard against it.

The Attempt to Revive Intellectual Piracy.

ONE would have thought that any prudent man, with the slightest regard for his reputation, might have detected in the long agitation for international copyright which culminated in the act of 1891, the existence, among the classes that direct American public opinion, of a widespread impatience with the form of robbery known as intellectual piracy. Whatever extenuation there may have been for such offenses, the offenders as a body are doubtless ashamed of the old record. But there seem to be a few persons, chiefly among the publishers of music and of engravings, who betray a rash willingness to stand once more in the public pillory. This willingness is likely to be gratified, for we much mistake the temper of the cultivated people of the country if, five years after a new and honorable record has been made on this subject, they will be content to go back in any detail to the old disgraceful state of affairs. Indeed, the passage of the Treloar bill would be a greater disgrace, since it would involve actually taking away property rights that exist, instead of refusing to confer those which ought to exist.

The main proposition of the copyright bill of Mr. Treloar, a representative from Missouri, and himself recently, if not still, a publisher of music, is to rewrite the law of 1891, so that the condition of manufacture in the United States, which, in order to obtain from Congress any copyright reform whatever, was made to apply to books, chromos, lithographs, and photographs, shall now, when no such emergency exists, be extended to music, engravings, cuts, prints, etc. This is advocated ostensibly in the interest of the American workman, who, in all the years of agitation before 1891, did not raise a voice to demand it, and who in this matter is so nearly non-existent as to be, even in the matter of votes, a negligible quantity. It is really advocated in the interest of publishers of music and engravings, who hope, by making an impossible or onerous condition, to prevent composers, both American and foreign, from taking out copyrights, and thus to throw into the «public domain,» which now contains every note of music published before July 1, 1891, the further reinforcement of a large body of contemporary work. The obvious result would be the enrichment of such publishers, some of whom have already made fortunes on the unremunerated product of other men's brains. These, and these alone, are to be the beneficiaries of the proposed class legislation.

Now at whose expense is this bounty to be bestowed? First, of all foreign composers and artists; secondly, of all American composers and artists; thirdly, of the American public; and fourthly, of the entire system of international copyright, which under the present act has been laboriously built up with nine countries of Europe, to wit: Great Britain and her colonies, France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Denmark, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. Against the proposal protests have been sent to Congress by the Manuscript Society of New York, representing the musical profession, and by over two hundred individual composers and musicians; by the Fine Arts Federation, representing ten societies of artists, of which six are of a National character in distribution of membership, and by the American Copyright League, representing the writers of the country. Why are not these protests conclusive? If any American industry is to be built up, why not that of producing music and art, instead of that of distributing them? Are not these civilizing influences more valuable to the country than the building up of a few colossal fortunes? The producers, moreover, are not asking special privileges; only the continued freedom of the present law to get the return which they may for their work.

But suppose that Congress, for a false idea of consistency, were willing to sacrifice the producer to the distributor, will it also sacrifice the privileges which the present law gives to Americans in the nine countries of Europe above enumerated? Or is anybody so foolish as to suppose that the passage of the Treloar Bill would not cause prompt reprisals by foreign countries? Will they be shrewd about pork and wool, and not about art and music? Are they not already restive under the inequality of what they give as compared with what they get through our present law? Excellent as it is in most respects, it is in some undeniably a source of hardship, and in the case of countries of a different tongue it is chiefly useful to their citizens by reason of the ideal

security which it affords to music and art. Shall all that has thus been gained for an honorable understanding with the world be thrown away by subjecting these two items to restrictions which will well-nigh nullify its benefits? To do all this would be to turn back the wheels of progress; and to do it for the sordid reasons which support it would be a most ridiculous and unpatriotic form of that materialism which is being continually nourished in Congress, and against which all the forces of our civilization have perpetually to contend.

At the notable conference in favor of international arbitration, held in Washington in April, our copyright relations with other countries were cited by one of the speakers as being the most successful approach that we have yet made to a practicable international institution, forming as they do a system of agreement on the part of widely divided countries mutually to do justice. In the face of the great demonstration of human friendliness and respect for law which that conference represented, it would seem to be a bad year to interrupt the continuity of a system of reciprocal fair-dealing which, whatever its defects, has brought us, as a nation, so far as this question is concerned, from barbarism into civilization.

OPEN LETTERS

American Musical Authorities against the Treloar Bill.

THE contributions which follow, from the professors of music in Harvard, Yale, and Columbia Universities, who, moreover, stand in the front rank of American composers, were written in response to the following questions, which accurately set forth certain provisions of the Treloar Copyright Bill, now pending in Congress:

1. Are you in favor of amending our present international copyright law by providing that copies of the musical compositions of American composers can be copyrighted only when the type is set up, or the plates made, or the copies manufactured, in the United States, and prohibiting the owner of the copyright from having the composition printed in England, Germany, or elsewhere and importing the copies for sale in the United States upon payment of duties?
2. Are you in favor of a copyright law which will compel the foreign composer to have his works printed in the United States in order to obtain copyright here; although the country of such foreign composer permits copyright there, without any such restrictions, of the composition of an American.
3. Are you in favor of a copyright law which will compel a foreign publisher, who arranges with an American composer to publish the latter's work, to print the work in the United States and sell here only such copies as are printed here?
4. In your opinion will it promote the progress of the art of music, will it promote the quality of music, and the use and enjoyment of music by the public, to require, as a condition of copyright in the United States, that the copies must be printed and manufactured in the United States?
5. Is such a requirement, in your opinion, beneficial or injurious to the interests of the composer?

From the Professor of Music in Harvard University.

I AM utterly opposed to any attempt to make the copyright of musical compositions conditional on their being printed in the United States. I believe that such a law would defeat its own object, for eventually it would restrict both the musical market and production of musical compositions; it would work injustice to our composers, publishers, printers, and the public alike.

The requirement that the works of foreign composers must be printed in the United States in order to be copyrighted is lacking in the *reciprocal* element which should be prominent in an international copyright law. Neither England, nor Germany, nor any other country so far as I am aware, requires as a condition of the copyright of the work of an American author or composer that such work be printed in England or Germany, etc. In European countries there is international copyright without reference to place or manner of printing. I am informed that, wherever there is free trade, copyright publications, with the consent of the owner of the copyright, may be imported free of duty. Where there is protection, copyright composition, with consent of the owner of the copyright, may be imported on payment of duties. Reciprocity requires similar provisions in the United States international copyright laws. Anything less would tend to develop, sooner or later, retaliation against Americans, and would be inimical to the growth of the art of music in America.

The proposed amendment would work grave injury to our rising American composers, who are beginning to find European recognition a very important factor in the development of native music in a young country. Our general public is not yet sufficiently advanced in musical taste and intelligence to appreciate independently the native talent now struggling to attain a higher ideal. The passage of the proposed amendment would retard half a century the time when America can take rank with European nations in creative music.

Within the last few years certain American composers have had orchestral scores and parts printed in Germany and England, either under the auspices of an American or a foreign publisher. Such publication has led to performances of these works abroad, where they have found recognition. This wide extension of the American composer's field of appreciation from *local* to *international* reacts favorably on the American public by procuring here readier performance and higher estimation. It should be understood that Germany, and particularly

Leipsic, is the center of the musical world so far as regards the publication of works involving orchestral scores. Such works issued at Leipsic have a far better chance of becoming known throughout the musical world than if published only in the United States. In fact, so far as my knowledge goes, not a single orchestral score of an American composer has yet been engraved in the United States. The only published orchestral scores and parts of native composers have been engraved and printed in Germany. To engrave a double set of plates for such scores and parts would be quite out of the question. Orchestral scores and parts have a limited sale, but without their publication *somewhere* the works cannot be made known to the musical world. If this law were passed, the future orchestral works of American composers would probably remain in manuscript, and have a most limited performance and appreciation.

In the case of short compositions of foreign composers, it is generally understood, I believe, that the necessity for printing them over again in the United States would prevent a great majority of such compositions from being copyrighted in the United States. Whenever any such composition becomes popular it will be printed, reprinted, and sold in the United States as a matter of course, and neither the foreign publisher nor the foreign composer will obtain the fruits of the composition. This is an obvious injustice arising from a lack of proper reciprocity in an international copyright act. Even if the foreign composer is not to be considered, the effect on the American composer is equally unjust and injurious; for such piracy of uncopyrighted foreign musical compositions produces an unfair competition with the works of the American composers, especially when the European composers have already established world-wide reputations. The rising talent here has great difficulty in getting a hearing or market on account of these unfavorable conditions.

It is obvious that music cannot justly be classed under literature. In the development of the refinements of civilization it should be recognized as a distinct and separate art, and should be encouraged in this country by a reciprocal international copyright, free from mechanical restrictions which would legalize injustice to both the American and foreign composer, and retard or destroy the international recognition of American compositions. Music is more international than literature, for the latter has natural circumscribed territorial limits. There is as yet no universal spoken language. Literature is English, French, German, Italian, Russian, etc., according to the country in the language of which such literature is written. Music has no territorial limits. The musical composition of an American composer may be performed and understood alike by German, French, Italian, or Russian musicians without translation; for its symbols are not words addressed to the verbal reason, but tones addressed to the esthetic sense of beauty and to the emotions.

If copyrighted musical compositions are accorded by Congress the same international freedom which exists in respect to *patented* mechanical inventions, it may well be that in another century America may acquire a rank in the musical world as high as she has attained in the mechanical world under our patent laws.

John K. Paine.

From the Professor of Music in Yale University.

I BEG to answer, «No,» to the first three of your questions.

As to the fourth: I think the proposed requirement will act distinctly against the progress of musical art in this country, by doubling the expense necessary to protect expensive, and therefore important, works.

It will also encourage the stealing of short works from European publishers, which practice has already done great harm to composers here and elsewhere.

I call it stealing, since it is taking that which belongs to some one else. That the law does not protect the composer's or the publisher's property does not change the character of the act of acquisition morally.

The above remarks apply also to question 5. I think the simplest possible legislation, securing to every composer, of whatever nationality, the fruits of his labor, will be that most beneficial to the entire country, composers and others. If we are at liberty to steal other nations' property, they can hardly be expected to frame laws to protect ours. If the question is, «Who has the most stealable property?» I admit we have less than most European nations, and a consequent slight advantage.

There is no doubt in my mind that the highest possible standard of international honesty in copyright matters will be our best policy.

Nor do I see how, in a question of copyright pure and simple, the interests of laborers or mechanics can in honesty be considered at all.

Horatio W. Parker.

From the Professor of Music in Columbia University.

IN my opinion, any legislation compelling publishers and writers of music to have their works printed in the United States, under penalty of forfeiting their copyright, would be a very serious blow to the advancement of music in this country. Such legislation would increase the expenses of publication (owing to the necessity for several editions), and narrow the market, besides being both unjust and eminently un-American. Why should an American's work belong to him only when he prints it in America? Why should a law be passed to protect his property only when it is manufactured in the United States? If an idea, musical or otherwise, is not palpable property, then the Patent Office is an absurdity. If engravers and printers are to be given such a monopoly, why should not other trades—say, for instance, watchmakers—demand that the theft of any watch not made in the United States be unpunishable in law. I understand that most of the music engravers in the United States are foreigners. If the proposed amendment to the copyright law of 1891 be seriously considered, I would propose that none but either American-born citizens, or at least citizens of, say, twenty years' standing, be allowed to engage in the printing of music in the United States. Also that all tools used in printing be made in America from metal mined or material produced here. If there is to be a monopoly in the engraving of music, let it be given to Americans working with American tools made of American materials.

The tools of the writer of music are his compositions.

If he is to be compelled to have these manufactured in the United States, let the rule hold good for other professions also. Instead of putting a duty on foreign manufactures, let us prohibit them altogether by withdrawing from such property all protection of the law.

To your list of questions I say emphatically, «No» to 1, 2, 3, 4; to No. 5 I have answered at length above.

E. A. McDowell.

The Failure of the Hampton Conference.

WITH UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM JEFFERSON DAVIS AND R. M. T. HUNTER.

ON the third of February, 1865, upon the waves of Hampton Roads, near Fort Monroe, Virginia, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States; William H. Seward of New York, his secretary of state; Alexander Hamilton Stephens of Georgia; R. M. T. Hunter of Virginia; and Judge J. A. Campbell, then of Alabama, met for informal conference on the United States transport steamer *River Queen* in a conference looking toward a cessation of hostilities in the civil war.

They were not «warriors old, with ordered spear and shield,» but men from whose faces the war-paint had been temporarily washed, and whose war-clubs had been temporarily buried. Their objective point was peace, but by predetermined paths, which could not, like «mountains, converge in a single ridge.» For four hours these great men debated great questions. Messrs. Lincoln and Seward supported one side, the remaining three gentlemen pleaded for the other. The actors in this important drama of the war are dead. It was agreed that their conversations should be confidential, and many of their utterances have been closely guarded.

Six months prior to this council of peace, Horace Greeley induced Mr. Lincoln to write a letter stating the terms upon which his soldiers would lay down their arms. In a communication dated July 18, 1864, addressed «To whom it may concern,» President Lincoln proclaimed that the «integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of slavery,» were the corner-stones upon which to construct the temple of peace; that liberal terms would be granted on collateral points; and that any person who was armed with authority to talk on such a basis should have safe conduct inside his lines «both ways.» The South was not fighting for slavery, but to make two republics grow in this country where only one grew before. «The integrity of the whole Union,» and not «the abandonment of slavery,» was the condition which prevented a response to that communication.

Lincoln was preëminently in disposition and character kind-hearted and benevolent. War disturbed him. He recognized that though the progress of military events was slow, that of his armies was steady, and that the chances at that time of a restoration of peace upon his terms were favorable. He deeply desired what he prayed when about to take the oath of office for his second Presidential term, «that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away.»

Horace Greeley's failure to bring about negotiations between the belligerents did not deter another eminent citizen from making a similar attempt. Mr. Francis Preston Blair conceived the idea that possibly commissioners might meet representing their respective sides, and the armies *ad interim* stack arms; that the peace feeling would then spread, and terms of settlement be reached. Greeley had tried Mr. Lincoln; Blair sought Mr. Davis. In February, 1865, Seward wrote to Mr. Adams, minister to England: «A few days ago Francis P. Blair, Esq., of Maryland, obtained from the President a simple leave to pass through our military lines without definite views known to the Government.» However that may be, Mr. Blair made his appearance in Richmond, and persuaded Mr. Davis to write him a letter which he could show to Mr. Lincoln, in which he should state that he was willing to send commissioners to confer with the Union President, if he could be assured they would be received; or, he would receive any that might be sent to him. With this letter Blair retraced his steps to Washington, showed Lincoln Davis's note, and induced the former to write him a letter which in turn he could show Davis, in which he should say that he had read Davis's note to Blair, and that he would receive any commissioners Mr. Davis might send to confer informally with him, «with a view to the restoration of peace to the people of our one common country.»

Again Blair went to Richmond and showed Davis what Lincoln had written, whereupon Messrs. Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell were appointed the commissioners on the part of the South. Observe the diplomacy exercised. Lincoln would not write to Davis, or Davis to Lincoln, but both wrote letters to Blair, each to read that of the other. So far everything was progressing favorably. Blair was doubtless delighted, while many others had an indefinite idea that those accomplished Northern and Southern statesmen would find some means to stop a war between people who «read the same Bible and prayed to the same God.»

Lincoln's companion and colleague in the Peace Conference was an enthusiast on the slavery question. A quarter of a century before, when governor of New York, Seward had proposed to extend suffrage to the negroes of that State, and had appealed to a «higher law.» He was balanced between the integrity of the Union and the abolition of slavery, but would not have objected if the scales had tipped toward the latter. At one time, as a Whig, he was a great friend of President Taylor; afterward he became a Republican and supported Frémont. He named the coming war «an irrepressible conflict,» and was willing to let it rage if its results were the abolition of slavery. He served eleven years in the United States Senate and became the logical candidate for secretary of state, because he was Mr. Lincoln's strongest opponent for the nomination for President in 1860, securing more votes on the first ballot. Seward was in advance of his party, in 1861, in the effort to secure a peaceful solution of the questions at issue, and for policy's sake advocated the evacuation of Fort Sumter. His great knowledge of public affairs, and his commanding intellectual ability, made him a capable adviser to his President.

Mr. Davis's selection of commissioners was probably as good as could be made under the circumstances. Not one of the three was a «die-in-the-last-ditch» man; all had great public experience, and required no introduction to the Union secretary of state or to his President. Stephens was born, and was buried, in Georgia. He

had been a member of several of his State's legislatures, and was equally full of pluck and infirmities. He opposed the secession movement, and helped to construct the Georgia platform of 1850, upon a plank of which was inscribed: «We hold the American Union secondary in importance only to the rights and principles it was designed to perpetuate.» He also was a member of the Georgia peace party of 1864. Later he was in the front rank of those who advised peaceable acquiescence in Hayes's election. He was the vice-president of a confederacy of States which the armies of the South were seeking to establish, but was never wholly in touch with the revolution necessary to secure their independence.

Robert M. T. Hunter died in Essex County, Virginia, seventy-eight years after he was born there; he served in the legislature of his State and in the Federal Congress, and was Speaker of the House, and for fifteen years a United States senator from Virginia, serving with great distinction as chairman of the Finance Committee. In 1860 he was a candidate for President of the United States. At the time of the secession of the Southern States there was a plan to make him President of the Confederacy, and Mr. Davis the commander-in-chief of its armies. He became instead Davis's secretary of state.

Judge John A. Campbell, a Georgian by birth, removed to Alabama, where he practised law. In 1853 President Pierce appointed him an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, where for eighteen years he dispensed justice with an even hand. He exerted his influence against secession, though he did not believe in its unconstitutionality. After the war he resided in New Orleans.

Thus the composition of the Southern members of the conference was supposed to be acceptable to the North; but the selection of its members by the South, had such choice rested with the people's representatives, might have been different. The gentlemen were strong in intellect, but weak in war; were as honorable and able as any of the Southern crew, but not adapted to tread the deck of the ship of state when the cordage was rent and the ocean's rest broken by the hurricane.

Mr. Davis put his confidence more in Mr. Hunter than in the other two, and trusted more fully to him. Notwithstanding General Lee's army surrendered but two months afterward, no commissioners could have negotiated peace even then, except on terms which should embrace the independence of the South. Had Mr. Davis agreed with the commissioners that peace should be restored upon any other basis, the soldiers in the field would have marched over him and them to battle.

One man, and only one, could have drawn the shots from the Southern guns, and, furling the Southern flags, restored peace on the conditions demanded by the Federal authorities. But Robert E. Lee was in accord with his civil chief on that question, and was determined to fight and risk the last defiance of fortune. «I say,» exclaimed Demosthenes, «that if the event had been manifested to the whole world beforehand, not even then ought Athens to have forsaken this course, if she had any regard for her glory, or for her past, or for the ages to come.»

Five years after the war, Mr. Davis wrote to Mr. J. M. Mason of Virginia very freely on this subject. He admired Mason's sturdy qualities, his courage, force, frankness, and dignified character, and they became firm friends. James M. Mason inherited many of the great characteristics of his distinguished grandfather George Mason. He had served his State in her legislative halls, was sent to Congress as a Jackson Democrat, and later was a United States senator for sixteen years. In that body he had been chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs when Davis was chairman of Military Affairs; and it was owing to this fact, perhaps, that he was appointed in 1861 agent of the Southern States in England. Mr. Davis wrote him as follows:

MEMPHIS, TENN., June 11, 1870.

HON. J. M. MASON.

MY DEAR FRIEND: It has been long since I have received a letter from you. Perhaps you will reply, it has been long since I wrote to you; but it is of the first only I think, because therein consists the loss. It is probable that it may be in my power to visit you this summer, and it is possible that about the end of July I may start to England. Will you go with me, in that event, for a trip, say, of sixty days? Your many friends there would be rejoiced to see you, and I would endeavor to be as little disagreeable on the way as is possible for me.

My journeys through the Southwest have given me much to remember gratefully, and not a little to make me feel as one sorrowing without hope.

Mr. Hunter promised me that he would write a full account of the sayings and doings of the commission which met Lincoln and Seward at Hampton Roads. I have not thought it well to write to him while he was subject to Military and Underwood authority;[1] now I do not know his address. Having got into the subject, I will give you a brief account of the matter. The commission had no instructions beyond their authority to negotiate for a settlement between the two governments. They agreed with Lincoln and Seward that they would regard their conversations as confidential. Their report, when they came back, was therefore, to a great extent, oral; the written report so meager as not to furnish, as it seemed to me, what was needful to a fair comprehension of their failure, and the reasons for it. I urged seriously that a fuller report should be made. Mr. Stephens tenaciously insisted that the mere statement would be more effective to rouse and convince the country.

Hunter told me he urged Lincoln to enter into some form of agreement, and endeavored to overcome his refusal by pointing out to him the example of Charles I.; and that Lincoln said he did not know much of history, but he did know that Charles I. lost his head. They reported to me that Lincoln said if we would lay down our arms and go home that he would promise all the clemency within the executive power, and that he refused to make or entertain any proposition while we retained our position as States confederated and having a government of their own. It was a demand for a surrender at discretion, so viewed at the time, and so treated by the orators who addressed the public meeting held in Richmond soon after the return of the commission and the promulgation of their views. If you see Hunter I wish you would talk to him on this subject. May God defend the right.

Present me affectionately to Mrs. Mason and the young ladies, and accept the sincere regard of your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

This letter Mason sent to his former colleague in the United States Senate, R. M. T. Hunter, and from that gentleman came the following reply:

[1] Underwood was the United States District Judge who had Hunter, General Lee, and others indicted for treason.

LLOYD, ESSEX COUNTY, VA.,
September 19, 1870.

MY DEAR MASON: I have been waiting until I supposed you had returned from the Springs to answer your letter, which, indeed, I ought to have answered before, but I have been so harassed by many things that my mind was hardly free for anything but the cares which absorbed it. I have read Davis's letter which you inclosed, and regret that I did not write out minutely my recollections of what passed at the Hampton Roads Conference whilst they were fresh in my mind. But I was imprisoned soon after the war, and my papers were either seized or dispersed, and since my release I have been engaged in hard work for a livelihood. As soon as I received this letter I sent for Stephens's account of the conference published in the «Eclectic Review,» which really seemed to me to be very fair (August, 1870, Vol. VII, No. 2), and from which I do not much differ except as to the report of Seward's conversation on slavery. You will see from that report I did not assent to the scheme for invading Mexico: not, I confess, from any affection for the emperor, whose whole course in regard to that matter, and toward us, seemed to me to be very weak. I was moved by considerations affecting ourselves. The whole scheme originated with F. Blair, Sr., who, as you know, visited Richmond to persuade the Confederate government to settle the controversy. Stephens was much taken with the proposition, and enforced it very warmly upon Lincoln and Seward: not as a proposition from the Confederate government, but as something to be considered. Campbell and I said nothing for a good while, to see how the other party would like it. Toward the close I disclaimed the whole thing, as Stephens reports in his published account of the conference. We all reported to Mr. Davis. I know that in our opinion no settlement was possible except upon the condition of abolishing slavery and returning to the Union. But there was a question beyond that.

Supposing these things to be inevitable, as they then seemed to be, was it not worth the effort to save as much as possible from the wreck? Upon this Mr. Davis and I differed. I thought the effort ought to be made, but I saw then, and see it still more plainly now, that there might be two sides to that question. Although I retain my first opinion, I do not censure him for thinking differently. When the concessions believed to be inevitable were made, one might well have supposed that the Federal Government would have sought to have made them as tolerable as possible to us, and to conciliate us as far as was consistent with these objects. This was only to attribute to them an ordinary stock of good sense and good feeling. But I feared the bitterness of feeling engendered by the contest, and although far from appreciating the full extent, I was not mistaken as to its existence.

Whilst I expressed this opinion both to Davis and Lee, I told them that if they thought there was hope from war I would do my best to aid them. They were to be the judges of that matter. Under these circumstances I made a speech at the African Church, which some of my friends thought was a mistake. But if the contest was to be kept up, it was necessary to animate the spirit which could alone sustain it.

We were all agreed in the government as to the policy of an armistice; we should then have obtained time either to get some settlement of the question, which would have saved us much life and suffering, as also to recruit our armies, which were then suffering much from desertion and the want of all necessary supplies.

But it was not to be had, which I think we all regretted. I hope, however, that we may meet some of these days, when I can explain these and other matters by word of mouth, and far more fully than upon paper. The difficulties which the Confederacy encountered are not generally known. The sacrifices and gallantry of the struggle on the part of the South, and especially of Virginia, have never been surpassed, and hardly equaled, in history. The Southern side of this history ought to be written. If I owned my time it would be a labor of love to endeavor to do it.

Most truly and faithfully your friend,
R. M. T. HUNTER.

HON. JAS. M. MASON.

Mr. Hunter, it seems, did not assent to the plan, warmly urged on Messrs. Lincoln and Seward, that both the Northern and the Southern armies should invade Mexico, expel the French, and enforce the Monroe doctrine.

Generals Grant and Lee riding side by side, with the heads of their respective columns turned toward old Mexico, would have been a most extraordinary exhibition. History has never recorded anything similar to such display of temporary forgiveness on the part of two armies which for nearly four years had sought to tear each other to pieces. Foes would have been changed to comrades, who might have remained so after both North and South had vindicated the principles of the Monroe doctrine.

The conception was wild, extravagant, and delirious, whether originating with Blair or Stephens. It was conceived and urged because there was nothing else in sight. Mr. Lincoln would accept nothing but the Union, and Mr. Davis nothing but the independence of the Southern Confederacy. There could be no peace until one side became the victor, the other the vanquished. Such conditions developed numberless schemes, and from the difficulties of the situation the Mexican plan was evolved. Undoubtedly an armistice between the contending forces would have been welcomed by the men whose bodies were targets for each other's rifles, and as many from both armies as were necessary for the purpose might have been marched across the Rio Grande, bringing results which might have changed the unhappy fate of Maximilian, Mejía, and Miramon. But what then? When the last French soldier had departed from Mexican soil, who could foretell what would have been the relations between the authorities at Washington and Richmond—whether war would have been again declared, or, the passions of the contestants having abated, peace would have been enthroned on some basis?

Mr. Lincoln was well satisfied then that peace would be dictated on his own terms, and did not intend to be diverted; while Mr. Davis would have entertained such a proposition only because it was a straw that a drowning man is always authorized to seize.

Fitzhugh Lee.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Coquette Conquered.

YES, my ha't 's ez ha'd ez stone—
Go 'way, Sam, an' lemme 'lone.
No; I ain't gwine change my min'—
Ain't gwine ma'y you—nuffin' de kin'.

Phiny loves you true an' deah?
Go ma'y Phiny; whut I keer?
Oh, you need n't mou'n an' cry—
I don't keer how soon you die.

Got a present! Whut you got?
Somef'n fu' de pan er pot!
Huh! yo' sass do sholy beat—
Think I don't git 'nough to eat?

Whut 's dat un'neaf yo' coat?
Looks des lak a little shoat.
'T ain't no possum! Bless de Lamb!
Yes, it is, you rascal, Sam!

Gin it to me; whut you say?
Ain't you sma't now! Oh, go 'way!
Possum do look mighty nice,
But you ax too big a price.

Tell me, is you talkin' true,
Dat 's de gal's whut ma'ies you?
Come back, Sam; now whah 's you gwine?
Co'se you knows dat possum 's mine!

Paul Laurence Dunbar.



DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

Outlines.

A MAN set nests of eggs. Few being hatched, he went to his friend for sympathy. But his friend said, «You should not count your chickens before they are hatched.» Said the man, «It is only he who counts chickens before they are hatched who sets eggs.»

A MAN bought a bicycle that he might learn to ride; but after much trying, and after many hard falls, he gave it up, saying, «Never again will I have to do with anything so unmanageable.»

Not long after he headed a mob.

A MAN stood upon a height and looked back over the way he had come, and he said: «I have reached the top of the hill. My youth lies all behind me. Never again may I know the beautiful joys of the morning of life. Henceforth I go down through the shadow into that valley where all is darkness and horror forever and forever.» And he went down to the bottom of the hill, his white hair damp with the mists of the twilight. Then he lay down and slept.

He woke refreshed, with the smile of childhood on his lips and the sunlight tangled in his yellow curls. Laughing and romping, rejoicing in the perfume of the flowers and the singing of the birds, he began climbing the next hill.

Berry Benson.

Aphorisms.

WHEN the average man knows that a thing is none of his business, the very knowledge of the fact begets an irresistible interest in it.

IT is hard to believe that any man overflowing with humor can be a rascal. Every sort of villainy is associated with gravity and grimness.

A GREAT fortune often serves as an impregnable fortress to resist the advance of Contentment.

A MAN may be saved on one occasion, only to be lost on another.

WIT is, at best, a hazardous possession: it is very apt to make enemies, and it seldom secures a friend.

ALL that most men need to become tyrants is power and opportunity.

A STRUGGLE is wholesome and desirable only for a time. Too long continued, it paralyzes enterprise and stifles hope.

Junius Henri Browne.

When Flossie Dusts her Room.

When Morning with her fingers cool has cleansed
of mirk the air,
And housemaids chat, and ply the broom,
And prowlers seek their lair,
I vow, of all the sights and sounds
Wherewith the newborn earth resounds,
That one most rare and debonair,
Is Flossie «dusting room.»

Her home it is an ancient manse upon the edge
of town;
An orchard, steeped in roseate gloom,
Casts flowers along her gown.
Ah, in the hilltop grass to lie,
And vow, there 's naught beneath the sky
That 's half so rare and debonair
As Flossie—dusting room!

About her gable nest she flies singing for lack
of care;
'T is she, the spring's most peachy bloom,
My own most keen despair!
She leans and shakes her duster out;
My heart it gives a leap and shout—
Lives aught so rare and debonair
As Flossie—dusting room?

Her pictures first, her bric-à-brac—ha! there 's the
porcelain vase
I've never paid for! 't was my doom.
Must *she* that potlet praise?
Each cup she dusteth daintily
And sets aside. Ah, woe is me!
There 's naught so rare and debonair
As Flossie—dusting room!

There stands she framed. For aureole from off
her bronze-gold hair
She lifts her kerchief; flowers consume
With envy as they stare!
As though the sun rose up again
The birds sing out with might and main;
The round world 's rare and debonair
When Flossie dusts her room.

Charles de Kay.

A Trifle Pessimistic.

«CAPTAIN, what do you think of the 'new woman'?» I asked suddenly. We had spent together an hour of smoky, delicious silence, tilted back in battered old arm-chairs, ingeniously and effectively lashed up with rope-yarns, against the shady side of the fish-house, while we watched the subtle changes on the responsive face of the harbor under the caressing afternoon sunlight, and listened to the almost inaudible breathing of the incoming tide, as with scarcely perceptible motion it crept up the wooden piers beneath our feet.

I was rested, and inclined for conversation. The old captain, who had looked on men, and women, and things for many more than the scriptural allowance of years, did not start at my profane interruption of the perfect stillness; and except that his keen blue eyes assumed a far-away expression, as if their gaze beheld a life of which their possessor was no longer a part, he gave no sign of having heard my question. Taught by long experience, I waited. At length, his short clay pipe still retained between his teeth, his thin lips slowly parted just far enough to admit of speech,—speech that was always music, for, like most of these islanders, his voice was the voice of the wind and the sea, captured and tamed and taught until it became at last, in its hints, its revelations, and concealments, the perfect expression of a human life,—he began slowly: «In my day they used to say that a woman would git advice of everybody she knew, and then run ashore with both anchors on her bow.» A pause, a few whiffs to make sure that the precious pipe was still alight. «As fer as I kin jedge, the new woman differs in one partic'ler»—and here the faintest spark of a twinkle shone in the dear old cynic's eye as the quiet voice went on—«the new woman seems to think she kin git along without the advice.»

Lois Neal.

Mother Goose.

Here lyes ye Body of
Mary Goose Wife to
Isaac Goose Decd October
ye 19th 1690.

—Inscription in Granary Burying Ground, Boston.

IN quaint old Granary she lies,
And all around her beats
The pulsing life that Boston pours
Through narrow, crowded streets.

America's first woman poet;
Pause, blue-stockinged dame,
And you with bloomers and with wheel,
And read her simple name,

That yet shall live when on your steps
Oblivion follows after,
Enduring as a mother's love,
Fresh as a baby's laughter.

And yet she was not learned or great,
No prophet of her times,
This grandam by a cradle small
Crooning her ageless rhymes.

She never tried to mold the world
(That problem superhuman!);
She never had a higher aim
Than to be just a woman.

Yet o'er what wiser woman's work
Such consecration lingers?
Her words are lisped by baby lips
And touched by baby fingers.

And all the hobbies, all the schools,
What are they worth, in one sense,
Beside her priceless gift of joy—
Her dear, delicious nonsense?

So to her name a praise is sung
More precious than all other:
Oh, listen!—down the centuries
The children call her «Mother»!

Ednah Proctor Clarke.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, IN THE COLLECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE BASSANO. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

NAPOLEON'S SON, THE KING OF ROME.

MID-SUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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AN ISLAND WITHOUT DEATH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «JINRIKISHA DAYS.»

OF the *sankei*, or «three great sights of Japan,» Miyajima, the sacred island in the Inland Sea, offers more of poetry, legend, human interest, and association than either the «Thousand Pine-clad Islands of Matsushima,» on the east coast, or the strangely winding peninsula of «Ama-no-Hashidate,» on the west coast. All three of the sankei are remote enough from the main routes to protect them for a long time to come from the certain desecration and vulgarization of foreign tourist travel, and to keep their charm to the earnest pilgrims and landscape lovers of the land. The groves of Miyajima still tinkle with pilgrims' staffs, the lights of the great floating temple shine out over the water nightly, and about it lingers much of the spirit of the old, ideal Japan.

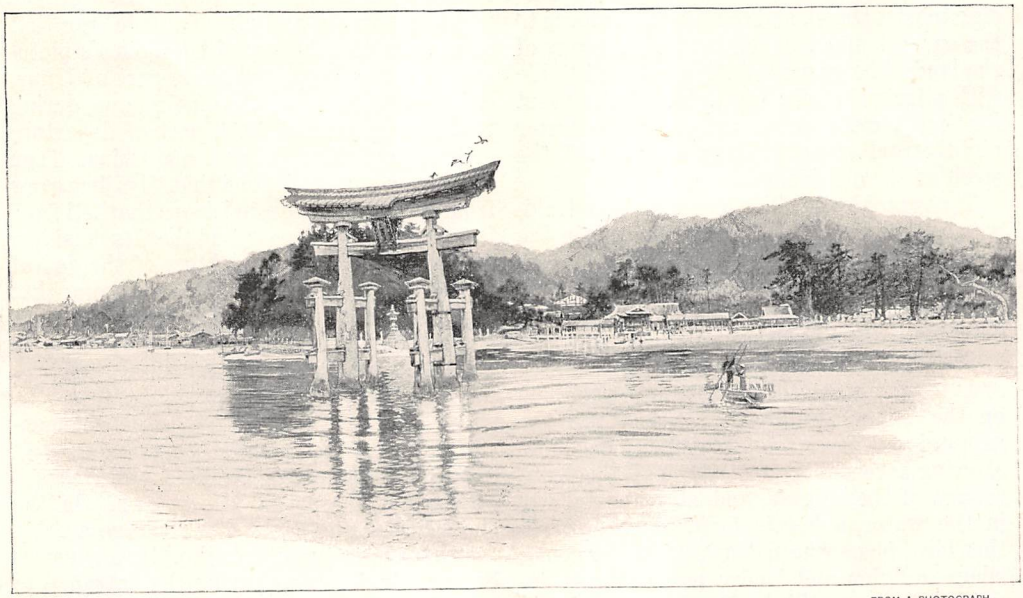
Topographically, Miyajima is an island midway in the Inland Sea, lying so far within the bend of the Aki shore that it cannot be seen from the route of the large ocean steamers that pass through those enchanted waters. To reach it most appropriately one must take one of the tiny coasting steamers from Osaka, and, touching at a dozen quaint little ports on the matchless voyage, at last see the mountainous green island, with temple roofs showing here and there through all the dense foliage of the heights, and, standing far out in the water, a heroic *torii*, fit gateway to that ideal place where death has never come; where religion and landscape loveliness, legend and poesy, still dwell; where the simple villagers, the gentle old Shinto priests, and the tame deer, protected by the gods and loved by the people, maintain an atmosphere foreign to the busy new Japan of railroads, parliaments, imported military tactics, and modern war-vessels. Or one may take the railway from Kobe to Hiroshima, and then a jinrikisha for twelve miles along its bay, and be ferried across a narrow strait to this isle of the blest, which will impress the more with its Arcadian features when one comes to it from all the bugling, parade, and din of mimic war that goes on in the shadow of Hiroshima's picturesque castle keep, and at its port of Ujina, chief naval station of the empire, and, during that victory year of 1894, port of departure of transport ships to Corea and China. Then one can accept the legend that Miyajima grew from one of the congealed drops that fell from Izanami's jeweled spear, and that Itsukushima and her two sisters, daughters of the god of the sea, aptly chose it for their favors; that their temple rose from and floated in from the sea, and that the great water torii grew with the tides as naturally as any coral reef.

There is a small village at the foot of a green bank, but that is off by its commonplace, profane self, and the temple is embayed in an amphitheater of the hills, with a shore-and-water foreground all its own. On the shore-line at the edge of the village a noble torii of Oshima granite, each pillar and cross-beam a single stone, marks the entrance to sacred ground; and this road, following the

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curve of the shore, is lined for a quarter of a mile to the temple with tall stone lanterns, the same alignment of votive lights continuing for half a mile along shore at the other side of the great shrine. The water torii is the unique and great feature of Miyajima's shrine, and one grows very familiar with it from its representations by Japanese artists in every line. The colossus is formed of great beams, each hewn from the single trunk of a camphor-tree, and strengthened at the base by cross-beams joining low parallel columns, which give it balance and solidity and most impressive effect. These beams are covered below the water-line with such a heavy growth of barnacles and marine plants that the torii seems very reasonably a part of the sea-god's kingdom and creating. This skeleton gate in the sea is so delicate and fairy-like in a first distant view, that one is not prepared for its great size, and the impressive sense of its proportions, when one floats in between its great camphor-wood piers, as massive and solid as masonry. Sculling through this noble gateway, and across the water court of approach, at high tide one may visit every part of the temple, and penetrate to the farthest labyrinth, passing beneath galleries and bridges, and floating before the open fronts of the great shrines. The galleries connecting the different parts of the temple have, strung along their eaves, hundreds of quaint little bronze and iron lanterns, all votive offerings, as also are the pictures that hang in line above them and form a famous gallery of ancient art.

The founding of this curious temple of the sea goes back, of course, to the time when the gods were on earth, and Itsukushima and her mermaid sisters sang on these shores. In earliest times—in the sixth century, when the soberest traditions agree that a temple was built—it was a shrine of Shinto, that most formal, soulless cult of ancient Japan; but within two centuries it became a Buddhist fane, brocaded bonzes taught with book and bell, the altars were a blaze of gold, and incense dimmed the myriad lights. The temple became more and more a place of pilgrimage; emperors, shoguns, and daimios vied in their gifts, and this grew to be the richest and most splendid temple outside of Kioto, the western capital. In 1548 it was destroyed by fire, and all the precious records were consumed, which gives tradition and fancy freer play, and invests those earlier times with more of myth and sentiment. It was rebuilt on a more splendid scale, and Hideyoshi, the Taiko, assembled his generals here for the great Corean expedition of 1597. On the eve of departure the Taiko addressed them in magnificent conclave in the great «Hall of One Thousand Mats,» on the favored hill for «moon-viewing,» beside the water-temple. It was almost a coincidence that, three centuries later, the Emperor came to his new naval station of Ujina, opposite Miyajima, to consult with his generals, and speed the new

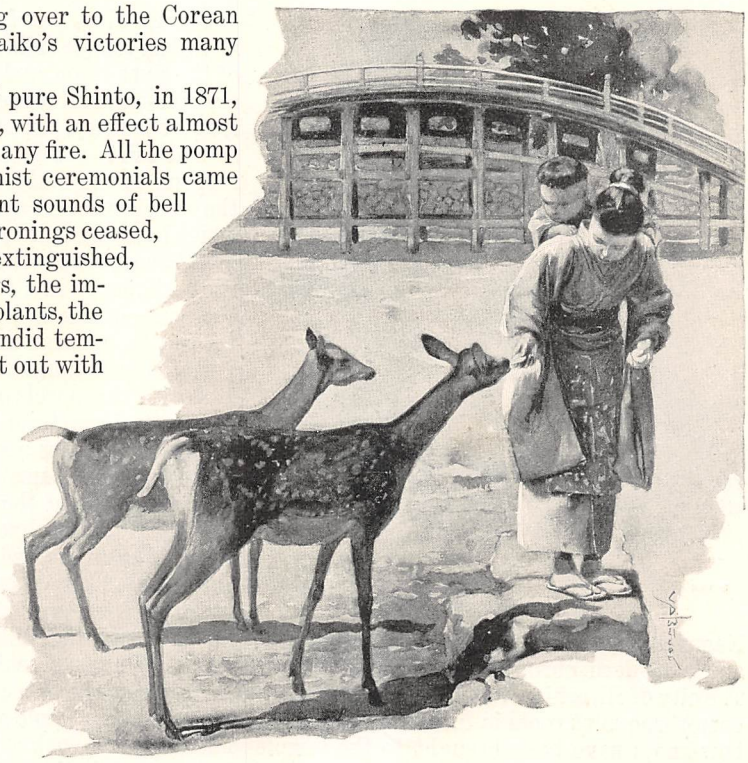


DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

VILLAGE OF MIYAJIMA, WITH TORII, TEMPLE, AND SHORE LANTERNS.

armada that, steaming over to the Corean coast, repeated the Taiko's victories many times.

With the revival of pure Shinto, in 1871, the temple was purified, with an effect almost as disastrous as that of any fire. All the pomp and splendor of Buddhist ceremonials came to an end, the incessant sounds of bell and drum and priestly dronings ceased, the myriad lights were extinguished, and the incense-burners, the images, the golden lotus-plants, the flags, banners, and splendid temple trappings, were cast out with the army of priests. Many buildings were deliberately destroyed, and in the silent, empty temples the mirror and the wisps of *gohei*, or paper prayers, of Shinto succeeded to the splendor of the lotus. The great money-box, where mice still run in and out seeking the grains of rice that the worshipers give to the gods, and a few *tama*, or jewel-shaped frames for votive candles, are all that remain in the despoiled shrine. In 1887 another fire wrought great ruin, and now this precious relic of a temple is tended and watched more carefully, and its preservation is a matter of pride to all of Aki province.

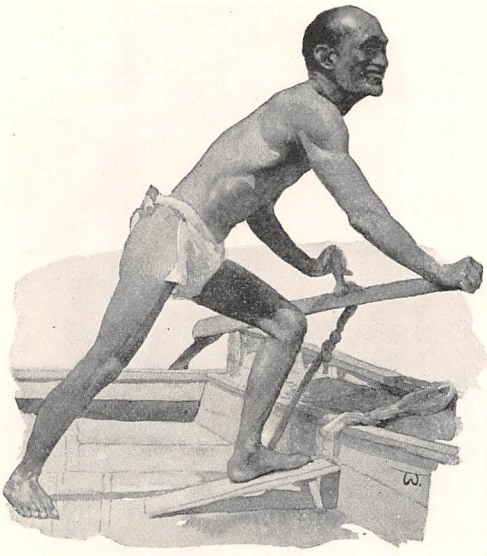


DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON. FROM PHOTOGRAPH.

MIYAJIMA TEMPLE COURT AT LOW TIDE.

The wooden structures rest on piers of the same fine stone of which the scholars' ink-slabs are cut, and the main, or central, shrine and four lesser shrines are connected by long galleries and arching bridges. At high tide the temple does indeed seem to be floating on the sea, and a twin temple of the underworld shows in the still, reflecting waters. At low tide there is less of poetry, perhaps; but even then—when crabs and strange sea things scramble over the rocks and swim in isolated pools, and the deer wade and wander at will in the sea-garden, and one may traverse on stepping-stones all the courts through which he rowed a few hours before—Miyajima is not without unique charm.

The local guides to the temple are insistent on a score of details. «Notice that there are eight planks between each pair of columns, and the cracks are left so broad that you may always see the water beneath»; «This fine stone water-tank was given to the temple one hundred years ago»; «These tablets record the names of the imperial princes who have given one hundred *yen* and more to the temple,» etc., our guide recited. The guides revel in the galleries of votive pictures, showing first the series of portraits of celebrities of four centuries ago, which was sent to the Vienna Exposition in 1873 as part of the loan exhibit of ancient art. Among the thousand other odd pictures the most celebrated is by Sosen, in which one of his inimitable furry monkeys is riding a Miyajima deer, the keen little eyes of *saru-san* always following one, the guide says, wherever he may go in the temple. Next in favor is the creeping tiger by Kano Sozan; but the striped cat, advancing with such a stony stare, great as its fame was for terrifying pious pilgrims in the past, does not impress one in these modern, zoölogical-garden days. There are a carving of two warriors by Hidari Jigoro, the famous left-handed artist, and a giant mask of the long-nosed Tengu, as trophies of the sculptor's art. Ranku's portrait of the gentle old flower-painter, brush and chrysanthemums in hand, and Kano's tattered painting of Fuji-yama are most pleasing of all. There is a quaint picture of the first Dutch ship that came to



DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

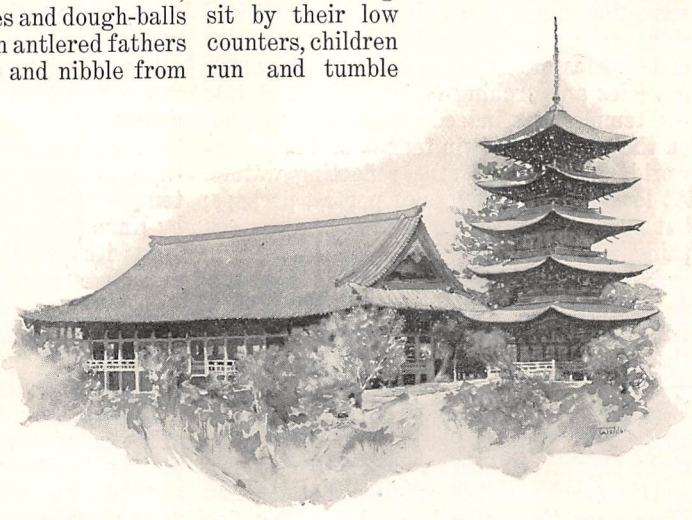
MIYAJIMA BOATMAN.

Nagasaki, two hundred and fifty years ago, and a modern chromo of the Eiffel Tower. The city of Hiroshima has given a huge bronze compass, quaint roots in form of dragons and bow-knots have been brought to the temple by Chiushiu pilgrims, and fine examples of graceful brush-writing are shown in the many autographs and poems framed on high.

The galleries are inhabited by a colony of happy families, who sell photographs, shells, and souvenirs of Miyajima, and many kinds of deer food. One who stays for any time on the island soon falls into the Arcadian life, passes a little time each day with the temple circles of cheerful gossips and their children, and regularly buys rice-cakes and dough-balls for the pretty pets that, from antlered fathers to tiny fawns, will all come and nibble from the hand, crowd and rub against one, and plead with their large soft eyes if neglected. One antlered pensioner became so sure of his morning dough-balls that he would patter in on the wooden galleries to meet me half way, and be incontinently «shooed» out by the children, who would gently but seriously argue with these four-footed playmates on the impropriety of walking into the temple on such noisy *geta* (clogs).

The great *matsuri*, or annual festival, of Miyajima temple falls on the seventeenth day of the sixth moon, and each July there is such a water-carnival as repays a pilgrim for the longest journey. The priests lead the procession of thirty-six decorated boats, which correspond to the *dashi*, or cars, drawn through the streets at other matsuris. The great junk which leads the flotilla that sweeps with gongs and banners and shouting chorus through the torii sleeps in a far court for the rest of the year—a clumsy, primitive craft, transformed to a barge of splendor by brocade curtains, sails, and strings of lanterns. At high tide the jewels of the sea are cast from the central platform of the temple, and all Miyajima splashes about, waiting to dive for these sacred talismans. At night the eight hundred lamps of the temple, and the whole mile-long curving line of lamps outlining the shore, burn reflected, the interior of each shrine is a blaze of candle pyramids, and the water torii is a gate of fire between the dark heavens and the glittering sea. Whenever any pious one will make an offering sufficient to pay for the oil consumed, the thousand lamps of the temple and shore may be illuminated, and as such a fire-prayer must be offered at high tide, these movable feasts of lanterns often come at witching hours.

The green hill that separates the bay of the temple from the village and its commercial water-front is crowned by the Senjo Kaku, or «Hall of One Thousand Mats,»—«Really, there were never but nine hundred and twenty mats,» says our precise cicerone,—the vast audience-hall where the Taiko addressed his generals. Souvenir-sellers sit by their low counters, children run and tumble



DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

FIVE-STORY PAGODA AND TAIKO'S HALL, MIYAJIMA.

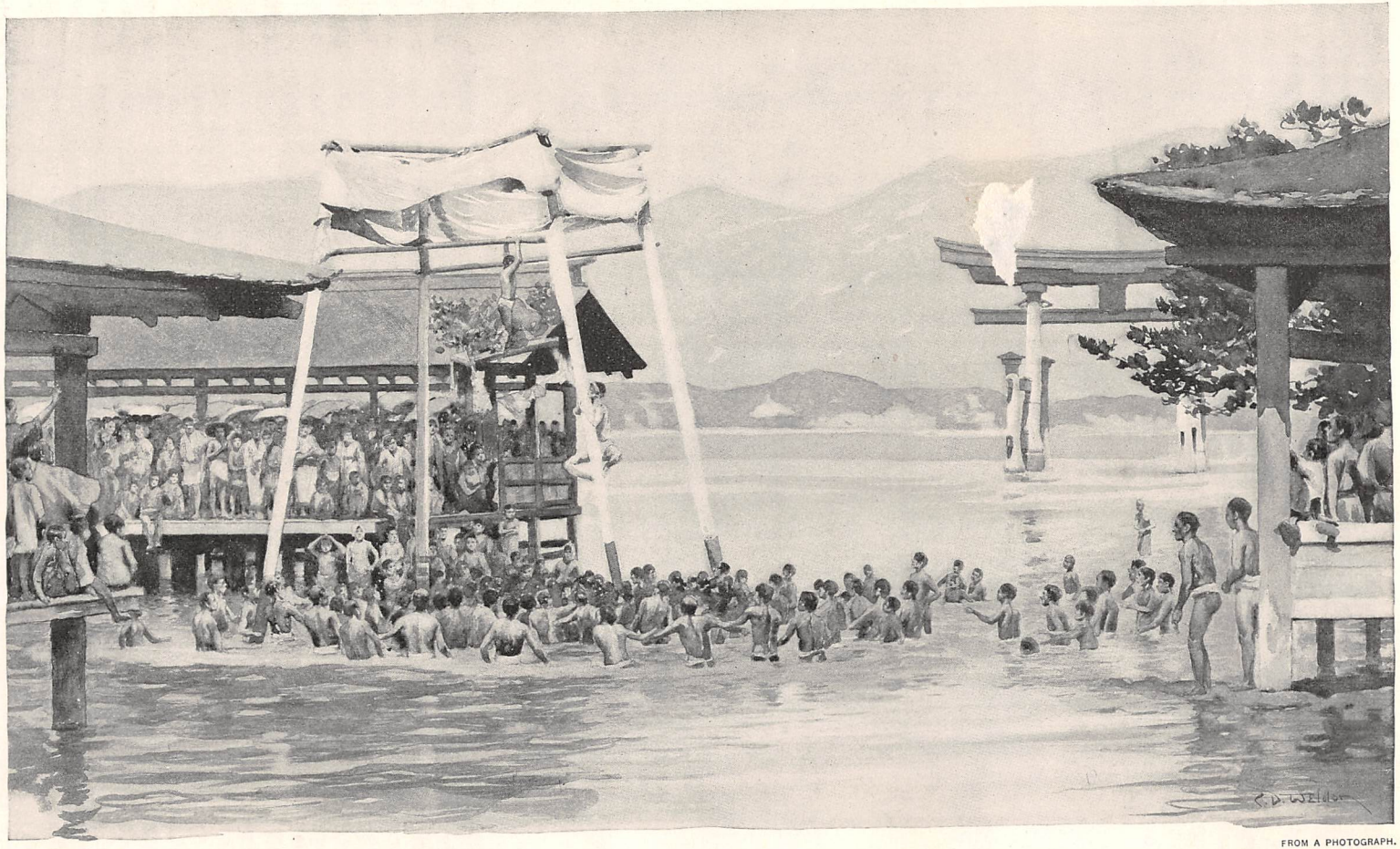
over the vast area, and from the galleries, hung with votive pictures, miniature junks, and seamen's offerings, one has a magnificent view of the straits and the opposite mountain shore. Besides, it is the hill for the «moon-viewing,» an eminence where the Taiko sat and watched O'Chiku San lift her smiling silver face up over the wooded ridge until the temple in the bay below him seemed to move and float over the rippling, shimmering sea; and far ravine holds the Momiji, or Maple-leaf, Tea-house—most bewitching cluster of doll-houses in the most picturesque setting ever found in Japan. There is the usual large living-room, or office of the landlord, and a general «food-preparing» room for the establishment opening on the roadway; but within the gates one finds a deep, green glen, an awful chasm some fifteen feet deep and twice as wide, all filled with delicate, airy



LANTERN PROCESSION. FROM A JAPANESE PRINT.

where moon-viewing and a murmur of solemn poems still go on every month in these modern years of Meiji. A monument to the soldiers who fell in the Satsuma rebellion crowns this view-commanding spot, and puts the new Japan in closer touch with the old. The quaint old Go-ju-no-to, or five-story pagoda, the tiered red roofs of which break the foliage of the hill with such fine effect, is the masterpiece of Takeda Banjo, builder to the Hojo shoguns, who, as well as the Ashikaga shoguns, were benefactors of Itsukushima's temple in the sea. The famous thousand-year-old pine-tree of Miyajima ended its life recently; and although one may no longer see this veteran with its wide-spreading arms, one may buy souvenir spoons and boxes and trays cut from its branches and very heart at every little shop in the village.

There is an isolated, aristocratic quarter of the village in the ravine behind the temple, inhabited by priests and superior folk; and the branches of cut-leaf maples. A terrible torrent some two feet wide dashes madly down from the mountain-side, spreads out into a lake the size of a large dinner-table, with a wooden sauce-boat moored at one side. Each vantage-spot on the steep bank holds a one-, two-, or three-roomed doll-house—such dainty, exquisite little toy dwellings, with such fairy balconies, such spotless screens and soft, shining mats, that one hesitates to desecrate them with the clumsy, defiling, destructive appurtenances of the simplest foreign living; and as for himself fitting into one of these midget mansions, it is Gulliver alive among the Lilliputians. Our life in that glen of maple-leaves was full of interest, from the moment of slipping back the screens in the morning with some anxiety lest the mite of a glen and its midget lake were not there, or real,—rolled up overnight, and some other charming Japanese drop-curtain put in its place,—to the last banging of the *amados*, or wooden



DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE GREAT MATSURI.

outer screens, at night. The deer were friends and neighbors from the moment of our arrival, coming to drink from the musical fountain-jet in our three-feet-square court of entrance, and then to the edge of our porch to bob their heads in well-mannered appeals for deer-cake. These pretty beggars, with their lovely eyes, their sharp muzzles, and delicate feet, seemed to know the value of their charms, and having no fear of man, had only to pose a few moments to move the stoniest and most indolent heart to wait on them. It was even more idyllic in the early morning to find some antlered friend, or an equally fearless doe and her tiny fawn, waiting by the lakeside to share our breakfast. After Miyajima one may well boast of having lived in Arcadia, and each day, more idyllic than the other, puts one in the better spirit for enjoying the rare Japanese charm of it all. The peace of the island is as perfect as its piety, and few sounds but the gently dashing stream and the flutter of maple-leaves disturbed our enchanted little glen. One spoke softly, as befitted a place of such perfect beauty. Neighbors came to the doll-houses across the chasm, but only the rat-tat of their pipes on the bamboo cups of the tobacco-trays was evidence of their presence there. One day a *cha-no-yu*, or ceremonial tea, was given in a pavilion the three-mat floor of which was built over the singing stream. Through the maple-leaves we could see the five augustly solemn tea-drinkers bending their fingers and sweeping the palms of their hands in and out, in accordance with the ritual of that long-drawn function of the Taiko's day. The ceremony and its setting were the ideal Japan of dreams; often birds fluttered in to drink fearlessly at the lake with the deer; and another day we hung excited from our fairy balcony, watching the long struggle of a turtle to ascend the «sliding fall»—a smooth silver apron of a cascade above the pool. *Kame-san* (honorable turtle) afforded us as admirable and inspiring a living example of perseverance over obstacles, and of success in life, as any delineation of the «ascending dragon» or the «waterfall-surmounting carp» in a great master's painting.

In that simple, intimate life there were no mysteries, not even of the menu. All the villagers who passed might stop and watch our cook making his highly colored curry for our midday meal; and the peddlers who came to tempt the tea-house maids with gay kimono patterns watched his strange concoctions, and sought pretexts to watch our further play with the knife and fork as we sat at feast on our little veranda over the lake. The small boy of the tea-house added the comic element, and his morning pursuit of our dinner chicken was always a feature. He would chase the angry hen around and around the lake, and when it fled cackling up the bank, a swift movement of his palm across the lake would spurt such showers of water on the ruffled fowl as might soon empty the whole vast deep and rob the ravine of its choicest landscape ornament. When the tea-house staff had combi[illegible]d against the hen, our majordomo would [illegible]ring the captive to us in his arms and [illegible]play the fine «stew chicken.» There w[illegible] solidity and an adamantine fiber to [illegible]iyajima fowls that resisted ordinary c[illegible] and we commanded one day that the bi[illegible]should be divided at every joint, the body quartered, and all kept stewing for the three hours during which we expected to be gone on an excursion. Summoned to see if all was right, we found the pallid, uncooked chicken dismembered to the last joint; but the whole puzzle had been neatly put together again, and the bird wound over and over with the closest network of fine spool-cotton—a strange travesty on that Gulliver to whom we were always comparing ourselves.

It is a strange little village, where no wheel ever turns, where no fields are tilled, and where the religious rules of so many centuries have forbidden deaths or births to occur, many a soul entering and leaving the world in the boat that hurriedly bears them over to the Aki shore. The tiny village of Ono, in a crevice of the opposite Aki hills, shows from the island its cremation temple and graveyard, where generations of Miyajima people have been laid away, and the little thatched dwellings where Miyajima mothers remain until their infants are thirty days old, when they may be taken back with rejoicings for their first ceremonial visit to the great temple.

They were such kindly village and fisher-folk that we soon grew attached to our neighbors, and one old *sendo*, or boatman, and his sons were our daily companions. They knew where to take us in the morning to see best the beautiful tangled and rocky shores, sculling the flat-bottomed sampan into caves and tunnels, and under arched rocks that framed charming pictures; and we never tired of floating about the colossal torii, the spell of which was stronger each day. The Miyajima urchins made water carnivals about us, diving and splashing tirelessly for the smallest coins, our sampan surrounded by these lively little brown frogs with bright, happy faces. On



DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

MIYAJIMA DIVERS.

the night of the great «September moon-viewing» the sendo took us far down the shore at sunset, letting us see two of the ten forts of the island's defenses, their port-holes and casements masked in foliage, and looking innocently down upon the narrow, tide-swept strait that commands one entrance to Ujina. Incoming junks seemed to reef their sails purposely for us, fishermen cast and drew their nets, and all of picturesque water-life showed until dusk. There was only a little time of darkening grayness and real night before a pale effulgence showed behind the heights, and O'Chiku San rose, tangled herself in a pine-tree's branches, soared clear for a while as she turned the whole bay, the temple, and the torii to silver, and then, like a true Japanese moon, barred herself across with narrow cloud-bands. There were quiet groups and solitary souls muttering under the breath on the hill beside the Taiko's hall, and looking down upon the temple, which seemed to be truly floating on a full-flowing silver sea; every court was a shining space, and no sound was heard save the distant hand-strokes of those praying before the shrines. From this vision of enchantment we went by shadowy streets to our maple-leaf home, where the witchery of moonlight filled the little glen with more of fairy-land than ever. At our doorway a little altar-table had been placed, and two plates of the rice-dumplings symbolic of abundance and prosperity, and a vase of *Lespedeza* and the early «autumn weeds,» illuminated by the flame of a tiny wick laid over the edge of a saucer of oil, were set in silent offerings to O'Chiku San. A deer stood back in the shadows, gazing with shining eyes at this eloquent offering, but nothing disturbed the homely altar until dawn showed the saucer burned dry of its oil, and the greatest moon-festival of the year was over.

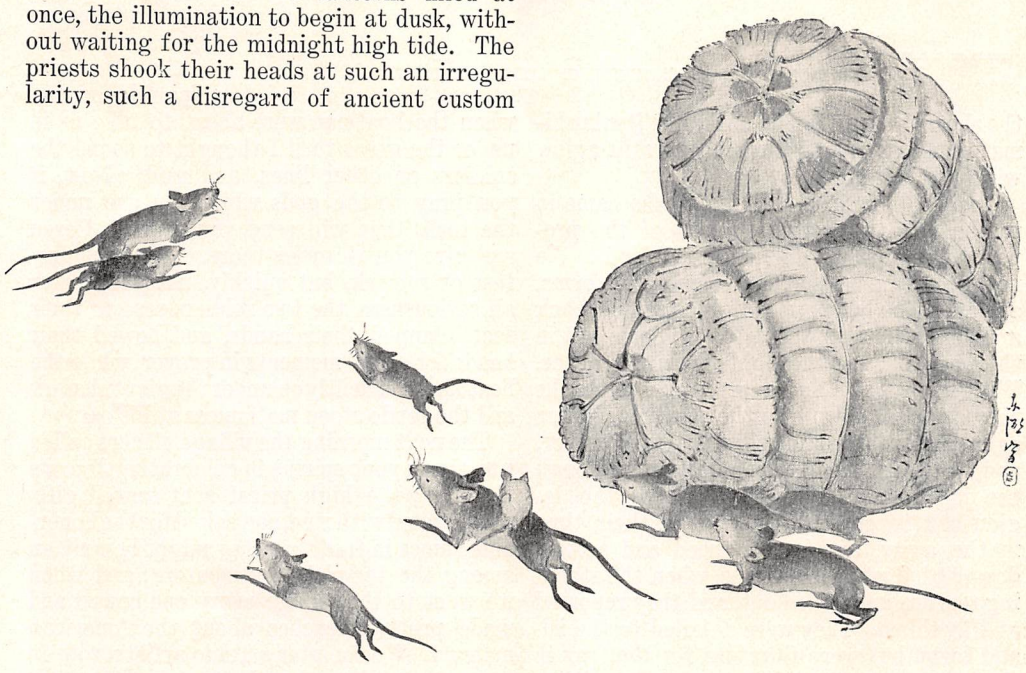
There are small «deer» on the island that arouse no poetry or gracious sentiments. The mice, those pests of Japanese tea-houses, raced through the doll-houses at will by dark, the ornamental traceries and designs pierced in the pretty wood panels above the screens giving them free range of every room. They ran over my face, scratched my pillow, nib-

bled my fingers, and kept me awake night after night with their rustling and gnawing. On the third night of mouse carnival I called the servants and had lights brought. The landlord heard the sounds, and bustled across the court to see what the matter was. «I think there is a mouse in this house,» I said. «Oh, certainly, certainly, honorable lady,» he said, bowing low and proudly; «yes, indeed; I have *many, plenty of* RATS at the Momiji.» And he could not at all understand why we should make such trouble about so natural a thing, and object to these sure evidences of abundant prosperity, these companions of Daikoku, the god of plenty.

One drowsy noon the town crier came to the door, clapped two pieces of wood together, and in a long chant besought all people of Miyajima to come to the temple for a «speak-meeting» at two o'clock that day and for the five succeeding days, to hear read the official news from the army in Corea. We sent our agent to listen for us, and our erratic and only Inudzuka returned breathless, to tell, in excited Japanese, English, and jargon, of the victory of the Heijo. We had intended to make a farewell offering to the temple to secure an illumination as a fitting close to our stay in Arcadia, and here was an opportunity. In the shortest time Inudzuka was speeding back to the temple to beseech the high priest to have the thousand oil-saucers of the lanterns filled at once, the illumination to begin at dusk, without waiting for the midnight high tide. The priests shook their heads at such an irregularity, such a disregard of ancient custom on short notice. «But this is an American matsuri, and in honor of the Heijo! How can you say you have any custom for such an illumination? And when did you ever illuminate at any tide for a battle won in Corea?» And the high priest said, «Surely, surely! Yes; for Beikoku [America] and the Heijo we can do it.» And the circle of eagle-eyed, excited priests sprang delightedly to begin preparations.



Our joyous sendo was at the temple steps with the sampan as usual before the sunset hour, and he had not pushed off until he let us know that the village was agog at the double news of victory and the honorable illumination. We could see the lay brothers all along shore filling the oil-saucers, laying wicks, and pasting fresh papers on the tall stone lamps; and when we sculled back, long after sunset, lights had begun to twinkle under the temple eaves. A lantern came forth and went bobbing along the water-line, stopped a moment, and a second light shone forth, then a third and a fourth, and so on along shore, as the lamplighter went his way. Soon the whole curving bay from headland to headland was outlined in living lights that gleamed double and wavered in long reflections toward



MIYAJIMA HOUSEHOLD PETS. FROM A JAPANESE PRINT.

us; and the temple was a great set piece of fireworks, each shrine a sun goddess's glowing cave, with the many-jeweled pyramids of votive candles. The spectacle lasted in full splendor for more than an hour, the villagers flocking along shore, trooping through the temple galleries, and drifting about in boats to watch the splendid spectacle. Then lights dropped out here and there, and the glow of the rising moon made the firmament pale; but even when the shore-line was lost in darkness, Itsukushima's inner shrine by the sea was still aglow with votive lights.



DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

SHRINE OF JIZO SAN, PROTECTOR OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

Two soldiers from the forts, who came in to the «speak-meeting,» heard of the proposed illumination, and remained for it. We noticed them pacing the temple platforms, and after the lamps were lighted sculled back and asked if they would like to come out in the boat and see the lights from the water. With many bows and expressions of thanks they dropped down into the sampan. It was as much our opportunity as theirs, however, and we plied them with questions through the interpreter. These soldiers of the legion had barely finished serving their time in the army, and had married and settled down as industrious citizens, when the standing reserve was called out, and they reported at Hiroshima. They were detailed to the island forts, but were thirsting for the fray in Corea, and expected to be ordered to Ujina to board a transport at any time. To such men of the standing reserve the government was to pay two yen a month, with pensions to their wives should they die in the Emperor's service, and rations to their families as long as they were under arms. They told us of the indulgences granted to all soldiers likely to go to Corea, and how they of the standing reserve could remain out of barracks until eleven o'clock, while young soldiers must report at eight. When we asked with concern what would happen if they returned to quarters after hours, they answered: «Our officers will not punish us. They do not fear that we will run away like Chinese soldiers. We need only to report that we have remained at the temple to hear the news of the Heijo, and see the illumination in its honor, and it will be right.»

All their hopes were centered on a speedy summons to the transport ships at Ujina, and when the boatmen were about to take us in under the great torii I thought to sound the soldiers on other lines, and said, «Now, if you pray to the gods while you are under the torii, they will send you soon to Corea and give you victories there.» Without protest or remark, but quickly, naturally, with all seriousness, the two soldiers rose to their feet, clapped their hands, and bowed their heads for a few moments in prayer, while the boat floated silently on under the giant shadow and the sendo stood motionless at his oar.

The next morning the village officers called «to thank your spirit» in celebrating Japan's victories; the high priest sent sacred gift-papers filled with rice, and asked for the honorable names in full, that they might be written among the temple's contributors; and when we went to the village every one bowed and made pretty speeches about the American matsuri. Weeks later a Tokio artist wrote in his quaint idiom that he had heard of my

«favorably presenting a great deal of money to the temple, praying for the war, and lighted the thousand lamps of Miyajima for the war. I seen it in our Japanese newspapers.» Surely never did one obtain so much pleasure and glory by an expenditure of four yen (two dollars in United States gold).

A real pilgrimage to Miyajima includes a round of the seven small shrines on the island, and a climb to the Oku-no-in, the sharp crest two thousand feet above the water-temple. A steep, stone-flagged path and long, mossy staircases lead up through the forest for two miles, passing closed, empty, or half-ruined temples, old pagodas, and deserted shrines, and the foundations of many other sacred buildings that were wantonly destroyed at the time the revival of pure Shinto put Buddhism under the ban, drove its priests to hiding, and reduced them to the most literal poverty and humiliation and involuntary fasting. Tiny fanes are scattered all the way, and one toy shrine to Jizo San, with cairns of stone prayers beside it, is niched under the great shelf of a boulder. Mossy Buddhas meditate in enchanted retreats, and one damp statue dreaming beside a fern-wreathed spring expects each faithful one to pray and then dash a dipper of water over his mossy old head.

There is a group of empty temples at a half-way station, and an airy *ta-te-ba*, or tea-booth, perched on a precipice's edge, lets one look almost straight down on the temple, the skeleton gate in the water, and out over all the blue beauty of strait and bay, and the great green ridges of the Aki hills. We met pretty village maids descending with huge bundles of twigs and firewood on their heads, quiet pilgrims with staffs and straw cloaks, and one charming Japanese woman of the upper class, whose sweet, velvet voice rang after us in warning of the danger of climbing a certain slope of coarse, crumbling granite in hard-heeled leather shoes, while we wondered how she ever passed the breakneck place in her shuffling straw *dzori*, held only by velvet cords between the toes.



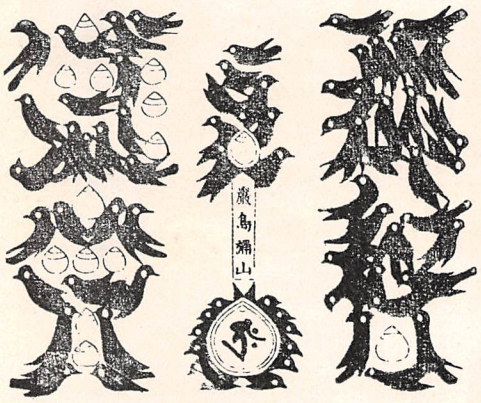
DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

MIYAJIMA PORTERS.

The gods who built Miyajima had some titanic play with boulders at the summit, tilting and tumbling rocks the size of houses, building natural torii, and constructing grottoes and niches that a few gilded images and brocade curtains convert to full temples. Our ancient guide watched us closely in each such shrine, and, seemingly to prevent us from stealing the charming little altar images, hurried us out ahead of him as soon as we had tossed in our copper offerings. There is one miraculous rock with an aperture in its side, into which one may dip a finger and find it wet with the saltest brine. The modern surveyor's beacon at the very summit is surrounded by a circle of gray, weather-beaten little shrines erected by the Tokugawa shoguns, and it was there that we discovered that our lean, bald-pated old guide had abstracted the coppers from each shrine as fast as we contributed them, and this was partly the reason for the glee and joy animating him when I besought him to clap and pray Tento Sama (the sun) to shine on my attempts at photographing him, and reason, too, for his driving us out of each temple in advance of him.

It was all sunshine and enchanted stillness on that mountain-top. The rustle of a pheasant and the movements of the deer, as they

sought ferny beds for their noonday rest, were the only sounds as we went from one deserted temple, mossy gateway, or bell-tower, to another. The people have lately restored the large temple where burns the sacred flame



A MIYAJIMA PRAYER-PAPER.

first lighted by Kobo Daishi after he had conquered the dragons on the opposite shore of Shikoku, and here a group of priests served us barley tea, and sold us, to wear as talismans, prayer-papers on which the crows who stole the jewels of the sea and brought them to this temple were grouped to represent archaic characters. As reward to these birds, the gods permitted their descendants to come every year, raise their young in safety, and fly away, only two crows visiting Miyajima in a year. From all the high points and through each opening we had views on both sides of the island, and everywhere were wonderful billowy masses of green below us, and in the distance delicate, vaporous blue mountain shapes floated on a soft pearl-and-blue sea that was but a different presentment of the exquisite sky.

We went back to the prosaic outer world of our own with regret, really saddened at leaving this isle of the blessed, whence death and sorrow are so nearly banished, where there are many temples, but no tombs, where all of peace and poesy dwells, where one feels a century removed from progressive, modern Japan, and enjoys the charm of feudal, prayerful times, of those days when the gods were nearer the earth, and certainly made Miyajima a visiting- if not an abiding-place.

Et ego in Arcadia vixi.

Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore.

THE SILENCE OF LOVE.

OH, inexpressible as sweet,
Love takes my voice away;
I cannot tell thee, when we meet,
What most I long to say.

But hadst thou hearing in thy heart
To know what beats in mine,
Then shouldst thou walk, where'er thou art,
In melodies divine.

So warbling birds lift higher notes
Than to our ears belong;
The music fills their throbbing throats,
But silence steals the song.

George E. Woodberry.



JAPANESE PANEL DESIGNED AND BURNED BY A. S. F. KIRBY.

BURNT WOOD IN DECORATION.

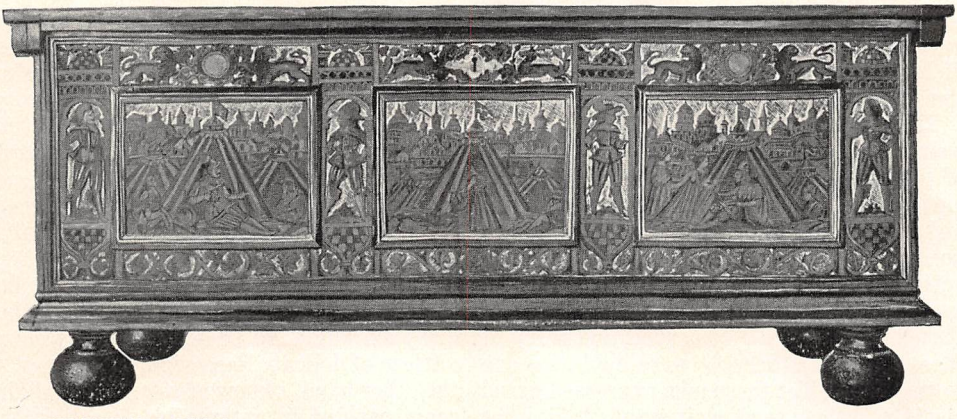
WITH ANCIENT AND MODERN EXAMPLES.



«EVENING.»
BY J. WILLIAM FOSDICK.

HE who has within him the divine fire of genius must perforce give expression to noble ideals: the medium employed, and the hand that wields it, are but servants of his inspired mind. In other words, a good draftsman can draw with anything. The decorations which have best withstood the ravages of time, and are the most chaste and refined, have been produced with the simplest means possible—chisel, mallet, and marble; chisel and wood; modeling-tool, clay, and fire; sheet-metal and hammer. What could be more direct and simple than red-hot iron and wood?

Many years ago the manual labor of the artist in color was reduced to a minimum: he no longer grinds his colors, or makes his canvas and brushes. But up to the present day the artist in burnt wood has toiled on with his rude forge and burning-irons, with the devotion of an old-time alchemist. Singularly enough, relief from the discomforts of this crude mode of work has at last come through the avenue which brings relief from all physical ailments—that of medicine. The thermo-



DRAWN BY SPENCER B. NICHOLLS.

MEDIEVAL CHEST IN BURNT WOOD. ENGLISH WORKMANSHIP, EARLY 16TH CENTURY.
OWNED BY HENRY CABOT LODGE.

cautery, a surgical instrument invented for cauterizing, has been adapted to the use of the artist, so that he can work with comparative freedom.

Formerly the fire-etcher employed copper tools, not unlike soldering-irons, set into wooden or other non-conducting handles. These tools cooled rapidly, and had to be constantly shifted, while the oxidation of the copper necessitated constant cleaning. What with feeding his fire and blowing it up with hand-bellows, it is a wonder that the wood-burner produced anything at all artistic. To-day the hollow burning-point is of platinum, a metal which does not oxidize. Once heated, a never-failing current of naphtha gas, burning within, enables the artist to work for hours, wholly independent of the forge, the bellows, and other paraphernalia. The electrode, another surgical cautery, is likewise used in burnt-wood work, and electricity will in time supersede all other means of heating the burning-point.



GOTHIC PANEL DESIGNED AND BURNED BY J. WILLIAM FOSDICK.

With these facilities at hand, the fire-etcher must still encounter difficulties not found in practising the kindred arts. Clouds of smoke constantly rise in his face, while the incessant flashing of the fiery point is always trying to the eye. He must have a deep-rooted love of his art, and the patience of Job.

The wood-carvings and wrought-metal work of the middle ages attract the lover of the picturesque by certain irregularities of line and angularities of curve and plane, which do no injury to the whole, yet give it a character not found in the work of the rounded, sandpapered school of to-day. The tools of these masters were often crude, and many of these accidental accents were doubtless due to this fact. Yet these men expressed grand ideals, and their work as it stands to-day has an individuality which is largely due to this very picturesqueness. There are comparatively few workers in wood to-day who appreciate this quality, and only recently has really artistic wood-carving been done by American carvers. One of our most eminent architects, in speaking of the desire of his wood-carvers to destroy all character by the sandpapering process, says that it is necessary to stand over these men and to take their work from them while they still consider it unfinished.

Burnt-wood decoration must be something more than a simple scorching or tinting of the wood: the same effect can be more easily produced with bitumen or Vandyke brown. Its value as a means of decoration lies in the wonderful character of its intaglio line-work and flat tones, and in the picturesque inequality of surface which the more or less vigorous burning produces. He who best knows the value of a line can best practise this art; but he who seeks to create modeled realisms can only degrade it. A rigid devotion to accentuated intaglio line-work and to the laws of flat decoration must of necessity result in original effects unlike those produced by other mediums.

As of old the master wood-carvers and violin-makers hoarded flawless, dry wood, so must the wood-burner of to-day keep a vigilant eye upon the lumber-yards, and lay in a stock of flawless, dry wood. His material cannot be too well seasoned. It must be white, free from gum, and soft: white because contrasts are wanted, and free from resin that it may not turn black with age. As it is the fiber of the wood which is blackened or carbonized, not the resin, it is obvious that the freer the wood is from gummy substances the better. The most satisfactory fire-etching has been done on panels of French poplar, which is soft, white, close-grained, and free from gum. The common white wood or yellow poplar of America yields readily to treatment with the hot iron, and can be successfully used in conjunction with harder, rarer woods, as beneath the magic touch of the burning tool it becomes rich and solid. The harder woods are more difficult to work, but, by combining the natural grain of woods like maple or oak with the rich burnt tones, beautiful results may be obtained.

I know of a hall which is paneled from floor to ceiling with golden-hued Mexican mahogany upon which has been successfully burned a frieze of delicate Renaissance traceries. On the other hand, I know of a low-toned dining-room paneled in antique black oak, with a deeply burned frieze, and containing in the massive chimneypiece a historical decorative



DECORATIVE PORTRAIT OF LOUIS XIV IN BURNT WOOD, ADAPTED FROM EXISTING PORTRAITS IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. BY J. WILLIAM FOSDICK. OWNED BY THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

portrait, and in the four walls other similar portraits, all in burnt wood.

Every architect is willing to acknowledge that the utmost circumspection is necessary in applying any foreign material to architectural spaces. A glaring piece of mural painting, mosaic, or stained glass may destroy the artistic value of an interior, however purely and chastely conceived. It is obvious, therefore, that the very simplicity of the art of wood-burning, the unobtrusive quality of its color, and the utter impossibility of color dis-

cord, render it a safe and valuable means of interior decoration. Virtually it is closely allied to low-relief ornament in wood, stone, leather, or metal, and is adaptable where these forms of decoration are used. Furthermore, its color-quality admits of its application in lieu of mural painting, tapestry, embossed leather, and tiles.

The commercial spirit of the age asks for decoration in large quantities, but it must be supplied cheaply; consequently the lover of truth and artistic originality is disgusted and disheartened at seeing the public accept and approve of mechanically produced decorations which are but base mockeries of nobler realities. The fire-etcher, after years of hard study in the furtherance of his art, awoke one morning to find that a clever Teuton had invented a machine with engraved metal cylinders, heated to a certain degree, which reeled off decorative burnt-wood panels *ad nauseam*.



FRAGMENT OF DECORATIVE FRIEZE, «THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD,» HENRY VIII. DESIGNED AND BURNED BY J. WILLIAM FOSDICK.

It would be useless to compare or contrast this class of burnt-wood work with that of the artist. We can more easily consign it to its proper category—that of the branded shovel-handle and cigar-box cover.

It would be impossible to state positively when this art was first practised. Burnt panels have been found in various parts of Europe, set into ancient furniture, chimneypieces, and



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.

BUST OF KING MERENPTAH, CARVED IN GRAY GRANITE AND COLORED. FOUND BY PROFESSOR PETRIE IN THE RUINS OF THE FUNERAL TEMPLE OF THE KING AT THEBES, FEBRUARY, 1896.

The inscriptions on the shoulders are the two names of the king: Mer-Amen, Ba-en-Ra, on the right; on the left, Mer-en-Ptah, Hotep-her-Ma.

then, amid the fragments of columns and foundations, heaped over with a foot or two of stone chips, this grand block had lain since about the time of the Trojan war. All Greek history, Roman, and medieval—the prophets, Christianity, and Islam—have swept along while this was waiting unsuspected, with its story of the wars of Pharaoh of the Hard Heart, and his crushing of Israel.

But beside the tablet I found another and more personal memorial of Pharaoh—his own portrait. From the earliest times the Egyptian sought to provide a dwelling for the soul as closely like the person in life as sculpture and color could render it. These statues, or soul-houses, were placed in the upper chamber of the tomb, where the offerings were made in reality or engraved in simile. And when the kings had the chamber of offerings expanded into a great temple, placed some distance in front of the tomb, the statues were placed in the temple, so that the soul could take its place in such a glorious tabernacle to receive the offerings made for its sustenance. The statues of the funeral temples, then, are more especially the images of the king; they were to the Egyptian the corporeal king himself, the nearest approximation to his bodily presence, and actually tenanted by his soul.

In this statue of Merenptah, we see what was the king to the Egyptian gaze. Here



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.

PROFILE VIEW OF THE BUST OF MERENPTAH.

is the nearest approach to the living man, showing his firm and rather dogged expression, not untinged with melancholy—a man who would stand many plagues unmoved, whose endurance and whose pride it would be hard to subdue; and the teleologist may perhaps take the consolation that plagues were very good training for such a man and the people he ruled over.

He had had a hard life for any man of capacity, as he undoubtedly was. His father had married early and often, so that, though Merenptah was the thirteenth son, he must have been born near the beginning of the long series of a hundred and more sons in which his father gloried. As several sons are in the sculptures already shown actively fighting in the fifth year of the reign of Rameses, this would suggest that Merenptah was born even before his father's accession. But as Rameses reigned sixty-six years, this would put the reign of Merenptah into about the sixty-fifth to the ninetieth year of his life, which is very unlikely. Another reason may exist for his being ranked early in the family history of royal children. In the ruins of his temple I found a fragment of stone with the name of Bantanta, a favorite daughter of Rameses, who is also believed from her titles to have been a wife of his. Marriage with near relatives was the rule rather than the exception in Egypt; and though at present sister-marriage has disappeared, it is considered to be the first duty of an Egyptian to marry his first cousin, if there is an uncle's daughter to be had in the family; after that duty he may

please his own taste with a wife from elsewhere. There is, then, nothing at all unlikely in supposing that Rameses had married his favorite daughter. If Bantanta had only been a sister or stepmother of Merenptah, it is not likely that she would be commemorated in his funeral temple; no other name was found in the place. It is therefore probable that Bantanta was the mother of Merenptah, who was thus grandson of his father. This would place him later in the family history, while his earlier place in the series of the children may be due to his mother's being a favorite. Thus we might suppose him to have been born in the twentieth to the thirtieth year of his father's reign; even then he would have been about forty at his accession.

And a melancholy prospect he had seen as he grew up. His father had been active in the earlier years of the reign; but after about twenty years he ceased all personal labor, and seems to have sunk in his fatuous pride into a mere despot, devoted to perpetuating his effigies on the monuments, and his family in the harem. The kingdom went steadily into decay year after year, and the old man became more indolent and more fatuous, while none of his sons seems to have been allowed to take up the reins and save the country. «Egypt is desolated, and abandoned to invasion from all lands; the barbarians overrun its frontier, the revolters invade it daily, every country is pillaging its cities, raiding its dwellings in the fields and on the river. They abide and settle there for days and months, seated in the land; they reach the hills of middle Egypt; . . . they search for the corn-land, seeking to fill their bellies; they come to Egypt to find provision for their mouths.» Such is the melancholy picture drawn by Merenptah of the state of the country on his accession—a striking contrast to the work of the really great kings of Egypt, of the Amenhotep and Thothmes line, who had handed on the rule of Syria from father to son unbroken. The continuous record that we have of Thothmes III shows that every year regularly he went through Syria to receive tribute and maintain his power, taking all the young princes to be educated in Egypt before they came to act as vassals in their own country. Until he was over fifty this annual outing was kept up, and his children to the third and fourth generation received this dominion in peaceful succession. But under Rameses all this stability had vanished; a few raids which did not cover half the previous conquests of Syria, a treaty on equal terms with the foe, and the boastful king sunk into an inglorious lethargy, in which even Egypt itself was largely given up to the foreigners.

And this decay was what had eaten into the soul of Merenptah during all his youth and vigor; until he was at least forty nothing could be done by him. It was not until the old king had come to that condition which we can now see before our eyes in the Cairo Museum,—a withered mummy, which seems as if still dwelt in and half alive with the spirit of insensate pride,—it was not until this evil genius of the land was in his tomb that a stroke could be struck for the freedom of the country.

Then began careful preparation. For four years Merenptah was consolidating his power, with apparently one expedition to Syria, up the coast to the plain of Esdraelon and Tyre; this reconquest we have learned of only since finding the new tablet. But it did not do more than secure the principal fortresses near the coast, and command the corn districts of Philistia and Esdraelon, which were cultivated by the people of Israel, among others. It is evident that reorganization had been going on, strengthening the resistance of the country, by the vigor with which the great Libyan invasion was repelled, after the country had been long submitting to minor attacks.

At the end of March in his fifth year Merenptah had a dream. Ptah, the great god of Memphis, appeared to him, and warned him to be ready a fortnight hence. This is doubtless a priestly way of putting some warnings from spies or travelers who reported the preparations in progress. Then, early in April the great tempest of foreign invasion burst in from the west, coming just when all the harvests were gathered in, the fields stripped bare, the whole land naked and open, and canals dried up; in short, just when the greatest facilities existed for invasion, and the full granaries tempted the desert peoples.

The warning had not been in vain. Merenptah was prepared, and attacked the assembled host with his cavalry; the gods fought with them, and for one long afternoon, from midday till dark, they slew, and slew, and slew, for six hours slaughtering the multitude. The defeat was utter. The king, Maury, son of Dad, escaped, thanks to the darkness; but he did not even secure a horse or provisions, and fled from the fight on foot, completely terrified. His wives and his rich equipage, his silver and gold and bronze vessels, the ornaments of his wife, his thrones, his bows, his weapons, and all that he had were a prey to the Egyptians. Some sixteen thousand bodies lay on the field of battle, and nine thousand prisoners were taken.

This was not merely the defeat of an army, but was the rolling back of a nation, or confederacy, on the march like locusts to devour the land. The Libyans were the main part of the invaders, but a large number were of other races, allied with the Libyans in a confederacy which embraced both sides of the Mediterranean. From the names it appears that Cyprus and all the southern half of Asia Minor had furnished auxiliary troops of sea-roving people to support the Libyan invaders. Such was the great deliverance wrought by Merenptah, and there is no wonder that the Egyptians sang of him as the sun of Egypt:

The sun comes out, clearing the storm from over Egypt,
Making the land see the beams of his shining:
The heavy load has fallen from the neck of the people,
And he gives breath to the living who were stifled.
He cleanses the heart of Memphis from its enemies,
Making Ptah to rejoice over his foes;
Opening the gates that were fast closed,
Making the temples receive their offerings.

The tranquil condition of the country after this was a great contrast to the continual harassing by invading squatters and highwaymen to which the Egyptians had been subjected. They say, «The people babble, ‹Come and walk afar on the road, for there is no fear in the hearts of men.› The garrisoned forts are abandoned; the walls are thrown open; the messengers leap over the battlements of the wall, and cool themselves from the sun until the guards awake; the police lie in slumbers on their beats.» The Bedouin gave up their raids, the sentinels did not challenge the traveler, there was no complaint of robbery.

So far there does not seem to be any trace of the kingdom being weakened by the troubles of the Exodus, nor is any sign of disruption shown in a report written three years later by an official on the eastern frontier. He states that he has received tribes from Edom, and passed them into Egypt at the fortress of Etham in the land of Succoth, in order to settle them at the lake of Pithom in the land of Succoth, where they will colonize and pasture their herds. Had a great trouble with a Semitic race in that region just passed over, it would not be at all likely that a fresh tribe from the east would be welcomed. It seems rather as if they were welcomed as useful allies, and no serious difficulty with the Hebrews can have been in view at that date in the eighth year of Merenptah. Of what went on in the remaining years of his reign we have no record as yet. But any day a tablet or a papyrus may be turned up which will give us some further indications of the later years of this monarch.

And what are we to think of the man? He doubtless had the virtues and defects of his family. When we see how closely his face was inherited from his father and grandfather, Rameses II and Seti I, we cannot disconnect him from the family history. Pride, sumptuousness, and tenacity are written on all their doings; yet they were no cowards, and had many of the qualities of rulers. According to his own lights, Merenptah may well claim a high position: he rescued his country from great danger, and restored its position for a while in its course of decline. «My country, right or wrong,» was his principle, and a far better one than that of most ancient rulers, while he did not, any more than his contemporaries, potter about with any talk of «blood-guiltiness.» If he found it needful for the state to repress a tribe, he may well have done it without any fear of reports being prejudicial to him. The welfare of the state demanded his action, and that was enough.

The worst blot on his character was his ruthless destruction of the works of his predecessors. No doubt, in such a time of distress, it would be difficult to supply workmen for public monuments; but his utter disregard for everything that went before him outdoes even his orgulous father, and is painfully in contrast to the careful restoration made by his artistic grandfather, Seti I. He planted his funeral temple just behind the magnificent building of Amenhotep III, and proceeded to smash up every portable stone, whether statue or tablet, to throw in for his own foundations, and then reared his walls with the noble blocks of the great temple, and even stole the very bricks. Not content with taking what he wanted, he further defaced what he could not use; and all over Egypt the statues of the kings may be seen with his name rudely cut over their inscriptions, or battered with a hammer on the exquisitely polished surfaces of the other monarchs. With little of scruples, of taste, or of feeling, he was yet not devoid of ability and energy for a difficult position; and though we may not rank him with a Trajan, a Belisarius, or an Alfred, yet it would be hard to deny him the company of a Vespasian or a Claudius Gothicus, a George the Second or a Victor Emmanuel.

W. M. Flinders Petrie.

SIR GEORGE TRESSADY

By Mrs Humphry Ward

Author of "Robert Elsmere" "The History of David Grieve" "Marcella" etc

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

XIX.

THE door opened silently, and there came in a figure that for a moment was hardly recognized by either Maxwell or his wife. Shrunken, pale, and grief-stricken, Ancoats's poor mother entered, her eye seeking eagerly for Maxwell, perceiving nothing else. She was in black, her veil hurriedly thrown back, and the features beneath it were all blurred by distress and fatigue.

Marcella hurried to her. Mrs. Allison took her hand in both her own with the soft, appealing motion habitual to her; then said hastily, still looking at Maxwell:

«Maxwell, the boy has gone. He left me three days ago. This morning, in my trouble, I sent for Lord Fontenoy, my kind, kind friend; and he persuaded me to come to you at once. I begged him to come too—»

She glanced timidly from one to the other, implying many things.

But even with this preface, Maxwell's greeting of his defeated antagonist was ceremony itself. The natural instinct of such a man is to mask victory in courtesy; but a paragraph that morning in Fontenoy's paper—a paragraph that he happened to see in Lord Ardagh's room—had appealed to another natural instinct, stronger and more primitive. It amazed him that even this emergency and Mrs. Allison's persuasions could have brought the owner of the paper within his doors on this particular morning.

Fontenoy himself showed a haughty and embarrassed bearing. He was there under a compulsion he did not know how to resist—a compulsion of tears and grief; but the instinct for manners, which so often upon occasion serves the man of illustrious family almost as well as good feeling or education may serve another, had been for the time weakened in him by the violences and exhaustion of the political struggle, and he did not feel certain that he could trust himself. He was smarting still through every nerve, and the greeting especially that Maxwell's tall wife extended to him was gall and bitterness. Meanwhile, as she advanced toward him, she was mostly struck with the perfection of his morning dress. Of any Dizzy-like fantasies, indeed, Fontenoy was incapable; but the ultra-correctness and strict fashion he affected were generally a surprise to those who knew him only by reputation.

After five minutes' question and answer the Maxwells understood something of the situation. A servant of Ancoats's had been induced to disclose what he knew. There could be no question that the young fellow had gone off to Normandy, where he possessed a chalet close to Trouville, in the expectation that his fair lady would immediately join him there. She had not yet started. So much Fontenoy had already ascertained. But she had thrown up a recent engagement within the last few days, and before Ancoats's flight all Fontenoy's information had pointed to the likelihood of a *coup* of some sort. As for the boy himself, he had left his mother at Castle Luton three days before on the pretext of a Scotch visit, and had instead taken the evening train to Paris, leaving a letter for his mother, in which the influence of certain modern French novels of the psychological kind could perhaps be detected. «The call of the heart that drives me from you,» wrote this incredible young man, «is something independent of my-

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self. I wring my hands, but I follow where it leads. Love has its crimes,—that I admit,—but they are the only road to experience. And experience is all I care to live for! At any rate, I cannot accept the limits that you, mother, would impose upon me. Each of us must be content to recognize the other's personality. I have tried to reconcile you to an affection that must be content to be irregular. You repel it and me, under the influence of a bigotry in which I have ceased to believe. Suffer me, then, to act for myself in this respect. At any time that you like to call upon me I will be your dutiful son so long as this matter is not mentioned between us. And let me implore you not to bring in third persons; they have already done mischief enough. Against them I should know how to protect myself.»

Maxwell returned the letter with a disgust he could hardly repress. Everything in it seemed to him as pinchbeck as the passion itself. Mrs. Allison took it with the same miserable look, which had in it, Marcella noticed, a certain strange sternness, as of some frail creature nerving itself to desperate things.

«Now what shall we do?» said Maxwell, abruptly.

Fontenoy moved forward. «I presume you still command the same persons you set in motion before? Can you get at them to-day?»

Maxwell pondered. «Yes; the clergyman. The solicitor-brother is too far away. Your idea is to stop the girl from crossing?»

«If it were still possible.» Fontenoy dropped his voice, and his gesture induced Maxwell to follow him to the recess of a distant window.

«The chief difficulty, perhaps,» said Fontenoy, resuming, «concerns the lad himself. His mother, you will understand, cannot run any risk of being brought in contact with that woman, nor is she physically fit for the voyage; but some one must go, if only to content her. There has been some wild talk of suicide, apparently—mere bombast, of course, like so much of it, but she has been alarmed.»

«Do you propose, then, to go yourself?»

«I am of no use,» said Fontenoy, decisively.

Maxwell had cause to know that the statement was true, and did not press him. They fell into a rapid consultation.

Meanwhile Marcella had drawn Mrs. Allison to the sofa beside her, and was attempting a futile task of comfort. Mrs. Allison answered in monosyllables, glancing hither and thither. At last she said in a low, swift voice, as though addressing herself rather than her companion, «If all fails, I have made up my mind. I shall leave his house. I can take nothing more from him.»

Marcella started. «But that would deprive you of all chance, all hope of influencing him,» she said, her eager, tender eyes searching the other woman's face.

«No; it would be my duty,» said Mrs. Allison, simply, crossing her hands upon her lap. Her delicate blue eyes, swollen with weeping; the white hair, of which a lock had escaped from its usual quiet braids, and hung over her blanched cheeks; her look at once saintly and indomitable—every detail of her changed aspect made a chill and penetrating impression. Marcella began to understand what the Christian might do though the mother should die of it.

Meanwhile she watched the two men at the other side of the room with a manifest eagerness for their return. Presently, indeed, she half rose and called:

«Aldous!»

Lord Maxwell turned.

«Are you thinking of some one who might go to Trouville?» she asked him.

«Yes; but we can hit on no one,» he replied in perplexity.

She moved toward him, bearing herself with a peculiar erectness and dignity.

«Would it be possible to ask Sir George Tressady to go?» she said quietly.

Maxwell looked at her open-mouthed for an instant. Fontenoy, behind him, threw a sudden searching glance at the beautiful figure in gray.

«We all know,» she said, turning back to the mother, «that Ancoats likes Sir George.»

Mrs. Allison shrunk a little from the clear look. Fontenoy's rage of defeat, however modified in her presence, had nevertheless expressed itself to her in phrases and allusions that had both perplexed and troubled her. *Had* Marcella indeed made use of her beauty to decoy a weak youth from his allegiance? And now she spoke his name so simply.

But the momentary wonder died from the poor mother's mind.

«I remember,» she said sadly—«I remember he once spoke to me very kindly about my son.»

«And he thought kindly,» said Marcella, rapidly; «he is kind at heart. Aldous, if Cousin Charlotte consents, why not at least put the case to him? He knows everything. He might undertake what we want for her sake—for all our sakes—and it might succeed.»

The swift yet calm decision of her manner completed Maxwell's bewilderment.

His eyes sought hers, while the others waited, aware somehow of a dramatic moment. Fontenoy's flash of malicious curiosity made him even forget, while it lasted, the little tragic figure on the sofa.

«What do you say, Cousin Charlotte?» said Maxwell, at last.

His voice was dry and businesslike. Only the wife who watched him perceived the silent dignity with which he had accepted her appeal.

He went to sit beside Mrs. Allison, stooping over her, while they talked in a low key. Very soon she had caught at Marcella's suggestion with an energy of despair.

«But how can we find him?» she said at last, looking helplessly about the room, at the very chair, among others, where Tressady had just been sitting.

Maxwell felt the humor of the situation without relishing it.

«Either at his own house,» he said shortly, «or the House of Commons.»

«He may have left town this morning. Lord Fontenoy thought»—she looked timidly at her companion—«that he would be sure to go and explain himself to his constituents at once.»

«Well, we can find out. If you give me instructions—if you are sure this is what you want—we will find out at once. Are you sure?»

«I can think of nothing better,» she said, with a piteous gesture. «And if he goes I have only one message to give him. Ancoats knows that I have exhausted every argument, every entreaty. Now let him tell my son»—her voice grew firm in spite of her look of anguish—«that if he insists on surrendering himself to a life of sin I can bear him company no more. I shall leave his house, and go somewhere by myself to pray for him.»

Maxwell tried to soothe her, and there was some half-whispered talk between them, she quietly wiping away her tears from time to time.

Meanwhile Marcella and Fontenoy sat together a little way off, he at first watching Mrs. Allison, she silent, and making no attempt to play the hostess. Gradually, however, the sense of her presence beside him, the memory of Tressady's speech, of the scene in the House of the night before, began to work in his veins with a pricking, exciting power. His family was famous for a certain drastic way with women; his father, the now old and half-insane Marquis, had parted from his mother while Fontenoy was still a child, after scenes that would have disgraced an inn parlor. Fontenoy himself, in his reckless youth, had simply avoided the whole sex, so far as its reputable members were concerned, till one woman, by sympathy, by flattery, perhaps, by the strange mingling in herself of iron and gentleness, had tamed him. But there were brutal instincts in his blood, and he became aware of them as he sat beside Marcella Maxwell.

Suddenly he broke out, bending forward, one hand on his knee, the other nervously adjusting the eye-glass without which he was practically blind:

«I imagine your side had foreseen last night better than we had.»

She drew herself together instantly.

«One can hardly say. It was evident, was n't it, that the House as a whole was surprised? Certainly no one could have foreseen the numbers.»

She met his look straight, her white hand playing with Mrs. Allison's card.

«Oh, a slide of that kind, once begun, goes like the wind,» said Fontenoy. «Well, and are you pleased with your bill—not afraid of your promises—of all the Edens you have held out?»

The smile that he attempted roused such ogreish associations in Marcella, she was obliged to say something to give color to the half-desperate laugh that caught her.

«Did you suppose we should be already *en pénitence?*» she asked him.

The man's wrath overcame him. So England—all the serious forces of the country—were to be more and more henceforward at the mercy of this kind of thing! He had begun the struggle with a scornful disbelief in current gossip. He—politically and morally the creation of a woman—had yet not been able to bring himself to fear a woman. And now he sat there, fiercely saying to himself that this woman, playing the old game under new names, had undone him.

«Ah! I see,» he said; «you are of the mind of the Oxford don—‹Never regret, never retract, never apologize.›»

The small, reddish eyes, like needle-points, fixed the face before him. She looked up, her beautiful lips parting. She felt the insult, marveled at it—on such an errand, in her own house! Scorn was almost lost in astonishment.

«A quotation which nobody gets right—is n't it so?» she said calmly. «If a wise man said it, I suppose he meant, ‹Don't apologize to the wrong people,› which is good advice, don't you think?»

She rose as she spoke, and moved away

from him that she might listen to what her husband was saying. Fontenoy was left to reflect on the folly of a man who, being driven to ask a kindness of his enemy, cannot keep his temper in the enemy's house. Yet his temper had been freshly tried since he entered it. The whole suggestion of Tressady's embassy was to himself galling in the extreme. «There is a meaning in it,» he thought; «she desires to save appearances.» For during the excitement of the last few days anger and foolish scandal had so gained upon his cooler judgment that he was ready to believe any extravagance, any calumny.

Nevertheless, as he threw himself back in his chair, and his eye caught Mrs. Allison's bent figure on the other side of the room, he knew that he must needs submit—he did submit—to anything that could give that torn heart ease. Of his two passions, one, the passion for politics, seemed for the moment to have lost itself in disgust and disappointment; to the other he clung only the more strongly. Once or twice in her talk with Maxwell Mrs. Allison raised her gentle eyes and looked across to Fontenoy. «Are you there, my friend?» the glance seemed to say, and a thrill spread itself through the man's rugged being. Ah, well! the follies of this young scapegrace must wear themselves out in time, and either he would marry and so free his mother, or he would so outrage her conscience that she would separate herself from him. Then would come other people's rewards.

Presently, indeed, Mrs. Allison rose from her seat, and advanced to him with hurried steps.

«We have settled it, I think; Maxwell will do all he can. It seems hard to trust so much to a stranger like Sir George Tressady; but if he will go—if Ancoats likes him—we must do the best, must n't we?»

She raised to him her small, delicate face in a most winning dependence. Fontenoy did not even attempt resistance.

«Certainly; it is not a chance to lose. May I suggest also»—he looked at Maxwell—«that there is no time to lose?»

«Give me ten minutes and I am off,» said Maxwell, hurriedly carrying a bundle of unopened letters to a distance. He looked through them to see if anything especially urgent required him to give instructions to his secretary before leaving the house.

«Shall I take you home?» said Fontenoy to Mrs. Allison.

She drew her thick veil round her head and face, and said some tremulous words which unconsciously deepened the gloom on Fontenoy's face. Apparently they were to the effect that before going home she wished to see the Anglican priest in whom she specially confided, a certain Father White, who was to all intents and purposes her director. For in his courtship of this woman of fifty, with her curious distinction and her ethereal charm, which years seemed only to increase, Fontenoy had not one rival, but two: her son and her religion.

Fontenoy's fingers barely touched those of Maxwell and his wife. As he closed the door behind Mrs. Allison, leaving the two together, he said to himself that he felt a contemptuous pity for the husband.

When the latch had settled, Maxwell threw down his letters and crossed the room to his wife.

«I only half understood you,» he said, a flush rising in his face. «You really mean that we, on this day of all days—that I—am personally to ask this kindness of George Tressady?»

«I do!» she cried, but without attempting any caress. «If I could only go and ask it myself!»

«That would be impossible!» he said quickly.

«Then you, dear husband—dear love—go and ask it for me! Must we not—oh! do see it as I do—must we not somehow make it possible to be friends again—to wipe out that—that half-hour once for all?» She threw out her hand in an impetuous gesture. «If you go he will feel that is what we mean—he will understand us at once. There is nothing vile in him—nothing! Dear, he never said a word to me I could resent till this morning. And, alack! alack! was it somehow my fault?» She dropped her face a moment on the back of the chair she held. «How I am to play my own part—well! I must think. But I cannot have such a thing on my heart, Aldous—I cannot!»

He was silent a moment; then he said:

«Let me understand, at least, what it is precisely that we are doing. Is the idea that it should be made possible for us all to meet again as though nothing had happened?»

She shrank a moment from the man's common sense; then replied, controlling herself:

«Only not to leave the open sore—to help him to forget. He must know—he does know»—she held herself proudly—«that I have no secrets from you. So that when the time comes for remembering, for thinking it over, he will shrink from you or hate you. Whereas what I want»—her eyes filled with tears—«is that he should *know* you—only that! I ought to have brought it about long ago.»

«Are you forgetting that I owe him this morning my political existence?»

The voice betrayed the inner passion.

«He would be the last person to remember it,» she cried. «Why not take it quite, quite simply?—behave so as to say to him without words: ‹Be our friend; join with us in putting out of sight what hurts us no less than you to think of. Shut the door upon the old room—pass with us into a new!›—oh, if I could explain!»

She hid her face in her hands again.

«I understand,» he said, after a long pause. «It is very like you. I am not quite sure it is wise. These things, to my mind, are best left to end themselves. But I promised Mrs. Allison; and what you ask, dear, you shall have. So be it.»

She lifted her head hastily, and was dismayed by the signs of agitation in him as he turned away. She pursued him timidly, laying her hand on his arm.

«And then—»

Her voice sank to its most pleading note. He caught her hand, but she withdrew herself in haste.

«And then,» she went on, struggling for a smile—«then you and I have things to settle. Do you think I don't know that I have made all your work and all your triumph gall and bitterness to you—do you think I don't know?»

She gazed at him with a passionate intensity through her tears, yet by her gesture forbidding him to come near her. What man would not have endured such discomforts a thousand times for such a look?

He stooped to her.

«We are to talk that out, then, when I come back? Please give these letters to Saunders—there is nothing of importance. I will go first to Tressady's house.»

MAXWELL drove away through the sultry streets, his mind running on his task. It seemed to him that politics had never put him to anything so hard; but he began to plan it with his usual care and precision. The butler who opened the door of the Upper Brook street house could only say that his master was not at home.

«Shall I find him, do you imagine, at the House of Commons?»

The butler could not say. But Lady Tressady was in, though just on the point of going out. Should he inquire?

But the visitor made it plain that he had no intention of disturbing Lady Tressady, and would find out for himself. He left his card in the butler's hands.

«Who was that, Kenrick?» said a sharp voice behind the man as the hansom drove away. Letty Tressady, elaborately dressed, with a huge white hat and lace parasol, was standing on the stairs, her pale face peering out of the shadows. The butler handed her the card, and, telling him to get her a cab at once, she ran up again to the drawing-room.

Meanwhile Maxwell sped on toward Westminster, frowning over his problem. As he drove down Whitehall the sun brightened to a naked midday heat, throwing its cloak of mists behind it. The gilding on the Clock Tower sparkled in the light; even the dusty, airless street, with its withered planes, was on a sudden flooded with gaiety. Two or three official or parliamentary acquaintances saluted the successful minister as he passed, and each was aware of a certain impatience with the gravity of the well-known face. That a great man should not be content to look victory, as well as win it, seemed a kind of hypocrisy.

In the House of Commons a few last votes and other oddments of the now dying session were being pushed through to an accompaniment of empty benches. Tressady was not there, nor in the library. Maxwell made his way to the upper lobby, where writing-tables and -materials are provided in the window recesses for the use of members.

He had hardly entered the lobby before he caught sight, at its farther end, of the long, straight chin and fair head of the man he was in quest of. Almost at the same moment Tressady, who was sitting writing amid a pile of letters and papers, lifted his eyes and saw Lord Maxwell approaching.

He started, then half rose, scattering his papers. Maxwell bowed as he neared the table; then stopped beside it without offering his hand.

«I fear I may be disturbing you,» he said, with simple but cold courtesy. «The fact is, I have come down here on an urgent matter, which may perhaps be my excuse. Could you give me twenty minutes in my room?»

«By all means,» said Tressady. He tried to put his papers together, but, to his own infinite annoyance, his hand shook. He seemed hardly to know what to do with them.

«Do not let me hurry you,» said Maxwell, in the same manner. «Will you follow me at your leisure?»

«I will follow you immediately,» said Tressady, «as soon as I have put these under lock and key.»

His visitor departed. Tressady remained standing a moment by the table, his blue eyes,

unusually wide open, fixed absently on the river, a dark-red flush overspreading his face. Then he rapidly threw his papers together into a black bag that stood near, and walked with them to his locker in the wall.

For an hour after he left Marcella Maxwell he had wandered blindly up and down the Green Park; at the end of it a sudden impulse had driven him to the House as his best refuge both from Letty and himself. There he found waiting for him a number of letters, and also a sheaf of telegrams from his constituency, with which he had just begun to grapple when Maxwell interrupted him. Some hours of hard writing and thinking might, he thought, bring him by reaction to some notion of what to do with the next days and nights—how to take up the business of his private life again.

Now, as he withdrew his key from the lock, in a corridor almost empty of occupants, abstraction seized him once more. He leaned against the wall a moment, with his hands in his pockets, seeing her face, the tears on her cheek, feeling the texture of her dress against his lips. Barely two hours ago! No doubt she had confided all to Maxwell in the interval. The young fellow burned with mingled rage and shame. This interview with the husband seemed to transform it all to vaudeville, if not to farce. How was he to get through it with any dignity and self-command? Moreover, a passionate resentment toward Maxwell developed itself. His telling of his secret had been no matter for a common scandal, a vulgar jealousy. *She* knew that—she could not have so misrepresented him. A sense of the situation to which he had brought himself on all sides made his pride feel itself in the grip of something that asked his submission. Yet why, and to whom?

He walked along through the interminable corridors toward Maxwell's room in the House of Lords, a prey to what afterward seemed to him the meanest moment of his life. Little knowing the pledges that a woman had given for him, he did say to himself that Maxwell owed him much, that he was not called upon to bear everything from a man he had given back to power; and all the time his thoughts built a thorn-hedge about her face, her pity. Let him see them no more, not even in the mirror of the mind. Great heaven! what could such as he do to her?

By the time he reached Maxwell's door he seemed to himself as hard and cool as usual. As he entered, the minister was standing by an oriel window overlooking the river, turning over the contents of a despatch-box that had just been brought him. He advanced at once, and Tressady noticed that he had already dismissed his secretary.

«Will you sit by the window?» said Maxwell. «The day promises to be extraordinarily hot.»

Tressady took the seat assigned him. Maxwell's gray eye ran over the young man's figure and bearing. Then he bent forward from a chair on the other side of a small writing-table.

«You will probably have guessed the reason of my intrusion upon you—you and I have already discussed this troublesome affair; and the kind manner in which you treated our anxieties—»

«Ancoats!» exclaimed Tressady, with a start he could not control. «You wish to consult me about Ancoats?»

A flash of wonder crossed the other's mind. «He imagined—» Instinctively Maxwell's opening mildness stiffened into a colder dignity.

«I fear we may be making an altogether improper claim upon you,» he said quietly; «but this morning, about an hour ago, Ancoats's mother came to us with the news that he had left her two days ago, and was now discovered to be at Trouville, where he has a chalet, waiting for this girl, of whom we all know, to join him. You will imagine Mrs. Allison's despair. The entanglement is in itself bad enough; but she—I think you know it—is no ordinary woman, nor can she bring any of the common philosophy of life to bear upon this matter. It seems to be sapping her very springs of existence, and the impression she left upon myself—and upon Lady Maxwell»—he said the words slowly—«was one of the deepest pity and sorrow. As you also know, I believe, I have till now been able to bring some restraining influence to bear upon the girl, who is of course not a girl, but a very much married woman, with a husband always threatening to turn up and avenge himself upon her. There is a good man, one of those High-Church clergymen who interest themselves specially in the stage, who has helped us many times already. I have telegraphed to him, and expect him here before long. We know that she has not yet left London, and it may be possible again, at the eleventh hour, to stop her. But that—»

«Is not enough,» said Tressady, quickly, raising his head. «You want some one to grapple with Ancoats?»

Face and voice were those of another man—attentive, normal, sympathetic. Maxwell observed him keenly.

«We want some one to go to Ancoats; to represent to him his mother's determination to leave him for good if this disgraceful affair goes on; to break the shock of the girl's non-arrival to him—if, indeed, we succeed in stopping her; and to watch him for a day or two in case there should be anything in the miserable talk of suicide with which he seems to have been threatening his mother.»

«Oh, suicide! Ancoats!» said Tressady, throwing back his head.

«We rate him, apparently, much the same,» said Maxwell, dryly. «But it is not to be wondered at that the mother should be differently affected. She sent you»—the speaker paused a moment—«what seemed to me a touching message.»

Tressady bent forward.

«'Tell him that I have no claim upon him—that I am ashamed to ask this of him. But he once said some kind words to me about my son, and I know that Ancoats desired his friendship. His help *might* save us. I can say no more.'»

Tressady looked up quickly, reddening involuntarily.

«Was Fontenoy there? Did he agree?»

«Fontenoy agreed,» said Maxwell, in the same measured voice. «In fact, you grasp our petition. To speak frankly, my wife suggested it, and I was deputed to bear it to you. But I need not say that we are quite prepared to find that you are not able to do what we have ventured to ask of you, or that your engagements will not permit it.»

A strange gulp rose in Tressady's throat. He leaned back in his chair, looking through the open window to the Thames. A breeze had risen and was breaking up the thunderous sky into gay spaces of white and blue. The river was surging and boiling under the tide, and strings of barges were mounting with the mounting water, slipping fast along the terrace wall. The fronts of the various buildings opposite rose in shadow against the dazzling blue and silver of the water. Here, over the river, even for this jaded London, summer was still fresh; every mast and spar, every track of boat or steamer in the burst of light, struck the eye with sharpness and delight.

Each line and hue printed itself on Tressady's brain. Then he turned slowly to his companion. Maxwell sat patiently waiting for his reply, and for the first time Tressady received, as it were, a full impression of a personality he had till now either ignored or disliked. In youth Maxwell had never passed for a handsome man; but middle life and noble habit were every year giving increased accent and spiritual energy to the youth's pleasant features; and Nature, as she silvered the brown hair and drove deep the lines of thought and experience, was bringing more than she took away. A quiet, modest fellow Maxwell would be to the end; not witty; not brilliant; more and more content to bear the yoke of the great commonplaces of life as subtlety and knowledge grew; saying nothing of spiritual things, only living them: yet a man, it seemed, on whom England would more and more lay the burden of her fortunes.

Tressady gazed at him, shaken with new reverences, new compunctions. Maxwell's eyes were drawn to his—mild, penetrating eyes, in which for an instant Tressady seemed to read what no words would ever say to him. Then he sprang up.

«There is an afternoon train put on this month. I can catch it. Tell me, if you can, a few more details.»

Maxwell took out a half-sheet of notes from his pocket, and the two men, standing together beside the table, went with care into a few matters it was well for Tressady to know. Tressady threw a quick intelligence into his questions that inevitably recalled to Maxwell the cut and thrust of his speech on the preceding evening; nor behind his rapid discussion of a vulgar business did the constrained emotion of his manner escape his companion.

At last all was settled. At the last moment an uneasy question rose in Maxwell's mind: «Ought *we*, at such a crisis, to be sending him away from his wife?» But he could not bring himself to put it, even lightly, into words, and, as it happened, Tressady did not leave him in doubt.

«I am glad you caught me,» he said nervously, in what seemed an awkward pause, while he looked for his hat, forgetting where he had put it. «I was intending to leave London to-night; but my business can very well wait till next week. Now I think I have everything.»

He gathered up a new Guide-Chaix that Maxwell had put into his hand, saw that the half-sheet of notes was safely stowed into his pocket-book, and took up his hat and stick. As he spoke, Maxwell had remembered the situation and Mrs. Allison's remark. No doubt Tressady had proposed to go north that night on a mission of explanation to his Market Malford constituents, and it struck one of the most scrupulous of men with an additional pang that he should be thus helping to put private motives in the way of public duty. But what was done was done;

and it seemed impossible that either should speak a word of politics.

«I ought to say,» said Tressady, pausing once more, as they moved together toward the door, «that I have not ultimately much hope for Mrs. Allison. If this entanglement is put aside there will be something else. Trouville itself in August, I should imagine, is a place of *bonnes fortunes* for the man who wants them, and Ancoats's mind runs to such things.»

He spoke with a curious eagerness, like one who pleads that his good will shall not be judged by mere failure or success.

Maxwell raised his shoulders.

«Nothing that can happen will in the least affect our gratitude to *you*,» he said quietly.

«Gratitude!» muttered the young man under his breath. His lip trembled. He looked uncertainly at his companion. Maxwell offered his hand, not with any effusion, yet with a quiet cordiality and kindness that made his renewed words of thanks sound like a strange music in Tressady's ears.

WHEN the minister was once more alone he walked back to the window, and stood looking down thoughtfully on the gay pageant of the river. She was right—she was always right. There was nothing vile in that young fellow, and his face had a look of suffering it pained Maxwell to remember. Why had he personally not come to know him better? «I think too little of men, too much of machinery,» he said to himself despondently. «Unconsciously I leave the dealing with human beings far too often to her, and then I wonder that a man sees and feels her as she is!»

Yet as he stood there in the sunshine a feeling of moral relief stole upon him—the feeling that rewards a man who has tried to deal greatly with some common and personal strait. Some day, not yet, he would make Tressady his friend; he quietly felt it to be within his power.

Unless the wife! He threw up his hand and turned back to his writing-table. What was to be done with that letter? Had Tressady any knowledge of it? Maxwell could not conceive it possible that he had. But, no doubt, it would come to his knowledge, as well as Maxwell's reply.

For he meant to reply, and as he glanced at the clock on his table he saw that he had just half an hour before his clergyman visitor arrived. Instantly, in his methodical way, he sat down to his task, laboring it, however, with toil and difficulty when it was once begun.

The few words he ultimately wrote ran as follows:

DEAR LADY TRESSADY: Your letter was a great surprise and a great pain to me. I believe you will recognize before long that you wrote it under a delusion, and that you have said in it both unkind and unjust things of one who is totally incapable of wronging you or any one else. My wife read your letter, for she and I have no secrets. She will try to see you at once, and I trust you will not refuse to see her. She will prove to you, I think, that you have been giving yourself quite needless torture, for which she has no responsibility, but for which she is none the less sorrowful and distressed.

I have treated your letter in this way because it is impossible to ignore the pain and trouble which drove you to write. I need not say that if it became necessary for me to write or act in another way, I should think only of my wife. But I will trust to the effect upon you of her own words and character, and I cannot believe that you will misconstrue the generosity that prompts her to go to you.

Is it not possible, also, that your misunderstanding of your husband may be, in its own way, as grave as your misunderstanding of Lady Maxwell? Forgive an intrusive question, and believe me,

Yours faithfully,

MAXWELL.

He read it anxiously over and over; then took a hasty copy of it, and finally sealed and sent it. He was only half satisfied with it. How was one to write such a letter without argument or recrimination? The poor thing had a vulgar, spiteful little soul; that was clear from her outpouring. It was also clear that she was miserable; nor could Maxwell disguise from himself that in a sense she had ample cause. From that hard fact, with all its repellent and unpalatable consequences, a weaker man would by now have let his mind escape, would, at any rate, have begun to minimize and make light of George Tressady's act of the morning. In Maxwell, on the contrary, after a first movement of passionate resentment which had nothing whatever in common with ordinary jealousy, that act was now generating a compelling and beneficent force that made for healing and reparation. Marcella had foreseen it, and in her pain and penitence had given the impulse. For all things are possible to a perfect affection working through a nature at once healthy and strong.

Yet when Maxwell was once more established in his room at the Privy Council, overwhelmed with letters, interviews, and all the routine of official business, those who had to do with him noticed an unusual restlessness in their even-tempered chief. In truth, whenever

his work left him free for a moment all sorts of questions would start up in his mind: «Is she there? Is that woman hurting and insulting her? Can I do nothing? My love! my poor love!»

BUT Marcella's plans so far had not prospered.

When George Tressady, after hastily despatching his most urgent business at the House, drove up to his own door in the afternoon just in time to put his things together and catch the dining-train to Paris, he found the house deserted. The butler reminded him that Letty, accompanied by Miss Tulloch, had gone to Hampton Court to join a river party for the day. George remembered; he hated the people she was to be with, and instinct told him that Cathedine would be there.

A rush of miserable worry overcame him. Ought he to be leaving her?

Then, in the darkness of the hall, he caught sight of a card lying on the table. *Her card!* Amazement made him almost dizzy, while the man at his arm explained.

«Her ladyship called just after luncheon. She thought she would have found my lady in—before she went out. But her ladyship is coming again, probably this evening, as she wished to see Lady Tressady particularly.»

Tressady gave the man directions to pack for him immediately; then took the card into his study, and stood looking at it in a tumult of thought. Ah! let him begone—out of her way! Oh, heavenly goodness and compassion! It seemed to him already that an angel had trodden this dark house, and that another air breathed in it.

A gush of hope welled in his heart. He ran up-stairs to make his last preparations, wrote a few lines to Letty describing Mrs. Allison's plight and the errand on which he was bound, and in half an hour was at Charing Cross.

XX.

«DID you ring, my lady?»

«Yes. Kenrick, if Lady Maxwell calls to see me to-night, you will say, please, that I am particularly engaged, and unable to receive any one.»

Letty Tressady had just come in from her river party. Dressed in a delicate gown of lace and pale-green chiffon, she was standing beside her writing-table with Lady Maxwell's card in her hand. Kenrick had given it to her on her arrival, together with the message which had accompanied it, and she had taken a few minutes to think it over. As she gave the man his order, the energy of the small figure as it half turned toward the door, the brightness of the eyes under the white veil she had just thrown back, no less than the emphasis of her tone, awakened in the butler the clear perception that neither the expected visit nor his mistress's directions were to be taken as ordinary affairs. After he left the drawing-room Grier passed him on the stairs. He gave her a slight signal, and the two retired to some nether region to discuss the secrets of their employers.

Meanwhile Letty, having turned on the electric light in the room, walked to the window and set it half open behind the curtain. In that way she would hear the carriage approaching. It was between eight and nine o'clock. No doubt Lady Maxwell would drive round after dinner.

Then, still holding the card lightly in her hand, she threw herself on the sofa. She was tired, but so excited that she could not rest—first, by the memory of the day that had just passed, still more by the thought of the rebuff she was about to administer to the great lady who had affronted her. No doubt her letter had done its work. The remembrance of it filled her with an uneasy joy. Did George know of it by now? She did not care. Lady Maxwell, of course, was coming to try to appease her, to hush it up. There had been a scene, it was to be supposed, between her and her stiff husband. Letty gloated over the dream of it. Tears, humiliation, reproaches—she meted them all out in plenty to the woman she hated. Nor would things end there. Why, London was full of gossip! Harding's paragraph—for of course it was Harding's—had secured that. How clever of him! Not a name, not a thing that could be taken hold of, yet so clear! Well, if she, Letty, was to be trampled on and set aside, at any rate other people should suffer too.

So George had gone off to France, leaving her alone, without «good-by.» She did not believe a word of his excuse; and if it were true, it was only another outrage that he should have thought twice of such a matter at such a crisis. But it was probably a mere device of his and *hers*—she would find out for what.

Her state of tension was too great to allow her to stay in the same place for more than a few minutes. She got up and went to the glass before the mantelpiece. Taking out the pins that held her large Gainsborough hat, she arranged her hair with her hands, putting the curls of the fringe in their right place, fastening up some stray ends. She had given orders, as we have seen, to admit no one, and

was presumably going to bed; nevertheless her behavior was instinctively the behavior of one who expects a guest.

When, more or less to her satisfaction, she had restored the symmetry of the little curled and crimped head, she took her face between her hands, and stared at her own reflection. Memories of the party she had just left, of the hot river, the slowly filling locks, the revelry, the champagne, danced in her mind—especially of a certain walk through a wood. She defiantly watched the face in the glass grow red, the eyelids quiver. Then, like the tremor from some volcanic fire far within, a shudder ran through her. She dropped her head on her hands. She hated—*hated* him! Was it to-morrow evening she had told him he might come? She would go down to Ferth.

Wheels in the quiet street! Letty flew to the window like an excited child, her green and white twinkling through the room.

A brougham, and a tall figure in black stepping slowly out of it. Letty sheltered herself behind a curtain, held her breath, and listened.

Presently her lower lip dropped a little. What was Kenrick about? The front door had closed, and Lady Maxwell had not reëntered her carriage.

She opened the drawing-room door with care, and was stooping over the banisters when she saw Kenrick on the stairs. He seemed to be coming from the direction of George's study.

«What have you been doing?» she asked him, in a hard under-voice, looking at him angrily. «I told you not to let Lady Maxwell in.»

«I told her, my lady, that you were engaged, and could see no one. Then her ladyship asked if she might write a few lines to you and send them up, asking when you would be able to see her. So I showed her into Sir George's study, my lady, and she is writing at Sir George's desk.»

«You should have done nothing of the sort,» said Letty, sharply. «What is that letter?»

She took it from his hand before the butler, somewhat bewildered by the responsibilities of his position, could explain that he had just found it in the letter-box, where it might have been lying some little time, as he had heard no knock.

She let him go down-stairs again to await Lady Maxwell's exit, and herself ran back to read her letter, her heart beating; for the address of the sender was on the envelope.

When she had finished she threw it down, half suffocating.

«So I am to be lectured and preached to besides—good heavens!—in his lofty manner, I suppose, that people talk of. Prig—odious, insufferable prig! So I have mistaken George, have I? My own husband! And insulted her—*her!* And she is actually down-stairs, writing to me in my own house!»

She locked her hands, and began stormily to pace the room again. The image of her rival, only a few feet from her, bending over George's table, worked in her with poisonous force. Suddenly she swept to the bell and rang it. A door opened down-stairs. She ran to the landing.

«Kenrick!»

«Yes, my lady.» She heard a pause and the soft rustle of a dress.

«Tell Lady Maxwell, please,»—she struggled hard for the right, the dignified tone,—«that if it is not too late for her to stay I am now able to see her.»

She hurried back into the drawing-room and waited. *Would* she come? Letty's whole being was now throbbing with one mad desire. If Kenrick let her go!

But steps approached; the door was thrown open.

Marcella Maxwell came in timidly, very pale, her dark eyes shrinking from the sudden light of the drawing-room. She was bareheaded, and wore a long cloak of black lace over her white evening dress. Letty's flash of thought as she saw her was twofold: first, hatred of her beauty; then triumph in the evident nervousness with which her visitor approached her.

Without making the slightest change of position, the mistress of the house spoke first.

«Will you please tell me,» she said, in her sharpest, thinnest voice, «to what I owe the honor of this visit?»

Marcella paused half-way toward her hostess.

«I read your letter to my husband,» she said quietly, though her voice shook, «and I thought you would hardly refuse to let me speak to you about it.»

«Then perhaps you will sit down,» said Letty, in the same voice; and she seated herself.

If she had wished to heighten the effect of her reception by these small discourtesies she did not succeed; rather, Marcella's self-possession returned under them. She looked about simply for a chair, brought one forward within speaking distance of her companion, moving once more in her thin, tall

grace, with all that unconscious dignity which Letty had so often envied and admired from a distance.

But neither dignity nor grace made any bar to the emotion that filled her. She bent forward, clasping her hands on her knee.

«Your letter to my husband made me so unhappy—that I could not help coming,» she said in a tone that was all entreaty, all humbleness. «Not—of course—that it seemed to either of us a true or just account of what had happened,»—she drew herself up gently,—«but it made me realize—though, indeed, I had realized it before I read it—that in my friendship with your husband I had been forgetting—forgetting those things—one ought to remember most. You will let me put things, won't you, in my own way, as they seem to me? At Castle Luton Sir George attracted me very much. The pleasure of talking to him there first made me wish to try to alter some of his views—to bring him across my poor people—to introduce him to our friends. Then, somehow, a special bond grew up between him and me with regard to this particular struggle in which my husband and I»—she dropped her eyes that she might not see Letty's heated face—«have been so keenly interested. But what I ought to have felt—from the very first—was that there could be, there ought to have been, something else added. Married people»—she spoke hurriedly, her breath rising and falling—«are not two, but one; and my first step should have been to come—and—and ask you to let me know you too—to find out what your feelings were, whether you wished for a friendship—that—that I had perhaps no right to offer to Sir George alone. I have been looking into my own heart,»—her voice trembled again,—«and I see that fault, that great fault. To be excluded myself from any strong friendship my husband might make would be agony to me.» The frank, sudden passion of her lifted eyes sent a thrill even through Letty's fierce and hardly kept silence. «And that I wanted to say to you first of all. I wronged my own conception of what marriage should be, and you were quite, quite right to be angry.»

«Well, I think it 's quite clear, is n't it, that you forgot from the beginning George had a wife?» cried Letty in her most insulting voice. «That certainly can't be denied. Anybody could see that at Castle Luton.»

Marcella looked at her in perplexity. What could suggest to her how to say the right word, touch the right chord? Would she be able to do more than satisfy her own conscience, and then go, leaving this strange little fury to make what use she pleased of her visit and her avowals?

She shaded her eyes with her hand a moment, thinking. Then she said:

«Perhaps it is of no use for me to ask you to remember how full our minds—my husband's and mine—have been of one subject—one set of ideas. But, if I am not keeping you too long, I should like to give you an account, from my point of view, of the friendship between Sir George and myself. I think I can remember every talk of ours, from our first meeting in the hospital down to—down to this morning.»

«This morning!» cried Letty, springing up. «This *morning!* He went to you today?»

The little face, convulsed with passion, raised an intolerable distress in Marcella.

«Yes; he came to see me,» she said, her dark eyes, full of pain,—full, too, once more of entreaty,—fixed upon her interrogator. «But do let me tell you! I never saw any one in deeper trouble—trouble about you—trouble about himself.»

Letty burst into a wild laugh.

«Of course! No doubt he went to complain of me—that I flirted—that I ill-treated his mother—that I spent too much money—and a lot of other pleasant little things. Oh, I can imagine it perfectly! Besides that, I suppose he went to be thanked. Well, he deserved *that.* He has thrown away his career to please you; so if you did n't thank him you ought! Everybody says his position in Parliament now is n't worth a straw, that he must resign—which is delightful, of course, for his wife. And I saw it all from the beginning; I understood exactly what you *wanted* to do at Castle Luton; only I could n't believe then—I was only six weeks married—»

A wave of excitement and self-pity swept over her; she broke off with a sob.

Marcella's heart was wrung. She knew nothing of the real Letty Tressady. It was the wife as such, slighted and set aside, that appealed to the imagination, the remorse, of this happy, this beloved woman. She rose quickly, she held out her hands, looking down upon the venomous little creature who had been pouring these insults upon her.

«Don't—*don't* believe such things,» she said, with sobbing breath. «I never wronged you consciously for a moment. Can't you believe that Sir George and I became friends because we cared for the same kind of questions? because I—I was full of my husband's work and everything that concerned it? because I liked to talk about it to win him

friends? If it had ever entered my mind that such a thing could pain and hurt you—»

«Where have you sent him to-day?» cried Letty, peremptorily interrupting her, while she drew her handkerchief fiercely across her eyes.

Instantly Marcella was aware of the difficulty of explaining her own impulse and Maxwell's action.

«Sir George told me,» she said, faltering, «that he must go away from London immediately to think out some trouble that was oppressing him. Only a few minutes after he left our house we heard from Mrs. Allison that she was in great distress about her son. She came, in fact, to beg us to help her find him. I won't go into the story, of course; I am sure you know it. My husband and I talked it over. It occurred to us that if Maxwell went to him—to Sir George—and asked him to do us and her this great kindness of going to Ancoats and trying to bring him back to his mother, it would put everything on a different footing. Maxwell would get to know him as I had got to know him. One would find a way to silence the foolish, unjust things that have been said—I suppose—I don't know—»

She paused, confused by the difficulties in her path, her cheeks hot and flushed. But the heart knew its own innocence. She recovered herself; she came nearer:

«If only, at the same time, I could make you realize how truly, how bitterly, I had felt for any pain you might have suffered; if I could persuade you to look at it all—your husband's conduct and mine—in its true light, and to believe that he cares—he *must* care—for nothing in the world so much as his home—as you and your happiness!»

The nobleness of the speaker, the futility of the speech, were about equally balanced. Candor was impossible, if only for kindness' sake. And the story, so told, was not only unconvincing, it was hardly intelligible, even, to Letty. For the two personalities moved in different worlds, and what had seemed to the woman who was all delicate impulse and romance the right and natural course merely excited in Letty, and not without reason, fresh suspicion and offense. If words had been all, Marcella had gained nothing.

But a strange tumult was rising in Letty's breast. There was something in this mingling of self-abasement with an extraordinary moral richness and dignity, in these eyes, these hands that would have so gladly caught and clasped her own, which began almost to intimidate her. She broke out again so as to hold her own bewilderment at bay:

«What right had you to send him away—to plan anything for *my* husband without my consent? Oh, of course you put it very finely; I dare say you know about all sorts of things *I* don't know about. I 'm not clever; I don't talk politics. But I don't quite see the good of it, if it 's only to take husbands away from their wives. All the same, I 'm not a hypocrite, and I don't mean to pretend I 'm a meek saint. Far from it. I 've no doubt that George thinks he 's been perfectly justified from the beginning, and that I have brought everything upon myself. Well, I don't care to argue about it. Don't imagine, please, that I have been playing the deserted wife all the time. If people injure me it 's not my way to hold my tongue; and I imagine that, after all, I do understand my own husband in spite of Lord Maxwell's kind remarks.» She pointed scornfully to Maxwell's letter on the table. «But as soon as I saw that nothing I said mattered to George, and that his whole mind was taken up with your society, why, of course I took my own measures. There are other men in the world, and one of them happens to amuse me particularly at this moment. It 's your doing and George's, you see, if he does n't like it.»

Marcella recoiled in sudden horror, staring at her companion with wide, startled eyes. Letty braved her defiantly, her dry lips drawn into a miserable smile. She stood, looking very small and elegant, beside her writing-table, her hand, blazing with rings, resting lightly upon it, the little hot, withered face alone betraying the nerve tension behind.

The situation lasted a few seconds; then, with a quick step, Marcella hurried to a chair on the farther side of the room, sank into it, and covered her face with her hands.

Letty's heart seemed to dip, as it were, into an abyss; but there was a frenzied triumph in the spectacle of Marcella's grief and tears.

Marcella Maxwell thus silenced, thus subdued! The famous name, with all that it had stood for in Letty's mind of things to be envied and desired, echoed in her ear, delighted her revenge. She struggled to maintain her attitude.

«I don't know why what I said should make you so unhappy,» she said coldly, after a pause.

Marcella did not reply. Presently Letty saw that she was resting her cheek on her hand and gazing before her into vacancy. At last she turned round, and Letty could satisfy herself that in truth her eyes were wet.

«Is there no one,» asked the full, tremulous

voice, «whom you care for, whom you would send for now to advise and help you?»

«Thank you,» said Letty, calmly, leaning against the little writing-table, and beating the ground lightly with her foot. «I don't want anyone. And I don't know why you should trouble yourself about it.»

But for the first time, and against its owner's will, the hard tone wavered.

Marcella rose impetuously again, and came toward her.

«When one thinks of all the long years of married life,» she said, still trembling, «of the children that may come—»

Letty lifted her eyebrows.

«If one happened to wish for them. But I don't happen to wish for them—never did. I dare say it sounds horrid. Anyway, one need n't take that into consideration.»

«And your husband—your husband, who must be miserable, whose great gifts will be all spoiled unless you will somehow give up your anger and make peace? And instead of that you are only thinking of revenging yourself, of making more ruin and pain. It breaks one's heart! And it would need such a *little* effort on your part—only a few words written or spoken—to bring him back, to end all this unhappiness!»

«Oh, George can take care of himself,» said Letty, provokingly; «so can I. Besides, you have sent him away.»

Marcella looked at her in despair. Then silently she turned away, and Letty saw that she was searching for the gloves and handkerchief she had been carrying in her hand when she came in.

Letty watched her take them up; then said suddenly, «Are you going away?»

«It is best, I think. I can do nothing.»

«I wish I knew why you came to see me at all! They say, of course, you are very much in love with Lord Maxwell. Perhaps that made you sorry for me?»

Marcella's pride leaped at the mention by those lips of her own married life. Then she drove her pride down.

«You have put it better than I have been able to do all the time.» Her mouth parted in a slight, sad smile. «Good night.»

Letty took no notice. She sat down on the arm of a chair near her. Her eyes suddenly blazed, her face grew dead white.

«Well, if you want to know,» she said,—«no, don't go; I don't mean to let you go just yet,—I *am* about the most miserable wretch going! There; you may take it or leave it; it 's true. I don't suppose I cared much about George when I married him; plenty of girls don't. But as soon as he began to care about *you*—just contrariness, I suppose—I began to feel that I could kill anybody that took him from me, and kill myself afterward! Oh, good gracious! there was plenty of reason for his getting tired of me. I 'm not the sort of person to let any one get the whip-hand of me, and I *would* spend his money as I liked, and I *would* ask the persons I chose to the house; and, above all, I was n't going to be pestered with looking after and giving up to his *dreadful* mother, who made my life a burden to me. Oh! why do you look so white? Well, I dare say it does sound atrocious. I don't care. Perhaps you 'll be still more horrified when you know that they came round this afternoon, when I was out and George was gone, to tell me that Lady Tressady was frightfully ill—dying, I think my maid said. And I have n't given it another thought since—not one—till now»—she struck one hand against the other—«because directly afterward the butler told me of your visit this afternoon, and that you were coming again, and I was n't going to think of anything else in the world but you and George. No; don't look like that, don't come near me—I 'm not mad. I assure you I 'm not mad! But that 's all by the way. What was I saying? Oh! that George had cause enough to stop caring about me. Of course he had; but if he 's lost to me I shall give him a good deal more cause before we 've done. That other man—you know him, Cathedine—gave me a kiss this afternoon when we were in a wood together»—the same involuntary shudder overtook her, while she still held her companion at arm's length. «Oh, he is a brute—a *brute!* But what do I care what happens to me? It 's so strange I don't,—rather creditable, I think,—for, after all, I like parties, and being asked about. But now George hates me, and let you send him away from me, why, of course it 's all simple enough! I—don't—don't come—I shall never, never forgive—it 's just being tired—»

But Marcella sprang forward. Mercifully, there is a limit to nerve endurance, and Letty in her raving had overpassed it. She sank gasping on a sofa, still putting out her hand as though to protect herself. But Marcella knelt beside her, the tears running down her cheeks. She put her arms—arms formed for tenderness, for motherliness—round the girl's slight frame. «Don't—don't repulse me!» she said, with trembling lips, and suddenly Letty yielded. She found herself sobbing in Lady Maxwell's embrace, while all the healing, all the remorse, all the comfort that self-abandonment and pity can pour out on such a

plight as hers, descended upon her from Marcella's clinging touch, her hurried, fragmentary words. Assurances that all could be made right, entreaties for gentleness and patience, revelations of her own inmost heart as a wife far too sacred for the ears of Letty Tressady, little phrases and snatches of autobiography steeped in an exquisite experience —the nature Letty had rained her blows upon kept nothing back, gave her all its best. How irrelevant much of it was!—checkered throughout by those oblivions and optimisms and foolish hopes by which such a nature as Marcella's protects itself from the hard facts of the world. By the time she had ranged through every note of entreaty and consolation, Marcella had almost persuaded herself and Letty that George Tressady had never said a word to her beyond the commonplaces of an ordinary friendship; she had passionately determined that this blurred and spoiled marriage could and should be mended, and that it lay with her to do it; and in the spirit of her audacious youth she had taken upon herself the burden of Letty's character and fate, vowing herself to a moral mission, to a long patience. The quality of her own nature, perhaps, made her bear Letty's violences and frenzies more patiently than would have been possible to a woman of another type; generous remorse and regret, combined with her ignorance of Letty's history and the details of Letty's life, led her even to look upon these violences as the effects of love perverted, the anguish of a jealous heart. Imagination keen and loving drew the situation for her in rapid strokes, draped Letty in the subtleties and powers of her own heart, and made forbearance easy.

As for Letty, her whole being surrendered itself to a mere ebb and flow of sensations. That she had been able thus to break down the barriers of Marcella's stateliness filled her all through, in her passion as in her yielding, with a kind of exultation. A vision of a tall figure in a white-and-silver dress, sitting stiff and unapproachable beside her in the Castle Luton drawing-room, fled through her mind now and then, only to make the wonder of this pleading voice, these confidences, this pity, the more wonderful. But there was more than this and better than this. Strange upwellings of feelings long trampled on and suppressed; momentary awakenings of conscience, of repentance, of regret; sharp realizations of an envy that was no longer ignoble, but moral; softer thoughts of George; the suffocating, unwilling recognition of what love meant in another's woman's life—these messengers and forerunners of diviner things passed and repassed through the spaces of Letty's soul as she lay white and passive under Marcella's yearning look. There was a marvelous relief, besides,—much of it a physical relief,—in this mere silence, this mere ceasing from angry railing and offense.

Marcella was still sitting beside her, holding her hands, and talking in the same low voice, when suddenly the loud sound of a bell clanged through the house. Letty sprang up, white and startled.

«What can it be? It 's past ten o'clock. It can't be a telegram.»

Then a guilty remembrance struck her. She hurried to the door as Kenrick entered.

«Lady Tressady's maid would like to see you, my lady. They want Sir George's address. The doctors think she will hardly live over to-morrow.»

And behind Kenrick, Justine, the French maid, pushed her way in, weeping and exclaiming. Lady Tressady, it seemed, had been in frightful pain all the afternoon. She was now easier for the moment, though dangerously exhausted. But if the heart attacks returned during the next twenty-four hours nothing could save her. The probability was that they would return, and she was asking piteously for her son, who had seen her, Justine believed, the day before these seizures began, just before his departure for Paris, and had written. «Et la pauvre âme!» cried the Frenchwoman at last, not caring what she said to this amazing daughter-in-law. «Elle est là toujours, quand les douleurs s'apaisent un peu, écoutant, espérant—et personne ne vient—*personne!* Voulez-vous bien, madame, me dire où on peut trouver Sir George?»

«Poste restante, Trouville,» said Letty, sullenly. «It is the only address that I know of.»

But she stood there irresolute and frowning, while the French girl, hardly able to contain herself, stared at the disfigured face, demanding by her quick-breathing silence, by her whole attitude, something else, something more than Sir George's address.

Meanwhile Marcella waited in the background, obliged to hear what passed, and struck with amazement. It is, perhaps, truer of the moral world than of the social that one half of it never conceives how the other half lives. George Tressady's mother, alone, dying, in her son's absence, and Letty Tressady knew nothing of her illness till it had become a question of life and death, and had then actually refused to go—forgotten the summons even!

When Letty, feverish and bewildered, turned back to the companion whose heart had been poured out before her during this past hour of high emotion, she saw a new expression in Lady Maxwell's eyes from which she shrank.

«Ought I to go?» she said fretfully, almost like a peevish child, putting her hand to her brow.

«My carriage is down-stairs,» said Marcella, quickly. «I can take you there at once. Is there a nurse?» she asked, turning to the maid.

Oh, yes; there was an excellent nurse, just installed, or Justine could not have left her mistress; and the doctor close by could be got at a moment's notice. But the poor lady wanted her son, or at least some one of the family,—Justine bit her lip, and threw a nervous side-glance at Letty,—and it went to the heart to see her. The girl found relief in describing her mistress's state to this grave and friendly lady, and showed more feeling and sincerity in speaking of it then than might have been expected from her affected dress and manner.

Meanwhile Letty seemed to be wandering aimlessly about the room. Marcella went up to her.

«Your hat is here on this chair. I have a shawl in the carriage. Won't you come at once, and leave word to your maid to bring after you what you want? Then I can go on, if you wish it, and send your telegram to Sir George.»

«But you wanted him to do something?» said Letty, looking at her uncertainly.

«Mothers come first, I think,» said Marcella, with a smile of wonder. «It is best to write it before we go. Will you tell me what to say?»

She went to the writing-table, and had to write the telegram with small help from Letty, who, in her dazed, miserable soul, was still fighting some demonic resistance or other to the step asked of her. Instinctively and gradually, however, Marcella took command of her. A few quiet words to Justine sent her to make arrangements with Grier. Then Letty found a cloak that had been sent for being drawn round her shoulders, and was coaxed to put on her hat. In another minute she was in the Maxwells' brougham, with her hand clasped in Marcella's.

«They will want me to sit up,» she said, dashing an irrelevant tear from her eyes, as they drove away. «I am so tired—and I hate illness!»

«Very likely they won't let you see her to-night. But you will be there if the illness comes on again. You would feel it terribly if—if she died all alone, with Sir George away.»

«Died!» Letty repeated half angrily. «But that would be so horrible; what could I do?»

Marcella looked at her with a strange smile.

«Only be kind, only forget everything but her!»

The softness of her voice had yet a severity beneath it that Letty felt, but had no spirit to resent. Rather it awakened an uneasy and painful sense that, after all, it was not she who had come off conqueror in this great encounter. The incidents of the last half-hour seemed in some curious way to have reversed their positions. Letty, smarting, felt that her relation to George's dying mother had revealed her to Lady Maxwell far more than any wild and half-sincere confessions could have done. Her vanity felt a deep, inner wound, yet of a new sort. At any rate, Marcella's self-abasement was over, and Letty instinctively realized that she would never see it again, while at the same time a new and clinging need had arisen in herself. The very neighborhood of the personality beside her had begun to thrill and subjugate her. She had been sufficiently aware before—enviously, hatefully aware—of all the attributes and possessions that made Maxwell's wife a great person in the world of London. What was stealing upon her now was glamour and rank and influence of another kind, not unmixed, no doubt, with more mundane thoughts. No ordinary preacher, no middle-class eloquence, perhaps, would have sufficed—nothing less dramatic and distinguished than the scene which had actually passed, than a Marcella at her feet. Well, there are many modes and grades of conversion. Whether by what was worst in her or what was best; whether the same weaknesses of character that had originally inflamed her had now helped to subdue her or no, what matter? So much stood—that one short hour had been enough to draw this vain, selfish nature within a moral grasp she was never again to shake off.

Meanwhile, as they drove toward Warwick Square, Marcella's only thought was how to hand her over safe to her husband. A sense of agonized responsibility awoke in the elder woman at the thought of Cathedine; but no more emotion, only common sense and gentleness.

As they neared Warwick Square Letty withdrew her hand.

«I don't suppose you will ever want to see

me again,» she said huskily, turning her head away.

«Do you think that very possible between two people who have gone through such a time as you and I have?» said Marcella, pale but smiling. «When may I come to see you to-morrow? I shall send to inquire, of course, very early.»

Some thought made Letty's breath come quickly. «Will you come in the afternoon—about four?» she said hastily. «I suppose I shall be here.» They were just stopping at the door in Warwick Square. «You said you would tell me—»

«I have a great deal to tell you. I will come, then, and see if you can be spared. Good night. I trust she will be better. I will go on and send the telegram.»

Letty felt her hand gravely pressed, the footman helped her out, and in another minute she was mounting the stairs leading to Lady Tressady's room, having sent a servant on before her to warn the nurse of her arrival.

THE nurse came out, finger on lip. She was very glad to see Lady Tressady, but the doctor had left word that nothing whatever was to be allowed to disturb or excite his patient. Of course if the attack returned—but just now there was hope. Only it was so difficult to keep her quiet. Instead of trying to sleep, she was now asking for Justine, declaring that Justine must read French novels aloud to her, and bring out two of her evening dresses that she might decide on some alteration in the trimmings. «I dare n't fight with her,» said the nurse, evidently in much perplexity. «But if she only raises herself in bed she may kill herself.»

She hurried back to her patient, promising to inform the daughter-in-law at once if there was a change for the worse; and Letty, infinitely relieved, made her way to the spare room of the house, where Grier was already unpacking for her.

After a hasty undressing she threw herself into bed, longing for sleep; but from a short nightmare dream she woke up with a start. Where was she? In her mother-in-law's house,—she could actually hear the shrill, affected voice laughing and talking in the room next door,—and brought there by Marcella Maxwell! The strangeness of these two facts kept her tossing restlessly from side to side. And where was George? Just arrived at Paris, perhaps. She thought of the glare and noise of the Gare du Nord; she heard his cab rattling over the long, stone-paved street outside. In the darkness she felt a miserable sinking of heart at the thought of his going with every minute farther, farther away from her. Would he ever forgive her that letter to Lord Maxwell when he knew of it? Did she want him to forgive her?

A mood that was at once soft and desolate stole upon her and made her cry a little. It sprang, perhaps, from a sense of the many barriers she had heaped up between herself and happiness. The waves of feeling, half self-assertive, half repentant, ebbed and flowed. One moment she yearned for the hour when Marcella was to come to her; the next she hated the notion of it. So between dream and misery, amid a maze of thought without a clue, Letty's night passed away. By the time the morning dawned the sharp conviction had shaped itself within her that she had grown older, that life had passed into another stage, and could never again be as it had been the day before. Two emotions, at least, or excitements, had emerged from all the rest and filled her mind—the memory of the scene with Marcella, and the thought of George's return.

(To be continued.)

Mary A. Ward.

THE VIOLIN.

O QUIVERING strings, wherefrom the bow
Draws forth such heavenly sounds, I know
Your pain. Thus human hearts are strung,
And from their tense chords music wrung.

Julie M. Lippmann.

THE CRUEL THOUSAND YEARS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «THE CAT AND THE CHERUB.»

WHEN the grim ancestral joss of the Hoos led the family in an exit to a different domicile, the years of the Infant Hoo Chee were yet five. It was true that now he had the pride of silken strings to lengthen out his cue; but since the time when he had toddled away in pursuit of a lovely American girl, with whom he had wished to dwell forever in her home, which he called the House of Glittering Things, and since the moment when Hoo King had torn him from her whom the Infant called the Lady of Cakes and Tea, Hoo Chee had been more circumscribed than ever. Many a vision of that house and of that lady had been his as he seemed to be wistfully watching the humming world from the lofty flower-pot balcony And no one but his meditative cat One-Two was in the Infant's confidence or knew the weight of his woe.

But on that day when the joss came down from the wall the few old smoky rooms were left as memories, and the father Hoo King and the mother and the amah walked away in the clear air, with Hoo Chee bearing the doubtful One-Two in his arms. Soon the Infant found himself in a second story, whence he looked upon a yard impossibly great, he thought—a yard as long as a cloud. It dissolved in the gloaming as he gazed in awe, with his chin just over the window-sill, and he waked in the morning denying it. But when he found it true he rushed shouting down the stairs, one step at a time, and shouting into its vast freedom, where One-Two scampered in giddy circles, with his tail in mirthful curves. Here was a roaming ground for all duration, and earth to dig, and straggling weeds, and sticks and stones! It mattered not what castles lay beyond; here was a park that equaled the House of Glittering Things.

There was one restriction: he must never have aught to do with the women who lived on the other side of the fence, commanded Hoo King, for reasons of his own. They were Sum Chow's women—Sum Chow, who had the curio shop, and opposed the traffic in women slaves by the Tong which Hoo King ruled. But women whom the Infant neither feared nor loved did not concern him in his hours in the yard. The marvel of his liberty filled his mind; it lost him his appetite and some of his sleep for quite two days, whereafter he ate like a knight returned, and slept as hard as a horse can gallop, to be up and out, with One-Two at his heels, catching the dew and the dawn. In the other place, on the balcony, never a smallest finger might be laid on the stalk of a lily, nor a feather be drawn across one smooth green leaf, without discovery; here, first of all, he pulled up a tuft of grass, and saw its little white legs that walked in the soil; and this was a secret in his bosom. Then behind the shed, which he called the Gruesome Go-down, after the place where the doughty little Quong Sam, of a story he knew, had been impounded by a Sarcastic Turtle that stood between Quong Sam and the House of Glittering Things—behind the Gruesome Go-down was a spot where One-Two suggested by scratches that they dig, which they did. The Infant made mountains and valleys with an iron spoon, so clever was he, and he threw a pasteboard bridge across a river-bed, and by it built an Important Town, where the avenues were shaded by cabbage-leaf trees, and where One-Two drilled wilful worms and rebellious bugs as citizens.

From a window in Sum Chow's the learned Dr. Wing Shee, that soothsayer whom all Chinatown respected, occasionally observed the Infant's serious labors, and grew to like Hoo Chee. The industry which now was seen to thrive near the Important Town was mining—in a pile of débris as high as the Infant's self; and surely, in all the vast precincts of the House of Glittering Things, no more absorbing, dignifying occupation might be found. With One-Two's artful nasal divination they brought forth varied bits of crockery that, when polished with One-Two's ear, became as brilliant as other gems; and they drew out many an odd fabric and buried relic that told of bygone times and the domestic economies of extinct houses. The Infant could not stuff them all in the pocket that ran across the chest of his bib. The choicest was a big green ring, like those the grown folks wore, which the Infant squeezed as a love token over

the unwilling head of One-Two, who thereafter sat apart, outwardly magnificent, but filled with superstitious brooding. One-Two's splendor paraded the Infant's dreamland, and when in the morning he found that the mother had seized the bangle for her own bedizenment, a first black shadow fell across his shining new world. This was not like the House of Glittering Things. There the Lady of Cakes and Tea made peace and security for every one. He wished they would give him back his big green ring—just to play with; but they never, never would. He went and sat silently on his Important Town, with the corners of his mouth drawn down very far.

It was not like the House of Glittering Things, because here the days often promised happiness when they meant to end in sorrow. Once, while he played Bad Old Man with One-Two, there came a shower, and One-Two ran to shelter, shaking moist paws, to stand astounded at the antics of Hoo Chee. The Infant pranced with open mouth, delighting in the smart drops on his cheeks. It was superfine! And it was a headlong pitch from bliss to find himself pushed rudely into the house by his father. Up the stairs Hoo Chee must hurry, and Hoo Chee must stay to dry by the rice-pan-coals, while the rain made merry music, glistening and beating on the panes as if to ask why this little boy would not come out to play. And he wondered if the rain knew the Lovely Lady who had a deep, warm porcelain pond, and even urged people into it. Then the calm of another morning brought him the joy of a rusty pan a-brim with water, which must at once be made a lake for his Important Town; for the pan needed only a little fish to be perfect. But the little fish that after a whole day's strategy he managed to borrow from the amah's basket would not wag its tail and swim in the pan, and though he hid behind a corner and peeped ever so quickly out at it, still it floated disgracefully stiff on its side with its mouth stark wide. This would have been another bootless day; but the learned Dr. Wing Shee, who read your heart from your face as surely as he read the future from the stars, observed the Infant's listlessness, and came with a kindly smile to the fence. They talked of the wind and the sky, and the doctor promised to tell Hoo Chee some day the story of how the «Wretched Dragon Made the Sun Wobble.»

«And I 'll tell you about the Sarcastic Turtle,» said the Infant.

It was not wrong to talk to a man, and the women Hoo Chee had not seen. The women were Sum Fay—Sum Chow's wife and their daughter, Sum Oo, whom a beautiful American patron had once addressed as Miss Oo, which had become Sum Oo's pet appellation.

THERE came love's month of May. The rains had ceased, and the skies were passing fair. The city lawns shone everywhere with summer plants; but Hoo King's yard was barren save of weeds. The learned Dr. Wing Shee, once looking over into the desolate space, threw a handful of seeds among the hills and valleys by the Important Town, where the cabbage-leaf trees lay pelted into the earth. Out of the doctor's benefaction grew a garden for a child. The sun touched the place with magic, and the Infant saw with amazement his territory transformed. A morning-glory shot out of the ground, and ran hand over hand up a broomstick, shaking out its tender blooms like banners. A beautiful yellow nasturtium raced up, following, and its blossom bobbed in the breeze to One-Two and Hoo Chee, as they stood and wondered at it. The Infant must march with exaggerated steps, singing:

*Pee*ly mow-wow-pilly willy *wop! Pee*ly mow-wow-pilly willy *wop!*

which were words of his own invention. In such luxury of two kinds of flowers one imagined oneself in a bower of the House of Glittering Things, with the Lady of Cakes and Tea within call.

And the warm day arrived when the Infant, sitting on the ground in speculation as to whether a Wretched Dragon was as big as a cloud, heard a new sound. It was a delicious sound. It was not a bird. It came from the other side of the fence,—tones unlike any he had heard,—and it kept saying, joyously and gurglingly and fascinatingly, «Yai-yai-yah! Yai-yai-yah!» which was clearly an expression of delight with all the world. The Infant hastened to the fence. The merry «yai-yai-yah» kept on with a relish of life in it impossible except for one whose title to her big green ring endured unthreatened. The Infant forgot about whether a Wretched Dragon was as large as a cloud or only as large as some land, and he stood with his hands on the fence, looking up at the tall boards that shut the sweet sounds away. The tiny voice sang to itself and talked to an older voice near by, all in the same pleased syllables. At length it subsided to a contented coo, and then it was still, and it did not come again. But it lingered in the Infant's ears like strange new music. At dusk he paused solemnly at the doorstep; he wished they might know that over here there was a little Hoo Chee and

his cat. But they were gone, and they would never know. Then, to his own astonishment, he dared to shout, « Yai-yai-yah! » whereupon he hastened up the stairs, frightened at his boldness.

He dreamed that the Sarcastic Turtle came and promised to let him stand on it to see over the fence. And the Turtle crawled and crawled with the ever-expectant Hoo Chee on its back, but the fence was always just so far away. And the Turtle kept laughing and laughing, and bidding him rise on tiptoe, till the Infant awoke frowning, with his toes in tight bunches.

In the morning he and One-Two ran speedily into the yard; but it was too early for the little voice. All the brilliant forenoon he listened for it, as he pulled the shed hairs from One-Two's coat, and laid them one by one away in a little box; some one had said that the cat would need its hair again when the cold rains came. He would keep the box in the ginger-jar, where he hid his treasures now, and the ginger-jar should go in a secret place inside the Gruesome Go-down. Then, in the afternoon, and none too soon, he made a grand discovery. It was a knot-hole in the dividing fence.

He looked upon a place where many flowers were, and the grass grew all of one height, like soldiers. And presently came out Sum Chow's young wife bearing a mat. Behind her trotted a little dame of scarce three summers, carrying a fat cloth cat. It was Miss Oo, and the Infant knew she was a girl, because she wore her tiny braids in two little horns that were part of her spangled cap. The Infant saw the mother leave Miss Oo to play alone upon the mat that lay on the grass. These, then, were the women of Sum Chow, who were to be avoided.

Miss Oo sat down, and made remarks in her own peculiar language to the fat cloth cat, and emphasized them by shaking it up and down by the tail. Then she rolled over and kicked her infinitesimal feet in the air, and murmured demurely:

« Yai-yai! »

Her eyes traveled along the clear sky until they met the sun. They looked without winking straight into the glittering ball, in solemn satisfaction that it should be there, and for a long time there was no movement in her contented body but the occasional wiggle of a raised and bangled foot cased in a silver-trimmed slipper as big as an ear. The Infant stood tight to the fence, fascinated beyond measure. In all the adventures of little Quong Sam, from the beginning to the hero's arrival at the House of Glittering Things, there was nothing so delectable as this. Now it was occurring to Miss Oo that the sun made her warm and happy, and that it was a good sun. A smile began at her coal-black eyes, and ran down and tugged at the curling corners of her ample mouth, until her brown face was all aglee; and she kicked and laughed and shook the fat cloth cat and shouted:

« Yai-yai-yah! Yai-yai-*yah!* »

Then she turned on her side, and in a few moments she had gone asleep with her thumb in her mouth, and the memory of the smile remaining on her round cheeks, while Hoo Chee and the cloth cat stared and stared and stared.

All the next day the Infant sought the fence at the slightest sound; but there were clouds, and Miss Oo came only when the sun invited. The clouds made him sad, and the day dragged like a faint headache. His night's slumber was invaded by a tiny maid carried in a splendid car, with all the background a gorgeous yellow blur of priests and gods. And the tiny maid shook a fat cat at Hoo Chee, and said, « Yai-yai-yah! » whereupon Hoo Chee stepped into the car with her. But just as they began to play Bad Old Man the car changed into tissue paper, and they fell through it and slid terrifically down the clouds, and the wee maid disappeared. And another night, just as a red toy-balloon was floating him over the fence, a Wretched Dragon, that was bigger than some land, gleefully gulped the balloon; and Hoo Chee and the tiny maid tugged and tugged at the string that hung from the Wretched Dragon's mouth until it had a fit, and writhed and wriggled and shrieked so that the sun wobbled in the sky, whereupon the string broke, and Hoo Chee and the tiny maid sat down together very hard with the string in their hands, and he awoke to find her gone.

But the next day the clouds dissolved, and the sun sailed on as if nothing had occurred, and after he had tarried for hours by the fence he saw the procession of the mother and the mat and Miss Oo and the fat cloth cat. The Infant watched Miss Oo playing, and cooing, and rolling in the sun, till he wondered how it was that little Quong Sam had succeeded in crawling through the bamboo pole when he wished to get on the other side of the wall, and Hoo Chee made a little sound with a stick on the fence. Miss Oo turned to listen, and when he knocked again she discovered the knot-hole. The Infant's heart gave a funny jump; she had stood up, and was coming to examine the fence.

«Little eye!» she said.

Whereupon Hoo Chee felt a hand upon him, and was whirled away from her sight.

«Go into the house, fool offspring!» exclaimed his father. «If you gossip with that girl again I 'll keep you out of this yard for a thousand years!»

Hoo King pushed the stick through the knot-hole, and Miss Oo grasped it, unaware of the tragedy just enacted on the other side. When he drove it hard through, that it might not be withdrawn, a splinter caught in the small maid's finger. It did not hurt much, but she felt that something was wrong, and with her finger held up she trotted off to find her mother. Hoo Chee had gone with little steps into the house, with the corners of his mouth drawn down very far, hurrying as if something pursued him. A thousand years! The penalty was fearful even to think of, and it hovered about him for hours, like an oppressing spirit bound at last to drag him to despair. In a thousand years the Important Town would go to ruin, and lie at the mercy of the Monstrous Rat that lived in the Gruesome Go-down; in a thousand years One-Two would tire of staying indoors, and would go away and seek the sun and the fresh air and the fat cloth cat. And Hoo Chee would gaze out of the window and see Miss Oo and the two cats playing and playing and playing, and only once perhaps in a hundred years would they remember and look for Hoo Chee's mournful face behind the pane. It was true that all this was only a threat, but he felt it closing upon him as if it was real. He wished he knew how to find the Lady of Cakes and Tea.

He thought of it the next morning as he rummaged in the Go-down, which first had stood so high in the attractions of the yard, because it was doubtless owned by the Monstrous Rat, with whom he had expected many a sanguinary joust before he conquered it. But now he had forgotten about the Rat. The dim interior, piled with dusty crates and packing-boxes long disused, was suited to his mood. Among the empty boxes he had discovered a light one which he could handle, and back of it he had found another, much larger, into which by crawling a distance one could squeeze and be quite out of the world. A loosened board on the side of the Go-down that fronted on a strange yard let a shaft of sunlight into this retreat, and as he sat there he meditated breaking off relations with his family, and abiding there permanently, to sally forth only at night. But a few minutes of such life told him of its loneliness. He emerged, and for want of occupation trundled the lighter box into the yard.

How this box would have been used if it had not been for the awful threat, the Infant knew. Its awkward dimensions would have been struggled with until it was finally mastered and made to stand against the fence—so! And then it would have been easy to bring that little fruit-crate and hoist it on top—so! After that it was baby's play to fetch these flower-pots and fit them—so and so and so—one over the other, till, boxes and all, they made a tower half as high as the fence! It was an imposing structure, hidden behind the Gruesome Go-down, and he longed to show himself how he would have climbed up on it—if it had not been for the thousand years. All you had to do, you see, was to step on the big box—so! Then it was easy enough to reach the small box, and you caught hold, like this, of the bit of frayed rope nailed to the fence, and simply pulled yourself up to the fence-top—like that; and—oh, dear—there she was!

He stood breathless. Miss Oo lay asleep with her thumb in her mouth, and the fat cloth cat lay in the sitting attitude confirmed of fat cloth cats. A tall calla bent and nodded its benison upon Miss Oo, and her parted lips showed peeping teeth like rows of little novices.

Suddenly she startled the Infant by opening her eyes directly upon him. For an instant she caught his full stare; but his glance fell away, and his tongue searched the corners of his mouth. He dared not look at her. Miss Oo began to smile.

«Little eye!» she said.

And the Infant twisted himself in such confusion that he was in danger of falling from the flower-pots into an ignominious heap in the middle of the Important Town. Miss Oo kept looking straight at him, and he would not meet her eyes, but looked quite over her and beyond, at space. She crawled some way, then rose, and came toward the fence.

«Little boy?» she inquired.

Which so embarrassed the Infant that he sank down out of view, leaving nothing visible to Miss Oo but eight small grimy finger-tips on the fence-top. Womanlike, she made no effort to get him back, but waited in silence until the Infant began to wonder if she had gone, and he found courage to pull himself up to see. She was there, sitting on the grass, absorbed in the finger-tips. At sight of him the big smile came again.

«Miss Oo?» she said.

Which frightened him so that he sank down

once more. But as he sat in cover, and heard nothing from Miss Oo, he was at length moved to say, but little above a whisper:

« Yai-yai! »

Whereupon Miss Oo responded with a giggle in her small voice, « Yai-yai-yah! » and the Infant could not refrain from calling back in louder tones, « Yai-yai-*yah!* » which Miss Oo repeated each time louder than the Infant, so that soon the merry contest of their voices had risen to such screams that it reached the ears of Hoo King. Hoo Chee's diffidence departed, and Miss Oo seemed charmed. When they were tired of shouting she searched her small collection of words. When Miss Oo liked people she talked to them.

« Rice cake? » she said, after a moment.

The Infant bethought him of the pocket of his bib, and found therein a bean-meal cooky, which he promptly dropped into her lap. Miss Oo immediately began to devour it while Hoo Chee waited.

« Little girl? » he inquired at length in her own manner.

But she was too busy to answer. She looked at him over the cooky with two grave eyes, while the particles of bean-meal collected about her mouth. The Infant yearned for more conversation. He smiled engagingly, and shouted, « Yai-yai-*yah!* » and kicked the boards for her attention. But when Miss Oo looked up again she saw not even the eight grimy fingers. The flower-pots had given away, and the entire edifice of his love had fallen, bringing him to the ground in a mixture of boxes and broken clay. He had bumped his head, too, and his eyes filled with tears. Oh, if the Lovely Lady had been there he would have run to her and cried in the folds of her gown, and she would have comforted him, and taken him up in her arms! But instead he heard the voice of his father. He must not weep; he would need his tears. The thousand years were coming. He should never see the fence again, and there would n't be even a flower-pot balcony for him to come out on. His heart thumped against his ribs, and his pallor was evident even to his father.

But Hoo King did not suspect the gravity of the offense, and the penalty was merely that the boxes and the fragments all must be removed to the shed whence Hoo Chee had fetched them. The labor which had been lightened by novelty, and by a magnetic attraction that had governed his will without a protest, now became an endless evil toil, and when it was finished Hoo Chee was well nigh exhausted. Miss Oo had long ago been taken into the house, explaining the crumbs of bean-meal on her face with the words, « Little boy. » The Infant went to sleep without a thought of supper, dreaming that he was an executioner, and must keep chopping off a head that forever flew up in the air and flew back, tight to its body.

When he came into the yard once more he was in no frame of mind to play Bad Old Man with One-Two. How gloomy the yard was, anyway, thought the Infant. It was a prison, where one might never do what one liked most. Oh, if the Lady of Cakes and Tea would but come and take him to the house where all was light and freedom and peace! He went off in a reverie of her, and of the wonderful porcelain pond where, if one was not too frightened to search, there were probably funny little wiggly fishes and hoppity frogs. He was interrupted by the man who peddled the flesh of the abalone, and who came through the gate to interview Hoo King, whose wrath at being disturbed sent the abalone man away, leaving the gate ajar for revenge. The Infant saw the forbidden street, and turned his back, for it invited him to run away. With a weary spirit, he absently made pictures of rice-cakes with a stick in the main street of his Important Town.

The abalone man had gone to Sum Chow's, and seemed to be doing business there. The steps which the Infant heard outside were not the abalone man's; they were too light. It was some one coming into Hoo Chee's yard—a woman, probably—some woman humming to herself in a quiet way. The Infant scratched out the rice-cakes, and tried to make a picture of the golden fruit the Lady had given him. One-Two had gone to the gate. The small hum stopped, and the Infant heard a little voice:

« Yai-yai? »

His heart beat in his throat. There she was. She stood, with a bright smile, well inside the gate, bearing the fat cloth cat. One-Two was sniffing the extraordinarily phlegmatic creature with the stuffed tail, and Miss Oo was pausing for welcome. The Infant sat, rooted with fear, giving no sign. Miss Oo waited but a moment; then she came and laid her hand upon his cheek.

« Miss Oo? » she said.

The wee fingers were very soft, and the big black eyes looked straight at him in frankest liking. But the abalone man was coming, with his noisy cry. The father might think to have a glance at the yard—and it would mean a thousand years! The Infant did not know how to make her go away. In his heart he wished her to stay. The impulse to hide away with her came upon him like an instinct, and he

took her hand and led her into the Gruesome Go-down.

He would crawl and show her into the packing-box, she had followed him so trustfully. He picked his way over the flower-pots and behind the boxes to where he squeezed through the long and well-concealed passage to his cubbyhole, and Miss Oo, holding the fat cloth cat, followed at his heels as a matter of course. She crawled into the big box and arranged herself close beside him, while he eyed her with half-prevailing pleasure. One-Two sat before them gazing contemptuously at the fat cloth cat. Miss Oo looked about her and was deeply pleased.

«Little house?» she said sweetly.

Hoo King was outside. He went to the gate, then came back and looked for a moment into the shed, then went again to the gate. He called sternly to the abalone man across the street. Then Hoo King hammered at Sum Chow's open gate, and there was presently a hurried conversation half audible to the two in the cubbyhole. With one accord Miss Oo and the Infant remained silent, and in a short while the voices subsided and were forgotten.

The Infant found his precious ginger-jar, and he began to show his treasures—the many bits of colored crockery, and pins and buttons and scraps of cloth, and every odd and end from the débris pile that had a brilliant hue or shape unusual. The small girl cooed, and reached for them as he silently handed them over one by one. Then he put them all back in the jar, where the box of One-Two's fur lay securely tied, and Miss Oo took the jar and rattled its contents, and threw it down, laughing at Hoo Chee's efforts not to lose the treasures when they scattered about the floor. Each time the good-natured Infant laboriously collected them all, the box of hair first, and each time the maiden rattled the jar and threw it down again. Miss Oo's attention was drawn from it only by a big cooky that dropped from Hoo Chee's bib.

«Little cake?» she said, holding out her hand.

He gave it to her, and received the ginger-jar in return. She insisted that he take a bite with each of hers, and Hoo Chee, though he was not hungry, must accept when she stared at him, and thrust the cooky under his nose. For him the cooky was not a success; it was almost like medicine. Conflicting emotions greatly disturbed him within for all his pleasure in this lovely comrade. Now Miss Oo was busying herself with baring her feet of her tiny shoes, an act forbidden by her mother. Her glee at this quite drowned the Infant's trouble for a while. Hoo Chee must take his shoes off, too; and it was hilarious fun to put them on Miss Oo's smaller feet, and see her giggle and kick them off against the ceiling of their little house. She became interested in her big toe, and brought it up to look at it. She began to frown: she could not remember its name.

«Little thumb?» she inquired doubtfully, staring at the wonderful member. But that did not seem right. In her perplexity she turned to Hoo Chee.

«Little nose?» she ventured.

«That 's your little big toe,» said Hoo Chee; whereupon Miss Oo repeated the words after him, and went off into an ecstasy of laughter over her new knowledge. She shook the fat cloth cat by the tail, just as she had when he had seen her flirting with the sun. And Hoo Chee was so enchanted that he tried to shake One-Two by the tail. The young persons were severely startled by One-Two's instantaneous denial of this privilege. One-Two turned a somersault in the air, and sputtered and spun, and made expressions of most painful character, and disappeared in a rage that was really half jealousy. Then, in the narrowness of their little house, they began to lack new things to play with, and Miss Oo stared at Hoo Chee in expectancy.

«I 'll tell you about the Sarcastic Turtle,» said the Infant, finally, in an inspiration. «There was a man lost his head, and could n't find it anywhere—and was n't it too bad about the poor man? So he took some crutches and went to hunt it—so far that he wished he was home again. But the Sarcastic Turtle said, ‹I 'll take you across.› And when they got out in the middle the Sarcastic Turtle said: ‹You must promise never to tell my secret when you get home. If you do I 'll drown you right now!› And the man said, ‹What is your secret?› And the Sarcastic Turtle said, ‹Well, all the other turtles can say Yang-tse-kiang, but I can't!› And the man said—but I 'll tell you about a Little Boy,» said the Infant, observing signs of failing interest in Miss Oo. She was sitting propped up in the corner, with her eyes half closed. She could n't follow the story; but it was pleasant to hear some one talk in a steady voice, when she felt as she did now.

«A Little Boy went out one day,» said Hoo Chee, thoughtfully, «and followed her up the street. And she let him in, and it was the House of Glittering Things! It was all white inside, and there were plenty of cakes,» said the Infant, whereupon Miss Oo opened her eyes suspiciously, «and it was lighted with

stars and a dog and everything. And a man named Gee hated him, and went and told his father, and then he came and took me away from her; and I 'll have his head cut off, and put it up the chimney, and then he won't hate me any more. *She* 'll cut it off for me. And then I 'll stay in the house—and find little Quong Sam—for a thousand years,» finished the Infant, abstractedly.

Miss Oo had gone to sleep. The Infant saw her head rising and falling a tiny distance on her chubby chest; but lovely as she was, he wished she would go home. He could not run to the house and leave her, for the Monstrous Rat might come. It was wretchedly uncomfortable, for his father would surely be seeking him. There she sat, with her hands hanging at her sides like a Japanese doll's. He wished the Lady of Cakes and Tea would appear, and take them both away forever on a cloud that would float so high that no one could reach it. He thought of the thousand years, and he was nearly ready to cry.

It was really a long time since they had entered the Go-down. The learned Dr. Wing, pacing in Sum Chow's yard, trying to reason out the disappearance of two small children, became aware of faint sounds coming from the direction of the Go-down, and after listening carefully for a while to the story of a little boy laughed softly to himself and departed. There were now people in the yard, the Infant knew—several of them; and one was a man speaking Chinese in a foreign accent. Then some one in a wonderfully lovely voice spoke—a voice the clear, soft tones of which penetrated the Go-down. Surely Hoo Chee had heard that voice before! He grasped the ginger-jar, and crawled excitedly over Miss Oo's feet, and put his head out to listen. Oh, joy! and oh, most marvelous surprise! It *was* the Lady of Cakes and Tea! He wriggled out as fast as his hands and knees would carry him, jostling the small maid, who murmured sleepily, «Miss Oo?» and awoke to see his disappearing heels.

Near the door of the Go-down the Infant paused, and peeped through a crack from behind a barrel. He heard his angry father, who spoke but little English, hotly declaring in Chinese that when Hoo Chee should be found he would be tied indoors—for a thousand years.

«The fellow 's a brute!» said the gentleman who had come with Miss Bayley Arenam, in English. «He still pretends to believe that you stole his boy, and he threatens the child with torture—in the same breath. If he is n't careful I 'll have the boy removed to the mission.»

«He *is* so dear!» said Miss Arenam. «You don't think his father would hurt him, do you? I *do* hope that some day I may do something to make Hoo Chee happier!»

«I will teach him mission-school,» Hoo King was threatening, while the Infant trembled and paled, and scarcely felt Miss Oo behind him. «If he does n't come home I will bring police to your house. And there is one who can help me,» said Hoo King, pointing to Sum Oo's father, who had just come hopefully into the yard, after a long search through the quarter.

«Oh,» said Miss Arenam, recognizing Sum Chow; «is it your little girl who is missing—Miss Oo? Surely no one would harm them! Do you think so?»

«Gone childs,» said the learned Dr. Wing Shee, appearing behind Chow. «Omens says shall be find; shall come from east,» said the doctor, pointing toward the Go-down. «Omens say good times come for that poy, by by.»

«She is good little girl,» said Sum Chow, trying to smile. «She is too much—and the mother is too much sad. But we do not think you—»

«Why don't the foreign devils go?» said Hoo King. «Why do they loiter on my premises? Do they want to steal me?»

The Infant shivered. He saw the Lovely Lady about to depart. She would disappear again—forever—and he would be left alone with his father. Ah, no, no! He rushed wildly out of the Go-down and after her, calling loudly:

«Ha-o, Pay-lee! Pay-lee!»

«Why, you darling!» cried Bayley Arenam, joyfully. «You were hiding?»

The Lady took the dusty young person up, and kissed him, and, as fast as she could, came trotting after him the barefooted Miss Oo, who ran to the Lovely Lady, and said demurely:

«Miss Oo?»

And when the Lady put him down, to look at the Infant and Miss Oo as they stood side by side, the Infant took hold of the Lady's gown, and turned his head back so that he could look beseechingly up into her eyes.

«We want to go home with you,» he entreated, with frightened breath. «We want to go to the House of Glittering Things. We want to,» he begged, with a pain of suspense. «She 'll be good, and I 'll be good. We don't want to stay here. We want to go home with you.»

And Miss Oo, hearing the Infant talk of going somewhere, decided that he should not suddenly forsake her again. She tightly

grasped the tip of Hoo Chee's cue, and looked earnestly into the face of the Lovely Lady.

«The darling things! What does he say?» asked Miss Arenam.

«He says they want to go and live with you,» translated Mr. Arroway.

«You angel!» cried the Lady of Cakes and Tea, kissing him again. «I *do* wish I could take you!»

The Infant laughed aloud. It was all right, then. One could tell from the kiss and the tone, no matter if one knew not a word of what she said. He would go with her to the house, and the thousand years would be left behind. Hoo King was glaring at his son in a rage, but the presence of the gentleman who spoke Chinese restrained what the father might have said.

«Good-by,» said Hoo Chee, radiantly turning his head to his father, but still holding tight to the Lady. «I go to the House of Glittering Things. I shall be always happy.»

«Ah!» cried Hoo King, beside himself. «Fool offspring! Fool! Come here; they have filled your impious body with devils!»

Hoo King made a dash for his son.

«No, no, no!» exclaimed Hoo Chee, fearfully, running behind Miss Arenam, with the troubled Miss Oo following after and holding to his pigtail. «No, no, no! Pay-lee! Pay-*lee!*»

But Mr. Arroway caught him.

«You belong to your father, little boy,» he said tenderly in Chinese, while Hoo Chee struggled and wept and hated him. «You must stay with him. I am sorry; but the Lady will come again some day—surely!»

Hoo King strode forward and snatched the Infant's hand, tearing his hold roughly from the Lady's skirt; and Sum Chow took the hand of his daughter. But Miss Oo began to sniffle too, resisting with all her tiny strength the loosening of her grasp of Hoo Chee's pigtail. When it was accomplished she broke into a wail. «Miss Oo! Miss Oo!» she cried woefully. Hoo Chee was dragged by his frowning sire toward the house, but the Infant wept no longer. His breath caught and caught, as if his bursting heart was forcing it all from his body; his brain was whirling in a panic. The sun was to be taken from the sky for a thousand bitter years.

LONG after the yard was deserted there appeared at the window, just above the sill, a little round face with two red eyes and a mouth drawn very far down at the corners. A wind was sending in a swirling fog. The little red eyes overlooked the Important Town and the waving posies and the ginger-jar with the scattered treasures, and they saw into the empty Go-down. But those whose forms stayed pictured in his memory—Dr. Wing and Miss Oo and the Lovely Lady—they were gone, all gone, forever. They were the only ones he loved, but he should never see them again. The wind slammed the gate and latched it. The little eyes blinked and blinked and filled till they could not see, and the small head bowed on the window-sill.

Chester Bailey Fernald.

THE DREAMER.

THE dreamer cried, «Oh, that it once were mine
To build a song that should defy the years—
One that should lift with hope those bowed in tears,
And touch the wavering with a strength divine;
An all-puissant lay, whose every line
Should front some wrong as with a thousand spears,
Or strike to mist the horde of lurking Fears
That guard the keep where Truth immured doth pine!»
The while earth's children, worn with care and pale,
Grieved for the light lost here for evermore,
Each day went by him, wandering in despair;
The blind unnoted passed him, and the frail;
Sin dwelt unchallenged near his very door,
And Error, mailed in guile, was castled there.

Henry Jerome Stockard.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

THE COLLAPSE OF THE WESTERN EMPIRE.

POLITICS AND STRATEGY—THE END OF THE GRAND ARMY—THE FRANKFORT PROPOSALS—THE INVASION OF FRANCE—NAPOLEON'S SUPREME EFFORT—THE GREAT CAPTAIN AT BAY.



THE GRAY OVERCOAT.

POLITICS AND STRATEGY.

THROUGHOUT the night, after his victory at Dresden, Napoleon believed that the enemy would return again to battle on the morrow. Indeed, the council of the disheartened allies debated far into the small hours whether an advantageous stand could not still be made on the heights of Dippoldiswalde. But the coalition army was sadly shattered, having lost a third of its numbers. Crippled on its left, and threatened on its rear, it began next morning to retreat in fair order toward the Erzgebirge, or Ore Mountains, and so continued until it became known that Vandamme was directly in the path, when a large proportion of the troops literally took to the hills, and retreat became flight. Then first, at four in the afternoon, Napoleon, having ridden almost to Pirna, issued orders for the single corps of Vandamme, slightly reinforced, to begin the pursuit! Thereupon, leaving orders for Mortier to hold Pirna, he entered a carriage, and drove quietly back to Dresden! These are the almost incredible facts: no terrific onslaught after the first night, no well-ordered pursuit after the second, a mere pretense of seizing the advantage on the third day! In fact, Napoleon, having set his plan in operation, sank at once, to all outward appearances, into a state of lassitude, the only sign of interest he displayed throughout the battle being shown when he was told of Moreau's mortal wound. The cause may have been physical or it may have been moral, but it was probably a political miscalculation. If we may believe Captain Coignet, the talk of the staff on the night of the 27th revealed a perfect knowledge of the enemy's rout; yet the burden of their conversation was execration of the Emperor. «He 's a —— ——, who will ruin us all,» was the repeated malediction. If we may believe Napoleon himself, he had a violent attack of vomiting near Pirna, and was compelled to leave everything on that fateful day to others. The sequel goes to show that neither his own sickness nor the bad temper of the army sufficiently accounts for Napoleon's unmilitary conduct; it appears as if he wilfully refrained from annihilating the Austrian army in order to reknit the Austrian alliance and destroy the coalition.

Had Oudinot and Macdonald succeeded in their offensive operations against Berlin, and had Napoleon himself done nothing more than hold Dresden, which from the outset he considered as a defensive point, it would have sufficed, in order to obtain the most favorable terms of peace, to throw back the main army of the coalition, humiliated and dispirited, through Bohemia to Prague. But long service under the Empire had destroyed all initiative in the French marshals: in Spain, one mighty general after another had been brought low; those who were serving in Germany seemed stricken with the same palsy. It is true that in the days of their greatness they had commanded choice troops, and that now the flower of the army was reserved for the Emperor; but it is likewise true that then they had fought for wealth, advancement, and power. Now they yearned to enjoy their gains, and were embittered because Napoleon had not accepted Austria's terms of mediation until it was too late. Moreover, Bernadotte, one of their opponents, had been trained in their own school, and was fighting for a crown. To Blücher, untamed and untrustworthy in temper, had been given in the person of Gneisenau an efficient check on his headlong impulses, and Bülow was a commander far above mediocrity. Such considerations go far to account for the disasters of Grossbeeren, Katzbach, and Kulm, which made it insufficient for Napoleon to hold Dresden and throw back the main army of the

allies, and which thwarted all his strategy, military and political.

The first of these affairs was scarcely a defeat. Oudinot, advancing, with 70,000 men, by Wittenberg to seize Berlin, found himself confronted by Bernadotte with 80,000. The latter, having fixed his eye on the crown of France, feared to defeat a French army, and had suggested abandoning the Prussian capital. But the Prussians were outraged, and a show of resistance was imperative. On August 22 a few skirmishes occurred, and the next day Bülow, disobeying his orders, brought on a pitched battle at Grossbeeren, which was waged, with varying success, until nightfall left the village in French hands. Oudinot, however, lost heart, and retreated to Wittenberg, pursued as far as Treuenbrietzen by the enemy. On August 21, Blücher, aware of the circumstances which kept Napoleon at Dresden, determined to attack Macdonald. The French marshal, by a strange coincidence, almost simultaneously abandoned the defensive position he had been ordered to hold, and advanced to give battle. On the 25th the two armies came together, amid rain and fog, on the Katzbach. After a bitter struggle, the French were routed with frightful loss. A terrific rain-storm set in, and the whole country was turned into a marsh. For five days Blücher continued the pursuit, until he reached Naumburg, on the right bank of the Queiss, where he halted, having captured 18,000 prisoners and 103 guns. To these disasters the affair at Kulm was a fitting climax. No worse leader for a delicate movement could have been selected than the reckless Vandamme. «If there were two Vandammes in my army,» Napoleon once said, «nothing could be done until one had killed the other.» As might have been expected, the headlong general far outstripped the columns of Marmont, Saint-Cyr, and Murat, which had been tardily sent to support him. Descending without circumspection into the plain of Kulm, he found himself, on the 29th, confronted by the Russian guard, and next morning, when attacked by superior force, he was compelled to retreat through a mountain defile toward Peterswalde, whence he had come. At the mouth of the gorge he was unexpectedly met by the Prussian corps of Kleist. Both sides were surprised, and rushed one upon the other in desperation. The Russians soon came up, and Vandamme, with 7000 men, was captured, the loss in slain and wounded being about 5000. Saint-Cyr, Marmont, and Murat halted and held the mountain passes.

This was the climax of disaster in Napoleon's great strategic plan. In no way responsible for Grossbeeren, or for Macdonald's defeat on the Katzbach, he was culpable both for the selection of Vandamme, and for failure to support him in the pursuit of Schwarzenberg. At St. Helena, Napoleon strove to account for the crash under which he was buried after Dresden by the sickness which made him unable to give attention to the situation, by the inundation which rendered Macdonald helpless at the crossing of the Bober, and by the notification from the King of Bavaria that, after a certain date, he too would join the coalition. This was not history, but an appeal to public sentiment, carefully calculated for untrained readers. The fact was that at Dresden the gradual transformation of the strategist into the politician, which had long been going on, was complete. This is proved by his next step. Hitherto his basal principle had been to mass all his force for a determinative blow, his combinations all turning about hostile armies and their annihilation, or at least about the production of a situation making annihilation possible. Now he was concerned, not with armies, but with capital cities. Claiming that to extend his line toward Prague would weaken it, in order to resume a strong defensive he chose the old plan of an advance to Berlin; and Ney was sent to supersede Oudinot, Schwarzenberg being left to recuperate unmolested. The inchoate idea of political victory which turned him back from Pirna was fully developed; by a blow at Berlin he could alarm Prussia, separate her army from that of the other allies, and then plead with Austria his consideration in not invading her territories. In spite of all that has been written to the contrary, there was some strength in this idea, unworthy as it was of the author's strategic ability. Ney was to advance immediately, while he himself pressed on to Hoyerswerda, where he hoped to establish connections for a common advance.

This would have been possible if for a fortnight Macdonald had been able to hold Blücher, and Murat to check Schwarzenberg. But the news of Macdonald's plight compelled Napoleon to march first toward Bautzen, in order to prevent Blücher from annihilating the army in Silesia. Exasperated by this unexpected diversion, the Emperor started in a reckless, embittered temper. On September 5 it became evident that Blücher would not stand, and Napoleon prepared to wheel in the direction of Berlin; but the orders were almost immediately recalled, for news arrived that Schwarzenberg was under way to Dres-

den. At once Napoleon returned to the Saxon capital. By September 10 he had drawn in his forces, ready for a second defense of the city; but learning that 60,000 Austrians had been sent over the Elbe to take on its flank any French army sent after Blücher, he ordered the young guard to Bautzen for the reinforcement of Macdonald. Thereupon Schwarzenberg, on the 14th, made a feint to advance. On the 15th Napoleon replied by a countermove on Pirna, where pontoons were thrown over the river to establish connection with Macdonald. On the 16th Napoleon reconnoitered, on the 17th there was a skirmish, and on the 18th there was again a push and counterpush. These movements convinced Napoleon that Schwarzenberg was really on the defensive, and he returned to Dresden, determined to let feint and counterfeint, the «system of hither and thither,» as he called it, go on until the golden opportunity for a crushing blow should be offered. Blücher meantime had turned again on Macdonald, who was now on the heights of Fischbach, with Poniatowski on his right. Mortier was again at Pirna; Victor, Saint-Cyr, and Lobau were guarding the passes from Bohemia.

This was virtually the situation of a month previous, before the battle. Schwarzenberg might feel that he had prevented the invasion of Austria, Napoleon that he had regained his strong defensive. While the victory of Dresden had gone for nothing, yet this situation was nevertheless a double triumph for Napoleon. Ney had advanced on the 5th, in obedience to orders. Bernadotte lay at Jüterbog, his right being westerly at Dennewitz, under Tauenzien. Bertrand was to make a demonstration on the 6th against the latter, so that behind this movement the rest of the army should pass by unnoticed. But Ney started three hours late, so that the skirmish between Tauenzien and Bertrand lasted long enough to give the alarm to Bülow, who hurried in and turned the affair into a general engagement. At first the advantage was with the Prussians; then Ney, at an opportune moment, began to throw in Oudinot's corps, a move which seemed likely to decide the struggle in favor of the French. But Borstell, who had been Bülow's lieutenant at Grossbeeren, brought up his men in disobedience to Bernadotte's orders, and threw them into the thickest of the conflict. Hitherto the Saxons had been fighting gallantly on the French side; soon they began to waver, and now, falling back, they took up many of Oudinot's men in their flight. The Prussians poured into the gap left by the Saxons, and when Bernadotte came up with his Swedes and Russians the battle was over. Ney was driven into Torgau, with a loss of 15,000 men, besides 80 guns and 400 train-wagons. The Prussians lost about 9,000 killed and wounded.

This affair concentrated into one movement the moral effects of all the minor defeats, an influence which far outweighed the importance of Dresden. The French still fought superbly in Napoleon's presence, but only then, for they were heartily sick of the war. The Prussians, seeing the great French generals successively defeated, and that largely by their own efforts, were animated to fresh exertions; even the reserves and home guard displayed the heroism of veterans. On September 7, Ney advised Napoleon to withdraw behind the Saale, and his opinion was that of all the division commanders. Throughout the country partizans were seizing the supply-trains; Davout had found his Dutch and Flemings to be mediocre soldiers, unfit at crucial moments to take the offensive; the army had shrunk to about 250,000 men all told; straggling was increasing, and the country was virtually devastated. To this last fact the plain people were, in their larger patriotism, amazingly indifferent; the «hither and thither» system tickled their fancy, and they dubbed Napoleon the «Bautzen Boy.» Uneasiness pervaded every French encampment; on the other side, timidity was replaced by courage, dissension by unity. This social transformation seemed further to entangle the political threads which had already debased the quality of Napoleon's strategy. Technically no fault can be found with his prompt changes of plan to meet emergencies, or with the details of movements which led to his prolonged inaction. Yet, largely considered, the result was disastrous. The great medical specialist refrains from the immediate treatment of a sickly organ until the general health is sufficiently recuperated to assure success; the medicaster makes a direct attack on evident disease. Napoleon conceived a great plan for concentrating about Dresden to recuperate his forces, but when Blücher prepared to advance he ordered Macdonald to make a grand dash. Driving in the hostile outposts to Förstgen, he then spent a whole day hesitating whether to go on, or to turn westward and disperse another detachment of his ubiquitous foe, which, as he heard from Ney, had bridged the Elbe at the mouth of the Black Elster. It was the 23d before he turned back to do neither, but to secure needed rest on the left bank of the Elbe. But if Napo-

leon's own definition of a truly great man be accurate,—namely, one who can command the situations he creates,—he was himself no longer such. The enemy not only had bridges over the Elbe at the mouth of the Elster, but at Acken and Rosslau. The left bank was as untenable for the French as the right, and it was of stern necessity that the various detachments of the army were called in to hold a line far westward, to the north of Leipsic. Oudinot, restored to partial favor, was left to keep the rear at Dresden with part of the young guard. On October 1 it was learned that Schwarzenberg was manœuvering on the left to surround the invaders if possible by the south, and that Blücher, with like aim, was moving to the north. It was evident that the allies had formed a great resolution, and Napoleon confessed to Marmont that his «game of chess was becoming confused.»

The fact was, the emperor's diplomacy had far outstripped the general's strategy. It was blazoned abroad that, on September 27, 160,000 new conscripts from the class of 1815, with 120,000 from the arrears of the seven previous classes, would be assembled at the military depots in France. Boys like these had won Lützen, Bautzen, and Dresden, and a large minority would be able-bodied men, late in maturing, perhaps, but strong. With this preliminary blare of trumpets, a letter was sent to General Bubna for the Emperor Francis, asking a hearing. It was too late; already, on September 9, the three powers had concluded an offensive and defensive alliance for the purpose of liberating the Rhenish princes, and of restoring both Prussia and Austria to their limits of 1805. This was the treaty which beguiled Bavaria from the French alliance, and made the German contingents in the French armies, the Saxons among the rest, wild for emancipation from a hated service. It explained the notification previously received from the King of Bavaria, who, on October 8, formally joined the coalition, with an army of 36,000, in return for the recognition of his complete autonomy. These were the circumstances which sent back Napoleon's flag of truce with his message undelivered. On October 3, Blücher, having accomplished a superb strategic march, drove Bertrand to Bitterfeld, and stood before Kemberg, west of the Elbe, with 64,000 men; Bernadotte, with 80,000, was crossing at Acken and Rosslau, and Schwarzenberg, with 170,000, was already south of Leipsic; Bennigsen, with 50,000 reserves, had reached Teplitz. The enemy would clearly concentrate at Leipsic and cut off Napoleon's base unless he retreated. On October 5 his resolution so to do was taken under compulsion, and Murat was sent, with three infantry corps and one of cavalry, to hold Schwarzenberg until the necessary manœuvers could be completed.

THE END OF THE GRAND ARMY.

BUT how should the retreat be conducted? In Napoleon's painstaking notes (his habit of reducing his thoughts to writing for the sake of clearness remaining strong upon him to the last) he outlined two alternatives: to garrison Dresden with two corps, send three to reconnoiter about Chemnitz, and then march, with five and the guard, to attack Schwarzenberg; or else to strengthen Murat, place him between Schwarzenberg and Leipsic, and then advance to drive Bernadotte and Blücher behind the Elbe. But in winter the frozen Elbe with its flat shores would be no rampart. Both plans were abandoned, and on the 7th orders were issued for a retreat behind the Saale, the precipitous banks of which were a natural fortification. Dresden must, he concluded, be evacuated. This would deprive the allies of their easy refuge behind the Saxon and Bohemian mountains, but it might leave them complete masters of Saxony unless he should halt behind the Mulde for one blow at the armies of the north and of Silesia, or join Murat for a decisive battle with the Austrian general, or else concentrate at Leipsic, and meet the onset of the united allies, now much stronger than he. The night of the 7th was spent in indecision as to any one or all of these ideas, but in active preparation for the retreat; any contingency might be met or a resolve taken when the necessity arose. During that night the Emperor took two warm baths. The habit of drinking strong coffee to prevent drowsiness had induced attacks of nervousness, and these were not diminished by his load of care. To allay these and other ailments, he had had recourse for some time to frequent tepid baths. Much has been written about a mysterious malady which had been steadily increasing, but the burden of testimony from the Emperor's closest associates at this time indicates that in the main he had enjoyed excellent health throughout the second Saxon campaign. There were certainly intervals of self-indulgence and of lassitude, of excessive emotion and depressing self-examination, which seemed to require the offset of a physical stimulus; but on the whole, natural causes, complex but not inexplicable, sufficiently account for the subsequent disasters.

For instance, considerations of personal friendship having in earlier days often led him to unwise decisions, a like cause may be said to have brought on his coming disaster. It was the affection of the Saxon king for his beautiful capital which at the very last instant, on October 8, induced Napoleon to cast all his well-weighed scheme to the winds, and —fatal decision—leave Saint-Cyr and Lobau, with three corps, in Dresden. A decisive battle was imminent; every division would not be under the colors. But with or without his full force, the master-strategist was outwitted: the expected meeting did not take place as he finally reckoned. On the 10th his headquarters were at Düben, and his divisions well forward on the Elbe, ready for Bernadotte and Blücher; but there was no foe. Both these generals had been disconcerted by the unexpected swiftness of the French movements; the former actually contemplated recrossing the river to avoid a pitched battle with those whom he hoped before long to secure as his subjects. But the enthusiastic old Prussian shamed his ally into action, persuading him at least to march south from Acken, effect a junction with the army of Silesia, and cross the Saale to threaten Napoleon from the rear. Both might possibly unite with Schwarzenberg; but even if unsuccessful in that, they would at least reproduce the situation in Silesia, and reduce the French to the old « hither and thither » system. Napoleon spent a weary day of waiting in Düben, yawning and scribbling, but keeping his geographer and secretary in readiness. When rumors of Bernadotte's movements began to arrive, he dismissed the idea suggested by them as preposterous; when finally, on the 12th, he heard that Blücher was advancing to Halle, and no doubt remained, he gave instant orders for a march on Leipsic. Critics have suggested that again delay had been his ruin, but this is not true. An advance over the Elbe toward Berlin in search of the enemy would merely have enabled Blücher and Bernadotte to join forces sooner, and have rendered their union with Schwarzenberg easier. No stricture is just but one: that Napoleon, knowing how impossible it was to obtain such exact information as he seemed determined to have, should have divined the enemy's plan, and have acted sooner. Some allowance may be made if he lingered before rushing into the « tube of a funnel,» as Marmont expressed it. On the morning of the 13th, while the final arrangements for marching to Leipsic were making, came the news of Bavaria's defection. It spread throughout the army like wild-fire, but its effect was less than might be imagined, and it served for the priming of a bulletin, issued on the 15th, announcing the approaching battle.

On the 14th, Murat, who had been steadily withdrawing before the allied army of the south, was overtaken at Wachau by Schwarzenberg's advance. He fought all day with magnificent courage, and successfully, hurling the hostile cavalry skirmishers back on the main column. Within sound of his guns, Napoleon was reconnoitering his chosen battle-field in and about Leipsic. That night the brothers-in-law met. Napoleon seemed calm; by a touch of his old energy he had concentrated more swiftly than his foe, having 170,000 men in array. Reynier, with 14,000 men, was near; if Saint-Cyr and Lobau, with their 30,000, had been present instead of sitting idly in Dresden, the French would actually have outnumbered any army the coalition could have assembled for battle. The allies could hope at best to produce 200,000 men; Bernadotte was still near Merseburg; Blücher, though coming in from Halle, was not within striking distance. In spite of his vacillation and final failure to evacuate Dresden, Napoleon had an excellent fighting chance. The city of Leipsic, engirdled by numerous villages, lies in a low plain watered by the Parthe, Pleisse, and Elster, the last of which to the westward has several arms, with swampy banks. Across these runs the highway to Frankfort, elevated on a dike, and spanning the deep, central stream of the Elster by a single bridge. Eastward by Connewitz the land is higher, there being considerable swells, and even hills, to the south and southeast. This rolling country was that chosen by Napoleon for the main battle against Schwarzenberg; Marmont was stationed north of the city, near Möckern, to observe Blücher; Bernadotte, the cautious, was still at Oppin with his Swedes. On the evening of the 15th, his dispositions being complete, Napoleon made the tour of all his posts. At dusk three white rockets were seen to rise in the southern sky; they were promptly answered by four red ones in the north. These were probably signals between Schwarzenberg and Blücher. Napoleon's watch-fire was kindled behind the old guard, between Reudnitz and Crottendorf.

The battle began early next morning. Napoleon waited until nine, and then advanced at the head of his guards to Liebertwolkwitz, near Wachau, on the right bank of the Pleisse, where the decisive struggle was sure to occur, since the mass of the enemy, under Barclay, with Wittgenstein as second in command, had attacked in four columns at that

point. Between the Pleisse and the Elster, near Connewitz, stood Poniatowski, opposed to Schwarzenberg and Meerveldt; westward of the Elster, near Lindenau, stood Bertrand, covering the single line of retreat, the Frankfort highway, and his antagonist was Gyulay. Thus there were four divisions in the mighty conflict, which began by an onset of the allies along the entire front. The main engagement was stubborn and bloody, the allies attacking with little skill, but great bravery. Until near midday Napoleon more than held his own. Victor at Wachau, and Lauriston at Liebertwolkwitz, had each successfully resisted six desperate assaults; between them were massed the artillery, 150 guns, and behind, the powerful cavalry, ready, with an awful shock and swift pursuit, to break through the enemy's center at Güldengossa and surround his right. Schwarzenberg, having attempted to outflank the French, was floundering to no avail in the swampy meadows between the Pleisse and the Elster, and was no longer a factor in the contest. When, at midday, all was in readiness and the order was given, the artillery fire was so rapid that the succeeding shots were heard, not separately, but in a long, sullen note. By two, Victor and Oudinot on the right, with Mortier and Macdonald on the left, were well forward of Güldengossa, but the place itself still held out. At three the cavalry, under Murat, Latour-Maubourg, and Kellermann, were sped direct upon it. With awful effort they broke through, and the bells of Leipsic began to ring in triumph—prematurely. The Czar had peremptorily summoned from Schwarzenberg's command the Austro-Russian reserve, and at four these, with the Cossack guard, charged the French cavalry, hurling them back to Markkleeberg. Nightfall found Victor again at Wachau, and Macdonald holding Liebertwolkwitz. Simultaneously with the great charge of the allies Meerveldt had dashed out from Connewitz toward Dölitz, but his force was nearly annihilated, and he himself was captured. At Möckern, Marmont, after gallant work with inferior numbers, had been beaten on his left, and then compelled for safety to draw in his right. While he still held Gohlis and Eutritzsch, the mass of his army had been thrown back into Leipsic. At nightfall three blank shots announced the cessation of hostilities all around.

In the face of superior numbers, the French had not lost a single important position, and whatever military science had been displayed was all theirs; Blücher made the solitary advance move of the allies, the seizure of Möckern by York's corps. Yet Napoleon knew that he was lost unless he could retreat. Clearly he had expected a triumph, for in the city nothing was ready, and over the Elster was but one crossing, the solitary bridge on the Frankfort road. The 17th was Sunday; both sides were exhausted, and the Emperor of the French felt that at all hazards he must gain time. During the night long consultations had been held, and the French divisions to the south had been slightly compacted. In the morning the captured Austrian general was paroled, and sent into his own lines to ask an armistice, together with the intervention of Francis on the terms of Prague: renunciation of Poland and Illyria by Napoleon, the absolute independence of Holland, of the Hanse towns, of Spain, and of a united Italy. When we remember that England was paymaster to the coalition, and was fighting for her influence in Holland, and that Austria's ambition was for predominance in a disunited Italy, we must see that Napoleon wanted time rather than hoped for a successful plea to his father-in-law. The day passed without further incident except a momentary attack by Marmont, and the arrival of Bernadotte, who had been spurred to movement by a hint from Gneisenau concerning the terms on which Great Britain was to pay her subsidies. It was asserted at the time that Napoleon gave orders early in the day for building numerous bridges over the western streams. If so, they were not executed, only a single flimsy structure being built, and that on the road leading from the town, not on the lines westward from his positions in the suburbs. His subordinates should have acted in so serious a matter even without orders; but like the drivers of trains which run at lightning speed, they had lost their nerve. Marmont asserts that even Napoleon was nerveless. Perhaps he hoped against hope for the success of his mission; perhaps he was stunned by calamity. No answer from Francis was received; the allies agreed so to act, and not to cease fighting till the last French soldier was over the Rhine. It was midnight when Napoleon finally drew in his posts and gave preliminary orders to dispose his troops in readiness either to fight or to retreat.

When day dawned on October 18 the French army occupied its new position, the right wing, under Murat, between Connewitz and Dölitz, the center at Probstheida in a salient angle, the left, under Ney, with front toward the north between Paunsdorf and Gohlis. Within this arc, and close about the city, stood all the well-tried corps, infantry, artillery, and cavalry, under their various leaders of renown, Poniatowski, Augereau, Victor, Drouot,



FROM THE PORTRAIT IN THE COLLECTION OF PRINCE PONIATOWSKI. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

JOZEF ANTON, PRINCE PONIATOWSKI.

Kellermann, Oudinot, Latour-Maubourg, Macdonald, Marmont, Reynier, and Souham; Napoleon was on a hillock at Thonberg, with the old guard in reserve. His chief concern was the line of retreat, which was still open when, at seven, the fighting began. Schwarzenberg, with the left, could get no farther than Connewitz; Bennigsen, with the right, started to feel Bernadotte and complete the investment. Neither was entirely successful, but Marmont withdrew from before Blücher, and Ney from before Bernadotte and Bennigsen, in order to avoid being surrounded; so that the two French armies were united before nightfall on the western outskirts of the town, where Bertrand had routed Gyulay, and had kept open the all-important line of retreat, over which, since noon, trains of wagons had been passing. But magnificent as was the work of all these doughty champions on both sides, it was far surpassed in the center, where the entire day, under Napoleon's eye, advance and

resistance had been desperate. Men fell like grass before the scythe, and surging lines of their comrades moved on from behind. At Victor's stand, near Probstheida, the fighting was fiercer than the fiercest. The allied troops charged with fixed bayonets, rank after rank, column following on column; cannon roared while grape and shrapnel sped to meet the assailants; men said the air was full of human limbs; ten times Russians and Prussians came on, only to be driven ten times back. It was the same at Stötteritz, until at last there was scarcely a semblance of order; in hand-to-hand conflict men shouted, struggled, wrestled, thrust, advanced, and withdrew, and in neither combatants nor onlookers was there any sense of reality. By dusk the heated cannon were almost useless, the muskets entirely so, and, as darkness came down, the survivors fell asleep where they stood, riders in their saddles, horses in their tracks. Napoleon learned that 35,000 Saxons on the left had gone over to the enemy, and some one of his staff handing him a wooden chair, he dropped into it and sank into a stupor almost as he touched it. For half an hour he sat in oblivion, while in the thickening darkness the marshals and generals gathered about the watch-fires, and stood with sullen mien to abide his awakening. The moon came slowly up, Napoleon awoke, orders were given to complete the dispositions for retreat already taken, and, there being nothing left to do, the Emperor, with inscrutable emotions, passed inside the walls of Leipsic to take shelter in an inn on the creaking sign-board of which were depicted the arms of Prussia.

Throughout the night French troops streamed over the stone bridge across the Elster; in the early morning the enemy began to advance, and ever-increasing numbers hurried away to gain the single avenue of retreat. All morning Napoleon wandered aimlessly about the inner town, giving unimportant commands to stem the ever-growing confusion and disorder. Haggard, and with his clothing in disarray, he was not recognized by his own men, being sometimes rudely jostled. After an affecting farewell to the King of Saxony, in which his unhappy ally was instructed to make the best terms he could for himself, the Emperor finally fell into the throng and moved with it toward Lindenau. Halting near the Elster, a French general began to seek information from the roughly clad onlooker, who, without a suite, stood apparently indifferent, softly whistling «Malbrook s'en. va t'en guerre.» Of course the officer started as he recognized the Emperor, but the conquered sovereign took no notice. Bystanders thought his heart was turned to stone. Still the rush of retreat went on, successfully also, in spite of some confusion, until at two some one blundered. By the incredible mistake of a French under-officer, as is now believed, the permanent Elster bridge was blown up, and the temporary one had long since fallen. Almost simultaneously with this irreparable disaster the allies had stormed the city, and the French rear-guard came thundering on, hoping to find safety in flight. Plunging into the deep stream, many, like Poniatowski, were drowned; some, like the wounded Macdonald, swam safely over. The scene was heartrending, as horses, riders, and footmen rolled senseless in the dark flood, while others scrambled over their writhing forms in mad despair. Reynier and Lauriston, with 20,000 men, were captured, the King of Saxony was sent a prisoner to Berlin, and Stein ruled his domains by commission from the allies. By ten in the evening Bertrand was in possession of Weissenfels, and Oudinot wheeled at Lindenau, and held the unready pursuers in check.

Next morning, the 20th, Napoleon was alert and active. He had still about 120,000 men under his standards; as many more, and those his finest veterans, were besieged and held in the fortresses of the Elbe, Oder, and Vistula by local militia. These places would no longer be tenable; in fact, they began to surrender almost immediately, and the survivors of Leipsic were in a desperate plight from hunger and fatigue. Yet the commander gave no sign of sensibility. «'T was thus he left Russia,» said the surly men in the ranks. Hunger-typhus appeared, and spread with awful rapidity; the country swarmed with partizans, the columns of the allies were behind and on each flank, 56,000 fresh Bavarians were approaching from Ansbach, under Wrede; at Erfurt all the remaining Saxons and Bavarians under the eagles marched away. The retreat from Germany was indeed perilous, but it was marked by splendid courage and unsurpassed skill. At Kösen and at Eisenach the allies were outwitted, and at Hanau, on the 29th, the Bavarians were annihilated in a pitched fight by an exhibition of personal pluck and calmness on Napoleon's part, paralleled only by his similar conduct at Krasnoi in the previous year. Only 70,000 men of the imperial army crossed the Rhine to Mainz. Soon the houses of that city were packed, and the streets were strewn with victims of the terrible hunger-typhus. They



FROM THE PAINTING BY ANTOINE-JEAN GROS, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

JÉRÔME BONAPARTE, KING OF WESTPHALIA.

died by hundreds, and corpses lay for days unburied; before the plague was stayed thousands found an inglorious grave.

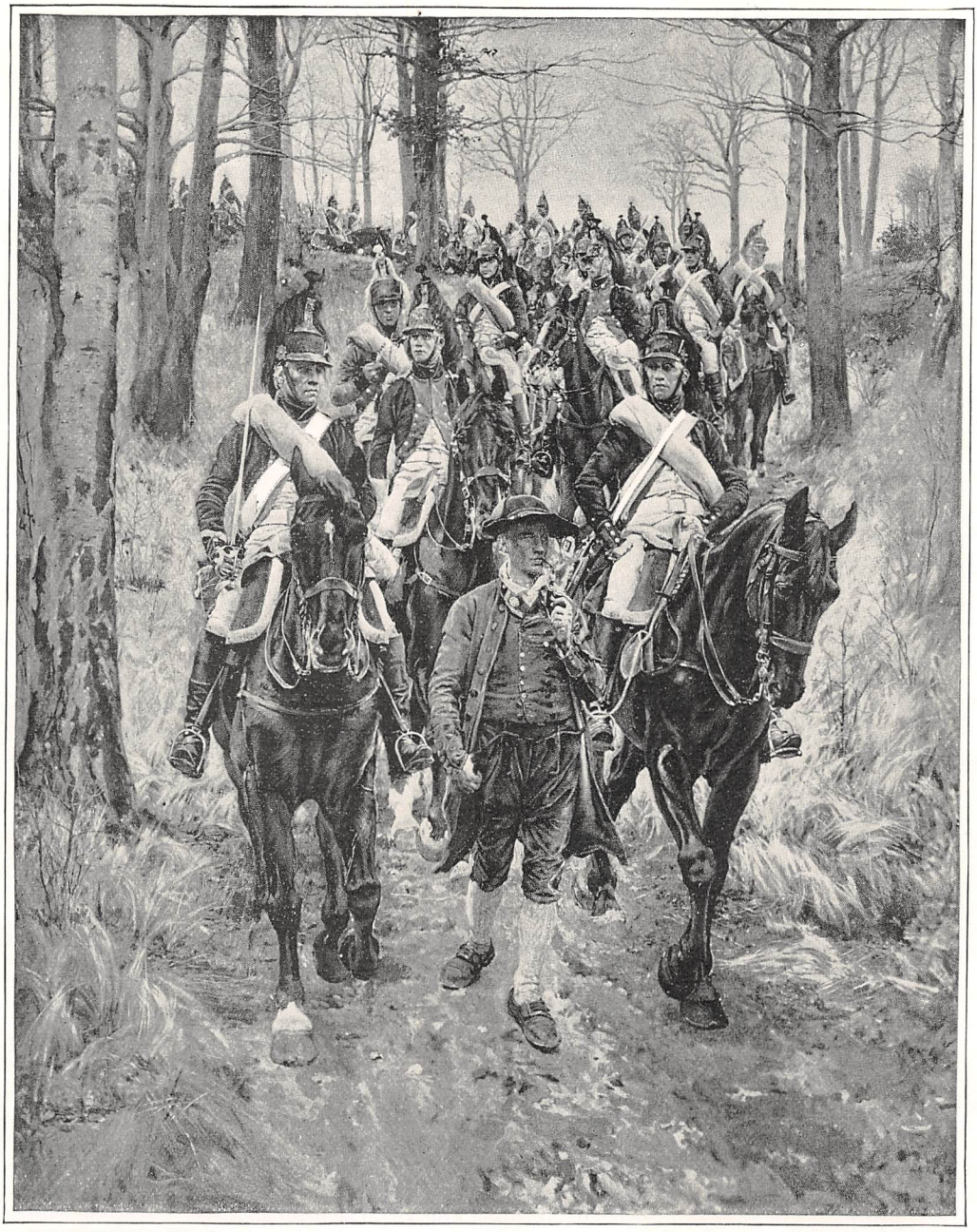
THE FRANKFORT PROPOSALS.

THE battle of Leipsic is one of the most important in general history, for it gave the hegemony of continental Europe to Prussia. French imperialism in its death-throes wiped out the score of royal France against the Hapsburgs; Austria was not yet banished to the lower courses of the Danube, but Prussia was launched upon her career of military aggrandizement. Three dynasties seemed in that battle to have celebrated a joint triumph; in reality the free national spirit of Germany, in danger of being smothered by Napoleonic imperialism, had chosen a national dynasty as its refuge. It is well designated by German historians as «the battle of the nations.» France was destined to become again the sport of an antiquated dynastic system. The liberties which men of English blood had been painfully developing for a century she sought to seize in an instant; she was to see them elude her grasp for sixty years still, until her

democratic life, having assumed consistency, should find expression in institutions essentially and peculiarly her own. Though the conquering monarchs believed that revolutionary liberalism had been quenched at Leipsic, its ultimate triumph was really assured, since it was consigned to its natural guardianship, that of national commonwealths. The imperial conglomeration of races and nationalities was altogether amorphous; that concept disappeared at Leipsic, while another, that of constitutional organic nationalities, was made operative. The successive stages of advance are marked by 1813, 1848, and 1870.

The Saxon campaigns display the completion of the process in which the great strategist, stifled by political anxieties, became the creature of circumstances both as general and statesman. The Russian campaign was nicely calculated, but its proportions and aim were those of the Oriental theocrat, not of the prosaic European soldier. With the aid of the railroad and the electric telegraph, they might have been wrought into a workable problem, but that does not excuse the errors of premature and misplaced ambition. The Saxon campaigns, again, are marked by a boldness of design and a skill in combination characteristic of the best strategy, but again the proportions are monstrous, and, what is worse, the execution is intermittent and feeble. As in Russia, the war organism is insufficient for the numbers and distances involved, while the subordinates of every grade, though supple instruments, seem mercenary, self-seeking, and destitute of devotion. Bonaparte had ruled men's hearts by his use of a cause, securing devotion by rude bonhomie, by success, and by sufficient rewards; Napoleon quenched devotion by a lavishness which sated the greediest, losing the affections of his associates by the demands of his gigantic plans. As he felt the foundations of his greatness shivering, he became more and more human. Early in 1813 he said: «I have a sympathetic heart, like another, but since earliest childhood I have accustomed myself to keep that string silent, and now it is altogether dumb.» He was mistaken: throughout that season he was profoundly moved by the horrors of war; his purse was ever open for the suffering; the King of Saxony was released from his entangling engagements; in spite of his hard-set expression on the retreat from Leipsic, he forbade his men to fire the suburbs of the city in order to retard the pursuit of their foes, and before he left Mainz for St. Cloud he showed the deepest concern, and put forth the strongest effort, in behalf of the dying soldiery.

The immediate effects of Leipsic were the full display of that national spirit which had been refined, if not created, in the fires of Napoleon's imperious career. An Austrian army drove Eugène over the Adige, and Italy, turning on her imperial king in bitter hate and yearning to emulate northern Europe, relapsed into the direst confusion. The Confederation of the Rhine was resolved into its elements: the Mecklenburgs reasserted their independence; King Jerome fled to France; Würtemberg, Hesse Darmstadt, and Baden followed Bavaria's example; and Cassel, Brunswick, Hanover, and Oldenberg were craftily restored to their former rulers before Stein's bureau could establish an administration. Holland recalled the Prince of Orange, Spain rose to support Wellington, and Soult was not merely driven over the Pyrenees—he was defeated on French soil, and shut up in Bayonne. Even the three monarchs, as they sedately moved across Germany with their exhausted and battered armies, were aware of nationality as a controlling force in their future. In a direct movement on Paris they could, as Ney said, «have marked out their days in advance,» but they halted at Frankfort. The coalition had accomplished its task and earned its pay; not a Frenchman, except real or virtual prisoners, was left east of the Rhine. From that point the interests of the three monarchs were divergent. As Gentz, the Austrian statesman, said, «The war for the emancipation of states bids fair to become one for the emancipation of the people.» The three sovereigns were all anxious for the future of absolutism, but otherwise there was mutual distrust. Austria was suspicious of Russia, and desired immediate peace. Russia saw in the restoration of Holland under English auspices the perpetuation of British maritime and commercial supremacy, to the disadvantage of her Oriental aspirations, and the old Russian party also demanded peace. On the other hand, Alexander wished to avenge Napoleon's march to Moscow by an advance to Paris; and though Frederick William distrusted what he called the Czar's Jacobinism, his soldiers, thirsty for further revenge, also desired to prosecute the war; even the most enlightened Prussian statesmen believed that nothing short of a complete cataclysm in France could shake Napoleon's hold on that people and destroy his power. Offsetting these conflicting tendencies against one another, Metternich was able to secure military inaction for a time, while the coalition formulated a series of proposals calculated to woo the French people, and thus to bring Napoleon at once to terms.



FROM THE PAINTING BY MEISSONIER. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

THE GUIDE.

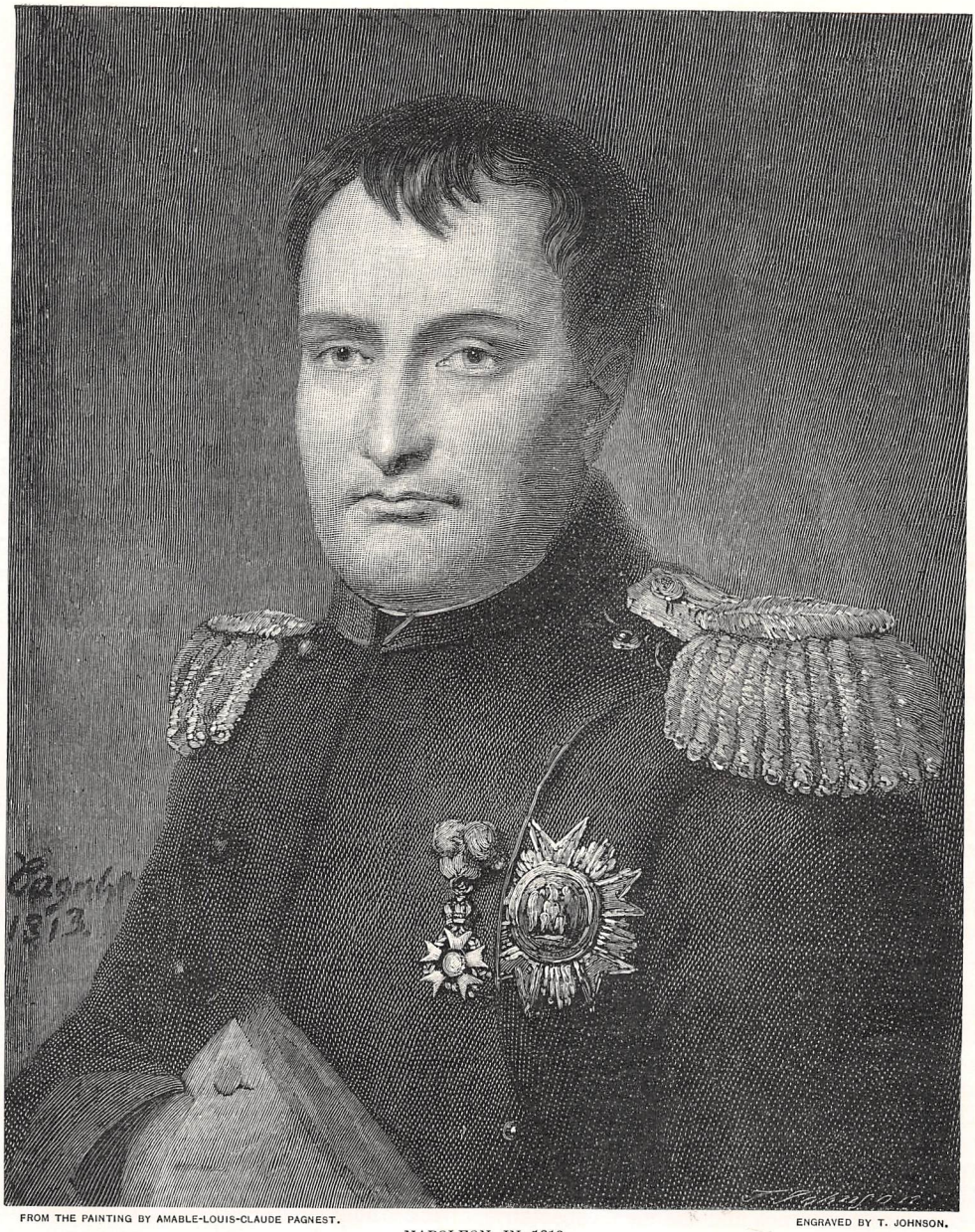
Ostensibly the Frankfort proposals, adopted on November 9, were only a slight advance on the ultimatum of Prague; Austria was to have enough Italian territory to secure her preponderance in that peninsula, France was to keep Savoy, with Nice; the rest of Italy was to be independent. Holland and Spain liberated, France was to have her «natural» boundaries, the Alps, the Pyrenees, the ocean, and the Rhine. Napoleon was to retain a slight preponderance in Germany, and the hope was held out that in a congress to settle details for a general pacification, Great Britain, content with the «maritime rights» which had caused the war, would hand back the captured French colonies. The various ministers present at Frankfort assented to these proposals for Great Britain, Austria, Russia, and Prussia respectively; but Alexander and Frederick William were dissatisfied with them, and when Castlereagh heard them, he was as furious as his cold blood would permit at the thought

of France retaining control of the Netherlands, Antwerp being the commercial key to central Europe. Such a humor in three of the high contracting parties makes it doubtful whether the Frankfort proposals had any reality, and this doubt is further increased by the facts that the propositions were informally made, and that hostilities were to proceed during negotiation. It is turned into assurance by Metternich's admission in his memoirs that these propositions were intended to divorce Napoleon from the French nation, and in particular to work on the feelings of the army. He says that neither Alexander nor Frederick William would have assented to them had they not been convinced that Napoleon would «never in the world of his own accord» resolve to accept them. Yet the world has long believed that Napoleon, as he himself expressed it, lost his crown for Antwerp; that had he believed the honeyed words of the Austrian minister, and opened negotiations on an indefinite basis without delay, he might have kept France with its revolutionary boundaries intact for himself and his dynasty, and by the sacrifice of his imperial ambitions have retained for her, if not preponderance, at least importance, in the councils of Europe.

Neither Napoleon nor the French nation was deceived; a peace made under such circumstances could result only in a dishonorable tutelage to the allied sovereigns. France abhorred the dynasties and all their works, believing that dynastic rule could never mean anything except absolutism and feudalism. The experiment of popular sovereignty wielded by a democracy had been a failure; but the liberal French, like men of the same intelligence throughout Europe, did not, for all that, lose faith in popular sovereignty; they knew there must be some channel for its exercise. Outside of France, as in it, the most enlightened opinion of the time regarded Napoleon as the savior of society. The Queen of Saxony bitterly reproached Metternich for having deserted Napoleon's «sacred cause.» This was because the Emperor of the French seemed to have used the people's power for the people's good. His giant arm alone could wield the popular majesty. It is said that on hearing of the Frankfort proposals, Frenchmen groaned and laughed by turns at the thought of Hapsburgs, Romanoffs, or Hohenzollerns, the very incarnations of German feudality, as leaders of the new Europe. It seemed the irony of fate that civil and political rights on the basis, not of privilege, but of manhood, the prize for which the world had been turned upside down, should be intrusted to such keepers. Welded into a homogeneous nationality themselves, they could not understand that the inchoate nationalities in other states had as yet nothing but dynastic forms of expression, or foresee that during a century to come the old dynasties would find safety only in adapting royalty to national needs.

Napoleon seems to have been fully aware of French sentiment. In addition, he understood that not merely for this sufficient reason could he never be king of France in name or fact, but also that, having elsewhere harried and humiliated both peoples and dynasties in the name of revolutionary ideals, the masses had found him out, and were as much embittered as their rulers, believing him to be a charlatan using dazzling principles as a cloak for personal ambition. In May, 1813, the Emperor Francis, anxious to salve the lacerated pride of the Hapsburgs, produced a bundle of papers purporting to prove that the Bonapartes had once been ruling princes at Treviso. «My nobility,» was Napoleon's stinging reply, «dates only from Marengo.» He well knew that when the battle should be fought that would undo Marengo, his nobility would end. In other words, without solid French support he was nothing, and that support he was fully aware he could never have as king of France. If the influence of what France improperly believed to be solely the French revolution were to be confined to her boundaries, revolutionary or otherwise, Napoleon's prestige was gone along with French leadership in Europe. An imperial throne there must be, exerting French influence far abroad. What happened at Paris, therefore, may be regarded as a counter-feint to Metternich's effort at securing peace from the French nation when it should have renounced Napoleon. It was merely an attempt to collect the remaining national strength, not now for aggressive warfare, but for the expulsion of hated invaders.

Having received no formulated proposition for acceptance or rejection, and desiring to force one, the Emperor of the French virtually disregarded the letter of Metternich's communication, and sent a message to the allies that his object had always been the independence of all the nations, «from the continental as well as from the maritime point of view.» This reached Frankfort on November 16, and was interpreted to mean that the writer would persist in questioning England's maritime rights. Thereupon a proclamation was widely posted in the cities of France, which stated in a cant borrowed from Napo-



FROM THE PAINTING BY AMABLE-LOUIS-CLAUDE PAGNEST. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

NAPOLEON IN 1813.

leon's own practice, that the allies desired France «to be great, strong, and prosperous»; they were making war not «on France, but on that preponderance which Napoleon had too long exercised, to the misfortune of Europe and of France herself, to which they guaranteed in advance an extent of territory such as she never had under her kings.» Napoleon's riposte was to despatch a swarm of trusty emissaries throughout France in order to counteract the possible effects of this call. They found public opinion thoroughly imperial, but profoundly embittered against Maret as the instigator of disastrous wars. Maret was transferred to the Department of State, and the pacific Caulaincourt was made Minister of Foreign Affairs. On December 2, at the earliest possible moment, the new minister addressed a note to Metternich, accepting the terms of the «general and summary basis.» This, said the despatch, would involve great sacrifices, but Napoleon would feel no regret if only by a similar abnegation England would provide the means for a general, honorable peace. Metternich replied that nothing now stood in the way of convening a con-

gress, and that he would notify England to send a plenipotentiary. There, however, the matter ended, and Metternich's record of those Frankfort days scarcely notices the subject, so interested is he in the squabbles of the sovereigns over the opening of a new campaign. It was the end of the year when they reached an agreement.

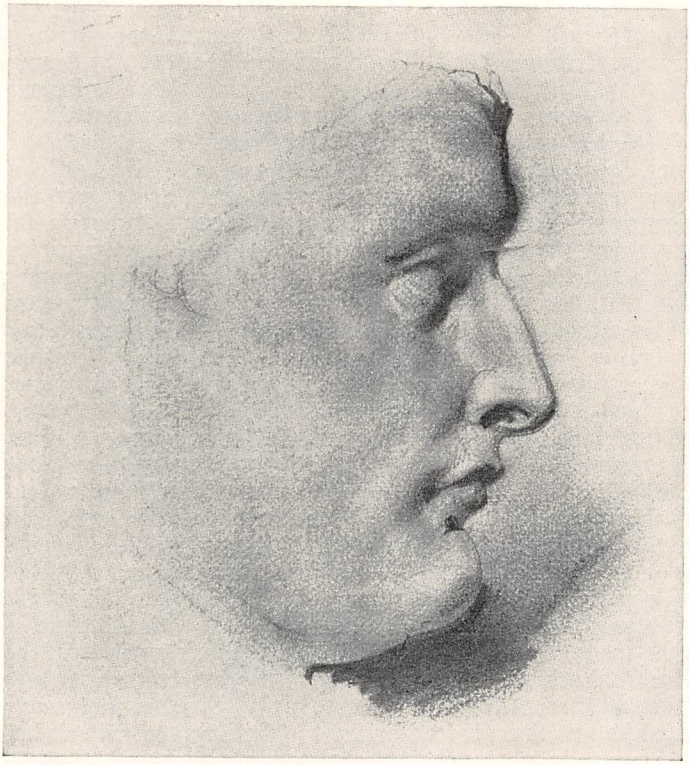
THE INVASION OF FRANCE.

WHAT happened in France between the first days of November, 1813, when Napoleon reached St. Cloud, and the close of the year, is so incredible that it scarcely seems to belong in the pages of sober history. Of 575,000 Frenchmen, strictly excluding Germans and Poles, who had been sent to war during 1813 and 1814, about 300,000 were prisoners or shut up in distant garrisons, and 175,000 were dead or missing; 100,000 therefore remained. By various decrees of the Emperor and the Senate, 936,000 more were called to arms: 160,000 from the classes between 1804 and 1814, whether they had once served or not; 160,000 from the class of 1815; 176,500 were to be enrolled in the regular national guard, and 140,000 in a home guard, and in a comprehensive sweep of 300,000 from all the classes between 1804 and 1814 inclusive, every possible man was to be drawn. This would seem to mean that every male capable of bearing arms was to be taken; but contrary to the general impression, population had been and was steadily increasing in spite of all the butcheries of foreign and civil wars, and the country could probably have furnished three times the number called out. Less than a third of the 936,000 were ever organized, and not more than an eighth of them fought. This was due partly to official incapacity or worse, partly to popular resistance. It speaks volumes for the state of the country that even the hated flying columns, with their thorough procedure, could not find the men, especially the fathers, husbands, and only sons, who were the solitary supports of many families. The fields were tilled by women and children digging, for there were neither horses to draw nor men to hold the plows. Government pawnshops were gorged, and the government storehouses were bursting with manufactured wares for which there was no market; government securities were worth less than half their face, the currency had disappeared, and usury was rampant. Yet four fifths of the people associated none of these miseries with Napoleonic empire.

The other fifth was, however, thoroughly aroused. When the legislature convened on December 19, and the diplomatic correspondence was so presented as to make the allies appear implacable, an address to the throne was passed by a large majority, which virtually called for a return to constitutional government as the price of additional war supplies. Napoleon made no attempt to conceal his rage, and prorogued the chamber in scorn. It was widely felt that at such a moment there was no time for parleying about rights; but every cavilling deputy had friends at home, and even in a crisis where national identity was jeopardized there were republican agitations. The royalists kept silent then, and for months later, contenting themselves with biting innuendoes or witty double meanings; drinking, for instance, to «the Emperor's last victory,» when the newspapers announced «the last victory of the Emperor.» In order to arm and equip the men raised by conscription, Napoleon had recourse to his private treasure, drawing 55,000,000 francs from the vaults of the Tuileries for that purpose. The remaining ten were transferred at intervals to Blois. But all his treasure could not buy what did not exist. The best military stores were in the heart of Europe; the French arsenals could afford only antiquated and almost useless supplies. The recruits were armed sometimes with shot-guns and knives, sometimes with old muskets the use of which they did not know; they wore for the most part bonnets, blouses, and sabots. There were not half enough horses for the scanty artillery and cavalry. Worse than all, there was no time for instruction in the manual and tactics. On one occasion a boy conscript was found standing inactive under a fierce musketry fire; with artless intrepidity he remarked that he believed he could aim as well as anybody if he only knew how to load his gun!

The disaffected, though few, were powerful and active, suborning the prefects and civic authorities by every device, issuing proclamations which promised anything and everything, and procuring plans of fortified places for the allies. Talleyrand began to utter oracular innuendoes about the vindictiveness of the allies, the desertion of Murat, the sack of Paris, and various half truths more dangerous even than lies. The air was so full of rumors that, although there was no wide-spread revolutionary movement, there were now and then serious panics; the town of Chaumont surrendered to a solitary Würtemberg horseman. But when the populace began to wonder who the coming Bourbon might be, and what he would take back from the present possessors of royal and ecclesiasti-

cal estates, they were staggered, and heard with some satisfaction the strains of the «Marsellaise,» which by order of imperial agents were once again ground out around the city streets by the hand-organs. Napoleon walked the avenues of Paris without escort, and was wildly cheered; the Empress and her little son were produced on public occasions with dramatic success, and popular wit dubbed the boy conscripts by the name of «Marie Louises.»



FROM THE SKETCH BY INGRES IN THE COLLECTION OF M. GERMAIN BAPST. DRAWN FROM LIFE DURING A MASS.

NAPOLEON AT THE TUILERIES.

The little men showed sublime courage, but they never could acquire the veteran steadfastness which wins battles. Journals, theaters, music, and dance-halls were all managed in the interest of imperial patriotism; imperial tyranny dealt ruthlessly with suspicious characters. Yet the imperialists had their doubts, and many, like Savary, threw an anchor to windward by storing treasure in distant points, and sending their families to safe retreats. On the whole, the balance of public opinion at the opening of 1814 was overwhelmingly imperialist both in the cities and in the country. Men ardently desired peace, but they wanted it with honor and under the Empire.

That the Empire desired peace seemed to be proved by steps for the release of its two most important prisoners, the King of Spain and the Pope. Wellington thought that if Ferdinand had been despatched directly into his kingdom on December 8, the day on which the conditions between himself and Napoleon were signed, England would have found the further conduct of the war impossible. Talleyrand, already deep in royalist plots, must have been of the same opinion, for he craftily suggested to his prisoner that the provisional government of Spain might refuse to accept him as king unless the treaty of release had been previously ratified by the Cortes. Accordingly, it was referred to them, and, since the liberals desired the assent of a king not under duress to their new constitution, by their influence it was rejected. It was not until March, 1814, that Ferdinand was unconditionally released, and this delay proved fatal to Napoleon's interests in Spain. The liberals could no longer fight for free institutions, because it was then clear that the dynastic conservatism of Europe was to win a temporary victory. In about six months King Ferdinand undid the progressive work of six years, and Spain relapsed into absolutism and ecclesiasticism, with all their attendant evils. Nevertheless, France interpreted the conduct of the Emperor as indicating an earnest desire for peace, and this feeling was strengthened by the absolutely unconditional release of the Pope on January 22. This apparently gracious concession was effective among the masses, who did not know, as the Emperor did, that the allies were already on French soil.

Next day Napoleon performed his last official act, which was one of great courage both physical and moral. The national guard in Paris had been reorganized, but its officers had never been thoroughly loyal to the Empire, many of them being royalists, and some radical republicans. Their disaffection had been heightened by recent events, but they were nevertheless summoned to the Tuileries; the risk was doubled by the fact that they

came armed. Drawn up in the great chamber known as that of the marshals, they stood expectant; the great doors were thrown open, and there entered the Emperor, accompanied only by his consort and their child in the arms of his governess, Mme. de Montesquiou. Napoleon announced simply that he was about to put himself at the head of his army, hoping, by the aid of God and the valor of his troops, to drive the enemy beyond the frontiers. There was silence. Then taking in one hand that of the Empress, and leading forward his child by the other, he continued, «I intrust the Empress and the King of Rome to the courage of the national guard.» Still silence. After a moment, with suppressed emotion, he concluded, «My wife and my son.» No generous-hearted Frenchman could withstand such an appeal; breaking ranks by a spontaneous impulse, the officers started forward in a mass, and shook the very walls with their cry, «Long live the Emperor!» Many shed tears as they withdrew in respectful silence, and that night, on the eve of his departure, the Emperor received a numerously signed address from the very men whose loyalty he had hitherto had just reason to suspect.

During the long winter nights Napoleon had wrought with an intensity and feverish activity which he had never surpassed, sparing neither himself nor others, displaying no consideration for prejudice or honest opposition, calling on every Frenchman to sacrifice everything for France, to which, as he vehemently asserted, he himself was more necessary than she to him. If he had come honestly to believe what millions of others believed, it was little wonder; he had thenceforth but one aim—to prove that he was the only general able to save the country in an hour when all her glories were falling in wreck about her. His strategic plan, immense and intricate as was the task, was complete and excellent. The Rhine bank was divided into three parts for defense. Macdonald was stationed at Cologne to protect the lower course; Marmont was to guard the central stretch, and they two divided between them the remnants of the army which had been swept out of Germany; Victor was stationed on the upper course to command the garrisons of the great frontier fortifications and strengthen himself by the new levies; Bertrand remained as a sort of rear post on the right bank at Kastel opposite Mainz. All told, they had at first only 50,000 men. The allies, having far outdone Napoleon's wildest exactions from the countries of the Rhenish Confederation, and having demanded new subsidies from Great Britain, had ready by January 1 about 285,000 men on the banks of the Rhine. By the end of February the army lists of France, excluding the national guards, displayed a total of 650,000 men; the coalition, including England, had enregistered nearly a million. Deducting forty per cent. as ample to cover all shortcomings, we may say that France, with 350,000 in the ranks, men and boys, faced Europe with 600,000 men. These figures include the French armies of Catalonia, the Pyrenees, Italy, and the Netherlands, together with the garrisons in all the strong places then held by France on both sides of the Rhine; they also include the Russian, Austrian, and Prussian reserves, with the armies of Holland, Spain, and Italy.

Bernadotte's first care, after the battle of Leipsic, was to move north and secure the long coveted prize of Norway. Ever mindful of the hint about a French crown, which Alexander had thrown out as still another bait at Åbo, he gave the parting advice that the coming campaign should be confined to a frontier invasion of France, and at Hamburg he offered Davout, as the price of surrender, a safe return for himself and army to France. This was too much; Alexander was furious, and the schemer was ordered to the lower Rhine. There he remained in idleness, watching the Netherlands; two of his best corps were assigned to Blücher. In a bulletin published by Napoleon after the retreat from Moscow was an implied censure of Murat for his lack of stability. This both the King of Naples and his spouse bitterly resented, the latter roundly abusing her brother in their correspondence. It was therefore not strange that at Erfurt the dashing and gallant, but weak and testy, monarch decamped. Hastening south, he entered at once into alliance with Austria, and then, putting himself at the head of 80,000 Neapolitans, he set out for Rome, waging a terrific warfare of proclamations. Eugène was virtually checkmated by the defection of his father-in-law, the King of Bavaria, which opened the Tyrol to the allies, and all Italy was consequently lost. Augereau, whose feeble loyalty to Napoleon was already at the vanishing point, had been appointed to take 40,000 conscripts, collect any straggling soldiers he could find in southeastern France, and keep open the door out of Italy for some or all of Eugène's veterans, with whose assistance it was hoped the marshal could form an army for the defense of the Vosges Mountains. But Eugène, having fought the indecisive battle of Roverbello, and finding himself in a sorry plight from



FROM THE PAINTING BY PAUL-HIPPOLYTE DELAROCHE, IN THE COLLECTION OF THE COUNTESS OF SANDWICH. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

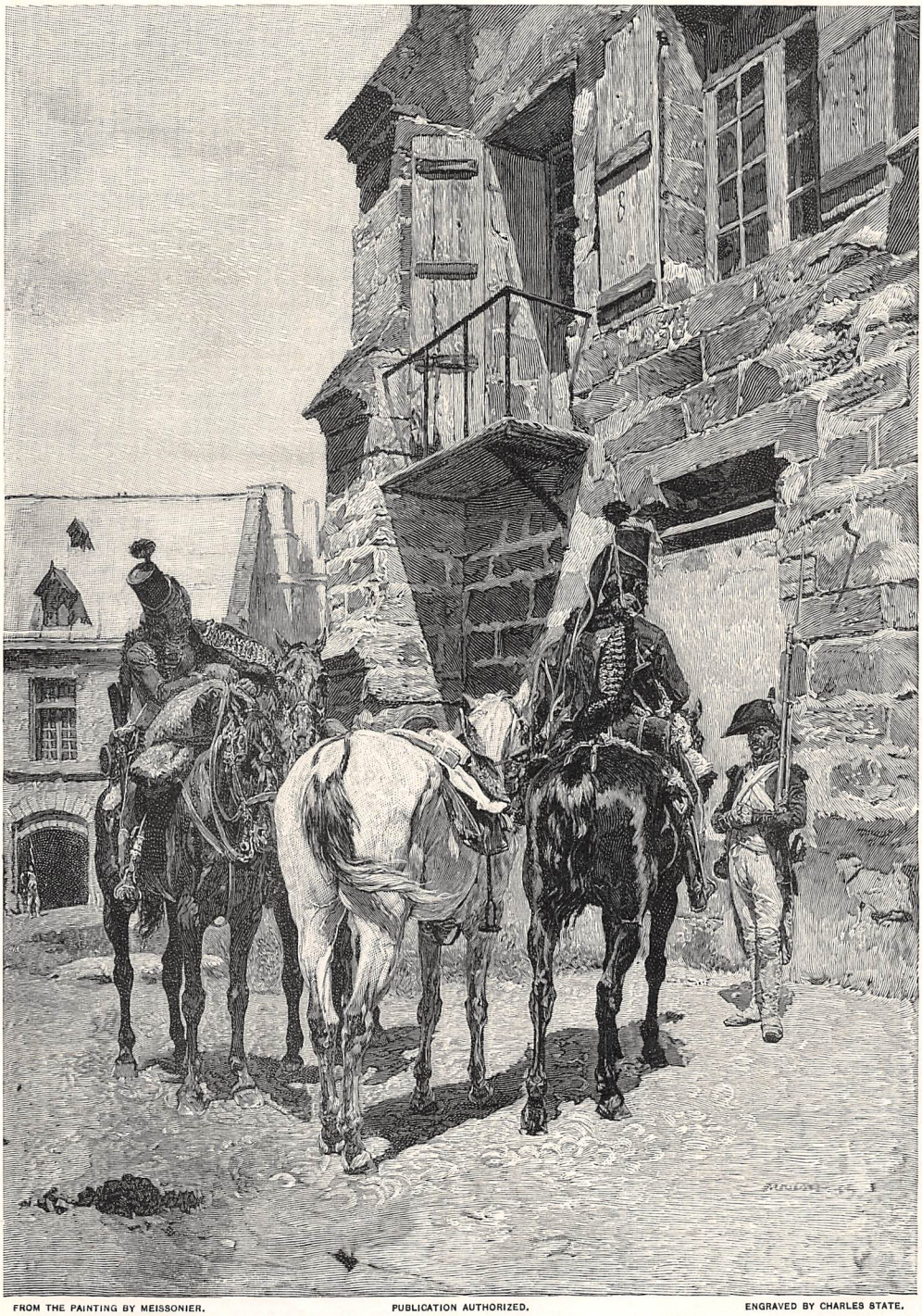
NAPOLEON IN HIS STUDY.

both the military and political points of view, could send no reinforcements until April, when he did finally conclude an armistice releasing his army. Augereau therefore found himself opposite Bubna at Geneva with an ineffective force, and very little heart to wield what he had. This ended Napoleon's grand scheme for uniting the forces of Italy, Naples, Switzerland, and France.

Prussia was now the ablest as well as the bitterest of Napoleon's foes, Stein, Blücher, Gneisenau, and their friends, aiming at nothing short of annihilating his power. They urged an immediate advance by the best line for invasion, that, namely, from Liège and Brussels, but the Austrians, except Radetzky, held back, fearing Prussia almost equally with France. Having imitated Napoleon in his practice of war requisitions, the allies now determined to imitate him in contempt for international law, and to violate Swiss neutrality. The plan adopted was to throw their main army into France by way of Basel, and thus turn the line of frowning fortresses behind the Rhine, as well as the Vosges Mountains. Blücher was to cross the middle Rhine, and Bülow, with 30,000 men, was to coöperate with the English troops under Graham in the Netherlands. The whole scheme was unmilitary, but it exactly suited Metternich, who, having on January 13 first learned of Bernadotte's understanding with the Czar about the crown of France, was very uneasy. Both he and Schwarzenberg desired to end the war on the frontier if possible; Prussia's power and Alexander's ambitions for European preponderance were far more dangerous to Austria than a Napoleonic empire confined to France. Blücher, leaving 28,000 men before Mainz, crossed the Saar, on January 9, with 47,000. Schwarzenberg, with the main army, 209,000 strong, and arrayed in four columns, crossed the Rhine at or near Basel and moved toward Langres. The thin, straggling French line began to retreat concentrically toward Châlons on the Marne. At the opening of the second stage in the campaign Blücher had invested the Mosel fortresses, and was advancing, with less than 30,000 men, toward Arcis on the Aube; Schwarzenberg was in and about Langres, and the French were concentrated on a line from Vitry-le-François to St. Dizier. Napoleon reached Châlons on the 26th, having left Joseph to represent him in Paris. The wily strategist, feeble as was his strength, had momentarily secured the advantage over his unwieldy foe, having wedged himself between the invading armies, and being quite strong enough, with the 40,000 persons in his ranks, to cope with Blücher.

NAPOLEON'S SUPREME EFFORT.

THE year 1814 is the most astonishing of Napoleon's military life. The daring of his conceptions, the rapidity of his movements, the surprises he prepared for his enemy, the support he wrung from an exhausted land, the devotion he received from a panting, ill-clothed army at bay—all are so uncommon that by contrast the allies appear to be a lumbering, stupid enemy. With another antagonist they would have appeared in a very different light; Gneisenau's clear head, Blücher's daring, Radetzky's good sense and courage, with the forces at their back, would have won the goal far more easily with an ordinary, or even an extraordinary, combatant in Napoleon's plight. The Emperor of the French had not merely a prestige worth 100,000 men, as he was fond of reckoning; he had an activity of mind and body, a reservoir of resources, which made a single sword cover the whole circumference like the whirling spokes of a fiery wheel. After a skirmish for the possession of St. Dizier, the campaign opened at Brienne, where Blücher, hurrying to gain touch with the main army of the allies, was caught on January 29. The conflict began late in the afternoon, and lasted in full fury until midnight, when the Prussian general, narrowly escaping capture, abandoned the town and hurried toward Trannes. Thoroughly beaten, he needed not touch alone, but actual union with the Austrians, and this he gained near Bar on the Aube, whence Schwarzenberg was passing on toward Auxerre. Ignorant of this success, Napoleon now drew up his line with its center at La Rothière, hoping to hold the Aube bridge at Lesmont, and thus secure the moral effect of his victory at Brienne, and also to bring on another engagement with Blücher, whom he believed to be still isolated. Marmont was at Montierender, Mortier was summoned from before Troyes. This stand of Napoleon's was a desperate attempt to overawe the allied sovereigns, for strategically it was fatal, since in any case, victory or defeat, by Schwarzenberg's advance the French army was in danger of being outflanked and cut off from Paris. On February 1, Blücher, reinforced by 12,000 of the Russian guard, attacked. The battle lasted, with fluctuating success for the allies during two days, and at its close Napoleon safely retreated over the Aube to make another stand at Troyes. The various conflicts were terrific; in the end Blü-



FROM THE PAINTING BY MEISSONIER. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

ORDERLIES.

cher lost 6000 dead and wounded, the French about 4000. The odds against the latter were never less than two to one, sometimes more. Had the allies thrown their full strength into the contest, the campaign would have ended there; as it was, they gained nothing but a foolish self-confidence. They determined to advance on Paris in two columns, Blücher, as the conqueror of La Rothière, taking the shortest line down the Marne.

For several days the allied columns moved onward, slowly, widely scattered, and carelessly, Napoleon retreating on the defensive with equal deliberation, but vigorously strengthening his forces by well-chosen periods of rest, and by hurrying in reinforcements from the various depots about and beyond Paris. On the afternoon of February 9, as Napoleon was leaving Nogent for Sezanne, he wrote to Joseph that he could now reckon, all told, on between 60,000 and 70,000 men, including engineers and artillery; that he estimated the Silesian army under Blücher at 45,000, and the main army under Schwarzenberg at 150,000, including Bubna and the Cossacks. «If I gain a victory over the Silesian army, and put it out of account for some days, I can turn against Schwarzenberg, reckoning on the reinforcements you will send, with from 70,000 to 80,000 men, and I think he cannot oppose me at once with more than 110,000 to 120,000. If I find myself too weak to attack, I shall be at least strong enough to hold him in check for a fortnight or three weeks, which would give an opportunity for new combinations.» This was the last of Napoleon's great strategic schemes destined to be crowned with success; it had but a single drawback. While Napoleon was still the boldest man in war that ever lived, as at St. Helena he declared himself to be, his marshals were uneasy and depressed; Marmont in this moment of infinite chance, as it seemed to him, fell into a panic. Blücher, on the other hand, was overconfident. Having dispersed his detachments more than ever, he had for two days been moving swiftly in the hope of cutting off Macdonald by a dashing feat of arms. In his haste he had left the two separated Russian corps so far out that they were beyond support, and, by a blunder of the Czar's, reinforcements which had been promised were still a long distance in the rear. Accordingly when on the 10th Marmont advanced from Sezanne, he found the corps of Olsusieff, about 4500 strong, virtually isolated at Champaubert. His own numbers were slightly superior, and with a swift rush he almost annihilated the unready Russians. Napoleon was beside himself with joy, and began to talk of the Vistula once more; but he stopped when he saw how sour the visages of Marmont and the other marshals grew at the very mention of such an idea. Nevertheless, if the process begun at Champaubert could be continued, victory and ultimate recovery of power were assured. He therefore hurried Nansouty and Macdonald on toward Montmirail for a second stroke of the same kind.

The affair at Montmirail was more of a battle than that at Champaubert, for Blücher had been able to gather in Sacken, York, Kleist, and Kapzewitch. The battle opened about an hour before noon on the 11th by a fierce artillery fire from the French, behind which Napoleon manœuvered so as to concentrate his own force against the Russians, and separate them from York with his Prussians. At two Napoleon attacked the Russians, Mortier engaging the Prussians separately. The plan succeeded, and by nightfall the enemy was in full retreat for Château Thierry, where was the nearest bridge over the Marne. Napoleon had hoped that Macdonald would arrive from La Ferté-sous-Jouarre in time to seize the bridge, cut off the retreat, and make the victory decisive. But in spite of heroic exertion, the marshal could not move with sufficient rapidity over the heavy dirt roads. The flying allies sacked the town with awful cruelty, and destroyed the bridge without any molestation except from the inhabitants, who wreaked their vengeance on numerous stragglers. On the 13th the French occupied the place, repaired the bridge, and crossed to the right bank. Next morning Marmont started in pursuit of Blücher. Somewhat flushed by such success, Napoleon deliberated whether he should not now turn and attack Schwarzenberg. The Emperor thought these victories might give pause to a mediocre Austrian, ever mindful of the terrific blows his country had received once and again from France. He was mistaken; Schwarzenberg had moved steadily forward. On the 12th Victor abandoned the bridge at Nogent, and Napoleon sent Macdonald, with 12,000, to join Victor at Montereau. Early on the 14th came news that Blücher had driven Marmont back to Fromentières. At noon Napoleon had effected a junction with Marmont near Étoges by means of a famous and successful flank march over a marshy country, a manœuver which is justly considered worthy of his great genius. Advancing then to the neighborhood of Vauchamps, his infantry attacked in front, while the cavalry, under Grouchy,

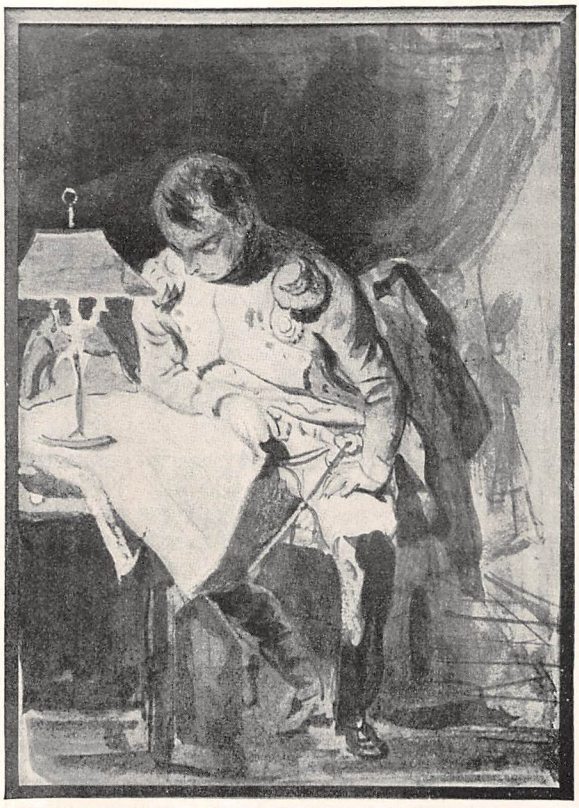
outflanked the enemy's line and fell on the rear. Blücher was apparently doomed, but he formed his troops into a line of solid squares, and while one stood to support the artillery and receive the onset in front, the others dashed at Grouchy's horsemen, each square standing and retreating behind the next alternately as the bloody retreat went on. At last the butchery ceased, and Blücher fled to Bergères. The French pursued only as far as Étoges. Napoleon had hoped to follow all the way to Châlons, annihilate what was left of Blücher's army, and then to return and throw himself on Schwarzenberg. He was arrested by the news that the Seine valley, as far as Montereau, was in the hands of the Austro-Russians; that Oudinot and Victor had been driven back to Nangis; in short, that Paris was seriously menaced.

It was long asserted that in the three actions just recorded the French far outnumbered their opponents, and that Napoleon's generalship was consequently inferior to his high average. The sufficient answer to this is in the facts now universally accepted. At Champaubert there were 4850 French against 4700 Russians; at Montmirail there were 22,700 Russians and Prussians against 12,800 French; and in the third engagement, near Étoges, Blücher had 21,500 to 10,300. It is therefore natural to compare these three victories with those at Montenotte, Millesimo, and Dego. But they were far greater; at forty-four Napoleon displayed exactly the same boldness, steadfastness, and skill which he had displayed in youth; but in addition, he overcame the stolid enmity of winter, weather variable, roads almost impassable, the swampy fields entirely so by reason of overflowing ditches and half-frozen morasses; he overcame, too, the resisting power created by his own example; for here were the élite of the Continent, commanded by men inured for eighteen years to the hardships, the shifts, the rapidity of warfare as he himself had taught the art. Momentarily Napoleon seems to have wondered whether allied and co-allied Europe had learned nothing in half a generation, and whether an army twice and a half larger than his own, under veteran generals, was to withdraw again behind the Rhine, the Elbe, the Oder, perhaps the Vistula. It is hard to believe that he dreamed such dreams as we read the prosaic, scientific, hard common sense of his military correspondence between January 26 and February 14. Yet there is certainly an appearance of self-deception and vacillation in his political and diplomatic plans, due apparently to the intoxication of success, as when he spoke of the Vistula to Marmont after Champaubert.

The innermost thoughts of Metternich, and of the diplomats associated with him, are very hard to fathom. For two generations the world believed that after Leipsic Napoleon, in his sanguine conceit, rejected offer after offer from the allies, and finally perished utterly because of a folly which made him believe he could recover his predominance. In the light of recent memoirs, especially those of Metternich himself, we seem forced to the conclusion that in all the offers after Leipsic there was, if anything, far less of reality and sincerity than in those before it and after Poischwitz. When Castlereagh arrived at the allied headquarters early in 1814, he found the sovereigns and their ministers convinced that any peace with Napoleon would be nothing but a «ridiculous armistice,» and that the Emperor of the French must, in any case, be utterly overthrown. To the pacific Caulaincourt the invaders had already suggested that they must abandon the Frankfort proposals, and confine France to her royal limits; that is, refuse her Belgium with the great port of Antwerp. So far they were agreed, but there the unanimity ceased. The Czar desired to conquer, and leave France to choose her own government; he intended to take the whole of Poland, and give Alsace to Francis in return for Galicia, thus checking Austria by both Prussia and France, so that he could work his will in the Orient. Metternich wished the old balance of power, and had determined on the restoration of the Bourbons. Francis was writing to his daughter that he would never separate her cause and that of her son from France. The Prussian king and ministers desired only such an arrangement as would secure to their country what she had regained. Stein and his associates wished the utter humiliation of France. Castlereagh spoke with the authority of a paymaster; he was determined to keep the Netherlands from falling under French influence, to restore the Bourbons, and to establish so nice an equilibrium in Europe that Great Britain would be unhampered elsewhere in the world. There was to be no mention of colonial restitution or neutral rights. Being a second-rate statesman, he was much influenced by Metternich, and the two sought to form an impossible alliance between constitutional liberty and feudal absolutism.

A so-called congress was opened at Chatillon on February 5. It must be remembered that the treaty of Reichenbach was still a

secret. That agreement was the reality behind the congress of Prague, the Frankfort proposals, and the meeting of Mannheim. None of those gatherings consequently was serious; that at Chatillon was even less so. The memoirs of Metternich explain all the facts: Swiss neutrality was violated in order to restore the aristocratic constitution of Bern and the ascendancy of that canton; Alexander, posing still as a liberal, was angry, and forbade the restoration of Vaud to its old master. Schwarzenberg's deliberate movements, due primarily to timidity, stood in good stead Metternich's desire to restore the Bourbons to an exhausted France. Blücher and the Prussian liberals, who desired so to crush France that Prussia might slough off her militarism, and build up a constitutional government, were furious at being chained to the frontier. All these cross-purposes and bitternesses were mirrored in the ostentatious proceedings of the congress. Napoleon, either divining the facts or, more probably, informed by spies, seemed indifferent, and refused at first to give full powers to Caulaincourt; finally the marshals, terrified at the prospect of indefinite war opened by the unlucky mention of the Vistula, made their influence so felt that the Emperor yielded.



FROM THE INDIA-INK SKETCH BY INGRES, IN THE COLLECTION OF M. GERMAIN BAPST.

NAPOLEON WORKING BY LAMPLIGHT.

Maret, whose name was long held up to detestation as the instigator of Napoleon's procrastinating policy at Dresden, which seemed to have made it possible for Austria to join the coalition, has left an account of his relations with Napoleon during the congress at Chantillon, which displays the evident motive of an attempt to prove how pacific his nature really was. He declares that after the defeat at La Rothière Caulaincourt wrote a panic-stricken letter demanding full authority to treat. Maret handed it to the Emperor, beseeching him to yield. Napoleon seemed scarcely to heed, but indicated a passage in Montesquieu's «Grandeur and Fall of the Romans,» which he happened to be reading: «I know nothing more magnanimous than the resolution taken by a monarch who ruled in our time, to bury himself under the ruins of the throne rather than accept proposals which a king may not entertain. He had a soul too lofty (*fière*) to descend lower than his misfortunes had hurled him.» «But I, sire,» rejoined Maret—«I know something more magnanimous—to cast aside your glory in order to close the abyss into which France would fall along with you.» «Well, then, gentlemen, make your peace,» came the reply. «Let Caulaincourt make it; let him sign everything necessary to obtain it. I can support the disgrace, but do not expect me to dictate my own humiliation.» Maret informed Caulaincourt, but the latter recoiled before the responsibility, and asked for particular instructions. The Emperor persistently refused, but wrote giving the minister «carte blanche» to take any measures which would save the capital. Again Caulaincourt begged for details, and again Napoleon refused, persisting until Bertrand joined his supplications to those of Maret, whereupon he consented to abandon Belgium, and even the left bank of the Rhine. The formal despatch containing these concessions was to be signed next morning, on February 8, but in the interval came news of Blücher's movements. Maret found the Emperor buried in the study of his map. «I have an entirely different matter in hand,» was the

greeting; «I am at present occupied in dealing Blücher a blow in the eye.» The signature was indefinitely postponed. On the 10th Alexander suspended the congress on the plea of Caulaincourt's refusal to state terms. Then followed the three victories, and Napoleon, on the night of the 12th, wrote to Chatillon demanding the Frankfort proposals. Caulaincourt asked the allies for an armistice, and besought Napoleon to be less exacting. Austria was eager for the armistice, but Alexander obstinately refused to reopen the congress until the 18th, when everything seemed changed, and the allies really desired peace. Caulaincourt, warned by Napoleon's letter of the 12th, refused to treat without full instructions, and as he had none he began to procrastinate. In the end he bore the blame for not having used the carte blanche when he had it in order to save his country, for subsequently he had no opportunity.

THE GREAT CAPTAIN AT BAY.

THE eagerness of the Prussians and the Austrians to grant the armistice was at first due to the belief that Caulaincourt's request was a confession of exhaustion; the Czar's assent to reopening the congress on the 18th was wrung from him by the military operations between the 14th and that date. Convinced that Paris was menaced, Napoleon left Marmont to hold Blücher, and, starting for La Ferté-sous-Jouarre on the 15th, covered fifty miles with his army in a marvelous march of thirty-six hours, arriving on the evening of the 16th with his men comparatively fresh. Next morning the French began to advance, and the Austrians to withdraw toward the Seine. Victor was to seize Montereau and hold the bridge. Compelled to drive an Austrian corps out of Valjouan, the marshal did not reach Montereau until six or seven in the evening, and, finding it beset by the Crown Prince of Würtemberg, with 14,000 Germans, he merely drove in the outposts and then halted for the night. Napoleon, having driven Wittgenstein from Nangis on the 17th, had expected by a rush over the bridge to prevent Schwarzenberg from extending his flank to Fontainebleau, a move which would surround the French right. He was deeply incensed by what he considered Victor's slackness, and degraded him. The humbled marshal displayed deep contrition, and was restored to partial favor, with the command, under Ney, of a portion of the young guard. This was the third of the marshals—Augereau, Macdonald, Victor, each in turn—who since the opening of the campaign had displayed a physical and moral exhaustion disabling them from rising to the heights of Napoleon's expectation. «We must pull on the boots and the resolution of '93,» wrote the Emperor to Augereau; nothing short of the unsapped revolutionary vigor could have saved his cause. On the 18th, after a six hours' struggle, the French under Gérard and Pajol seized Montereau. Napoleon had halted at Nangis, and there Berthier received by a flag of truce a letter from Schwarzenberg, declaring that he had ceased his offensive march in consequence of news that preliminaries of peace had been signed the day previous at Chatillon. This was probably as base a ruse as any ever practised by Napoleon's generals. It is quite possible that all the Austrian marches and countermarches for ten days past had been but a bustling semblance calculated for diplomatic effect. Be that as it may, before Napoleon's advance the Austrian commander had quailed, and, with the French at Montereau, his columns were already moving back to Troyes, where they were drawn up in battle array. Napoleon wrote indignantly to Joseph that the ruse was probably preliminary to a request for an armistice, and that he would now accept nothing short of the Frankfort proposals. Meanwhile he led his army over the river to Nogent, and prepared to attack Schwarzenberg.

But Blücher had not been idle; by superhuman exertions he had collected and strengthened his army at Châlons, and on the 21st he appeared at Méry on the Seine, threatening Napoleon's left flank in case of an advance toward Troyes. By this time the flames of French patriotism were rekindled in town and country, and, the soldiers being flushed with victory, it was clearly the hour to strike at any hazard. Oudinot was despatched with 10,000 men to hold Blücher, and this task he actually accomplished, capturing that portion of Méry which lay on the left bank of the river, and fortifying the bridgehead against all comers. Marmont being at Sezanne with 8000 men to cover Paris, and Mortier at Soissons with 10,000 to prevent the advance of York and Sacken, Napoleon marched on Troyes. It was late in the evening when his main army was drawn up, and in order to leave time for his rear to come in, he postponed operations until the morning. Schwarzenberg had 70,000 in line, but at four in the early dawn of the 22d, leaving in place a front formation sufficient to mask his movements, he decamped with his main force and withdrew behind the Aube. Arrived at Bar, he wrote on the 26th an admirable



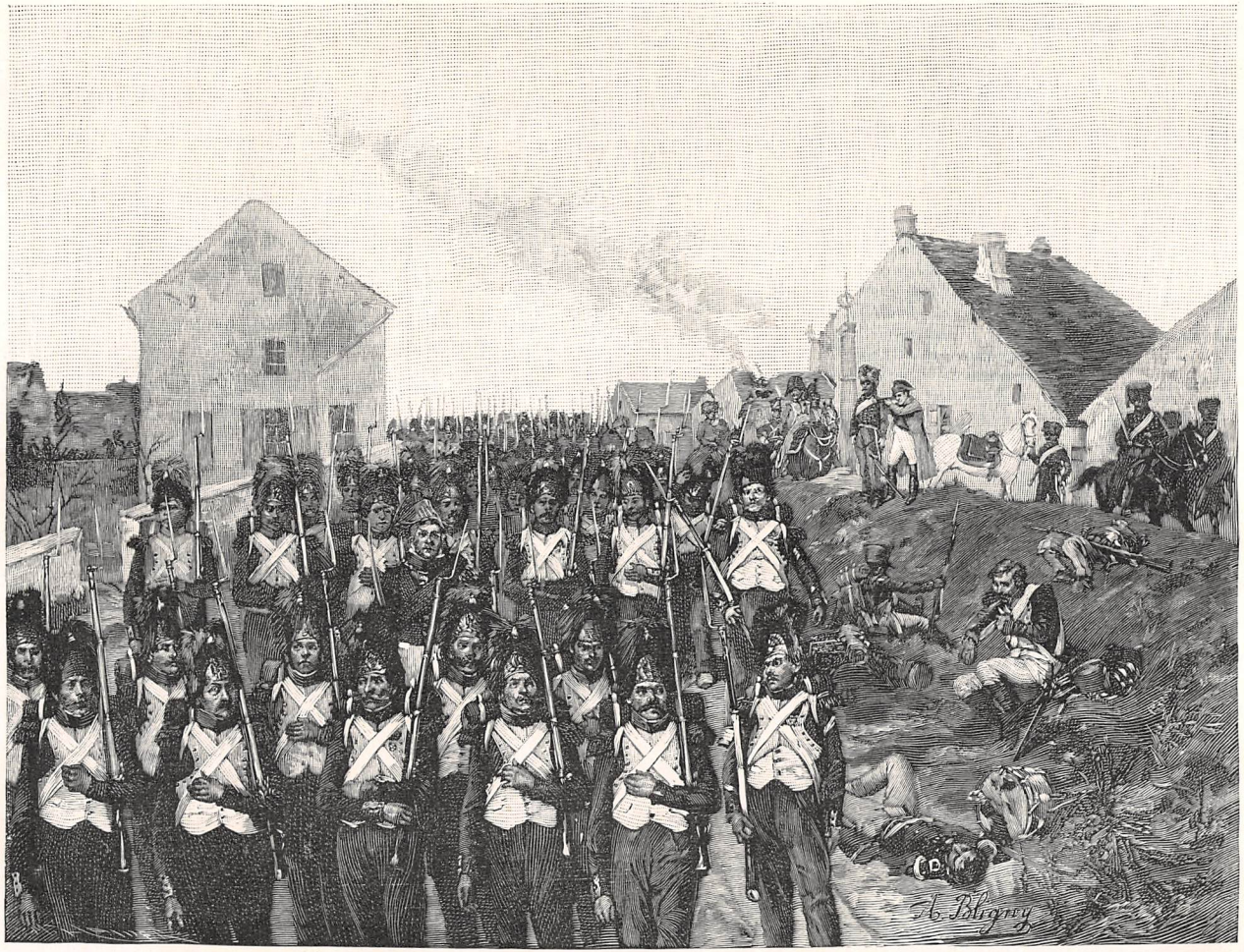
FROM THE PAINTING BY MEISSONIER, IN THE COLLECTION OF M. GUST. DELAHANTE. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED. ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

«1814»—CAMPAIGN OF FRANCE.

letter of justification. Defeat would have meant a retreat, not behind the Aube, but the Rhine. «To offer a decisive battle to an army fighting with all the confidence gained in small affairs, manœuvering on its own territory, with provisions and munitions within reach, and with the aid of a peasantry in arms, would be an undertaking to which nothing but extreme necessity could drive me.» This retreat put a new aspect on the diplomacy of Chatillon. On the 19th Caulaincourt received a despatch from Napoleon revoking the carte blanche entirely; the same day Napoleon received an ultimatum from the congress, written several days before, to the effect that he was to renounce all his acquisitions since 1792, and take no share in the arrangements subsequent to the peace. This last clause being a covert suggestion of abdication, the recipient flew into a passion; when finally soothed by the pleadings of Berthier and Maret, he gave such a meaningless reply as would enable negotiations to proceed, but his counter-project he addressed directly to the Emperor Francis. It was a refusal to give up Antwerp and Belgium, and an emphatic recurrence to the Frankfort proposals. «If we are not to lay down our arms except on the offensive conditions proposed at the congress, the genius of France and Providence will be on our side.»

This missive suggested to the recipient, as was its intention, that a Continental peace on the Frankfort basis would leave France free to recuperate her sea power and continue the war with England alone. There was much anxiety among the allies, and in a pacific reply the request for an armistice was renewed. Napoleon consented, but stipulated that hostilities should proceed during the preliminary *pourparlers*, and that in the protocol a clause should be inserted, declaring that the plenipotentiaries were reassembled at Chatillon to discuss a peace on the basis proposed at Frankfort. A commission to arrange the terms of an armistice met on the 24th. That they were not in earnest is shown by Frederick William's despatch of the 26th to Blücher, saying, «The suspension of arms will not take place.» That very day also, in a council of war, it was determined to form an invading army of the south. Blücher was authorized to make a diversion in favor of the main army, a move which he had really begun the day before by a march to the right. Napoleon, leaving Macdonald and Oudinot, with 40,000 men, to follow Schwarzenberg, hurried after Blücher with his remaining force. On the 28th the commission adjourned its sessions under a formal reiteration of the old ultimatum by the allied powers. By that time it was believed that Napoleon was elsewhere engaged. Schwarzenberg's army had checked Oudinot, and, being fully rested, its leader recovered partial confidence. Blücher being off for Paris, with Napoleon on his heels, the main army then turned on the forces of Macdonald and Oudinot, and drove them westward until it reached Troyes, where it halted, ready, in case of Blücher's defeat, to recross the Rhine. The congress of Chatillon was formally reopened on March 1, and continued its useless sessions until the 19th, when it closed. None of the important dignitaries, except Schwarzenberg and the King of Prussia, attended its sessions; the rest withdrew to Chaumont, where, on March 9, the three powers signed a treaty with England, dated back to March 1, binding themselves, in return for an annual subsidy of £5,000,000 equally divided, that each would keep 150,000 men in the field, for twenty years if necessary, provided Napoleon would not accept the boundaries of royal France—a futile stipulation. This treaty was the precursor of that iniquitous triple alliance between Russia, Austria, and Prussia which was destined not merely to hamper England herself so seriously in the subsequent period of history, but to stop for some time the progress of liberal ideas throughout Europe.

Blücher crossed the Marne on February 27 with half his force, and then attempted to cross the Ourcq in order to attack Meaux from the north. But he was checked by Marmont and Mortier, with the 16,000 men they already had, and then, after 6000 new recruits came in from Paris, he was forced to retreat. Should Napoleon arrive in time he would be annihilated. Accordingly he hastened up the valley of the Ourcq with his entire force. Napoleon arrived on the Marne too late to attack Blücher's rear, and after some hesitation as to whether he should not return to complete his work with Schwarzenberg, he finally determined that, inasmuch as the fortress of Soissons was secure, and Blücher must therefore retreat to the eastward, he could himself deliver an easy but staggering blow on the Prussian flank when they should cross the Aisne at Fismes. Accordingly, on March 3, the worn-out columns of the French passed over the Marne. Unfortunately, Soissons had been left by Marmont in charge of an inexperienced commander, who surrendered almost without resistance when, on March 2, Bülow and Wintzengerode, having come in from the Netherlands, suddenly ap-



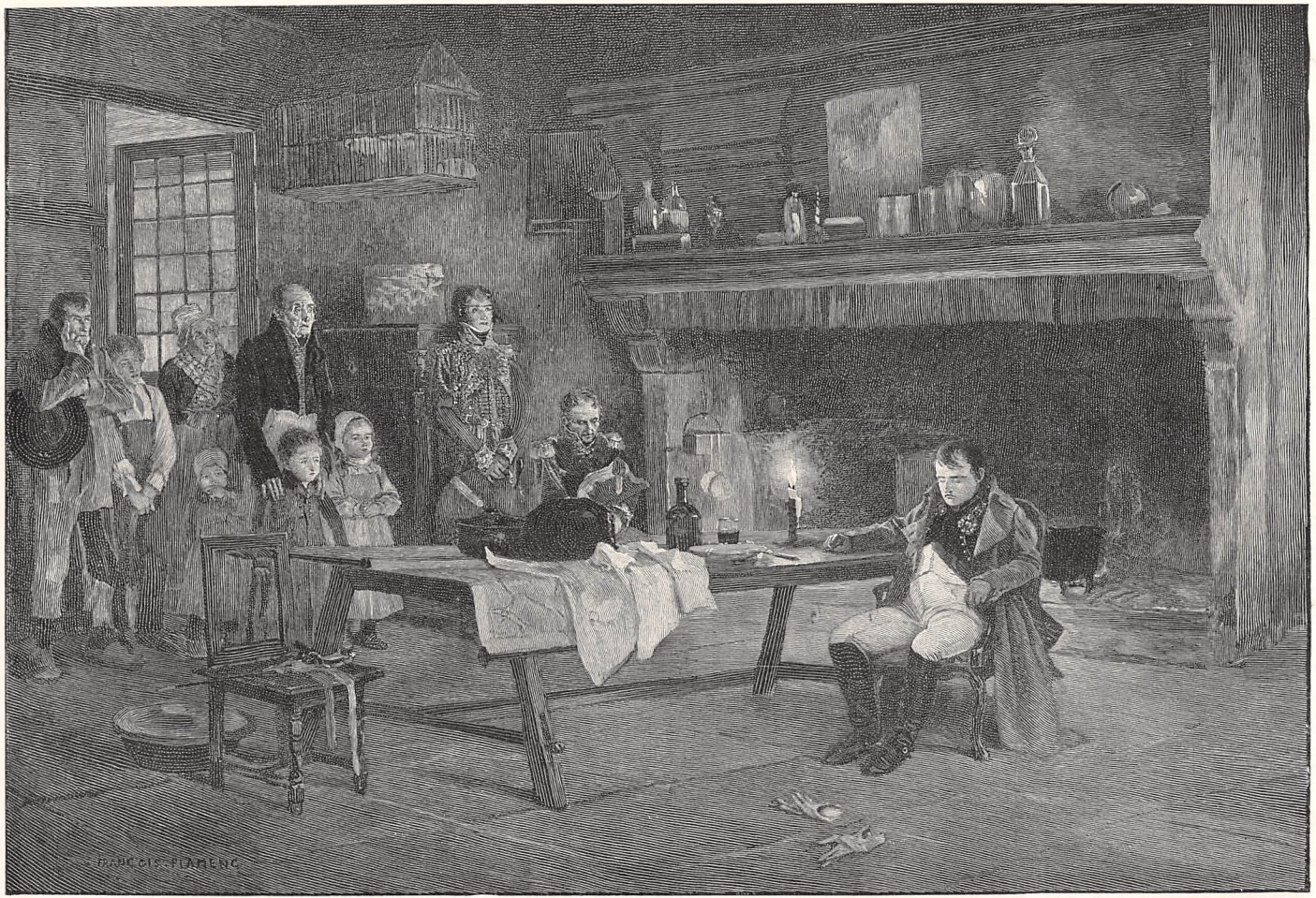
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THE GUARD—CAMPAIGN OF FRANCE.

peared before the place. This stroke of good fortune enabled Blücher not merely to find a city of refuge for his exhausted and disorganized force, but to recruit it by the two victorious and elated corps, which thenceforth served him as an invaluable rear-guard. Napoleon, thwarted again, gave no outward sign of the despair he must have felt, but crossed the Aisne on March 5, and occupied Rheims, in order at least to cut Blücher off from any connection with Schwarzenberg. He then turned to join Marmont and Mortier in order to drive Blücher still farther north, so that, as he wrote to Joseph, he might gain time sufficient for his return by Châlons to attack Schwarzenberg.

In spite of all his discouragements Blücher had no intention of retreating without a blow, and instead of withdrawing due north, he turned easterly to strike Napoleon on the flank. The armies met at Craonne, unexpectedly to both, on the 6th, but the skirmishes of that day were indecisive. Napoleon's knowledge of the district being defective, he sought to secure the best possible information from the inhabitants. Some one mentioning incidentally that the mayor of a neighboring town was named De Bussy, Napoleon recalled, with his astounding memory, that in the regiment of La Fère he had had a comrade so called. The mayor turned out to be the sometime lieutenant, and, with superserviceable zeal, the former friend poured out worthless information which led the Emperor to believe that on the morrow there would be only Blücher's rear-guard to disperse. But it was not so. Blücher struggled to gather his cavalry and artillery, while Sacken, with the Russians, stood like a wall, repelling the successive surges of Ney and Victor the whole day through. Finding it impossible to assemble guns or horsemen over the icy fields, Blücher at nightfall gave orders for retreat, and his army passed on to Laon. Though Craonne was a victory, the losses of the French were proportionately greater than those of the enemy, and the pursuit, though spirited, gained no advantage. «The young guard melts like snow; the old guard stands; my mounted guards likewise are much reduced,» were the words of Napoleon's private letter. Yet he pressed on. The night of the 7th he spent in a roadside inn under the sign of «The Guardian Angel.» There a messenger from Chatillon found him. The congress was still sitting, but the warrior knew the fact meant nothing to him; though the allies had increased their demands in proportion to their victories, they had not lessened them in proportion to their defeats. Whatever terms he might accept, and whatever Metternich might say, this war he felt sure was one for his extermination. As he said then and there, it was a bottomless chasm, adding, «I am determined to be the last it shall swallow up.» So he made no answer, and spent the night completing his plans for battle at Laon.

That place stands on a terraced hill rising somewhat abruptly from the plain, and throughout the 8th Blücher arrayed his army in and on both sides of the city, which itself was of course the key. Napoleon, being a firm believer in night movements on friendly soil, reached the enemy's fore posts early on the 9th, and drove them in. At seven Ney and Mortier began the battle under cover of a mist, and captured two hamlets at the foot of the hill. Marmont was on the right, and had already been cut off from the center by a body of Cossacks; but he attacked the village of Athies, and, after a long day's hard fighting, succeeded in capturing only a portion of it. There his men bivouacked, while he himself withdrew to the comforts of Eppes, a château three miles distant. It was noon when Napoleon learned that Marmont had been severed from the line; at once he renewed his attack on Laon, but though he gained Clacy on his left, he lost Ardon, and was thus more entirely cut off from Marmont. That night York fell upon Marmont's men, and routed them utterly. When day broke on the 10th, Napoleon still stood apparently undismayed, and even when the terrible news from Athies arrived, he issued orders as bold as if his army were still entire. This was probably another of his desperate ruses to deceive the enemy as to his strength, and it succeeded, for the pursuit of Marmont's men was stayed. At four the main French army began its retreat, and the next morning saw it at Soissons; 6000 had been killed and wounded. Again Napoleon's name had stiffened the allies into inactive horror, for they did not pursue. York was so disgusted with the dissensions at Blücher's headquarters that he threw up his command and left for Brussels. Blücher was literally at the end of his powers. «For heaven's sake,» said Langeron, a French refugee in the Russian service, on whom the command would have devolved, «whatever happens, let us take the corpse along.» «The corpse,» with dimmed eyes and trembling hands, traced in great rude letters an epistle beseeching York to return, and this, indorsed by another from the Prince Royal of Prussia, brought back the able but testy refugee.



FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS FLAMENG. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

«IT IS HE!»

Meantime Rheims had been taken by Langeron's rear-guard under St. Priest, another French emigrant. In the short day Napoleon could spend at Soissons, he took up 2500 new cavalrymen, a new line regiment of infantry, a veteran regiment of the same, and some artillery detachments. These men had been sent forward from Paris in spite of the profound gloom now prevalent there. The truth was at last known; Joseph was helpless; the Empress and her court were preparing for extremities. In the south Soult had been thrown back on Toulouse; in the southwest royalist plots were thickening; in the southeast Augereau had been forced back to Lyons; Macdonald was ready to abandon Provins at the first sign of advance by Schwarzenberg; and the sorry tale of Laon was early unfolded. Yet the administrative machinery was still running, and soldiers were being manufactured from the available materials. With what had been sent to Soissons Napoleon refitted his shattered battalions. Marmont, too, had done his best to make good a temporary lapse, and he had got together about 8000 men at Fismes. Though now overborn by a sense of Napoleon's recklessness, and therefore unfit for the desperate self-sacrifice which would have made him a fit coadjutor for his chief, he was prepared to atone for his disgrace at Athies. Early in the morning of the 13th the main French army moved from Soissons; at four in the afternoon Marmont opened the attack on Rheims. Napoleon himself had arrived, but his troops were slow in coming up, and there was no heavy artillery wherewith to batter in the gates. The struggle went on with desperate courage and gallantry on both sides. St. Priest was killed by the same gunner whose aim had been fatal to Moreau. «We may well say, O Providence! O Providence!» wrote Napoleon to his brother. At ten the beleaguered garrison began to sally and flee. Napoleon rose from the bearskin on which he had been resting before a bivouac fire, and storming with rage lest his prey should escape, hurried in the guns, which were finally within reach. Amid awful tumult and carnage the place fell; 3000 of the enemy were slain, and 3000 captured. The burghers were frenzied with delight as the Emperor marched in, and the whole city burst into an illumination.

Next morning Napoleon and Marmont met. The culprit was loaded with reproaches for the affair at Athies, and treated as a stern father might treat a careless child. No better evidence of the Emperor's low state is needed. Marmont was now the hero of the hour; his peccadillos might have been forgotten; his further faithfulness secured. With Napoleon at his best, this would surely have been the case; but aware that at most the war could be a matter of only a few weeks, the desperate man overdid his rôle of self-confidence, being too rash, too severe, too haughty. Not that he was without some hope. Although for two years the shadow had been declining on the dial of Napoleon's fortunes, and although under adverse conditions one brilliant combination after another had crumbled, yet his ideas were as great as ever, the adjustment of plans to changing conditions was never more admirable. Yet effort and result did not correspond, and this being so, what would have been trifling misdemeanors in prosperity seemed to him in adversity to be dangerous faults. The great officers of state and army, imitating their master's ambitions, had acquired his weaknesses, but had failed in securing either his strength or adroitness. With him they had lost that fire of youth, which had carried them and him always just over the line of human expectation, and so his nice adjustments failed in exasperating ways at the very turn of necessity. Hard words and stinging reproofs are soon forgotten in generous youth; they rankle in middle life; and even the invigorating address or inspiring word, when heard too often for twenty years, fails of effect. The beginning of the end was the loss of Soissons at the critical instant. Napoleon was uncertain and touchy, his marshals were honeycombed with disaffection, the populations, though flashing like powder at his touch, had nowhere risen *en masse*. Thereafter the great captain was no longer waging a well-ordered warfare. Like an exhausted swordsman, he lunged here and there in the grand style; but his brain was troubled, his blade broken. Some untapped reservoirs of strength were yet to be opened, some untried expedients were to be essayed, but the end was inevitable. The movement on Rheims was the spasmodic stroke of the dying gladiator.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.



ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. REPRINTED FROM "THE CENTURY" FOR OCTOBER, 1894.

THE VICEROY LI HUNG CHANG.

BY THE HON. JOHN W. FOSTER,
LATE CONFIDENTIAL ADVISER TO THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

THE recent coronation of the Emperor of all the Russias was an event which in some respects is without parallel in the history of the human race. The facility of intercommunication, the timely notice of the ceremony, and the commanding position of the people whose ruler was to be crowned, brought together at the ancient Muscovite capital such a representation of the nations of the earth as was never before assembled in the world. And it is safe to say that the most notable personage in that august and memorable assemblage was the representative of the «Son of Heaven,» the Emperor of China. In length of public service, in the character and importance of that service, and of the myriads of people in whose behalf it was rendered, in his intellectual attainments, his unique characteristics, and in his commanding personality, Li Hung Chang was the most conspicuous witness of the young Czar's coronation.

Aside from his distinguished services and

his high offices, he is a man well suited to be placed at the head of an imposing embassy, and to represent his imperial master. He is of pure Chinese extraction, having no mixture of Manchu blood. Although seventy-four years of age, he is in fair degree of health and vigor, of fine physique, full six feet in height, of commanding presence, erect and stoutly built, with dark, piercing eyes, and a face that is strongly molded and indicative of strength of character, and that would command attention in any foreign circle. Dressed in his party-colored silken flowing robes, and his hat decorated with the three-eyed peacock feathers, he presents a figure which would be distinguished amid the glitter and pageantry of any European court.

For nearly half a century he has been in the public service, but this is the first time he has ever visited the nations of the West, and the second time he has been outside his native land. Only last year, it will be remembered, he was called by his sovereign to undertake the important and difficult mission of a journey to Japan to negotiate peace. On that occasion, although going as the representative of the defeated party, he was not unmindful of his country's greatness, or of the Oriental fondness for display, and the two merchant-steamers chartered for the voyage carried a retinue of one hundred and thirty-five persons, among whom were two Chinese ex-ministers to foreign courts, four secretaries of rank speaking English or French, a score of translators and copyists, a Chinese and a French physician, a captain and a body-guard, with a mandarin chair of highest rank, and its bearers, and cooks and servants in liberal numbers. The interesting and tragic circumstances attending that embassy, and the manner in which he discharged his high trust, added greatly to his prestige abroad, and make his present visit to the West the more attractive. Doubtless he will be received in its capitals and leading cities not only with great curiosity, but with demonstrations of sincere respect, because he is the most distinguished visitor which the great continent of Asia has sent to Europe during this generation. Shahs, princes, rajas, statesmen, and generals have come and gone, some mere puppets of power and others persons of distinction and merit; but none who has so fully represented power, and combined the qualities of a successful soldier, an able statesman, an accomplished diplomatist, and a trained scholar.

He is a striking illustration of the workings of the social and political system of the Chinese Empire. Although it is the oldest monarchy of the earth, it may be said to possess no hereditary nobility. It is the only land which bases its aristocracy on letters, and in this respect is a near approach to a pure democracy. The highest posts in the empire, except the few places held by the princes of the imperial blood, are open to the lowest subject, and the road to them is through the three grades of the competitive scholastic examinations held in the district, the province, and at Peking, the imperial capital.

CHINESE EDUCATION.

LI HUNG CHANG came of worthy but not distinguished parentage. His father had successfully passed the examinations, but held no official position, and was possessed of no opportunity to secure his son's advancement beyond affording him an opportunity to pursue his studies and fit himself for the examinations. These he successfully passed in all grades, and in the final contest at Peking he came out with distinguished honors among twenty thousand competitors. Later he was made a member of the Hanlin College, which corresponds somewhat to the French Academy. He therefore has reason to take pride in his accomplishments and standing as a scholar, though, judged by the Western standard of education, Chinese scholars would hold a very low grade. They have no conception of learning as understood in the West—of mathematics, chemistry, geology, or kindred sciences, and of universal history. Indeed, they have a very imperfect knowledge of geography. Their curriculum of study embraces the Chinese classics and philosophy (a voluminous compilation, especially holding in eminence the teachings of Confucius), the theory of government, and Chinese poetry and history. It is the standard fixed two thousand years ago, and has undergone little change in the succeeding centuries. One of our diplomatic representatives tells of a conversation had with one of the most distinguished scholars and highest officers in the empire, in which they canvassed their respective systems of education; and he reports that his Chinese friend had never heard of Homer, Virgil, or Shakspere; knew something of Alexander having crossed the Indus, had a vague knowledge of Cæsar and Napoleon, but none whatever of Hannibal, Peter the Great, Wellington, or other modern soldiers; and he was ignorant of astronomy, mathematics, or the modern sciences. When the American minister expressed surprise at these defects in Chinese education, the mandarin replied: «That is your civilization, and you learn it; we have ours,

and we learn it. For centuries we have gone on satisfied to know what we know. Why should we care to know what you know?»

Yet it must be conceded that Chinese scholars and officials are usually men of decided intellectual ability, and they cannot be set down as uneducated because they have not followed the curriculum of study marked out by European civilization. It is a source of natural pride that they possess a literature and philosophy older than any similar learning of the West, and which even at this day are not obsolete, but exercise an elevating moral and intellectual influence on a vast multitude of the human family. But no one of his race more than Li Hung Chang recognizes the defects of the national system of education. Largely through his influence, the Emperor has established at Peking a college with a full faculty of foreign professors for the instruction of chosen Chinese youths in the European languages and modern sciences, with a view to training them for the diplomatic service. So he has also established at Tientsin, for the last twenty-five years his viceregal residence, schools for military, naval, and medical education, manned by European instructors; and his example has been followed by other viceroys.

Neither does he regard the competitive educational system of admission to the public service as a perfect method, and more than once he has recommended to his Emperor material modifications in the existing system. But it must be confessed that it has stood the test of centuries with much benefit to China, and its practical operation has demonstrated that it possesses two merits of inestimable value to any nation: first, it brings all the offices of the empire within the reach of the lowest subject; and secondly, it diminishes the incentives to, and opportunities of, corruption and favoritism in securing entrance into official life. But in China the competitive examination ends with the admission; beyond that step promotion must come through other methods. Li Hung Chang secured the right of admission to office through his assiduous application to study, and every succeeding step in his upward career has been attained by his own genius and capacity.

THE TAIPING REBELLION.

He had developed in his studies great literary taste, and the high distinction with which he passed his final examination at Peking was a guarantee of some desirable civil post in which he might satisfy his taste for study. But the course of public affairs was destined to defeat this natural expectation, and turn his life into an entirely different channel. The Taiping rebellion, the most formidable of the many revolts against the reigning dynasty, had its inception during his student days; and about the time of his return from the imperial capital to his father's home on the Yang-tse-kiang River, to receive the honors which every community in China showers upon its successful students at the examinations, the rebellion assumed most alarming proportions. Its leaders captured the ancient capital, Nanking, a most important neighboring city, and marched a great army by the parental home on its triumphant way northward toward Peking. The young student, fired with patriotic zeal, and greatly alarmed for the fate of the sovereign whose honors he had so recently received, raised a regiment of home militia and entered upon the untried field of war. He possessed no training or experience as a soldier, but he developed many of the qualities of a successful general. His force was small and his resources were few, but he fell upon and harassed the rear of the rebel army, and sought to cut off its communications. Its advance on Peking was finally checked, and it was forced to recross the great river and return to Nanking. The imperial capital was saved, and the young student soldier had borne such an honorable and conspicuous part in this campaign that he attracted the attention of the generalissimo of the imperial army, Tseng Kwo-fan; his forces were attached to the latter's command, and he was assigned an important post under the general-in-chief. Tseng Kwo-fan was at the time the leading man of the empire, the father of the Marquis Tseng, who in the present generation attained much fame as a diplomatist in European capitals, and the former was not slow in recognizing the ability of the young soldier. He displayed such military qualities, and such devotion to the imperial cause, that he rose rapidly in the army, and soon became the active commander in the field, having immediate charge of the operations about Nanking and Shanghai, which latter city and important treaty-port was being threatened by the rebels.

With a spirit of liberality and quick discernment little characteristic of his countrymen, he early recognized the fact that the methods and weapons of Chinese warfare were antiquated and ill-suited to the work in hand, and he welcomed the opportunity afforded by his stay at Shanghai to introduce into the campaign modern military appliances. A foreign legion, enlisted from the unemployed and

adventurous Europeans who frequented that port, was admitted into the Chinese army under the command of an American sailor named Ward, and which, on account of its brilliant successes, and following the Chinese practice of adopting high-sounding titles, was called the «Ever-Victorious Army.» Ward, after a thorough organization of his foreign contingent, and a series of triumphs over the rebels, was killed in an assault upon the enemy, and the command of the corps devolved upon Colonel Gordon, who was detached from the British army for that purpose. This foreign contingent was the most trustworthy ally of the Chinese general in the suppression of the great rebellion, and much fame has justly come to Gordon for the part he bore in the contest. But there is a general disposition on the part of British writers to belittle the services and smirch the reputation of the American, Ward, who is always styled by them an «adventurer.» How he differed from Gordon in that respect is not apparent: but certain it is that he is entitled to the credit of having displayed marked military ability both in organizing his forces and in leading them in battle; and he demonstrated the wisdom of the Chinese commander in enlisting the corps, and its utility as a means of putting down the rebellion. No greater indorsement of his military genius could have been given than by Gordon himself in adopting his organization and following his methods to the smallest details.

Li Hung Chang came out of these campaigns with a high reputation for military skill, great administrative capacity, and devoted loyalty to the reigning dynasty, and was thenceforward the most famous man of his nation. But just at the close of the war an incident occurred which, in the estimation of most foreigners, has remained as a blight upon his fair fame. In the final great battle, which resulted in the capture of the most prominent of the leaders of the rebellion, Gordon, who was instrumental in their actual capture, promised to spare their lives, but immediately after being sent to headquarters they were beheaded. Gordon, who was of an impetuous temperament, denounced this act as a breach of faith, and, it is said, threatened to take the life of Li and to throw up his command. But he did neither. Li claimed that the refractory conduct of the rebel princes after their surrender made the punishment a necessity; and such a cool-headed and experienced man as Sir Robert Hart, with a full knowledge of the facts, held that Colonel Gordon was not justified in his conduct, and induced him to reconsider his action and judgment. Gordon continued in command for some time, and up to the day of his death at Khartum maintained most friendly relations with the viceroy. Notwithstanding these facts, English writers generally insist that Li was guilty of bad faith and of bloody and inhuman conduct. But it should be borne in mind that the Taiping rebellion was a most desolating and relentless war; that it had destroyed many populous cities; had laid waste nearly one half of the empire; had sacrificed an enormous number of lives, estimated as high as twenty millions; and that the leaders who were beheaded had been guilty of horrid cruelties. Under such circumstances it would not have been strange if even the most civilized and Christian commander, in the flush of victory, should have ordered the execution of the authors of such untold horrors and bloodshed. The sepoy mutiny of India synchronizes with the Taiping rebellion. If the «heathen Chinese» should wish to retort upon his foreign critics, he might not find it difficult to parallel his own conduct with that of his civilized neighbors, the rulers of India.

LI'S HONORS AND PROMOTION.

THE overthrow of the rebels, and the part he bore in accomplishing this result, brought to him distinguished honors from the throne. He was made an earl, was presented with the yellow jacket (the exclusive emblem of the imperial favor), and was appointed viceroy of an important province. But he was afforded little opportunity for the exercise of his executive faculties in affairs of peace. The country continued in a state of unrest; new revolts in other parts of the empire broke out, and, as the hero of the Taiping war, he was designated by the Emperor to suppress them. For the next few years he was kept busy with military affairs, and, owing to the difficulty and delays experienced, he more than once suffered reprimands from Peking; but no other man was found equal to the tasks set him, and he always emerged in the end with success, and was the recipient of the renewed gratitude of his sovereign.

As the Taiping rebellion brought him out of the quiet of his father's home, and thrust him into a new and untried career of service, so another unexpected and almost equally alarming event called him from the interior of the country, and from internal warfare, to a service in which he was altogether inexperienced, and which was destined to bring to him new burdens and honors. Since the Anglo-

French war of 1858–60, with the occupation of Peking by foreign troops, and the partial opening up of the empire as the result of that war, the conservative or foreign-hating party had been active in fomenting discontent, and as the missionaries were the most exposed of the foreign residents, they were usually the chief sufferers. The mass of the people of China are a quiet and peace-loving race, and if left to themselves there would be little trouble between them and foreigners, and, being naturally tolerant in religious matters, they have no prejudice against the missionaries. But they are very ignorant, highly superstitious, and greatly under the influence of the literary and official class, who are often bigoted and conceited to the highest degree, and regard the teaching of the missionaries as tending to overthrow the existing order of government and society, which they look upon as a perfect system, and sanctified by great antiquity. Through the circulation of the most slanderous and incredible stories against the missionaries, they succeed from time to time in stirring up the people to disorder and riot. The most terrible and bloody of these occurred at Tientsin in 1870, when a sudden uprising of the populace, overpowering or carrying along with them the soldiers, rushed upon, pillaged, and burned the French consulate and the French Catholic cathedral, murdered the consul and priests, and thence marched to the orphanage, destroyed the building, and murdered the sisters in charge. The deed sent a thrill of horror throughout the Christian world, and led the French government to demand heavy reprisals, and to assume a menacing attitude, in which it was supported by all the representatives of the Western powers at Peking. The Chinese authorities were greatly alarmed at the situation. Tseng Kwo-fan, who had been the generalissimo of the imperial forces in the Taiping rebellion, was at the time viceroy of the province of Chihli, in which the riot occurred; but he was now an old man, and conservative in his tendencies, and the imperial government, recognizing the gravity of the peril confronting it, transferred him to the viceroyalty of another province, and directed Li Hung Chang to come at once to Tientsin, and to take charge of the settlement of the affair. On arrival he issued a proclamation, somewhat high-sounding in its style, but calculated to have its proper effect upon the populace, reciting his achievements in the Taiping and other rebellions, and warning them of what they might expect under his rule if they continued to disturb the public peace. This was followed by energetic measures against the participants in the late riot, and order and confidence were at once restored in the community. The negotiations of the French minister with the Tsung-li Yamen, or Chinese Foreign Office at Peking, had progressed very slowly and in an unsatisfactory manner, and at the minister's request these negotiations were transferred to Tientsin, and Li Hung Chang was empowered by the Emperor as plenipotentiary to effect a settlement. In a short time he presented to the French minister a proposition which was so complete an atonement for the wrongs and injuries sustained that the latter promptly accepted it, and the danger of another European war, with further humiliation for China, was averted.



LI HUNG CHANG'S VISITING-CARD.

THE PRIME MINISTER.

THE imperial government was so greatly relieved by the happy termination of the affair, and so much impressed with Li Hung Chang's conduct of the negotiations, that it showered upon him new and almost unprecedented honors. In addition to his appointment as viceroy of the province of Chihli, he was named imperial tutor, grand secretary of state, minister superintendent of trade of the northern ports, and a noble of the first rank. These high titles and offices made him from that time to the present, a period of twenty-five years, the first official and statesman of the government under the Emperor. He has often been styled the prime minister of China, but, as a matter of fact, there is no such official in the imperial government. It is nominally an autocracy, the Emperor being

regarded as the Son of Heaven and the source of all authority. But his person is held so sacred, and he is kept so secluded in his palace, that he has little or no contact with the world, and by personal observation has no knowledge of his kingdom. Its affairs are conducted by a series of boards, constituting a very cumbersome and complex system, and no one man stands at the head of affairs and directs its movements.

Added dignity and importance over that of other viceroyalties attach to that of Chihli in that it is the metropolitan province, Peking being within its limits, and its viceroy is the guardian and protector of the Emperor. In the present case the office of imperial tutor conferred upon its occupant still further and more intimate duties in connection with the imperial household; as, for instance, when His Majesty, a few years ago, made his visit to the tombs of his ancestors, we find the hero of the Taiping war, and the first noble of the empire, giving his personal attention to the details of His Majesty's journey. Another and unusual duty became attached to this viceroyalty. Li Hung Chang had shown such aptitude for diplomatic duties in his negotiations respecting the Tientsin riot that thenceforth he conducted, or participated in, every important treaty negotiation or diplomatic controversy of his government. Having his residence at the seaport of the capital, for the last quarter of a century he has stood as a sentinel on the outpost of the forbidden city, and for his secluded Emperor has held intercourse with the outside world. Although not holding that position, he has acted as the virtual head of the Chinese Foreign Office, and has shown himself a match for the most astute of the trained European diplomatists. While in this capacity he has been the jealous guardian of his country's interests, he has always secured the confidence and esteem of the foreign ministers with whom he has conducted important negotiations. Probably no living man has received such signal marks of respect from his diplomatic antagonists as he. In the Margary affair, a most serious controversy with Great Britain, he was so straightforward and just in meeting the demands of that government that Sir Thomas Wade was led to make an important concession, «in recognition of the frankness with which he had negotiated this very troublesome business.» In the adjustment of the French conflict with China of 1884–85, the French minister inserted in the treaty a renunciation of all claims for indemnity, in order thereby «to pay a mark of regard to the patriotic wisdom of His Excellency Li Hung Chang.» When, last year, the Chinese government sent two of its distinguished subjects to Japan to sue for peace, the latter government declined to treat with them; but Marquis Ito, the prime minister, sent a message to Peking that if the Viceroy Li should be sent on such mission, it would be an evidence of sincere intentions, and that he would be received with the highest consideration; and the sequel realized to the greatest extent this estimate of his character and ability.

It would be a tedious task to recite all the duties and events which demanded his attention during his long service as viceroy of Chihli, in addition to those already mentioned. They were of a varied character and of infinite detail in administration, and brought into exercise his versatile talents. He had charge of the supervision of trade in all northern China, a task of no small moment. But that which required much of his time was the reorganization of the army, the building of a navy, and the fortification of the approaches to the capital, a work in which he was greatly hampered by the conservatism of the central government. In addition to periodical revolts, China is often afflicted with disastrous floods and terrible famines, and with many of these the viceroy had much to do. In 1877–78 Chihli and other neighboring provinces were visited by one of the most fearful famines in their history, in which it is estimated that about nine million persons perished. The Viceroy Li was the most prominent agent in staying the ravages of this fatal scourge, and his energy, administrative capacity, and large-hearted charity were conspicuously displayed in the measures for relief. He was untiring in securing and bringing supplies into the famine-stricken districts; his appeals to his countrymen for relief were persistent and pathetic, and were extended to those in foreign lands; he was active in exposing and punishing peculation of the relief funds, which was common; and he is said to have fed more than a thousand of the starving from his own table daily. His appeals brought generous responses, and it is estimated that from the Chinese provinces $3,500,000 were contributed.

MOURNING HIS MOTHER'S DEATH.

DURING his incumbency of the viceroyalty of Chihli an event took place which was of great moment to him, and has for Western readers an interest and a lesson. Little is known of the viceroy's father beyond the fact that he was a respectable member of the

gentry, or literati; but his mother was a woman of more than ordinary strength of character, and evidently had a marked influence on her son's life. She was the mother of eight sons, the eldest of whom also rose to distinction, and was for several years the viceroy of the two provinces of which Canton is the capital. The triumph over the Taiping rebellion brought to Li Hung Chang many adulatory addresses, in which praise his mother shared. As a specimen of Chinese poetry, it may be interesting to make the following extract from one of these:

> Noble lady! eight-bearer borne;
> Relict of one distinguished;
> Mother of many sons;
> Venerable in years, of family famous;
> Exalted; having in one
> Chief of soldiers and Minister of State;
> Wondrous attainment of a son!
> Wondrous of a younger son!

In 1882 the old lady fell ill, and the viceroy memorialized the throne, begging for a month's leave of absence from his duties to visit her. As the correspondence is to us so novel, reveals so quaintly the relations existing between the high officials and the throne, and brings out so strikingly the domestic affections of the Chinese people, it will hardly be regarded as prolix if liberal extracts are here given. After the usual formal introduction, and reciting the news of his mother's illness, the viceroy proceeds:

> He prays, therefore, that he may be granted leave of absence to go at once to visit her. He states that his mother has been residing for some ten years in the official residence of his brother, Li Han Chang, the Governor of Hukuang. She is eighty-three years of age, and her constitution has hitherto been robust; but last winter she suffered from dysentery, and although the physicians succeeded in stopping the worst symptoms, she still continued feverish at night. At the beginning of spring she was a little better. Memorialist has sent his son, Ching-fong to Hupeh to wait on his mother with food and medicine in his stead, but a letter which he has just received informs him that she is afflicted with a continual cough, and cannot take food and drink in any quantity. She is old, and is breaking up; and the thought of her absent son continually recurs to her, and makes her illness more dangerous. When memorialist heard this his heart burned with anxiety, and his sleep and his food were worthless to him. And since the day in the spring of 1870 when he bade her farewell, thirteen years ago, he has never seen his mother's face. A man has a long lifetime, it is said, to spend in his country's service, and but a short term of years in which he can serve his parents; and now that the illness from which his mother has long been suffering still continues unabated, memorialist all night long tosses about in his trouble, and not for a single moment is his mind at rest. . . . This [a month's leave] will enable him to make a rapid journey to Wuchang, to visit his mother, and to be a witness of her recovery, and to satisfy in some slight degree the feelings of affection which, as the jay for its parent bird, he entertains for her. What bounds would then be set to his gratitude for such signal kindness on the part of their Majesties? . . . The reason for his application for leave, the wish, namely, to visit his mother, he has carefully set forth in the present petition to the throne, which he sends by courier post. He presents this memorial with inexpressible fear and distress of mind.

The month's leave of absence was granted, but meanwhile news came of his mother's death, and he thereupon, in accordance with the practice of the country, resigned all his offices, and memorialized for permission to avail himself of the customary three years' retirement for mourning a mother's death. But the Empress regents denied his request, setting forth in detail that the critical condition of public affairs would not permit of his withdrawal for such a long period, referring to the value of his services in flattering terms, stating that a modification of existing usage was necessary in his case, and that he must retain his offices and be content with a leave of absence of only one hundred days. They conclude:

> The questions of the hour are attended with much difficulty, and the viceroy should struggle to suppress his private sorrow, looking upon the affairs of state as of the first importance, and striving to make some return to us for our kindness to him. This will be the conduct that will inspire his mother's mind with the comforting conviction that her son, following the precepts early instilled into him, is devoting himself to the service of his country.

But this decision failed to convince the viceroy that filial duty could thus be satisfied, and he addressed a second lengthy memorial to the throne. After recognizing the great kindness and sympathy of their Majesties, he says:

> But memorialist feels that he must submit the full expression of his feelings to their Majesties. It is twelve years since, in the dearth of officials, he was appointed to Chihli; his shortcomings have been many, and his merits few. He has repeatedly received marks of extraordinary consideration in being preserved intact in his dignities, and in not receiving censure and punishment. . . . But since he heard of his mother's severe illness his brain has been dull and his eyes heavy. Leave of ab-

sence was granted him, but before he could start on his long journey, he received the letter telling of his mother's death. Remorse will consequently haunt him all his life, and there is a wound in his heart that prevents him privately from enjoying a moment's respite from pain, and publicly from being of any service to the state. . . . Even if memorialist, separated beyond hope of meeting from his mother, the living from the dead, were to spend three years in lamentations at her tomb, it would not avail to relieve his soul from the poignant and inexpressible regret he feels for his lack of filial duty. But if, while stunned with grief, he is forced to rise in the mourning garb and attend to business, not only will violence be done to the great principle of filial duty on which the government is based, but comment also will be provoked on the shortcomings of the disciple of Confucius. Though trusted to the fullest extent by his sovereign, a sense of shame would continue to harass him. He therefore prays their Majesties, in pitying recognition of the reality of their foolish servant's grief, to recall their commands, and graciously permit him to vacate his posts and observe the full term of mourning, that the autumn frosts and spring dews may, in the course of time, witness some alleviation of his bitter regrets. But though the earth be his pillow, and his bed be of rushes, he is still beneath the canopy of heaven. He is but sixty years of age, and his stay in the thatched hut has a limit. Many are the days left in which to show his gratitude to the state. Thus, little by little, now with loud weeping and now with silent sobs, has their Majesties' servant told them his piteous tale; and the anxiety with which he awaits their commands is beyond his power to express.



EMPEROR'S INSCRIPTION ACCOMPANYING THE GIFTS SENT TO THE VICEROY ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

But the viceroy's second appeal was to no purpose. The Empress regents esteemed too highly his usefulness to the government to allow him to resign his offices, or to retire from the public service for three years, and adhered to their original resolution to grant him only one hundred days' leave of absence; and even that he was not allowed to enjoy in quiet. Public affairs were so pressing that he had often «to rise in the mourning garb, and attend to business.» This unique correspondence brings out one of the most distinguishing traits of Chinese character—veneration for parents, which has become sanctified into religious worship, and also has exercised a marked influence on the political relations of the people, the Emperor being the parental head of the nation. If the fifth commandment of the Mosaic code were as faithfully observed by Christian nations as the central doctrine of the Confucian philosophy is practised by the Celestials, the social order of the Western world would be greatly improved.

A notable event in the life of the Viceroy Li was the commemoration, four years ago, of his seventieth birthday, which was made the occasion of great demonstrations of respect. The Emperor sent various rich and appropriate gifts, with flattering inscriptions written with his own hand; the Empress dowager, a woman of great ability, and the ruling spirit of the government for the last twenty years, vied with her imperial ward in her gifts; subjects of high and low degree, and foreign residents, lavished upon him presents and mementos; processions, ceremonies, and banquets in Chinese profusion were the order of the day; and all culminated in an address signed by the leading officials throughout the empire, written by Chang Chi-tung, next to the viceroy the most honored and influential man in the government, and often his political opponent. As a specimen of Chinese eulogy, an extract will be interesting:

> You are altogether to be admired; in literature deep, in warcraft terrible, in perception acute, in genius sublime, you are entrenched on every side, unassailable.

After alluding to his diplomacy, his service in building up the military defenses, and his public improvements, the address concludes:

As I stand beside you in the Hanlin, I feel how small I am, how little able to grapple with the great matters met within my province on the great river. In you we have perfect confidence, and I earnestly desire to learn from you. Compared with you, I am as a simple peasant to a picked archer, a poor jade to a fleet racer. You are men's ideal; you, like Kang Hou, enjoy the confidence of our Sovereign; yours is the glory of Chang the Councilor. You are the cynosure of all eyes.

POLITICAL FOES.

THE correspondence on his mother's death shows the great importance attached by the central government to the services of Li Hung Chang, and the demonstrations attending his seventieth birthday, although somewhat Oriental in their extravagance, truly reflect the esteem in which he was held by the nation; but it must not be inferred therefrom that his political career has been one of unbroken success and adulation. The ruling circles at Peking and throughout the empire are full of personal parties, and political bickerings and intrigues are as much the order of the day as in other countries. This condition of things is greatly promoted by an ancient institution at Peking called the Censorate, a body of prominent men whose special function it is to review and criticize the acts of all officials, and to bring their shortcomings to the attention of the throne. Under the inspiration of his political enemies, the Viceroy Li has been many times the object of the Censors' attacks, and on three separate occasions he has had inflicted upon him the punishment recommended by this body. In 1868, because of failure to put down the Nienfei revolt in the time expected, he was degraded in rank, ordered to be removed from his post, and deprived of the yellow jacket bestowed upon him for his triumph over the Taiping rebels. But before the decree could be carried out a turn of fortune gave him decisive victories, and his rank, post, and jacket were preserved. A few years later he was the victim of a new degradation. The Grand Canal has for many centuries played an important part in the affairs of the empire as the great artery of communication between the capital and the most populous parts of the country, is a ravenous consumer of the public funds, owing to the heavy floods which destroy its banks, and the cause of the downfall of many a public functionary. In 1871 the viceroy of Chihli, after the expenditure of a large sum appropriated from the imperial treasury, reported that he had put this great public work in complete condition. But, unfortunately, that very season an unprecedented flood swept away the embankment with great destruction and injury to public and private property. It was an opportunity not to be lost by the Censors, and again Li Hung Chang had to submit to degradation and the loss of his yellow jacket and peacock feathers. But he was allowed to hold his office of viceroy, and, with the indomitable will which has marked his public life, he set to work to repair the breaches, and his task was so promptly and successfully accomplished that he was restored to his dignities and insignia of imperial favor.

The last triumph of his enemies occurred during the late war with Japan, after the defeat of the Chinese forces in Corea, and the naval engagement off the mouth of the Yalu River. For years before the war the organization of the army in northern China, and the creation of a navy, had been in his hands, and, notwithstanding the fact that he had earnestly protested against the war with Japan, he was held responsible for the ignominious failure, and by imperial decree he was a third time degraded, deprived of the right to wear the famous yellow jacket and the three-eyed peacock feathers, and superseded in the command of the army of the North. But he was too influential and useful to be entirely withdrawn from the public service, and he retained his important post as viceroy. The events of the war very soon demonstrated the wisdom of his views, and that in the time of great emergencies he stood head and shoulders above any other subject of the Emperor. Within a few weeks his enemies had to bear the discomfiture of seeing him restored to all his honors, called to Peking, placed in most confidential relations with His Majesty, and intrusted singly with the high mission of negotiating peace with Japan.[1]

THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS WITH JAPAN.

WHILE he thus bore the most important trust ever committed to him by the Emperor, it was by no means a task to his liking. He was by nature high-spirited, and his military and political success had made him haughty and imperious. He was proud of his country,

[1] The reader need hardly be reminded that General Foster accompanied the viceroy on this mission, contributing to the service of China his well-recognized skill and knowledge, due to long experience in the diplomatic affairs of the United States.—EDITOR.

of its past history, and of its institutions. He partook of the national feeling of contempt for the Japanese, and he felt keenly the humiliation which the war had inflicted upon his people. He knew the mission to which he had been assigned would make him unpopular, and expose him to fresh indignities from his partizan enemies. He felt that he was taking his life in his hand when he should place himself on Japanese soil, and he so expressed himself to the incredulous foreign diplomats at Peking; but he dared not shrink from the duty which his sovereign had imposed upon him. Seldom has a public man, under such trying circumstances, borne himself with such true heroism and patriotic devotion. A high-spirited and proud man, he went to the land of the despised but triumphant enemy to sue for peace; and yet he never failed to maintain his accustomed demeanor or his country's dignity. And it is due to the Japanese plenipotentiaries who were designated to receive and treat with him at Shimonoseki, to state that they exhibited toward him the highest marks of respect, and during the entire negotiations allowed no word to escape from their lips, and nothing to occur, which might be considered personally offensive to their distinguished guest. He had the good fortune to conduct negotiations with two compeers, men of marked ability, and worthy representatives of their government and race. Marquis Ito, the prime minister, is a typical member of the progressive party, educated in Europe, and trained in modern political science and methods of government, but an ardent and patriotic Japanese. He had a valuable colleague in Count Mutsu, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who had been long in his country's service at home and abroad. Marquis Ito, ten years before, had been sent by his government to Tientsin to arrange with the Viceroy Li a settlement of Corean affairs; and the same subject brought the viceroy to Japan, but under changed conditions for the negotiators.

The defeated party always negotiates at a disadvantage, and the viceroy did not fail to appreciate the situation; but the judgment of the impartial observer is that he came out of it with as much credit as was possible, and it is quite certain that he obtained better terms for his country than any other Chinese official could have secured. This was due in part to the personal consideration shown him by the Japanese negotiators, but mainly to his own diplomatic experience and his thorough knowledge of his own government. Japan was robbed of a large measure of her triumph by the interposition of the European powers, and it has been stated that the viceroy consented in the treaty to the cession of the Liaotung Peninsula only because of his knowledge that these powers would compel its return to China. But this is not a fair statement of the facts. Neither the viceroy nor his government had received any information from Russia or other power, before the treaty was signed, as to its action on the subject; but he had been a close student of European politics for many years, and his action was based upon convictions born of that study. He neither reads nor speaks any foreign language, but he has secretaries charged with the duty of keeping him informed of current events, and has had much intercourse with diplomats and other intelligent foreigners; and he well knew that Russia, if no other nation, would not allow the domination of Corea by Japan, or its permanent lodgment on the continent so near to Peking and Russia's own possessions; and he was willing to make the Liaotung cession in order to escape other harsh terms.

But the viceroy's statesmanship and strength of character were most conspicuous in his conduct after the treaty was signed and he had returned to China. On his arrival at Tientsin he ascertained that his worst fears as to the reception which the treaty would receive from his own countrymen were more than realized. When its terms became known, it was met by a storm of almost unanimous condemnation. Without exception, the viceroys, and also most of the generals, memorialized the throne against it, and the representatives of three of the great powers of Europe sought to prevent or delay its ratification by the Emperor.

But the viceroy did not hesitate as to his duty. He felt that the honor of his sovereign and the good of the country required that faith should be kept with Japan. He therefore sent urgent telegraphic representations to the Emperor and to the Foreign Office, calling for prompt ratification and exchange of the treaty in spite of the foreign influence and the national clamor. His personal enemies were actively exerting themselves against the treaty, led by the Viceroy Chang Chi-tung, who had written the highly laudatory address on the occasion of his birthday celebration, and who to that end was fomenting the rebellion in Formosa, and supplying the rebels with arms from the imperial arsenal at Shanghai. It greatly redounds to the credit of the young Emperor that in such a grave crisis he followed the advice of his venerable counselor, and ratified the treaty.

LI'S OPPOSITION TO WAR.

THE foregoing sketch presents the salient points in the career of Li Hung Chang, but the portraiture of the man would be imperfect without a reference to certain of his characteristics. Although the greatest general his country has produced in this century, he is preëminently a man of peace. Confucius, whose disciple he is proud to call himself, taught the folly of war, and the practice of the government and Chinese society in this respect is inspired by his teachings. While Japan has exalted the warlike spirit, and there the soldier is the idol of the people, in China the soldier is lightly esteemed, and always takes rank below the literary class. But, notwithstanding this peaceful spirit, there is often a war party in China, and on two or three memorable occasions it has fallen to the lot of the Viceroy Li to be placed in antagonism to it. The Kuldja question, about 1880, brought the country to the brink of war with Russia, and it was only by his most active resistance to the war party at Peking that a peaceful settlement was reached. It is now well known that he opposed the late hostilities with Japan. The government of the latter during the progress of the war obtained possession of and published certain memorials to the throne, dated in 1882, and forwarded by the viceroy, which looked to the ultimate invasion of Japan; but at best it was merely an inchoate scheme, and probably encouraged by the viceroy to aid his projects for the defense of the approaches to Peking. He had a better knowledge of the military strength of Japan and of the weakness of China than any other of the Emperor's advisers, and he feared the consequences to his country of a conflict. In the verbal negotiations for peace the following colloquy occurred:

Marquis Ito: «War is an evil, though sometimes unavoidable.»

Viceroy Li: Far better avoided. When General Grant, ex-President of the United States, visited Tientsin, and we became friends, he said to me: 'The loss of life in the rebellion in my country was so terrible that after I became President I was always anxious to avert war, and have ever since advised others to do so. Your Excellency won favor in suppressing the Taiping rebellion, yet I urge you to beware of entrance to a quarrel which might lead to war.' I have always tried to follow this excellent advice. Your Excellency well knows that I was opposed to this war.»

Marquis Ito: «War is a cruel and bloody business; yet there are times and conditions in the intercourse of states when there is no help for it.»

Viceroy Li: «It is barbarous, and the perfection of modern weapons adds to the slaughter. Your Excellency is in the prime of life, and feels the impulse of martial ardor.»

Marquis Ito: «How easily peace might have been made at the beginning!»

Viceroy Li: «I was for peace then, but the opposition was too much for me, and the opportunity was lost.»

It will be of interest, in this connection, to note that the friendship between the viceroy and General Grant above referred to was sincere and reciprocal, and the general regarded the former as one of the three great men of the world of his day. As a token of the viceroy's respect, by his direction the Chinese minister in Washington makes a visit to Riverside on the anniversary of the general's death, and lays upon his tomb a wreath of flowers.

It is claimed that, notwithstanding Li Hung Chang has shown some liberality of views toward modern improvements and education, he is at heart a hater of foreigners, and has an abiding faith in Chinese institutions and methods of government. He is, it is true, a great admirer of the Confucian philosophy, and, remembering the enduring history of his people, we can hardly wonder at his devotion to the institutions which have made that history possible. When we call to mind the experience China has had with certain Western nations, it might not be considered strange if his attachment to foreigners was not very ardent; but in all his public life his conduct shows that he feels the need of foreign aid, and is disposed to give it proper welcome, and of all Chinese statesmen he is the most liberal-minded and free from prejudice. He is far from claiming that the present system of government is perfect. He has, in fact, urged upon the authorities at Peking two important changes which look to a reform of most serious defects in the system; to wit, the withdrawal from the viceroys of provinces of powers which should be exercised only by the imperial government, and such a change in the method of admission to the public service as will liberalize the examinations, and make fitness rather than scholarship the test. There are other changes which he would gladly bring about if he had the power; but, as he confessed to Marquis Ito, «China is hampered by antiquated customs which prevent desirable reforms.»

The religious views of the viceroy are of interest at this time. It has been charged that he partakes fully of the superstition which is a marked characteristic of his people, and memorials to the throne are cited in which he recognizes the interposition of the river-gods in the form of a snake during the devastating floods, and other marvelous occurrences. How far his conduct in this regard may be considered a mere concession to the prevailing beliefs of the people, it is difficult to say, but he probably participates in the views of his great teacher Confucius, who was an avowed agnostic. He has to the Emperor denounced both Buddhism and Taoism as unorthodox sects. An incident of his peace mission shows that he is at least respectful toward Christianity, and recognizes the existence of an overruling providence. When the attack was made upon his life, the Christians of Nagoya, both Japanese and foreigners, sent a message of sympathy, with a statement that they were praying for his recovery. His son replied on his behalf as follows:

My father has directed me to write the following, dictated from his bed, in reply to your Address. He is deeply moved by the sentiments of kindly solicitude for his welfare expressed in your Address, and feels that the prayers you have offered for his recovery cannot have been unheeded by the Power who controls human destinies. He feels that his escape from death was little short of miraculous.

He believes that his life has been spared to him for some wise purpose beyond the capacity of man to fathom; but he will venture to interpret his good fortune as an indication that his life-work is not yet complete; that he may yet do some good in the world, and perhaps render service to his country by endeavoring to restore peace and good will where strife now prevails. . . .

Since the restoration of peace and his return to Peking, in an interview reported with a Methodist bishop, he said:

«Say to the American people for me to send over more missionaries for the schools and hospitals, and I hope to be in a position both to aid them and protect them.» As confirmatory of these sentiments, it is announced that since the war terminated all restrictions upon the propagation of the Christian religion have been expunged from the Chinese code. On the other hand, the war seems to have had the contrary effect on the Japanese, as we find the imperial diet engaged in decreeing the erection of Shinto temples in Formosa, in order that the spirit of a celebrated prince, and those of others who fell in the service, may be worshiped as gods; and the captured cannon are being molded into an immense Buddha to adorn the capital.

No living public man of Asia has been so much the subject of discussion and criticism as Li Hung Chang. Much of the criticism has been unfavorable, and his critics are often unfair. It is hardly just to him to estimate his character and attainments according to the standard of Western nations. His education is exclusively Oriental, and his entire life has been spent in China. His knowledge of our civilization is such as could be acquired in the motley society of a treaty-port. As a statesman he has had to deal with a very conservative and bigoted constituency, and with associates prejudiced against and ignorant of foreign nations. Judged in the light of his education, his experience, and his surroundings, he must be regarded as the first of living statesmen of Asia, and one of the most distinguished of the public men of the world.

John W. Foster.

NAY, ASK NO VOW!

NAY, ask no vow, dear heart! Too lightly slips
The word «forever» from our careless lips.
We pledge eternity—who in one day,
Forgotten, silenced, mingle clay with clay!
How do you know your eyes will always shine
With that glad welcome when they meet with mine?
How dare I say this heart for aye will swell
To answer yours—knowing its frailty well?
To-day sees plighted troth and clasping hands;
To-morrow, shattered faith and broken bands.
Oh, pitiful for mortal lips to swear!
More fitting this: unceasing, fervent prayer
That our love's flower, escaping frost and blight,
May bloom immortal, as we hope to-night!

Catharine Young Glen.

THE ROMANCE OF A BROWN-PAPER PARCEL.

«TAK' you' spik-pole an' stan' in stern,» said Jean Baptiste, imperatively, as I was stepping for the first time into the bow of our bateau, made fast beside a rock just above the rapids of the Mattawamkeag, better known as the east branch of the Penobscot. «Boat he row!» continued the wiry little Canadian. «Birch he paddle! Bateau he spik-pole! What you get in bow for? Bow my place. Ah was born in bow of bateau. Ah unverstan' bateau before you born!»

A bateau is, as Thoreau once defined it, a cross between a boat and a birch canoe. It is perhaps twenty-four feet long and four feet wide, flat-bottomed, lightly but strongly built, with a flare upward for seven or eight feet at each end, reducing its area of greatest draft to a minimum, so that it floats among the clustered rocks like a drifting apple, touching, but not easily grounding. The place of honor is the bow, not the stern. Baptiste thrust in my hand a light spruce pole, twelve feet long and shod with iron, showing me how to hold it, and how to stand with feet apart for firmer balance. Meanwhile he never ceased his French-Canadian chatter, which had already made itself at home in that State, once so homogeneous in population, which its natives call, with monosyllabic tenderness, «the State o' Maine.»

It was the last day of our week's camping out on the noble and lonely mountain Ktaadn or Katahdin, and we had struck before noon, on our return journey, the landing where our party was to divide. Baptiste and I—particularly Baptiste—were to take the bateau down through the rapids. It was already laden with the packs, now half empty, of eight people, with whatever was left of our trout and partridge, and with all the gentians and buck-bean and asters and osmunda ferns that three enterprising young women could accumulate, aided by three masculine comrades and their two guides. Baptiste took his place at the bow, and pushed off. For a moment the bateau hesitated before taking the sweep of the current, and we could glance at our comrades on the shore. Already in single file, Bert Somers at the head as leading guide, Martha in her now wonted place next him, Mrs. Willis and Sarah next, and the young men bringing up the rear, they paused to see us off. We were to meet down the river by nightfall. Martha looked round once, the sunlight glancing on her curly head and blue woodland dress; she waved her hand, but checked her greeting when Bert pointed out to her an owl on an upper bough. The owl suddenly became extremely interesting to her. I thought how different it had been a week before, when we had left our last farmhouse (Henderson's) and struck into the woods for the twenty-five miles of exploring. Martha had then loitered gaily at the rear end of the procession, chatting with old Baptiste, and scarcely glancing at Bert from beneath her long lashes, while he seemed hardly to have discovered her existence, and answered all the rest in monosyllables. We had all been rather silent, I remember, that first day, with the new weight of the packs on our shoulders, laden with ship-bread and with such an unreasonable supply of pork that Theo had suggested that we might have brought a pig and let him carry it up in person.

As Bert strode silently before us through the woods, in his red shirt and torn hat, ax on shoulder, or looked round with placid face and steady blue eyes as he cleared away an oak bough or pointed the way to a crossing, he seemed as fine a product of the forest as any moose or caribou. We had borrowed him from his sister in a capacious log-house in Number Six,—for we were already beyond townships that had been christened,—and she had dismissed him with a pat upon the shoulder. The house itself had looked neat even to refinement, and we found afterward that the family was classed as aristocratic in that region, which meant that Bert did not like to have his sister go to lumbermen's balls, though he was a lumberman himself. He had, in fact, the highest local dignity—that of being «head of a drive» in spring («Get his six dollars a day jes as easy as rollin' off a log,» it was explained to me), and he had that natural propriety and self-restraint which one sometimes finds among hunters and fishermen in New England. He neither drank, smoked, nor swore; he reverenced women, and was shy

with them. He had a fine voice, and knew his «No. 2» (Moody and Sankey) from end to end. His features were regular, his teeth fine, his complexion was tanned even to the neck, like that of a soldier, and his hair tawny. Altogether he gave the impression of being a man who would «do to tie to,» as they say in the woods.

He had walked in front of us the first day, generally silent, moderating his stride with some effort, threading his way through the forest, following no path, but only a «spotted trail,» which he himself had formerly helped to spot. With rapid strokes he had cleared away a fallen tree or laid a sudden scaffolding of logs over a wet place. Carrying twice the load of any one else, he had left the ladies without apology to bear their own light burdens, and the men to toil under their unaccustomed packs. Questions he answered briefly; but he volunteered no remarks, and, while virtually taking our measure, gave no signs of it. Mrs. Willis, always frank and cordial, followed him up closely, questioned him about birds and beaver-dams, suggested new short-cuts, and was lighter footed and quicker witted than any of the party. Then followed the others, and last of all our pretty Martha, with her fair face looking childlike under a white Scotch cap that retained its immaculate whiteness in a way that seemed unaccountable. She had already grown intimate with Baptiste, our second guide, her Parisian French matching oddly with his dialect of Stratford-atte-Quebec, while his equally bewildering English formed an endless stream of narrative and of brag.

«Ah go in rear,» he explained, «because Bert he like better ze front. Rear he danger, *vraiment.*»

«Danger of what, Baptiste?» asked Martha, anxiously.

«Mooch danger—lynk, moose, wolf (br-r-r!), Indian dev' he wuss as all.»

«Indians?»

«No, no; he wild-cat, Indian dev'; he in trees, spring like so much cat. Once near Quebec, ten, fifteen miles, prob'ly, my fader saw one spring forty feet from tree to groun'.»

Even before striking into the woods we had once heard, or fancied that we heard, the howling of wolves at night; and we had heard also from lumbermen their traditions of the Indian devil, but we had been guaranteed against real danger. However, Baptiste's large stories had still the zest of novelty.

«An' when I was ver' little boy my fader saw—»

But here the exigencies of wood-chopping interfered, and the wiry little blue-shirted Canadian was then at his best; namely, silent.

«Where is your family, Baptiste?» asked Martha, when the walk was resumed.

«He at Quebec, mees.»

«Have you a large family of children?»

«No, no; no more as twelve, prob'ly thirteen. Ah a'n't been got home these four months; don't know ex-act. My sister—she widow, four, five children—she in house, too, till she goin' get married. I know a man in Quebec he twenty-seven child of twenty-seven child. Large family pretty well, a'n't it?»

«Yes,» said Martha, with an American shudder.

Meanwhile at the forward end of the line Bert kept his route and his silence, answering Mrs. Willis's liveliest sallies with «Yes, 'm» and «No, 'm.» When we stopped for an occasional rest Martha still listened to Baptiste, but I saw her covertly sketching Bert Somers.

What a delight it had been, after that first laborious day, to come down into the valley where Bert had already, during our previous halt, got a great fire burning noisily! What a delight it was to assist in pitching the tents, open on one side to the flame; to learn how to make a luxurious couch of hemlock boughs; to take our first meal of pork and hard bread with trout caught near by (Bert again); then to sleep with our feet to the fire; drowsily to look upward as the fire waned, when we could see the keen stars looking down on us; and then, as Bert or Baptiste rolled great tree-trunks on the fire, to see the illumination fill all the air and the stars vanish! In the Adirondacks, where you sleep in closed tents,—or did in those days,—there is no such delight as this; but in the boundless woods of Maine the tent is uniformly open on one side, and there is on earth no more luxurious slumber. The forest is so damp, moreover, that there is no fear of the fire's spreading, and the guides do not feel obliged, except in the very driest seasons, to put it out when they move on.

In the morning, as the mists cleared, the mountain we were nearing would sometimes come out as distinct as Vesuvius, and would look like that, volcanic in form. It stood magnificent and lonely in a sea of woods; it was square and jagged at the top, while a projecting shoulder on one side gave us a glimpse of its terrible basin or crater, the bare cliffs of which, one thousand feet high, we could see without a glass. The white slides were barer and nearer, and at the foot of one of them Bert pointed out the next night's camp-

ing-ground. After all we had heard of the perpetual clouds and storms which were said to veil this mystic mountain home of the Indian Pomola, it seemed strange to see it so clear and unforbidding now. Moreover, which was for the moment more important, we had caught more than a hundred trout and other fish the night before for supper, and still had a supply to take with us. Also, we had camped in a moose path, and had heard the steady tread of a moose as it came down to drink from the lake. Life seemed that morning to be very full.

After a day or two Bert had quietly formed his opinion of the company, and had relaxed a little. All the ladies visibly took to him, except, perhaps, Martha, who rather laughed at him, as, indeed, she did at everybody, especially at the rather awkward woodland feats of her less experienced comrades. Of Baptiste and his legends she never tired, but sometimes attempted the art of suppression, which was, in truth, often needed. In general his squirrel chatter went on undisturbed.

«Prob'ly, Mees Mart',» he would say, «you never saw more ol' man as my fader, prob'ly fifty, sixty. He ver' strong, almost strong as me. One time in Quebec, in freshet, when everybody was 'fraid but my fader and me—»

«Is that a rabbit under that log?» Martha would ask serenely, and avert the flood. But on the occasions, now growing more frequent, when Bert Somers would be tempted into story-telling, she would draw near, look upward with her clear blue eyes, and hint to the intrepid Mrs. Willis to ask for another. Nevertheless it was rather a surprise when, one evening, after the ladies' tent was pitched and the hemlock bedding spread, an incomprehensible little block of neatly carved wood was carefully laid on it, marked in pencil «Marthy's pillow.» Then it was remembered that the young lady had expressed, in Somers's hearing the day before, a devout wish for some such Japanese contrivance.

«I wish,» she had said sleepily, «that when they (put me in my little bed) they would provide something for me to rest my head upon besides shawls that slip away and pine-needles that get into my hair.»

It was remembered that the other ladies had expressed similar longings, but only «Marthy» got the wooden pillow.

Moreover, in the evening glees it was Martha's sweet soprano that Bert accompanied; and it gradually became the habit, when an extra rest was desired, or a partridge by way of dinner, to hint to Martha to suggest it to him. They seemed to talk a good deal also, and he told her much about his sister; Martha was a sympathetic and domestic girl.

So it had come to pass, in going down the mountain, the order of march was changed; and Baptiste was sent to the head, perhaps lest his favorite wolves and lynxes should cut off our retreat, while Somers brought up the rear, and sometimes lagged a little—at least when Martha became footsore after the long tramp, as, indeed, it was not strange that she did. Accordingly, on the last day, when they were to return through easy paths in the forest, it was not surprising if the whole party straggled, and if my last glimpse was of Martha with Bert at her side, he carrying frequent wreaths of fragrant *Linnæa* which he had gathered at her asking.

The sight recalled to me a remark which Mrs. Willis had one day made. It was drizzly weather, and she had still over her shoulders my great waterproof, which drooped about her slim figure.

«A misfit,» I said idly.

«Yes,» she said, «and not the only one in this forest.» And she glanced demurely forward, where Martha had perched herself upon the low crotch of a tree, and Bert leaned upon his ax looking up at her.

«These young hearts—» I began.

«Nonsense!» she said; «You know better. Mere propinquity—the accident of a day—the misery of a lifetime.»

«But surely,» I said, «in this republican country—»

«I have been through it before,» she interrupted. «Did not my nephew Arthur, at Isle au Haut, fall in love with his skipper's daughter?»

«Was she pretty?»

«That was the theory. As she would have said, (I presume likely.)»

«What happened?»

«They have lived,» she continued, «on a clearing near Puget Sound. He had been the first marshal of his class at Harvard.»

«Are they happy?»

«(I presume likely.)»

«Ah, well,» I said, «it is only a matter of a few days, and at any rate nothing can be done about it.»

«Ah?» she said, and we moved on again.

She said it with an air of placid impertinence that was, on the whole, rather becoming to her, but was apt to mean something like defiance. At any rate, I found myself, after a little meditation, inclined to recur to the subject.

«It never seems to be quite settled,» I remarked, «whether you or I ought to be at the head of this little picnic of ours.»

«Is n't it?» she said. «I thought it was.» And on reflection I thought so too.

It is worth mentioning that, as Bert and Martha paired off together, Mrs. Willis addicted herself more and more to Jean Baptiste. She was fond of French dialects, soon picked up his patois, and encouraged him to go on more and more with his interminable yarns. She delighted by skilful flattery to build up from day to day the number of branches in a deer's horns or the weight of a salmon, in his tales, as a fancier educates certain attributes in a breed of dogs or pigeons. He, on his part, did so many good turns for her that I saw her, just before we parted that last day, give him some money. «This,» I said, «is contrary to our agreement; I was to be sole treasurer.»

«*La femme le veut*,» she cried, and went off down the path with the others, waving a great sheaf of goldenrod over her head.

Thus it came about, to return to the beginning of my story, that Baptiste and I pushed off by ourselves that day. We struck the rapids almost at once, and my garrulous little comrade, in his faded blue shirt, was transformed instantly to a hero in that bow of a boat where he claimed, with bold emphasis, to have been born. The water, hitherto brown with the mellow tint of ages of submerged foliage, took on a wine-black and a glittering white as it swirled round dark rocks. Again and again the bateau was flung against those rocks with force that seemed resistless, when Baptiste sprang with his spiked pole and shoved it off, the peculiar structure of the boat helping him, since it drew no depth of water save at one narrow point amidships. I, meanwhile, in the stern, had only to guard the recoil of the bateau and keep it from the rocks as the bow moved. Sometimes I was almost jerked out of it, but gained more and more confidence as we went on. It was like standing on the back of a spirited horse. At other times we floated peacefully along through miles of smooth water, the shallows sometimes spreading into vast aquatic gardens of buck-bean in full blossom.

We stopped only once that day, for lunch, at a cold spring near the brook; and while I gladly took a delicious nap on pine-needles, Baptiste went a mile inland to Somers's house, coming back with a watermelon and a rather clumsy brown-paper parcel, which he tucked away among the packs in the bateau, offering no explanation, and so full of his chatter that he put all questions out of my head. When we reached the landing he gathered up a pile of our belongings, including the unexplained parcel (we had eaten the watermelon), and made his way up to Henderson's, which was perhaps half a mile off. I remained with the rest of the luggage, rather impatiently, for it seemed as exciting to get back to civilization as to leave it, and when he came we both proceeded to load ourselves with what was left. Making several pauses by the way, as the packs showed a great propensity to fall apart, we reached Henderson's door at last. Entering, we found a merry party gathered in the great, dimly lighted kitchen, and hardly recognized our rather dilapidated crew in the novel freshness of collar and cuffs. «Come in,» said Mrs. Willis, cheerily; «why did it take you so long? Let me introduce you to two additions to our party—Mr. Lucas and Mr. Somers.»

George Lucas was an old acquaintance from Salem, Massachusetts; a quiet, steady fellow, a second cousin of Martha's, and reported to be an admirer, he had come all this distance to meet her and escort her home. He was modest and unobtrusive, with no very salient traits; what one would dismiss as «gentlemanly» in appearance; scrupulously well dressed, but not too well; essentially manly, yet not original or imaginative. But who was this exceedingly raw recruit whom he had brought with him? «Mr. Somers»? What Somers? We saw before us what seemed an overgrown, awkward youth in a suit of black broadcloth, wrinkled across the shoulders, hanging lankly at the sides, bulging at the knees, too short at elbows and ankles. He was burned to a brick color; his ears and hands seemed unnecessarily large. He rose from his chair, overturning it as he rose, and smiled. Suddenly it flashed upon me, in utter desolation, that this luckless wight was Bert.

The figure that had looked so manly in the forest was cramped and impoverished in this disguise; the fine bearing was gone; even the freedom, and almost the self-respect. Delilah had bound Samson (and this time unconsciously) in the green withes of «store clothes.» Never again would Martha see the picturesque woodman who had charmed her fancy—if charmed indeed it was—in his red shirt, with ax on shoulder. If Bert's most malicious enemy had conceived a project for Martha's disenchantment, surely it could have been no better done. Red-shirted he was a hero; well dressed, as he fondly deemed, he was so ill dressed that his case became absolutely hopeless. What could have put it into his head? Where did he get his clothes?

Surely he did not keep a suit of genteel disguise in every farm-house in Penobscot county; certainly they were not in his pack; besides, his pack was on my back just the moment before.

It seemed absolutely wicked, it seemed a satire upon humanity, that all the qualities of essential manhood should be merged for a moment in the miserable standard of presentable or unpresentable. And there was Martha listening, all cousinly smiles, to George Lucas, and hearing his store of gossip about Aunt Henrietta and Cousin Charlotte, and reading home letters with happy face—as remote from the free girl who had tramped through the forest as were our partridges and trout in the barn from the happy living creatures they had once been. As Lucas and I went out to the barn after tea to see our small spoils in the way of game (how good that first indoor meal had been, to be sure, and how delicious to come back to potatoes and «riz bread»!) I was struck with the cruel advantage that the cultivated man has, after all, in the way of adaptation. Lucas was not out of place among the hunters and the guides; he proved, when tested, to be a better shot than any of them, and when bantered on his smaller size showed them one or two gymnasium feats in the way of raising himself by one bent arm to a pole, or hanging from it by the back of his head, things which none of them could accomplish. Bert Somers, meanwhile, though too manly to be sulky, was too human to be altogether happy. We had a gay evening, as people always do on arrival from a woodland tramp, and danced Virginia reels to the music made by the man of all work at Henderson's, who sang, «The Girl I left behind Me,» and drummed an accompaniment on a tin dust-pan. But I could never once lay aside the sad impression made by Bert's fatal miscalculation. I was, like all truly sympathetic souls, a match-maker by nature; and yet I had not raised a finger to promote his little romance, if romance it was. Perhaps I should not have dared any such interference; but now that it had perished, and by means so simple, I was almost ready to mourn over the outcome.

Next morning as we drove away amid general cheers, Martha and the rest waving back their handkerchiefs, I saw Bert turn wearily to do up with sorrowful fingers a brown-paper parcel.

Suddenly the whole thing flashed upon me. The whole plot, if plot it was, had been skilfully concocted by a too remorseless chaperon, appealing to the honest ambition of an inexperienced youth, who would fain show himself for once at least in social splendor to the object of his dreams. What an outrage and what success! That infamous brown-paper parcel! Could I have known what was in it, I would have thrown it into the stream, even if the fatal garments it contained had poisoned every fish in the Mattawamkeag.

Years have passed since then. By a curious coincidence, Bert Somers and George Lucas both fell at Gettysburg, the one as major of a Maine regiment, the other as aide-de-camp to a general. Mrs. Lucas still wore her widow's weeds when I saw her last. And when I once ventured to tax Mrs. Willis as having planned with deliberate intent the ruin of the little woodland idyl, she only answered, «I presume likely.»

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE BEAUTEOUS BODY DEAD.

THE face a flower, the golden head
  Unspotted as a star,
Upon this beauteous body dead
  There is nor stain nor scar.

Though none may find it, 't was a wound—
  That death the soldier dies;
The bravest on love's battle-ground,
  She fairest on it lies.

John Vance Cheney.

THE VATICAN.[1]

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE Mons Vaticanus is sometimes said to have received its name from Vaticinium, an oracle or prophecy; for tradition says that Numa chose the Vatican hill as a sacred place from which to declare to the people the messages he received from the gods. It is not, however, one of the seven hills on which ancient Rome was built, but forms a part of the ridge beginning with the Janiculus and ending with Monte Mario, all of which was outside the ancient limits of the city. In our day the name is applied only to the immense pontifical palace adjacent to, and connected with, the basilica of St. Peter's.

The present existence of this palace is principally due to Nicholas V, the builder pope, whose gigantic scheme would startle a modern architect. His plan was to build the church of St. Peter's as a starting-point, and then to construct one vast central «habitat» for the papal administration, covering the whole of what is called the Borgo, from the castle of Sant' Angelo to the cathedral. In ancient times a portico, or covered way supported on columns, led from the bridge to the church, and it was probably from this real structure that Nicholas began his imaginary one, only a small part of which was ever completed. That small portion alone comprises the basilica and the Vatican Palace, which together form by far the greatest continuous mass of buildings in the world. The Colosseum is 195 yards long by 156 broad, including the thickness of the walls. St. Peter's Church alone is 205 yards long and 156 broad, so that the whole Colosseum would easily stand upon the ground-plan of the church, while the Vatican Palace is more than half as large again.

Nicholas V died in 1455, and the oldest parts of the present Vatican Palace are not older than his reign. They are generally known as the Torre Borgia, from having been inhabited by Alexander VI, who died of poison in the third of the rooms now occupied by the library, counting from the library side. The windows of these rooms look upon the large square court of the Belvedere, and that part of the palace is not visible from without.

Portions of the substructure of the earlier building were no doubt utilized by Nicholas, and the secret gallery which connects the Vatican with the mausoleum of Hadrian is generally attributed to Pope John XXIII, who died in 1417; but on the whole it may be said that the Vatican Palace is originally a building of the period of the Renaissance, to which all successive popes have made additions.

The ordinary tourist first sees the Vatican from the square as he approaches from the bridge of Sant' Angelo. But his attention is from the first drawn to the front of the church, and he but vaguely realizes that a lofty, unsymmetrical building rises on his right. He pauses, perhaps, and looks in that direction as he ascends the long, low steps of the basilica, and wonders in what part of the palace the Pope's apartments may be, while the itinerant vender of photographs shakes yards of poor little views out of their gaudy red bindings, very much as *Leporello* unrolls the list of *Don Giovanni's* conquests. If the picture peddler sees that the stranger glances up at the Vatican, he forthwith points out the corner windows of the second story, and informs his victim that «Sua Santità» inhabits those rooms, and promptly offers photographs of any other part of the Vatican but that. The tourist looks up curiously, and finally gets rid of the vender by buying what he does not want, with the charitable intention of giving it to some dear, but tiresome, relative at home. And ever afterward, perhaps, he associates with his first impression of the Vatican the eager, cunning, scapegrace features of the man who sold him the photographs.

To fix a general scheme of the buildings in the mind, one must climb to the top of the dome of the church, and look down from

[1] See recent articles in THE CENTURY by the same writer: «A Kaleidoscope of Rome,» in the January number; «Pope Leo XIII and his Household,» in February; «St. Peter's,» in July; also in May, «The Election of a Pope,» by W. R. Thayer.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE VATICAN AS SEEN FROM THE STEPS OF ST. PETER'S.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE GARDEN OF THE POPE FROM THE DOME OF ST. PETER'S.

the balcony which surrounds the lantern. The height is so great that even the great dimensions of the biggest palace in the world are dwarfed in the deep perspective, and the wide gardens look small and almost insignificant. But the relative proportions of the buildings and grounds appear correctly, and measure each other, as it were. Moreover, it is now so hard to obtain access to the gardens at all that the usual way of seeing them is from the top of St. Peter's, from an elevation of four hundred feet.

To the average stranger «the Vatican» suggests only the museum of sculpture, the picture-galleries, and the Loggie. He remembers, besides the objects of art which he has seen, the fact of having walked a great distance through straight corridors, up and down short flights of marble steps, and through irregularly shaped and unsymmetrically disposed halls. If he had any idea of the points of the compass when he entered, he is completely confused in five minutes, and comes out at last with the sensation of having been walking in a labyrinth. He will find it hard to give any one an impression of the sort of building in which he has been, and certainly he can not have any knowledge of the topographical relations of its parts. Yet in his passage through the museums and galleries he has seen but a very small part of the whole, and, excepting when in the Loggie, he probably could not once have stood still and pointed in the direction of the main part of the palace.

In order to speak even superficially of it all, it is indispensable to classify its parts in some way. Vast and irregular it is at its two ends, toward the colonnade and toward the bastions of the city, but the intervening stretch consists of two perfectly parallel buildings, each over 350 yards long, about 80 yards apart, and yoked in the middle by the Braccio Nuovo of the museum and a part of the library, so as to inclose two vast courts, the one known as the Belvedere,—not to be confused with the Belvedere in the museum,—and the other called the Garden of the Pigna, from the bronze pine-cone which stands at one end of it.

Across these parallel buildings, and toward the city, a huge pile is erected, about two hundred yards long, very irregular, and containing the papal residence and the apartments of several cardinals, the Sistine Chapel, the Pauline Chapel, the Borgia Tower, the Stanze and Loggie of Raphael, and the court of St. Damasus. At the other end of the parallelogram are grouped the equally irregular but more beautiful buildings of the old museum, of which the windows look out over the walls of the city, and which originally received the name of Belvedere on account of the lovely view. This is said to have been a sort of summer-house of the Borgia, not then connected with the palace by the long galleries.

It would be a hopeless and a weary task to attempt to trace the history of the buildings. Some account of the Pope's private apartments has already been given in these pages.[1] They occupy the eastern wing of the part built round the court of St. Damasus; that is to say, they are at the extreme end of the Vatican, nearest the city, and over the colonnade, and the windows of the Pope's rooms are visible from the square. The vast mass which rises above the columns to the right of St. Peter's is only a small part of the whole palace, but is not the most modern by any means. It contains, for instance, the Sistine Chapel, which is considerably older than the present church, having been built by Sixtus IV, whose beautiful bronze monument is in the Chapel of the Sacrament. It contains, too, Raphael's Stanze, or halls, and Bramante's famous Loggie, the beautiful architecture of which is a frame for some of Raphael's best work.

But any good guide-book will furnish all such information, which it would be fruitless to give in such a paper as this. In the pages of Murray the traveler will find, set down in order and accurately, the ages, the dimensions, and the exact positions of all the parts of the building, with the names of the famous artists who decorated each. He will not find set down there, however, what one may call the atmosphere of the place, which is something as peculiar and unforgetable, though in a different way, as that of St. Peter's. It is quite unlike anything else, for it is part of the development of churchmen's administration to an ultimate limit in the high center of churchmanism. No doubt there was much of that sort of thing in various parts of Europe long ago, and in England before Henry VIII, and it is to be found in a small degree in Vienna to this day, where the traditions of the Holy Roman Empire are not quite dead. It is hard to define it, but it is in everything: in the uniforms of the attendants, in their old-fashioned faces, in the spotless cleanliness of all the Vatican,—though no one is ever to be seen handling a broom,—in the noiselessly methodical manner of doing everything that is to be done, in the scholarly rather than scientific arrangement of the objects in the museum and galleries—above all,

[1] See THE CENTURY for February, 1896.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

A CARDINAL VOTING AT THE ELECTION OF A POPE.

in the visitor's own sensations. No one talks loudly among the statues of the Vatican, and there is a feeling of being in church, so that one is disagreeably shocked when a guide, conducting a party of tourists, occasionally raises his voice in order to be heard. It is all very hard to define, while it is quite impossible to escape feeling it, and it must ultimately be due to the dominating influence of the churchmen, who arrange the whole place as though it were a church. An American lady, on hearing that the Vatican contains eleven thousand rooms, threw up her hands and laughingly exclaimed, «Think of the housemaids!» But there are no housemaids in the Vatican, and perhaps the total absence of even the humblest feminine influence has something to do with the austere impression which everything produces.

On the whole, the Vatican may be divided into seven portions. These are the pontifical residence, the Sistine and Pauline Chapels, the picture-galleries, the library, the museums of sculpture and archæology, the outbuildings, including the barracks of the Swiss Guards, and, lastly, the gardens with the Pope's Casino. Of these the Sistine Chapel, the galleries and museums, and the library are incomparably the most important.

The name «Sistine» is derived from Sixtus IV, as has been said. The library was founded by Nicholas V, whose love of books was almost equal to his passion for building. The galleries are representative of Raphael's work, which predominates to such an extent that the paintings of almost all other artists are of secondary importance, precisely as Michelangelo filled the Sistine Chapel with himself. As for the museums, the objects they contain have been accumulated by many popes, but their existence ought, perhaps, to be chiefly attributed to Julius II and Leo X, the principal representatives of the Rovere and Medici families.

On the walls of the Sistine Chapel there are paintings by such men as Perugino, Luca Signorelli, Botticelli, and Ghirlandajo, as well as by a number of others; but Michelangelo overshadows them all with his ceiling and his «Last Judgment.» There is something overpowering about him, and there is no escaping from his influence. He not only covers great spaces with his brush, but he fills them with his masterful drawing, and makes them alive with a life at once profound and restless. One does not feel, as with other painters, that a vision has been projected upon a flat surface, but rather has the impression that a mysterious reality of life has been called up out of senseless material. What we see is not imaginary motion represented, but real motion arrested, as it were, in its very act, and ready to move again. Many have said that the man's work was monstrous. It was monstrously alive, monstrously vigorous at times, over-strong and over-vital, exaggerative of nature, but never really unnatural, and he never once overreached himself in an effort. No matter how enormous the conception might be, he never lacked the means of carrying it to the concrete. No giantism of limb and feature was beyond the ability of his brush; no astounding foreshortening was too much for his unerring point; no vast perspective was too deep for his knowledge and strength. His production was limited only by the length of his life. Great genius means great and constant creative power before all things; it means wealth of resource and invention; it means quantity as well as quality. No truly great genius, unless cut short by early death, has left little of itself. Besides man's one great masterpiece, there are always a hundred works of the same hand, far beyond the powers of ordinary men; and the men of Michelangelo's day worked harder than we work. Perhaps they thought harder, too, being more occupied with creation, at a time when there was little, than we are with the difficult task of avoiding the unintentional reinvention of things already invented, now that there is much. The latter is a real difficulty in our century, when almost every mine of thought has been worked to a normal depth by minds of normal power, and it needs all the ruthless strength of original genius to go deeper, and hew and blast away through the bed-rock of men's limitations to new veins of treasure below.

It has been said of Titian by a great French critic that «he absorbed his predecessors and ruined his successors.» Michelangelo absorbed no one and ruined no one; for no painter, sculptor, or architect ever attempted what he accomplished, either before him or after him. No sane person ever tried to produce anything like the «Last Judgment,» the marble «Moses,» or the dome of St. Peter's. Michelangelo stood alone as a creator, as he lived a lonely man throughout the ninety years of his life. He had envy, but not competition, to deal with. There is no rivalry between his paintings in the Sistine Chapel and those of the many great artists who have left their work beside his on the same walls.

The chapel is a beautiful place in itself, by its simple and noble proportions, as well as by the wonderful architectural decorations



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

LEO XIII. SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

of the ceiling, conceived by Michelangelo as a series of frames for his paintings. Beautiful beyond description, too, is the exquisite marble screen. No one can say certainly who made it; it was perhaps designed by the architect of the chapel himself, Baccio Pontelli. There are a few such marvels of unknown hands in the world, and a sort of romance clings to them, with an element of mystery that stirs the imagination, in a dreamy way, far more than the gilded oak-tree in the arms of Sixtus IV, by which the name of Rovere is symbolized. Sixtus commanded, and the chapel was built. But who knows where Baccio Pontelli lies? Or who shall find the grave where the hand that carved the lovely marble screen is laid at rest?

It is often dark in the Sistine Chapel. The tourist can rarely choose his day, and not often his hour, and, in his hard-driven appreciation, Michelangelo may lose his effect by the accident of a thunder-shower. Yet, of all sights in Rome, the Sistine Chapel most needs sunshine. If in any way possible, go there at noon on a bright winter's day, when the sun is streaming in through the high windows at the left of the «Last Judgment.» Every one has heard of the picture before seeing it, and almost every one has formed a picture of the picture in imagination. Consequently almost everybody is surprised or disappointed on seeing it for the first time. Then, too, the world's ideas about the terrific subject of the painting have changed since Michelangelo's day. Religious belief can no more be judged by his work than his work should be judged by the standard of religion. It is wiser to look at it as a work of art alone, as the most surprising masterpiece of a master draftsman, and as a marvelous piece of composition.

In the lower part of the picture, there is a woman rising from her grave in a shroud. It has been suggested that Michelangelo meant to represent by this figure the Renaissance in Italy, still struggling with darkness. The whole picture brings the times before us. There is the Christian heaven above, and the heathen Styx below. Charon ferries the souls across the dark stream; they are first judged by Minos, and Minos is a portrait of a cardinal who had ventured to criticize the rest of the picture before it was finished. There is in it all the whirling confusion of ideas which made that age alternately terrible and beautiful, devout and unbelieving, strong and weak by turns, scholarly upon a foundation of barbarism, and most realistic when most religious. You may see the reflected confusion in the puzzled faces of most tourists who look at the «Last Judgment» for the first time. A young American girl smiles vaguely at it; an Englishman glares, expressionless, at it, through an eye-glass, with a sort of cold inquiry—«Oh! is that all?» he might say; a German begins in Paradise at the upper left-hand corner, and works his way through the details to hell below, at the right. But they are all inwardly disturbed or puzzled or profoundly interested, and when they go away it is the great picture which, willingly or unwillingly, they remember with the most clearness.

And as Michelangelo set his great mark upon the Sistine, so Raphael took the Stanze and the Loggie for himself—and some of the halls of the picture-galleries too. Raphael represented the feminine element in contrast with Michelangelo's rude masculinity. There hangs the great «Transfiguration,» which, all but finished, was set up by the young painter's body when he lay in state—a picture too large for the sentiment it should express, while far too small for the composition, and yet, in its way, a masterpiece of composition. For in a measure Raphael succeeded in detaching the transfigured Christ from the crowded foreground, and in creating two distinct centers of interest. The frescos in the Stanze represent subjects of less artistic impossibility, and in painting them Raphael expended in beauty of design the genius which, in the «Transfiguration,» he squandered in attempting to overcome insuperable difficulties. Watch the faces of your fellow-tourists now, and you will see that the puzzled expression is gone. They are less interested than they were before the «Last Judgment,» but they are infinitely better pleased.

Follow them on to the library. They will enter with a look of expectation, and presently you will see disappointment and weariness in their eyes. Libraries are for the learned, and there are but a handful of scholars in a million. Besides, the most interesting rooms, the Borgia apartments, are not shown.

Two or three bad men are responsible for almost all the evil that has been said and written against the characters of the popes in the middle ages. Farnese of Naples; Caraffa of Maddaloni, another Neapolitan who reigned as Paul IV; and Rodrigo Borgia, a Spaniard, who was Alexander VI, are the chief instances. There were, indeed, many popes who were not perfect, who were more or less ambitious, avaricious, warlike, timid,



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

POPE LEO XIII IN THE GARDEN OF THE VATICAN.

headstrong, weak, according to their several characters; but it can hardly be said that any of them were, like those I have mentioned, really bad men through and through, vicious, unscrupulous, and daringly criminal. Paul IV outlived most of his vices, and devoted his last years to ecclesiastical affairs, but Alexander died poisoned by an accident.

According to Guicciardini, the Pope knew nothing of Cæsar Borgia's intention of poisoning their rich friend, the cardinal of Corneto, with whom they were both to sup in a villa on August 17, 1503. The Pope arrived at the place first, was thirsty, asked for a drink, and by a mistake was given wine from a flask prepared and sent by Cæsar for the cardinal. Cæsar himself came in next, and drank likewise. The Pope died the next day, but Cæsar recovered, though badly poisoned, to find himself a ruined man and a fugitive. The cardinal did not touch the wine. This event ended an epoch and a reign of terror, and it pilloried the name of Borgia forever. Alexander expired in the third room of the Borgia apartments in the raving of a terrible delirium, during which the superstitious bystanders believed that he was conversing with Satan, to whom he had sold his soul for the papacy, and some were ready to swear that they actually saw seven devils in the room when he was dying. The fact that these witnesses were able to count the fiends speaks well for their coolness, at all events.

It has been much the fashion of late years to cry down the Vatican collection of statues, and to say that, with the exception of the «Torso,» it does not contain a single one of the few great masterpieces known to exist, such as the «Hermes of Olympia,» the «Venus of Medici,» the «Borghese Gladiator,» the «Dying Gaul.» We are told that the «Apollo» of the Belvedere is a bad copy, and that the head of the original is in St. Petersburg; that the «Laocoön» is a copy, in spite of the signatures of three Greek artists, one on each of the figures; that the «Antinous» is a bad Hermes; and so on to the end of the collection, it being an easy matter to demolish the more insignificant statues after proving the worthlessness of the principal ones. Much of this criticism comes to us from Germany. But a German can criticize and yet admire, whereas an Anglo-Saxon usually despises what he criticizes at all. Isaac Disraeli says somewhere that certain opinions, like certain statues, require to be regarded from a proper distance. Probably none of the statues in the Vatican is placed as the sculptor would have placed it to be seen to advantage. Michelangelo believed in the «Laocoön,» and he was at least as good a judge as most modern critics, and he roughed out the arm that was missing,—it lies on the floor in the corner,—and devoted much time to studying the group. It is true that he is said to have preferred the torso of the «Hercules,» but he did not withhold his admiration of the other good things. Of the «Apollo» it is argued that it is insufficiently modeled. Possibly it stood in a very high place and did not need much modeling, for the ancients never wasted work, nor bestowed it where it could not be seen. However that may be, it is a far better statue, excepting the bad restorations, than it is now generally admitted to be, though it is not so good as people used to believe that it was. Apparently there are two ways of looking at objects of art. The one way is to look for the faults; the other way is to look for the beauties. It is plain that it must be the discovery of the beauty which gives pleasure, while the criticism of the shortcomings can only flatter the individual's vanity. There cannot be much doubt but that Alcibiades got more enjoyment out of life than Diogenes.

The oldest decorated walls in the palace are those by Fra Angelico in the chapel of Nicholas. For some reason or other this chapel at one time ceased to be used, the door was walled up, and the very existence of the place was forgotten. In the last century Bottari, having read about it in Vasari, set to work to find it, and at last got into it through the window which looks upon the roof of the Sistine Chapel. The story, which is undoubtedly true, gives an idea of the vastness of the palace, and certainly suggests the possibility of more forgotten treasures of art shut up in forgotten rooms.

One other such at least there is. High up in the Borgia Tower, above the Stanze of Raphael, is a suite of rooms once inhabited by Cardinal Bibbiena, of the Chigi family, and used since then by more than one assistant secretary of state. There is a small chapel there, with a window looking upon an inner court, which was once the luxurious cardinal's bathroom, and was beautifully painted by Raphael in fresco, with mythological subjects. In 1835, according to Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Passavant saw it as it had originally been, with the frescos, though much damaged, still beautiful, and the marble bath still in its place in a niche painted with river-gods. In one of the Vatican's periodical fits of prudery, the frescos were completely hidden with a wooden wainscot, the bath-tub was taken away, and the room was turned into a chapel.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE POPE RECEIVING AND BLESSING PILGRIMS.

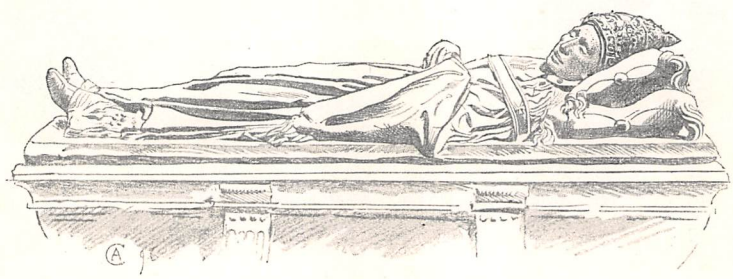
It is believed, however, that the paintings still exist behind their present covering.

The walk through the museum is certainly one of the most wonderful in the world. There are more masterpieces, perhaps, in Florence; possibly objects of greater value may be accumulated in the British Museum, though that is doubtful; but nowhere in the world are statues and antiquities so well arranged as in the Vatican, and perhaps the orderly beauty of arrangement has as much to do as anything else with the charm that pervades the whole. One is brought into direct communication with Rome at its best, brilliant with the last reflections of Hellenic light; and again one is brought into contact with Rome at its worst, and beyond its worst, in its decay and destruction. Amid the ruin, too, there is the visible sign of a new growth in the beginnings of Christianity, from which a new power, a new history, a new literature, and a new art were to spring up and blossom, and in the rude sculpture of the Shepherd, the Lamb and the Fishes, lies the origin of Michelangelo's «Moses» and «Pietà.» There, too, one may read, as in a book, the whole history of death in Rome, graven in the long lines of ancient inscriptions, the tale of death when there was no hope, and its story when hope had begun in the belief in the resurrection of the dead. There the sadness of the sorrowing Roman contrasts with the gentle hopefulness of the bereaved Christian, and the sentiment and sentimentality of mankind during the greatest of the world's developments are told in the very words which men and women dictated to the stone-cutter. To those who can read the inscriptions the impression of direct communication with antiquity is very strong. For those who cannot there is still a special charm in the long succession of corridors, in the occasional glimpses of the gardens, in the cool magnificence of the decorations, as well as in the statues and fragments which line the endless straight walls. One returns at last to the halls, one lingers here and there, to look again at something one has liked, and in the end one goes out, remembering the place rather than the objects it contains, and desiring to return again for the sake of the whole sensation one has had rather than for any defined purpose.

At the last, opposite the iron turnstile by which the visitors are counted, there is the closed gate of the garden. It is very hard to get admission to it now, for the Pope himself is there almost every day when the weather is fine. In the Italian manner of gardening the grounds are well laid out, and produce the effect of being much larger than they really are. They are not, perhaps, very remarkable, and Leo XIII must sometimes long for the hills of Carpineto and the freer air of the mountains, as he drives round and round in the narrow limits of his small domain, or walks a little under the shade of the ilex-trees, conversing with his gardener or his architect. Yet those who love Italy love its old-fashioned gardens, the shady walks, the deep box-hedges, the stiff little summer-houses, the fragments of old statues at the corners, and even the *scherzi d'acqua*, which are little surprises of fine water-jets, that unexpectedly send a shower of spray into the face of the unwary. There was always an element of childishness in the practical jesting of the last century.

When all is seen, the weary tourist gets into his cab and drives down the empty paved way by the wall of the library, along the basilica, and out once more to the great square before the church. Or, if he be too strong to be tired, he will get out at the steps, and go in for a few minutes to breathe the quiet air before going home, to get the impression of unity, after the impressions of variety which he has received in the Vatican, and to take away with him something of the peace which fills the cathedral of Christendom.

F. Marion Crawford.



GLAVE IN NYASSALAND.

BRITISH RAIDS ON THE SLAVE-TRADERS.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN AFRICA, FROM THE JOURNALS OF THE LATE E. J. GLAVE.[1]



TATTOO OF THE SIKHS AT FORT LISTER. (SEE PAGE 593.)

July 18, 1893. Arrived at Aden at eight this morning. The *Peshawur* sailed away about noon. We found awaiting us the *Kilwa*, in which we are to travel to the Zambesi. I met Dualla, Stanley's old servant. He is the husband of three wives, wears a beard, and with an air of great importance sails about Aden in flowing robes of silk; evidently he is much respected. He is a Somali by birth. I gave him Stanley's address, to whom he will write. He says he is writing a book of his experiences.

August 1. Reached Zanzibar about noon. It seems to be in a very quiet state; the natives are cheerfully submissive to British authority, and there is every sign of the decay of Arab influence. The slave-trade is very quiet, though natives of Zanzibar are nearly all slaves. Sir John Kirk, an authority, says that only five per cent. of the slaves shipped

[1] As was described in THE CENTURY for October, Mr. Glave completed his remarkable journey across Africa from east to west in May, 1895, and had the sad fate to die of fever while waiting for the departure of the home-



ZANZIBAR—A CARGO OF SLAVES RELEASED BY A BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR.

to Pemba are caught by the British gunboats; ninety-five per cent. get away. Only recently a dhow was caught having fifty-three aboard. The dhow was flying French colors, and the slaves were from the district near Lake Nyassa. In olden times there was a tax on each slave coming into Zanzibar; then if a slave was ill beyond the possibility of recovery, his master killed him rather than run the risk of his dying before he could be sold.

When a dhow is chased, the Arabs always tell the slaves not to be captured, because the white men will eat them; by thus intimidating them they get their captives to escape from the war-ship's boats when the dhow is run ashore. Slaves are well cared for when they reach Zanzibar; they soon forget their past hardships, and get strong and well, and are apparently happy and contented. There are large clove plantations here, which yield a profit only when worked by slave labor. Slaves are still reaching the coast, but the difficulties are now so great that comparatively few caravans make the attempt.

August 17. Last night the cutter of the flag-ship *Raleigh* caught a dhow with five

ward steamer. His journals are in large part discursive notes for the papers he intended to write. In preparing this paper and those which are to follow, those passages from the journals are given which form a narrative of special interest to the general reader.

Among his effects were found many letters of introduction in Arabic and other languages. The following characteristic letter may fitly serve as an introduction to these papers, in supplement to Mr. Stanley's «Story of the Development of Africa» in THE CENTURY for February last:

2 RICHMOND TERRACE, WHITEHALL, S. W.,
June 21, 1893.

TO ALL MY FRIENDS: It is with a strong hope that this open letter of introduction may be of some service to my friend, Mr. E. J. Glave, with such gentlemen whom I call friends or kindly acquaintances, that I venture to supply him with it. His own personal worth may in many cases render it unnecessary, but youth is often modest and diffident, and those who might wish to make his acquaintance might be deterred from similar feelings from addressing him. I beg then simply to say that Mr. Glave was one of my pioneer officers on the Congo, where he performed excellent and most faithful service. He has since been traveling in Alaska and Western America, and has lately been sent by THE CENTURY to write up articles such as may be published in a high-class illustrated magazine. Any assistance, advice, or suggestion from residents in Africa will be of immense value to a stranger, and I would most cordially plead for their good offices to my friend whenever practicable. HENRY M. STANLEY.

slaves on board. The dhow was flying French colors, so that this morning the French consul took charge of her; she will be condemned, and her slaves sent to the missions to be educated. It is of course against the law to sell and buy slaves in Zanzibar, but it is always being done in spite of the law. Tippoo Tib is said to own about six thousand slaves here in Zanzibar. He is now trading legitimately, and owns much property.

September 3. Left Zanzibar at daylight by the steamer *African*.

September 9. Consul Ross told me day before yesterday that a great many slaves leave the coast of Africa between Quilimane and Mozambique, and are taken to Madagascar and the Comoro Islands. Off the mouth of the Chindé I was met by A. G. Hunt, and invited by him to be his guest on board the British gunboat *Herald*, an invitation which I gladly accepted. The gunboats are on the river to check both Portuguese and slave-raiding influences. The Portuguese are still dealing in slaves. Here at Chindé the British have a concession of territory from the Portuguese, and anything landed within the limits of the concession pays no duty. This great benefit to commerce seriously affects the Portuguese customs revenues. All the trade is going into the British concession, the Portuguese always making small trouble about small difficulties. The Portuguese commandant lives in a grass hut still, though his nation has been here for four hundred years.

September 12. To-day we left Chindé on board the *Herald*. This boat and the *Mosquito* make small exploring trips up-stream. We left at twelve noon, and steamed up the channel to the right of the Chindé; after a while we reached a very narrow but deep channel, passed several villages, and entered the Zambesi about six at night. The experiment successfully proves a new way into the Zambesi from the coast. The natives along the bank were very friendly; the women courtesy in a graceful way. The men in our boat threw biscuits to the natives, for which they appeared very grateful, clapping their hands, grinning, and scraping their feet on the ground.

September 24. Left Chindé on board the *John Bowie* to-day. The Zambesi is a magnificent highway to the heart of Africa, and is playing a great part in the suppression of the slave-trade. We are towing a lighter, which, with our steamer, is loaded in fine trim with Major Manning's 110 Sikhs, 6 tons of car-



ZANZIBAR—ARAB SLAVERS CAPTURED BY A BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR.



TIPPOO TIB AT ZANZIBAR.[1]

tridges, camp equipment, and slaves. The Sikhs all sleep on shore to-night. In a little while tents were pitched and camp-fires blinking. The navigation of the Zambesi is exceedingly difficult on account of the sand-banks stretching from shore to shore with winding channels. The *John Bowie* is drawing only 22 inches now, and even with this draft she is constantly sticking on sand-banks.

September 26. Passed to-day about twenty miles from Chupanga, the spot where Mrs. Livingstone is buried. There is now a large house there, occupied by a Portuguese; to the right of the house there is a large tree, and Mrs. Livingstone's grave is near this. A thick haze, composed of flying sand and smoke from the grass fires, enveloped the land, and the thick forest to the rear of the grave could be but indistinctly seen, though the big tree stood out boldly as a stanch monument. How the conditions of life in the land have changed! It was of course the work of Livingstone and his wife that pioneered civilization into these parts. There are a few villages here and there; but as we are conveying Manning and his Sikhs post-haste up-stream, we call nowhere, and at a distance see only the tops of huts peeping out from the banana groves. The natives line the beach and climb to the summit of ant-hills to view the passage of our steamer.

September 27. We entered the Shiré River this evening. We are passing fine hilly lands clothed with warm-tinted shrubs and rich tropical vegetation. Much tobacco is under cultivation in the native villages.

September 30. At Port Herald, the first British settlement, we heard that Nduné from Makanga is on a big slave-raiding expedition with the Ngwengé people. He is fighting the Portuguese, who thus far have had the worst of it.

October 1. Passed several new villages springing up owing to the security to life and property enjoyed under British protection. Yesterday the scenery was very fine, more wood to be seen, and timbered hills on both banks in the distance; grass plains everywhere, and plenty of game.

October 5. Left Chiromo on foot by a level trail along the south bank of the Ruo. There is plenty of water everywhere along this trail. This is a big caravan with 450 carriers, 110 Sikhs, and about twelve servants. The carriers are constantly stopping either to drink, smoke, eat, or rearrange their loads. The carriers are paying their hut tax by carrying loads.

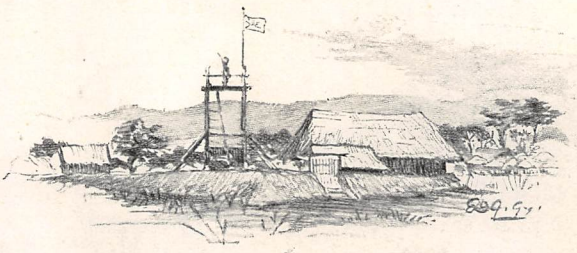
October 8. To-day we met on the way Mr. Bell, the chief of the Milanji district. The native chiefs are refusing to pay taxes, the principal offender being Mkanda. He is an old slaver, and owns a lot of guns and powder. It is said that a big caravan will shortly leave the coast with powder for him. Nicoll, the chief of the Fort Johnston district, captured the other day about nine hundred pounds of powder which had passed through Portuguese territory. Major Manning, Captain Edwards, Bell, and I with twenty-five Sikhs visited Mkanda's village to-day. The natives were all drunk and uncompromising. Bell demanded that they should bring their guns down as a sign of surrender; they refused. They were warned that their village would be burned. One hut was fired; still they were obstinate, and so the whole village was destroyed. One native put a bullet just on the top of Manning's head. We did not leave the village till six, and a hooting crowd of drunken warriors followed behind, peppering us with an occasional shot. At night a charge of slugs was fired into the camp, and a native wounded. This morning the natives all com-

[1] With the exception of this and the pictures on the two previous pages, the illustrations of this article are from sketches and photographs made by the author.—EDITOR.

plained of having been wounded by shots fired during the night. Old sores were trotted out as wounds. Some carriers looked upon the opportunity as one permitting them to apply for new cloth to wear, claiming that their own had been worn and torn during the nocturnal affray. At a quarter of four we reached Fort Lister, which is in charge of Captain Johnson. The importance of this place is due to its situation on the old slave-route from Lake Nyassa to Quilimane.

October 12. We learn that Mkanda, whose village was burned, has retaliated by attacking the mission and burning some of the houses and looting their stores. Johnson, Edwards, Manning, Bell, one hundred Sikhs, one hundred carriers, and a seven-pounder, have gone to inflict retribution. Mkanda is a large slave-owner, and derives a big profit from commerce in powder and guns, which he obtains through the territories of the Portuguese in spite of the Brussels Act. Only recently a lot of powder was captured by the British, some of it bearing French labels, some of it having passed through German territory, and bearing the marks of the German custom-house. Such men as Mkanda are the middlemen in the traffic of ivory, slaves, and ammunition. Fort Lister is about four thousand feet above the sea-level on the mountain pass between Mtebin and Milanji. It is a most picturesque position. Away to the southward stretches a vast valley divided between grass plains and timber, thickly populated, with here and there mountains upon which live powerful chieftains. They are all slavers, and have selected mountain homes for safety. They are good fighting men, and fearless.

October 15. No news of Captain Johnson and his expedition. I have written to him and to Edwards disagreeable information of the running away of 350 carriers. Toward midnight I learned that they had cleared out. They had been detained for six days, and had become thoroughly discontented. Their pay was to be the remission of taxes, but, having failed to fulfil their obligation, they will forfeit their pay, and will still have to pay the administration three rupees tax upon every hut. Search-parties scoured the country last night, but succeeded in capturing only a few stragglers, who say the whole caravan was making its way through the forest and would not take a beaten track. This is a great misfortune; it makes the situation extremely complicated. We were entirely dependent upon them for our conveyance to Zomba and Fort Johnston; our presence is urgently needed there. Possibly I may receive a little blame for this, but I am not at all responsible, and shall have no difficulty in making my case good.



FORT JOHNSTON.

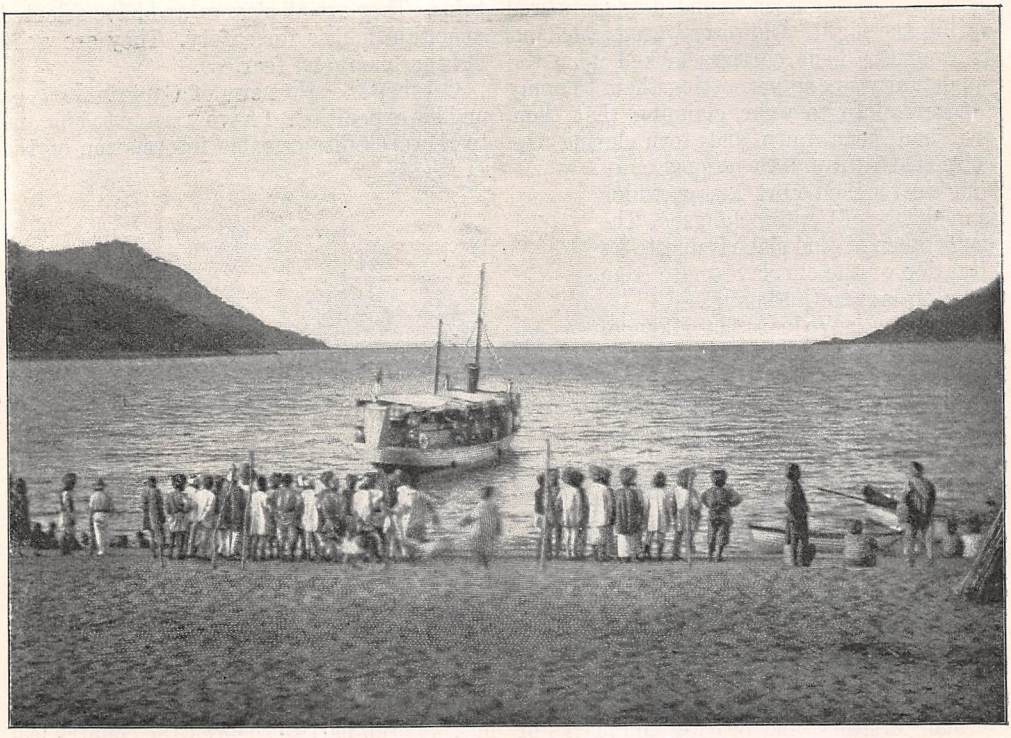


SKELETON DHOW USED BY THE NYASSA NATIVES AS A PROTECTION AGAINST CROCODILES WHEN SETTING FISH-NETS.

The wood of which it is made is so light that it will sustain three or four men without sinking very low.

October 16. Johnson, Edwards, Manning, and Mr. Clownie arrived in camp to-day without any one hurt. They have killed a few of the enemy, and destroyed a number of villages. The natives at first appeared rather plucky, but soon grew discouraged. The missionaries were attacked in the afternoon, and, instead of defending themselves, ran away, throwing down their Martini-Henry rifles and revolvers and ammunition, with which the enemy peppered the expedition. One of the missionaries slept in the fork of a tree; a native stole his clerical suit, and is wearing it in the most barefaced way.

November 1. Left Mpimbi this



BRITISH GUNBOAT «ADVENTURE» AT MONKEY BAY, LAKE NYASSA. SIKH SOLDIERS ON THE SHORE.

morning. The African Lakes Company have become so careful that they compel their agents to pay their own funeral expenses; so many agents died that an order was actually issued compelling the agents to die at their own expense. For a long while the Company has enjoyed a monopoly of trade.

November 5. This morning I marched, with Major Johnson and one hundred Sikhs, from Fort Johnston to the southern end of Lake Nyassa. There is an expedition on foot to fight some of the slavers in the neighborhood. The two gunboats, *Adventure* and *Pioneer*, are employed, and also the *Ilala* and *Dormira*, two boats belonging to the African Lakes Company. H. H. Johnston, the commissioner, is traveling on the *Adventure;* Major Johnson, Captain Edwards, Dr. Watson, and I are passengers on the *Dormira*, and also one hundred Sikhs and ten Makua gunners.

Reached Kota-Kota, a third of the way up the west shore, the stronghold of Jumbé, the Queen's representative on Lake Nyassa; formerly he was called Sultan Jumbé as representative of the Sultan of Zanzibar, but on the advent of the British Central African administration he entered their service. Now, some of his sub-chiefs have risen against him, principal among them being Kiwaura, who lives within a few miles of Kota-Kota. He has recently made a raid on Jumbé's settlement, burned seventy-five huts, and carried away forty of his people. As this territory is under the British flag, the administration is bound to defend Jumbé, especially as Kiwaura is a slave-raider. Kota-Kota is a big, straggling village composed of grass and clay huts, peopled by Jumbé's followers, slaves, Arabs, etc. Every important household is surrounded by a grass-padded fence.

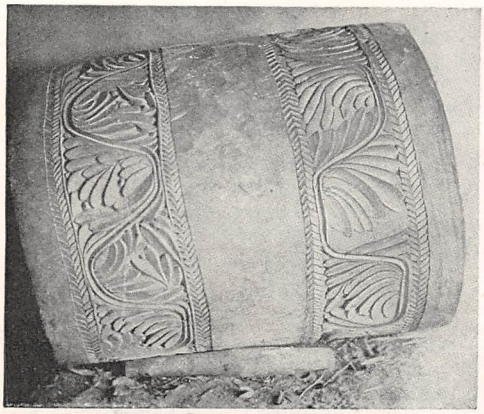
November 7. This morning there was great excitement upon the arrival of the Sikhs and Makua with the armament. All the natives were summoned by a war-drum to assemble on the common with their weapons. Groups of old men and women admired the young warriors as they sprang in the air, throwing up their shields and stabbing with glistening blades. They assembled in a circle about one hundred and fifty yards in diameter; war-drums and rattles were then introduced. Suddenly wildly dressed men sprang into the circle and engaged in mock combat. About twenty men would conduct the war-dance, then another twenty would take their places. This continued for two hours; then the crowd formed in groups about the white men's

forces to watch the soldierly conduct of the Sikhs.

November 8. At six o'clock we marched out of Kota-Kota; two and a half miles away we reached hills overlooking Kiwaura's stronghold. Native porters brought up ammunition, guns were placed in position, and shots were fired into the fortress seven hundred yards away. The fortress is a clay wall half a mile in circumference, with a deep dike in front, and the clay wall generously loopholed. The shots at once took effect, firing the houses, and soon the village was in flames. Some of the enemy stole away to the left and captured a number of Jumbé's people; but the main body remained in the stockade, their women fleeing away over the plain at the back. When the village was well in flames a party of the Zanzibari, headed by the *Adventure's* head man, approached the stockade and suggested peace. A half-breed Portuguese came out under a flag of truce and visited Commissioner Johnston; he wished to know the terms of peace, which were that all their ivory should be brought, and also all the guns laid down as a sign of submission. He did not deliver the correct message, but advised the natives to renew the fight, so another exchange of shots took place. Then an old native came in and prayed for peace. The same message was given him, but for a long time there was no reply; however, by this time Jumbé's people had entered the stockade and were looting right and left.



MAKWINDA, MEDICINE-MAN AND CHIEF OF JUMBÉ'S FORCES.



JUMBÉ'S WAR-DRUM, SIX FEET LONG, FOUR AND A HALF FEET IN DIAMETER, WITH CARVINGS IN A HARD ALMOST GRAINLESS WOOD.

By and by the old man returned, bringing a tusk weighing about forty pounds, and promising to comply further with the terms of peace; he then returned.

The forces in action were about three thousand of Jumbé's people armed with bows and arrows, spears, shields, guns (percussion and flint-locks), one hundred Sikh soldiers, and two gun-crews with seven-pounders. There are known to be ten or twelve tons of ivory in the town. After one stockade had been looted and burned, the natives came out and dilly-dallied about terms of peace, with the object of getting time to hide the ivory in the adjacent swamps. Finding that the natives had collected in a smaller stockade, Sharpe and Johnson decided to assault the place. Two shots were fired from the hill into the stockade; then the Sikhs were thrown out in line. The order to advance was given, and the soldiers moved rapidly toward the stockade, clambered to the summit, and began firing into the enemy. Finally they climbed over the stockade and completely routed the enemy with big losses. We lost one Sikh and one native killed and three wounded. The position which the natives held was an exceedingly strong one, and without cannon victory would have been impossible. The place was abso-

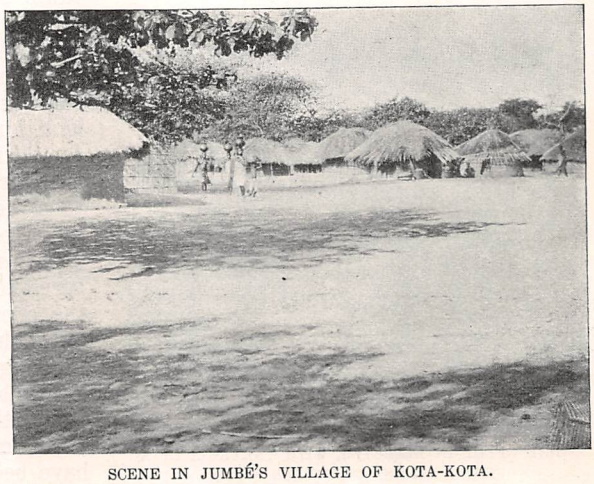


A BAND OF JUMBÉ'S IRREGULARS.

lutely impregnable against the efforts of natives. The Sikhs were most gallantly led by their officers, and behaved with great bravery. There were some ghastly sights in the village. About a dozen people altogether were found in slave forks. When the last stockade was attacked, hundreds of women and children fled toward the white men and gave themselves up; some were slaves of Kiwaura, others were wives and relatives. They were all taken prisoners, to be returned when the enemy submits. There were frightful noises: goats bleating, a wounded bullock roaring, wounded natives wailing, drums beating, women and children screeching and crying, bugles blowing, commands to troops in the smoking, crackling village, and hot wind from the burning huts. Many old women seemed grateful at finding themselves well cared for in the hands of the whites. Kiwaura, the chief of the village, has for many years been the terror of the whole land; perfectly safe in his stronghold, he has raided the land and compelled the neighboring tribes to abstain from all peaceful occupations, and devote their time and energy to saving their liberty. The removal of Kiwaura and the destruction of his fort are hailed by all the natives with the greatest delight.

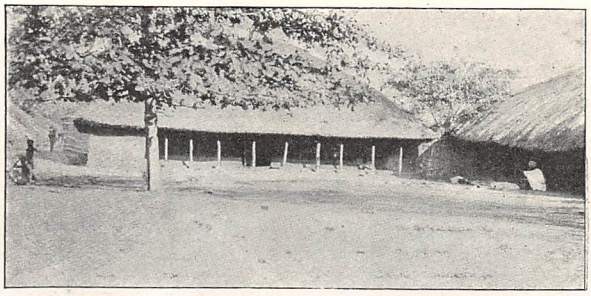
Kiwaura was originally a slave of Jumbé's, but gradually developed by slave-raiding and ivory-trading into a powerful chief; then he refused to submit to any authority. When Jumbé has sent messengers to him, Kiwaura has cut off their heads and stuck them on his palisades, or mutilated them; one man returned with only two fingers on his hand, and between these a note was found firmly lashed. Kiwaura held to his defiant attitude till the Sikhs were charging through his stockade with fixed bayonets; then he escaped, wounded, into a swamp at the rear of his stockade. As he was plunging through the swamp he was shot in the head, and lay half submerged in the shade of a palm-tree. His fortification must have been directed by a mind far superior to that of the ordinary savage; the intelligence of the white man was distinctly apparent.

The territory north and east and west of Nyassa is peopled with descendants of Zulus. In the time of the reign of Chaka several thousand Zulus rebelled and left Zululand; they marched away in one big band, crossed the Zambesi, losing many men in the operation, and then struck north and spread all over the country as far as the southern end of Lake Tanganyika. Then many retired south on the west and east side of Nyassa. In the west there are several big Zulu chiefs still in power—Mpiseni, Mbara, Mwasi, etc.; all have



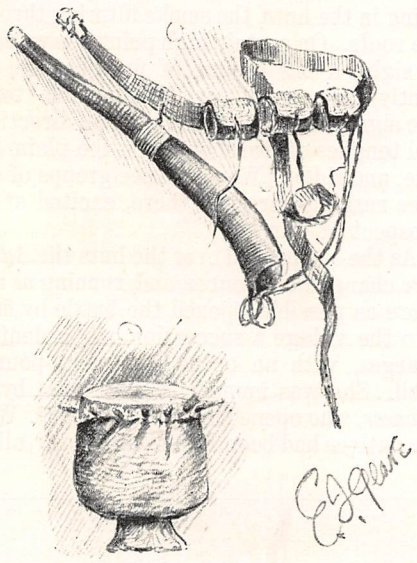
SCENE IN JUMBÉ'S VILLAGE OF KOTA-KOTA.

large herds of cattle, and many seem like Zulus proper. All are raiders, known by different names according to the locality, as Angoni, Watuta, etc. They raid the weaker tribes, take them prisoners, treat them well, and do not allow them to have any herds. On the east of Nyassa they are the Wagillis. Throughout Nyassaland the Arabs do but little raiding. The Angoni do the raiding, and all the slaves are brought to a market center, where the Arabs buy them and the ivory, and take them to the coast. An established route from Tanganyika to the coast via Nyassa and the Zambesi will do more than anything else to destroy the slave-trade.



JUMBÉ'S HOUSE AT KOTA-KOTA, WITH LARGE VERANDA WHERE COUNCILS ARE HELD.

November 11. This morning one of Jumbé's dhows, weighted down with human freight, crossed the lake with some Arabs in charge.



YAO BULLET-POUCH, POWDER-HORN, AND DRUM.

Probably they were slaves, but the thing was done so openly that it would be difficult to prove it.

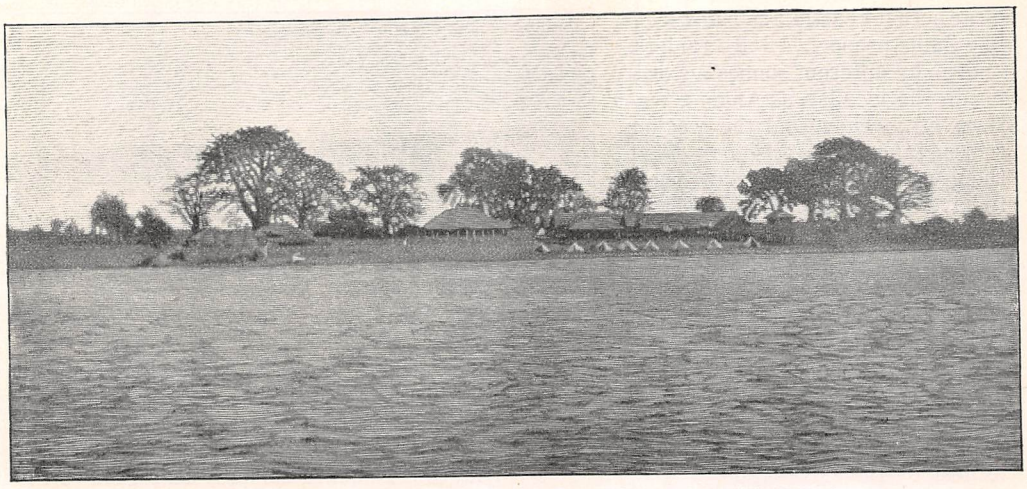
The growing stockades of the native villages are formed of the euphorbia, a sort of cactus, which branches like an ordinary stunted tree, and forms a mass of foliage composed of sections of solid green pulpy growth. Bullets and cannon-shots take but little effect upon such a boma; the shots pass through and leave the boma bleeding with a thick, creamy white juice, which is poisonous, and, if it enters the eyes, will blind. Such stockades are found everywhere.

November 13. Left old Jumbé's house at Kota-Kota at six this morning, and embarked on the *Dormira*. About eight we came up with the *Adventure* and *Pioneer* and *Ilala* lying off Kachuru village, near Point Rifu. When the Nordenfeldts and seven-pounders had cleared the grass, Captain Edwards, with about thirty Sikhs in a big boat, and with all available small boats also filled with men, landed and took up a position on shore on a ridge of sand overlooking the village. The boats then returned and brought off the remainder of the force; the whole party was then thrown out in skirmishing order. Major Johnson commanded on the left, and Captain Edwards on the right. Upon reaching the village the natives fled; not a soul was found in the huts; log fires were burning, and pots of food cooking; goats wandered about, hens cackled, and the village looked inhabited except for the lack of people. A portion of the town was already burning, having been fired by one of the shells. Sharpe, who had marched down from Kota-Kota, came in at the end of the village just too late to cut off the retreat of the fugitives. Old Jumbé's people, who had also marched down one thousand strong, intercepted some of the runaways. The owners of the village, followers of Makanjira, our bitterest enemy, have recently killed three whites. Captain McGuire was killed fighting against them in fair fight, and Dr. Boyce and Engineer McEwen were enticed ashore by a flag of truce and treacherously murdered.



WOODEN WAR-DRUM WITH LION-SKIN HEAD, TAKEN IN THE FIGHT AT FORT McGUIRE. YAO BOW AND ARROW AND STABBING-SPEAR.

November 15. This morning a dhow came in and anchored off the rocky bluff between Kachuru



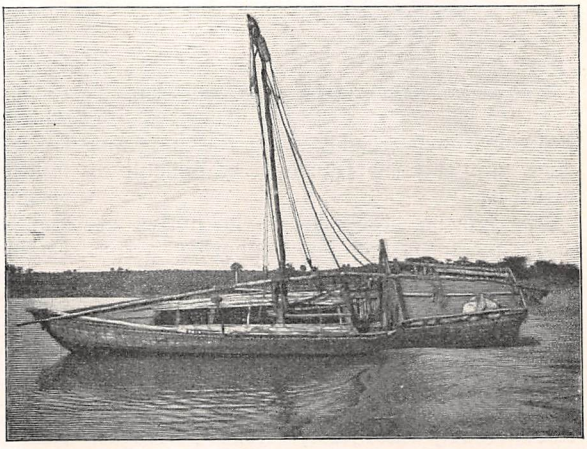
FORT McGUIRE AT MAKANJIRA'S, ON THE EAST SHORE OF LAKE NYASSA.

and Leopard Bay. The dhow contained forty fighting men and forty kegs of powder, which were being despatched to the relief of Kiwaura by Makanjira, who did not know that the former had been killed. The *Pioneer* was despatched to attend to a dhow which was anchored close in shore; she put charges from her Nordenfeldt into the dhow, and also shells from her seven-pounder. The crew climbed behind the rocks and desperately defended their craft from close attack. Villiers of the *Pioneer* approached as near as possible and peppered them with his guns, killing several. Jumbé's people swarmed along the beach to the base of a hill; behind it the natives pluckily lay in ambush and wounded several. The enemy have an impregnable position, and can be dislodged only with a great loss of men. The native allies have completely surrounded the hill, and the gunboats can harass only the side overlooking the lake.

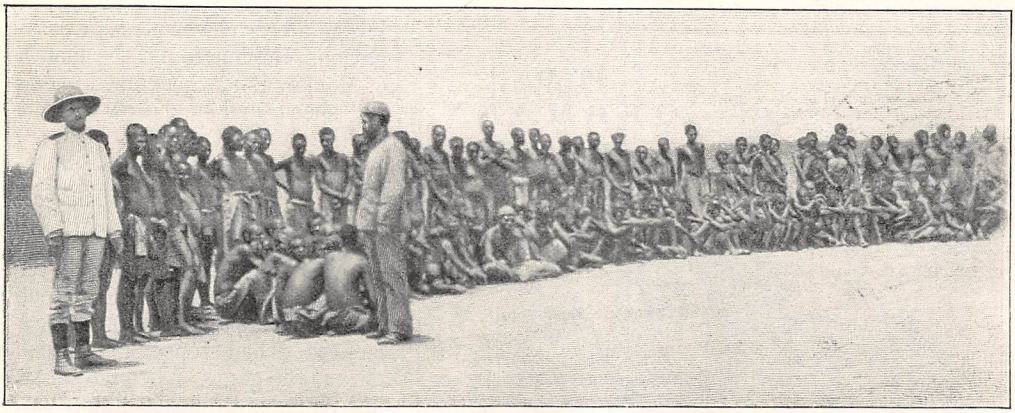
November 17. Left Kachuru and steamed south to Monkey Bay, where the British have a depot for stores; a very pretty place, the rocky hills being profusely clothed in tropical foliage.

November 19. We left Monkey Bay at midnight, and crossed over to the east shore of Lake Nyassa; signal-fires were burning in the villages that we passed. Makanjira's settlement extends for about nine miles, the villages being in groups on shore or on the plains, and on the ridges of the hills distant about two miles. Even in broad daylight the villages are hidden in the foliage, but we could locate them by the haze of smoke hanging over each. At night the natives keep small fires going in the huts, the smoke filtering through the roofs. On certain high points, as we came in sight, a big tongue of fire shot up, evidently from some very inflammable torch. The signal-fire was answered in all directions, and tongues of fire shot up on the plain, hillside, and ridge. We could see groups of savages rushing here and there, excited at the prospect of war.

As the sun peeped over the huts the *Adventure* changed her course, and, running as near shore as possible, opened the battle by firing into the village a succession of Nordenfeldt charges, with an occasional seven-pounder shell. She was immediately followed by the *Pioneer*, who opened fire with her guns. When the natives had been driven from cover, all the

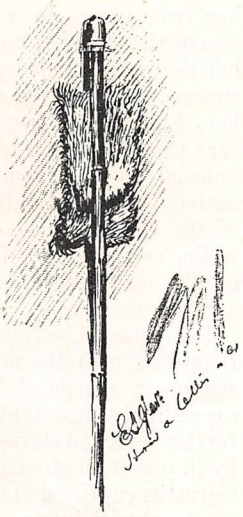


ONE OF JUMBÉ'S DHOWS AT FORT McGUIRE, FORMERLY USED AS A SLAVE FERRY.



LIEUTENANT VILLIERS, OF THE BRITISH GUNBOAT «PIONEER,» AND A CARAVAN OF SLAVES SURRENDERED TO HIM.

boats were loaded with Sikhs, Makua, and Atonga, and a landing was made without opposition. The Sikhs and the Makua were thrown out in skirmishing order, and advanced over the brow of the rising ground which sloped to the beach; here they cautiously lay down. In the mean time gangs of men were busy with spades and hoes throwing up the sand into solid earthworks. In a few hours' time a barrier five feet in height extended along our front in all directions where danger was possible, and redoubts were made for men and guns. The *Adventure* shelled the enemy immediately in our vicinity, and the *Pioneer* cruised along the coast and harassed every accessible point with her guns. She also succeeded in capturing a dhow, which she took off to Monkey Bay. This is a rich haul, as it deprives the enemy of their means of transportation to the other shore in carrying on the traffic in slaves and ivory. One we captured and burned at Kasembi's, one was shelled and disabled, and now one is captured here; humane authority is certainly establishing itself. About five o'clock a white flag was hoisted, but it received the unusual response of a shell from a nine-pounder. This ruse of Makanjira's is played out entirely.

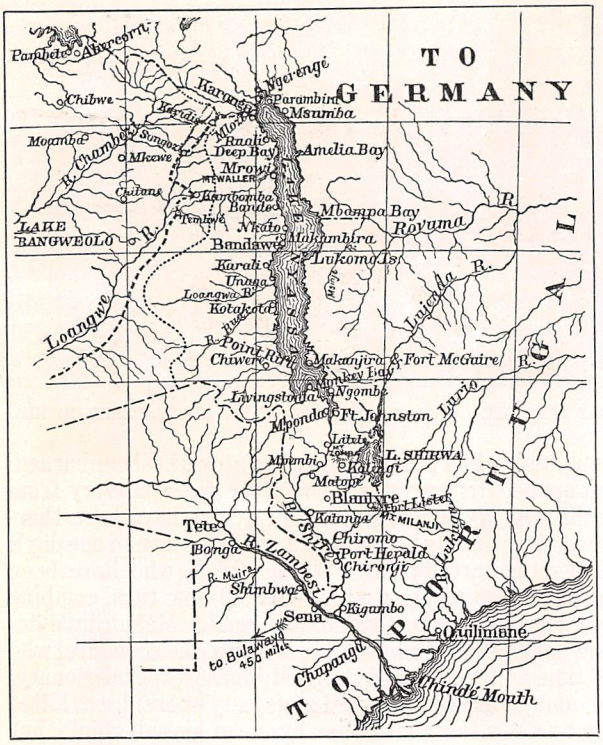


MAKANJIRA'S LETTER SENT TO FORT McGUIRE, WRAPPED IN PIGSKIN AND FASTENED IN A SPLIT BAMBOO.

November 20. The chief part of Makanjira's town has been burned. His warriors, known for their bravery from Nyassa to the Indian Ocean, have been thoroughly beaten by a handful of men in one day's hard fighting. Those chiefs who have been so persecuted by him will now turn, combine with the British, and render Makanjira's defeat complete. Makanjira, the scoundrel who whipped and stripped Johnson, the missionary, and Buchanan, Her Majesty's consul, was killed a few months ago by one of his sub-chiefs; but another chief of the same name has taken his place, equally antagonistic to the whites. Makanjira's is a great slaving center; the coast men buy their ivory and slaves here, and transport them overland to Quilimane and Kiloa; the Portuguese close their eyes to all such traffic. Most of the powder coming to this part of the world comes from that quarter through Portuguese hands.

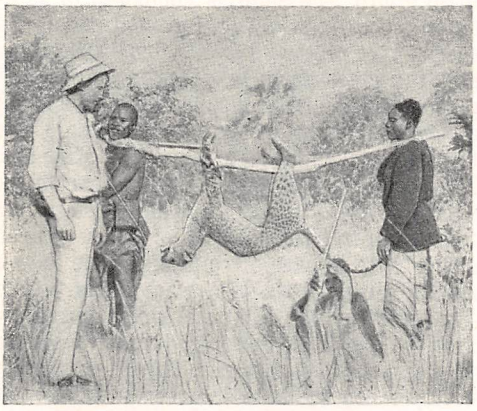
November 21. Miles of country were passed over to-day, huts destroyed, and everything of value was taken. Jumbé was left behind at Kachuru when we came here, and Kuruunda, the chieftainess, was starved out; a caravan of 140 slaves was also captured. They had been gathered in the interior, and were to be sent overland from here to the coast with Arabs and their ivory.

November 22. Major Johnson started to brick the fort on the side toward Makanjira's village. In every direction the huts have been burned and the natives driven helter-skelter into the hills beyond. Makanjira himself, who is not really a big chief, has fled with his flocks, his ivory, and his people; his power is thoroughly broken. Yesterday Makanjira sent an old man as messenger to sue for peace. Commissioner Johnston's terms were 50 tusks of ivory, 50 loads of grain, 250 guns, 50 goats, and the giving up of all men implicated in the

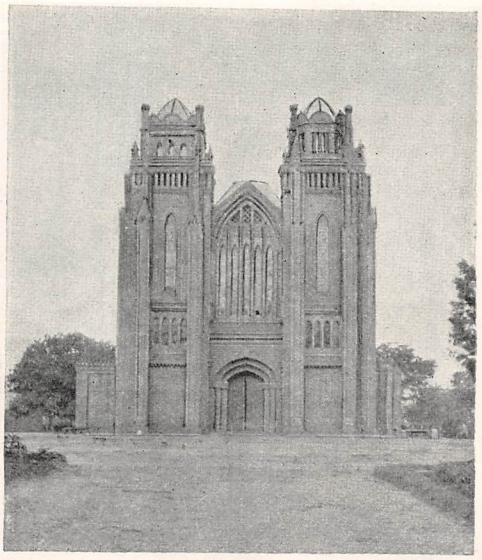

TO
GERMANY
Abercorn
Chilwe
Karunga
Msumba
Mpamba
Amelia Bay
Deep Bay
Mkowe
Mrowa
MEWALLER
Bandawe
LAKE
BANGWEOLO
Nkata
Makambira
Lukoma Is.
Karaka
Unuka
Kotakota
Loangwa
Point Rua
Chuwe
Malanjira & Fort McGuire
Monkey Bay
Livingstonia
Ngombe
Mpondas
Ft. Johnston
Lirio
L. SHIRWA
Mumbo
Matope
Blantyre
Port Lisle
Katunga
Chirobo
Port Herald
Chirobi
Tete
Boroa
Shimbwa
Sena
Rigambo
Quilimane
Chupanga
Chinde
Mouth
to Bulawayo
450 miles
R. Shiré
R. Zambesi
R. Muira
R. Chambezi
R. Loangwa
R. Lujenda
R. Lurio
R. Rovuma
R. Ruo
R. Mwera
R. Mtarika
R. Mtarika
R. Mtarika

was reference to a batch of runaway slaves, and instructions to cut their throats if they were recaptured.

Baron von Eltz, the German commissioner, made a plucky attack on a slave caravan on November 21. For several days he had heard of a big caravan on its way to the coast from Mlozi's stronghold. He had native allies as spies all over the country bringing him in news of the movements and whereabouts of the caravan. At last they were camped in between two large native villages, allies of the Germans. Von Eltz immediately despatched messengers to the chiefs of the two villages, telling them to stay the caravan from passing through their territory, either to advance or retreat. The caravan was over seven hundred strong, there were seven owners of ivory, and fifty-three owners of slaves, and a host of slaves and some followers. When Von Eltz had the caravan blocked, he embarked in his boat, proceeded post-haste to the spot, at once surrounded the whole caravan with native allies, and compelled all to march down to his station at Parambira. He had only five Zanzibari soldiers, a non-commissioned officer, a few native recruits bearing rifles, and a host of native allies; but without firing a shot he captured the caravan. The women and children he transported in his boat to the station; the men marched overland. Upon reaching the station he questioned the slaves as to their owners, where they were caught, what ivory was in the caravan, etc. He found it difficult to obtain trustworthy information on the subject. When there is a possibility of the caravan meeting whites the slaves are warned not to impart any information. Moreover, they are told, that should they fall into the hands of whites, they will be mercilessly treated and possibly killed.



LEOPARD SHOT BY GLAVE AT MONKEY BAY.



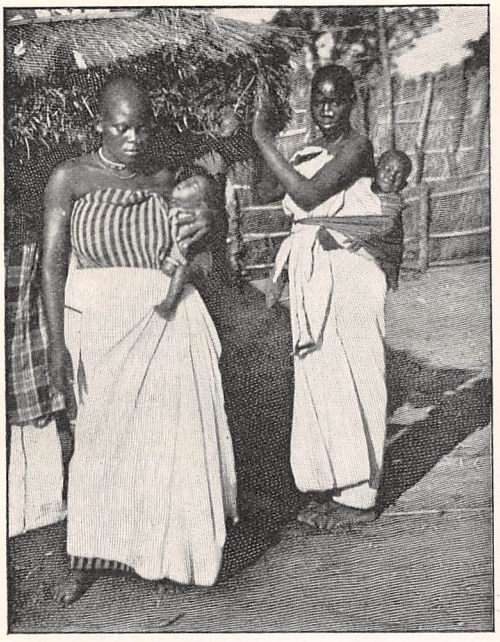
CHURCH AT BLANTYRE BUILT BY NATIVES UNDER THE DIRECTION OF EUROPEANS.

January 26, 1894. Left Lukomo Islands midway on the east shore to-day. While at the mission I had strange evidence of the want of confidence missionaries have in natives. I was asked to have a cigar. The cigars had been carefully locked up, and it was explained that the natives were too light-fingered to admit of anything being left lying about. On the face of it this does not seem very strange, but in contrast to the honesty of the natives in the employ of laymen, it certainly suggests that the religious teaching of the mission is less effective than the practical discipline of the laymen. The Universities Mission at Lukomo has been established about seventeen years, and by this time it really ought to be expected that the morals of the natives would be improved beyond the crude characteristics of the ordinary savage.

January 27. This afternoon I reached Captain Edwards's place, Fort McGuire, and found that he had done much hard work; houses have been built for himself, barracks, etc., and a strong earth stockade, impregnable to any native effort. Kasembi has built a village near the fort, and some of Makanjira's people have come back and made peace with the whites; others still remain stubbornly hostile.

February 2. Left Fort Johnston for a trip south to Blantyre in the *John Kirk*, a big wooden whale-boat, with Atonga polers, rowers, and paddlers, willing chaps, but not expert.

February 4. Detained at Mpimbi, as carriers are not forthcoming. Mpimbi is the be-



ANGANJA WOMEN.

ginning of the navigable water used by the administration at Fort Johnston. The river is full of crocodiles; people are constantly being taken by them. Hoare shot a big crocodile, and found a pair of bracelets in its stomach. The natives foolishly risk the water every day. They walk in knee-deep to get water, and even swim across the streams. By making a small fence about the place where they get water many lives would be saved; but that means work, and each African thinks he will not be a victim.

February 7. Reached Blantyre just after lunch, where I visited Vice-consul Sharpe. Blantyre is the receiving-station for Nyassaland. There is any amount of good land suitable for coffee-planting round about, but lack of transportation is the great drawback to the country's development. A railway is needed from Katunga to Matope or Mpimbi, so that steam communication may be established between Nyassa and the sea; a railway of only a hundred miles is necessary. Everybody there looks healthy and robust. I ride as little as possible in a *machila*, a piece of canvas slung on a long bamboo; but it is the only means of transportation one has, except walking, and a traveler should always be provided with a machila in case of excessive fatigue or indisposition. Natives do not like machila work, although twelve men may take their turns during an eight hours' march; still, each one much prefers to carry all day long fifty or sixty pounds. Two carry you for five minutes at a jog-trot, then the others lope alongside, and, without any cessation of operations, they relieve their companions by shifting the machila pole to their shoulders. It is very hard work. Some men out here never walk at all; they always travel by machila, and consider it healthier.

February 22. Returned to Fort Johnston to-day; hear that Captain Edwards, about the 6th or 7th of this month, was attacked at Fort McGuire by two thousand of Makanjira's warriors about four in the morning. Edwards immediately swept round to the rear of the enemy and punished them severely; after two and a half hours' fighting the enemy fled. So long as Fort McGuire is in the hands of a white man the ferry from the west shore near Point Rifu is useless. Jumbé's people were brutally gleeful over this victory. They cut off the heads of two of the enemy and scrimmaged with them on the beach. The African delights in the shedding of blood; he does not long delay the death of his victim, because he is impatient to shed blood; he has not the patience to put enemies to prolonged torture like the Chinese.

Caravan roads in Africa are narrow paths for marching in single file, through long grass that cuts like a knife, or through woods; the natives instinctively know when they are passing under thorn-trees; they slow their pace, as the path is always strewn with thorns. In the dry season the carrier covers himself with a cotton rag, and sleeps in apparent comfort in a temperature and under conditions which would compel the white man to cover himself with a pair of blankets. A carrier, as a rule, has a few cobs of corn or a pouch of flour of *mapira* or maize wrapped round his waist in his loin-cloth; he has, besides this, always a stock of snuff in an empty cartridge-case or little gourd; the snuff is composed of powdered tobacco, the ashes of aromatic leaf, and seeds of the castor-oil plant; men, women, and children incessantly take snuff. Only a few people smoke, and then not a long smoke, but a few violent draws, which they inhale into the lungs till they are to an extent stupefied. This applies to all the people in this part of the world. Some of the carriers have a small mat to sit on or to lie on at night, or to cover themselves with in case of rain; and some have a side of a biscuit tin with a handle fixed to it. The tin is turned up at the sides, forming a kind of flat dish, and pop-corn is made on this. This is the favorite way of eating dry corn. When the corn is green it is toasted, boiled, or steamed by being baked in the

husk. The carrier sometimes has little pockets of dried fish or paste of baked ants, but he is quite a nabob if he possesses such luxuries. He will take a load weighing fifty pounds; sometimes he carries the load on his head, with a ring of reeds as a pad for his head. He always carries a stick, so that when the load is on one shoulder he can pass the stick over the other shoulder and under the load, so that the labor is divided. They have one or two earthen pots among them, and when camp is reached they gather up firewood and start fires, and do their cooking, chaff one another, drink much water, and take snuff till late in the evening. Then their chaff, laughter, singing, and talking cease; they have all dropped asleep, which an African can do without any difficulty at all times and anywhere. With us it is sometimes rather a hard task to go to sleep, especially in this country; for anxiety and responsibility keep the mind of a white man in a state of uneasiness and wakefulness. An average march is fifteen miles; more can be done, but fifteen miles is enough; more unfits the man for the next day's journey. When it rains, and the native is near long grass or shrubbery, he very soon throws a rough roof over his head. The carrier is rationed with a little cloth to buy food; the usual rate is one yard a month.

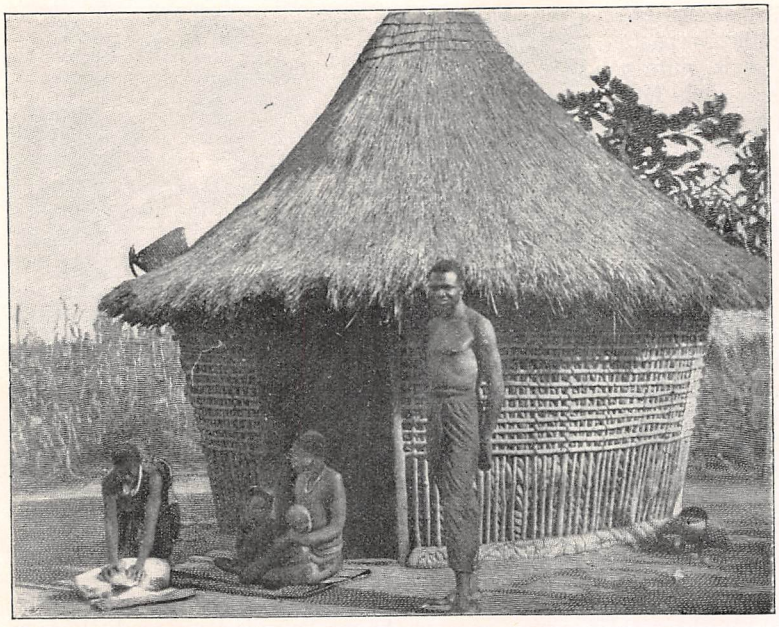


ANGONI VILLAGE NEAR LAKE NYASSA, A FIELD OF MAIZE IN THE FOREGROUND.

A word as to African insects. In the swamps the mosquito is a vicious little fanatic. He assails you in clouds without the slightest provocation, and remains till killed. He is a keen observer, and if you are sitting in any posture which stretches your garments tightly over your leg, you feel a sharp sting which tells you the mosquito has noticed the fact. A small hole in your mosquito net he notices at once, and will struggle through it, a wing and leg at a time, and when inside calls to a few friends and tells them the way he entered. They perch on the barrel of your rifle when you are getting a bead on a fidgety buck, and bite in some painful spot just as you are about to pull the trigger. Other insects annoy you. Big moths, inquisitive about your lamp, enter your room at full speed, flutter noisily about your lamp, or try to commit suicide in your soup, leaving the fluff of their wings floating on the surface. The jigger burrows into your flesh, and starts in to raise a family in a little white bag beneath the surface of your skin. The proverbial little ant is a terror to mankind. The large brown driver ant, marching in swarms of millions, with giant ants as leaders and officers, is a dreadful enemy. They move over the ground like a dark-brown ribbon a foot wide, devouring every living thing they meet, from a grasshopper to a goat, if the beast cannot escape. Their heads are



ANGONI WARRIOR—ON THE LEFT IS A SECTION OF GROWING STOCKADE (SEE PAGE 597).



ANKONDE HUT NEAR THE NORTHWEST SHORE OF LAKE NYASSA.

furnished with terrific nippers; if you are bitten, and attempt to pull away the insect, you will find that the head remains in your flesh. They will enter your house; no matter how well filled your larder was before the visit, it will contain nothing but bones afterward. The white ant does not bite you; his particular province is to destroy your most valuable property—your best trunks, your favorite shoes. In one night he will so attack a wooden box that when you lift it in the morning the bottom will drop out; he will eat a living eucalyptus-tree, and when he is in the district the poles of your house in a few months' time will crumble into dust. At a certain stage of his existence he has wings, which he sheds at your meal-times into your dishes. Scorpions and tarantula spiders are only occasionally met. Large beetles come from long distances to see you, and end their journey by striking you in the face. Many insects of smaller caliber settle on the back of your neck, and when you try to brush them off sneak down your back. Small saw-flies feel particularly curious about your right eye when the left one is closed and you are trying to get a bead on a buck.

Fort McGuire, February 24. Many of Makanjira's people came in to submit today—men, women, and children, lean-looking creatures, who have certainly had a hungry time of it. This is a most satisfactory conclusion to the war. It was no victory till now, for the enemy in arms on the hills in the neighborhood were a menace all the time. At first they could not understand the meaning of allegiance to the Queen; they wished to be under Kasembi, the native chief, but this could not be permitted; they must be under the orders of Captain Edwards. Ali Kiorgwé played his cards well; for he explained that Kasembi was relatively a small boy, while Edwards, as the representative of the Queen, was the father. Kasembi was forcibly beaten by Makanjira's people, and fled to the hills. The English beat Kuruunda, and put Kasembi in place again; it was only the strength of the English that enabled Kasembi to return. Now the people who came in were all under the orders of the white man. For convenience, head men would be placed over them, who would be permitted to exercise a certain amount of authority. When Ali Kiorgwé had fully explained the situation, all the natives were asked if they agreed to live under the white men. All rose up and swore to obey the whites. Then Edwards set aside a place near the fort where the people could make a temporary camp, and a lot of guns were given to the submitters, who were put in very good humor. Edwards is doing exceedingly well to patch up a peace and get the people to come and live about the fort. They will soon see the advantage of it, and the success of the campaign will be a great blow to slavery.

Makamda, Makanjira's ambassador, told the following story on coming to the fort. He said that among the animals the rabbit had the reputation of knowing good places in the forest and on the plains. When elephants, zebras, leopards, and even lions, decided upon having some jollification, they called in a rabbit and asked him to provide a suitable place for the entertainment; he also was supposed to be an expert at drumming. Then Makamda said, « I am the rabbit,

and I come from Makanjira; he is the lion, and sends me to search a suitable place.»

March 6. The steamer *Hermann von Wissmann* arrived to-day, with Baron von Eltz and Gillmore on board, the latter to disembark and stay at Fort McGuire as assistant to Edwards. I take passage up to Karonga on this boat. Captain Edwards has done splendid work at Fort McGuire. It is a model station, well built, well conducted, and thorough discipline is paramount. He has transformed what was once a most important slave-center into a powerful stronghold of civilization.

March 7. Left Fort McGuire at about five this morning and slept at Msumba, in Portuguese territory. The *Wissmann* bought a little wood at the usual price; the wood is three feet long, is piled as high as the width of common calico, and then is sold by the length of the pile at the price of one yard of calico for one yard of wood. There are wooding-stations all along the shores of the lake.

March 8. We steamed to Lukomo to-day and visited all the missions. The Lukomo missionaries have spent no time in making themselves comfortable. They have no gardens, and their houses are flimsy things, built of mats principally, and thatched with grass; but they have all good roofs over their heads. They keep the Africans in their places, and they are doing the best they can to improve the character of the native. Late in the afternoon we reached Bandawé, a Livingstonia mission station. Bandawé seems to be noted for its carpentry and brick-making. There is a nice row of cottages built of brick and roofed with grass, and with good doors and windows. There are houses for the whites, a school-house, joinery shop, and a building for printing. There is a fairly good road running parallel with the houses, but it loses itself in the grass three hundred yards from the lake, in which only a tiny path, almost hidden by overhanging grass, leads. A visitor from the lake gets soaked by brushing his way through the dripping grass.

While at Lukomo I learned that the slave-trade in that district is very brisk. Slaves are brought across over from the Bandawé villages by way of the Lukomo Islands to the mainland in Portuguese territory. A week or two ago a large caravan of two hundred and fifty slaves, carrying the British flag, started from Unaga for the coast; one of the slaves was sold for corn. Caravans are constantly crossing, easily avoiding the gunboats, which make infrequent visits to this portion of the lake. Stations are needed at Jumbé's and at Point Rifu, with well-organized intelligence-departments attached to each.



A SLAVER, PLACED IN A SLAVE FORK BY MR. CRAWSHAY, AT DEEP BAY, UTILIZING HIS ENFORCED LEISURE IN SEWING.

March 12. I left Crawshay's place at five in the morning, and reached Karonga about ten o'clock; found there, much to my surprise, three Belgian officers from the Antislavery Society on Lake Tanganyika. The world has to thank Captain Jacques for good work done in destroying the power of the Arab slavers; their favorite hunting-grounds between Tanganyika and the Congo are now no longer safe for them.

March 19. By appointment went out to Kopa-Kopa's stockade. Have always heard it was a very strong place; this is not so. I found Kopa-Kopa very intelligent, and interested to know all about *Oha* (Europe). I explained to him clearly the spirit of the Brussels Act. If Arabs and coast men decided to trade legitimately, they could stay at peace with the whites and suffer no interference. He told me if he could get together some ivory and plenty of food for the way, he would go to the coast. There was no longer a chance for making money, with slavery stopped, and most of the ivory going direct to Karonga. Three plagues have visited this part of the country in recent years: first, of mice, which ate up the roots of the rice and maize; then came the cattle plague, which attacked beasts both wild and domestic, and killed all the buffaloes; and now the locusts. As I returned from Kopa-Kopa an immense cloud of locusts were darkening the air. They sped along at the rate of four miles an hour, settling on every patch of maize, millet, or sorghum. All the natives were out, old and young, beating drums, shouting, rushing here and there, and beating crops with swishes to drive the pests away. In spite of their efforts the crops will be destroyed. The natives are very careless about the future; knowing well that they are always subject to locusts, they do not take the precaution to grow manioc, which locusts do not eat.

March 21. This morning I left Karonga in a machila for the Ngerengé Mountains, where the Livingstonia mission has stations, of which Dr. Kerr Cross and wife have charge. Dr. Cross has been out here about seven years, and did excellent service during the Karonga war against the Arabs. He has seen several large slave-caravans in forks, but none recently. He feels certain that slaves are still being traded at the Arab stockades.

I gave the boy I engaged at Jumbé's a loincloth. The next day I saw a stranger with it. I asked the boy why he had parted with it; he said the stranger had told him he would probably go to England with me, and so he exchanged the cloth for a pair of white duck trousers, which he thought would be more suitable for the climate there.

March 25. This morning at eight o'clock I went in machila straight to Kopa-Kopa; thence by an easy road for a caravan to Mlozi's stockade, about five miles off. The way led through plantations of maize, etc.; then through a park-like country with fine, short grass, fair-sized trees here and there, and again plantations immediately fronting Mlozi's clear space. The huts, with grass roofs, were crowded together, and there were many grass fences surrounding groups of huts. These are to conceal slaves so that white men may not see; they are supposed to be for general privacy. There were many slaves about, but none in forks, and nothing to suggest the business carried on except two skulls on posts at the outer gate of the stockade. I had a long talk with Mlozi. He says the big caravan captured by the Germans was not his; the ivory was his, but not the slaves. He was very polite, and offered me fowl and curry.

March 31. I started in the *Ilala* for Deep Bay to see Crawshay, who was very ill. At Senga and in the interior slaves are constantly appealing to Crawshay. During my visit of three days three cases came up. When I was at Mlozi's, a man who gave his name as Kisebau expected a caravan of trade goods at Amelia Bay, and wished to send two men across to get news of it; he asked me to give him a letter to Mr. Crawshay asking permission for the two men to cross. When I reached Deep Bay a day or two afterward I found in a slave-fork a man whom I had never seen before, but this fellow had presented the letter which I gave to Kisebau. It seems that four men appeared, one being a slave, who was being taken across, of course for sale. He was an Awemba who had been forced into a slave fork. The second case was that of a woman who hailed from Senga. She complained that she had been taken in a fight by Awemba, and sold to Kopa-Kopa; he sold her to Kayuni, who was about to send her to the east side of the lake in exchange for cattle or goats. She was released, and Kayuni put into chains and imprisoned. The third case was that of a small boy who looked after goats. He told one of Crawshay's boys that he was a slave who had been bought by Chitapweté at Mperembi's for cloth and hoes. Mperembi's people had captured him in a raiding encounter in the Senga country; the boy was released and the master put in chains.

E. J. Glave.

AN OPEN-EYED CONSPIRACY:

AN IDYL OF SARATOGA.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS,
Author of «Their Wedding Journey,» «The Rise of Silas Lapham,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY IRVING R. WILES.

V.

«I AM doing it entirely on Mrs. Deering's account,» said my wife that evening after tea, as we walked down the side street that descended from our place to Broadway. «She has that girl on her hands, and I know she must be at her wits' end.»

«And I do it entirely on Deering's account,» I retorted. «He has both of these women on *his* hands.»

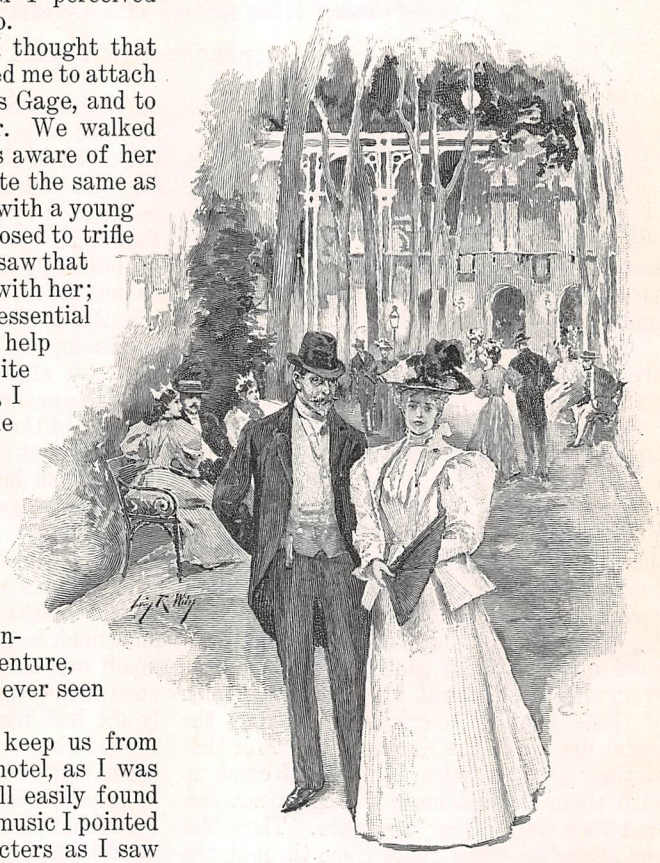
We emerged into the glistening thoroughfare in front the vast hotels, and I was struck, as I never fail to be, with its futile and unmeaning splendor. I think there is nothing in our dun-colored civilization prettier than that habit the ladies have in Saratoga of going out on the street after dark in their bare heads. When I first saw them wandering about so in the glitter of the shop-windows and the fitful glare of the electrics everywhere, I thought they must be some of those Spanish-Americans mistaking the warm, dry air of the Northern night for that of their own latitudes; but when I came up with them I could hear, if I could not see, that they were of our own race. Those flat and shapeless tones could come through the noses of no other. The beauty and the elegance were also ours, and the fearless trust of circumstance. They sauntered up and down before the gaunt, high porticos of the hotels, as much at home as they could have been in their own houses, and in much the same dress as if they had been receiving there. The effect is one of incomparable cheer, and is a promise of social brilliancy which Saratoga no more keeps than she does that of her other characteristic aspects; say the forenoon effect of the same thoroughfare, with the piazzas banked with the hotel guests, and the street full of the light equipages which seem peculiar to the place passing and repassing, in the joyous sunlight and out of it, on the leaf-flecked street. Even the public carriages of Saratoga have a fresh, unjaded air; and to issue from the railway station in the midst of those buoyant top-phaëtons and surreys, with their light-limbed horses, is to be thrilled by some such insensate expectation of pleasure as fills the heart of a boy at his first sally into the world. I always expect to find my lost youth waiting for me around the corner of the United States Hotel, and I accuse myself of some fault if it disappoints me, as it always does. I can imagine what gaudy hopes by night and by day the bright staging of the potential drama must awaken in the breast of a young girl when she first sees it, and how blank she must feel when the curtain goes down and there has been no play. It was a real anguish to me when that young girl with the Deerings welcomed my wife and me with a hopeful smile, as if we were *dramatis personæ*, and now the performance must be going to begin. I could see how much our chance acquaintance had brightened the perspective for her, and how eagerly she had repaired all her illusions; and I thought how much better it would have been if she had been left to the dull and spiritless resignation in which I had first seen her. From that there could be no fall, at least, and now she had risen from it only to sink again.

But, in fact, the whole party seemed falsely cheered by the event of the afternoon; and in the few moments that we sat with them on their veranda, before going to the music at the Grand Union, I could hear the ladies laughing together, while Deering joyously unfolded to me his plan of going home the next morning, and leaving his wife and Miss Gage behind him. «They will stay in this hotel,—they might as well,—and I guess they can get along. My wife feels more acquainted since she met Mrs. March, and I sha'n't feel so much like leavin' her among strangers here. I don't know when she 's taken such a fancy to any one as she has to your wife, or Miss Gage either. I guess she 'll want to ask her about the stores here.»

I said that I believed the fancy was mutual, and that there was nothing my wife liked better than telling people about stores. I added, in generalization, that when a woman had spent all her own money on dress, it did her quite as much good to see other women spending theirs; and Deering said he guessed that was about so. He gave me a push on the shoulder to make me understand how keenly he appreciated the joke, and I perceived that we had won his heart, too.

We joined the ladies, and I thought that my sufferings for her authorized me to attach myself more especially to Miss Gage, and to find out all I could about her. We walked ahead of the others, and I was aware of her making believe that it was quite the same as if she were going to the music with a young man. Not that she seemed disposed to trifle with my gray hairs; I quickly saw that this would not be in character with her; but some sort of illusion was essential to her youth, and she could not help rejuvenating me. This was quite like the goddess she looked, I reflected, but otherwise she was not formidably divine, and, in fact, I suppose the goddesses were, after all, only nice girls at heart. This one, at any rate, I decided, was a very nice girl when she was not sulking; and she was so brightened by her little adventure, which was really no adventure, that I could not believe I had ever seen her sulking.

The hotel people did not keep us from going into the court of the hotel, as I was afraid they might, and we all easily found places. In the pauses of the music I pointed out such notables and characters as I saw about us, and tried to possess her of as much of the Saratoga world as I knew. It was largely there in that bold evidence it loves, and in that social solitude to which the Saratoga of the hotels condemns the denizens of her world. I do not mean that the Saratoga crowd is at all a fast-looking crowd. There are sporting people and gamblers; but the great mass of the frequenters are plain, honest Americans, out upon a holiday from all parts of the country, and of an innocence too inveterate to have grasped the fact that there is no fashion in Saratoga now but the fashion of the ladies' dresses. These, I must say, are of the newest and prettiest; the dressing of the women always strikes me there. My companion was eager to recognize the splendors which she had heard of, and I pointed out an old lady by the door, who sat there displaying upon her vast bosom an assortment of gems and jewels which she seemed as personally indifferent to as if she were a show-window, and I was glad to have the girl shrink from the spectacle in a kind of mute alarm. I tried to make her share my pleasure in a group of Cubans—fat father, fat mother, fat daughter—who came down the walk toward us in the halo of tropical tradition; but she had not the taste for olives, and I saw that I failed to persuade her of the esthetic value of this alien element among us. She apparently could do almost as little with some old figures of bygone beaus spectrally revisiting the hotel haunts of their youth; but she was charmed with the sylvan loveliness of that incomparable court. It is, in fact, a park of the tall, slim Saratoga trees inclosed by the quadrangle of the hotel, exquisitely kept, and with its acres of greensward now showing their color vividly in the



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

«I INVITED HER TO WALK ROUND THE COURT WITH ME.»

light of the electrics, which shone from all sides on the fountain flashing and plashing in the midst. I said that here was that union of the sylvan and the urban which was always the dream of art, and which formed the delicate charm of pastoral poetry; and although I do not think she quite grasped the notion, I saw that she had a pleasure in the visible fact, and that was much better. Besides, she listened very respectfully, and with no signs of being bored.

In the wait between the two parts of the concert, I invited her to walk round the court with me, and under the approving eye of Mrs. March we made this expedition. It seemed to me that I could not do a wiser thing, both for the satisfaction of my own curiosity and for the gratification of the autobiographical passion we all feel, than to lead her on to speak of herself. But she had little or nothing to say of herself, and what she said of other things was marked by a straightforward good sense, if not a wide intelligence. I think we make a mistake when we suppose that a beautiful woman must always be vain or conscious. I fancy that a beauty is quite as often a solid and sensible person, with no inordinate wish to be worshiped, and this young lady struck me as wholly unspoiled by flattery. I decided that she was not the type that would take the fancy of De Witt Point, and that she had grown up without local attention for that reason, or possibly because a certain coldness in her overawed the free spirit of rustic love-making. No doubt she knew that she was beautiful, and I began to think that it was not so much disappointment at finding Saratoga as indifferent as De Witt Point which gave her the effect of disgust I had first noted in her the night before. That might rather have come from the sense of feeling herself a helpless burden on her friends, and from that young longing for companionship which is as far as may be from the desire of conquest, of triumph. Finding her now so gratefully content with the poor efforts to amuse her which an old fellow like me could make, I perceived that the society of other girls would suffice to make Saratoga quite another thing for her, and I cast about in my mind to contrive this somehow.

I confess that I liked her better and better, and before the evening was out I had quite transferred my compassion from the Deerings to her. It *was* forlorn and dreary for her to be attached to this good couple, whose interests were primarily in each other, and who had not the first of those arts which could provide her with other company. She willingly told about their journey to Saratoga, and her story did not differ materially from the account Deering had already given me; but even the outward form of adventure had fallen from their experience since they had come to Saratoga. They had formed the habit of Congress Park by accident; but they had not been to the lake, or the races, or the House of Pansa, or Mount McGregor, or Hilton Park, or even the outlying springs. It was the first time they had been inside of the Grand Union. «Then you have never seen the parlor?» I asked; and after the concert I boldly led the way into the parlor, and lavished its magnificence upon them as if I had been the host, or one of the hotel guests at the very least. I enjoyed the breathlessness of the Deerings so much, as we walked up and down the vast drawing-rooms accompanied by our images in the mirrors, that I insisted upon sitting down with them all upon some of the richest pieces of furniture; and I was so flown with my success as cicerone that I made them come with me to the United States. I showed them through the parlors there, and then led them through to the inner verandas, which commanded another wooded court like that of the Grand Union. I tried to make them feel the statelier sentiment of the older hotel, and to stir their imaginations with a picture of the old times, when the Southern planters used to throng the place, and all that was gay and brilliant in fashionable society was to be seen there some time during the summer. I think that I failed in this, but apparently I succeeded in giving them an evening of dazzling splendor.

«Well, sir, this has been a great treat,» said Mr. Deering, when he bade us good-by as well as good night; he was going early in the morning.

The ladies murmured their gratitude, Mrs. Deering with an emotion that suited her thanks, and Miss Gage with a touch of something daughterly toward me that I thought pretty.

VI.

«WELL, what *did* you make of her, my dear?» Mrs. March demanded the instant she was beyond their hearing. «I must say, you did n't spare yourself in the cause; you did bravely. What is she like?»

«Really, I don't know,» I answered, after a moment's reflection. «I should say she was almost purely potential. She 's not so much this or that kind of girl; she 's merely a radiant image of girlhood.»

«Now, you 're chicquing it, you 're faking

it,» said Mrs. March, borrowing the verbs severally from the art editor and the publisher of «Every Other Week.» «You have got to tell me just how much and how little there really is of her before I go any further with them. Is she stupid?»

«No—no; I should n't say stupid exactly. She is—what shall I say?—extremely plain-minded. I suppose the goddesses were plain-minded. I 'm a little puzzled by her attitude toward her own beauty. She does n't live her beauty any more than a poet lives his poetry or a painter his painting; though I've no doubt she knows her gift is hers just as they do.»



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

«I HELPED HER BUY A HAT.»

«I think I understand. You mean she is n't conscious.»

«No. Conscious is n't quite the word,» I said fastidiously. «Is n't there some word that says less, or more, in the same direction?»

«No, there is n't; and I shall think you don't mean anything at all if you keep on. Now, tell me how she really impressed you. Does she know anything? Has she read anything? Has she any ideas?»

«Really, I can't say whether they were ideas or not. She knew what ‹Every Other Week› was; she had read the stories in it; but I 'm not sure she valued it at its true worth. She is very plain-minded.»

«Don't keep repeating that! What do you mean by plain-minded?»

«Well, honest, single, common-sense, coherent, arithmetical.»

«Horrors! Do you mean that she is *mannish?*»

«No, not mannish. And yet she gave me the notion that, when it came to companionship, she would be just as well satisfied with a lot of girls as young men.»

Mrs. March pulled her hand out of my arm, and stopped short under one of those tall Saratoga shade-trees to dramatize her inference. «Then she is the slyest of all possible pusses! Did she give you the notion that she would be just as well satisfied with you as with a young man?»

«She could n't deceive me so far as that, my dear.»

«Very well; I shall take her in hand myself to-morrow, and find out what she really is.»

Mrs. March went shopping the next forenoon with what was left of the Deering party; Deering had taken the early train north, and she seemed to have found the ladies livelier without him. She formed the impression from their more joyous behavior that he kept his wife from spending as much money as she would naturally have done, and that, while he was not perhaps exactly selfish, he was forgetful of her youth, of the difference in years between them, and of her capacity for pleasures which he could not care for. She said that Mrs. Deering and Miss Gage now acted like two girls together, and, if anything, Miss Gage seemed the elder of the two.

«And what did you decide about her?» I inquired.

«Well, I helped her buy a hat and a jacket at one of these nice shops just below the hotel where they 're stopping, and we 've started an

evening dress for her. She can't wear that white duck morning, noon, and night.»

«But her character—her nature?»

«Oh! Well, she is rather plain-minded, as you call it. I think she shows out her real feelings too much for a woman.»

«Why do you prefer dissimulation in your sex, my dear?»

«I don't call it dissimulation. But of course a girl ought to hide her feelings. Don't you think it would have been better for her not to have looked so obviously out of humor when you first saw her the other night?»

«She would n't have interested me so much, then, and she probably would n't have had your acquaintance now.»

«Oh, I don't mean to say that even that kind of girl won't get on, if she gives her mind to it; but I think I should prefer a little less plain-mindedness, as you call it, if I were a man.»

I did not know exactly what to say to this, and I let Mrs. March go on.

«It 's so in the smallest thing. If you 're choosing a thing for her, and she likes another, she lets you feel it at once. I don't mean that she 's rude about it, but she seems to set herself so square across the way, and you come up with a kind of bump against her. I don't think that 's very feminine. That 's what I meant by mannish. You always knew where to find her.»

I don't know why this criticism should have amused me so much, but I began to laugh quite uncontrollably, and I kept on and on. Mrs. March kept her temper with me admirably. When I was quiet again, she said:

«Mrs. Deering is a person that wins your heart at once; she has that *appealing* quality. You can see that she 's cowed by her husband, though he means to be kind to her; and yet you may be sure she gets round him, and has her own way all the time. I know it was her idea to have him go home and leave them here, and of course she made him think it was his. She saw that as long as he was here, and anxious to get back to his ‹stock,› there was no hope of giving Miss Gage the sort of chance she came for, and so she determined to manage it. At the same time, you can see that she is as true as steel, and would abhor anything like deceit worse than the pest.»

«I see; and that is why you dislike Miss Gage?»

«Dislike her? No, I don't dislike her; but she is disappointing. If she were a plain girl her plain-mindedness would be all right; it would be amusing; she would turn it to account and make it seem humorous. But it does n't seem to go with her beauty; it takes away from that—I don't know how to express it exactly.»

«You mean that she has no charm.»

«No: I don't mean that at all. She has a great deal of charm of a certain kind, but it 's a very peculiar kind. After all, the truth is the truth, Basil, is n't it?»

«It is sometimes, my dear,» I assented.

«And the truth has its charm, even when it 's too blunt.»

«Ah, I 'm not so sure of that.»

«Yes—yes, it has. You must n't say so, Basil, or I shall lose all my faith in you. If I could n't trust you I don't know what I should do.»

«What are you after now, Isabel?»

«I am not after anything. I want you to go round to all the hotels and see if there is not some young man you know at one of them. There surely must be.»

«Would one young man be enough?»

«If he were attentive enough, he would be. One young man is as good as a thousand if the girl is the right kind.»

«But you have just been implying that Miss Gage is cold and selfish and greedy. Shall I go round exploring hotel registers for a victim to such a divinity as that?»

«No; you need n't go till I have had a talk with her. I am not sure she is worth it; I am not sure that I want to do a single thing for her.»

VII.

THE next day, after another forenoon's shopping with her friends, Mrs. March announced: «Well, now, it has all come out, Basil, and I wonder you did n't get the secret at once from your Mr. Deering. Have you been supposing that Miss Gage was a poor girl whom the Deerings had done the favor of bringing with them?»

«Why, what of it?» I asked provisionally.

«She is very well off. Her father is not only the president, as they call it, of the village, but he 's the president of the bank.»

«Yes; I told you that Deering told me so—»

«But he is very queer. He has kept her very close from the other young people, and Mrs. Deering is the only girl friend she 's ever had, and she 's grown up without having been anywhere without him. They had to plead with him to let her come with them,—or Mrs. Deering had,—but when he once consented, he consented handsomely. He gave her a lot of money, and told them he wanted her to have the best time that money could buy; and of course you can understand how such a man would think that money would buy

a good time anywhere. But the Deerings did n't know how to go about it. She confessed as much when we were talking the girl over. I could see that she stood in awe of her somehow from the beginning, and that she felt more than the usual responsibility for her. That was the reason she was so eager to get her husband off home; as long as he was with them she would have to work everything through him, and that would be double labor, because he is so hopelessly *villaginous*, don't you know, that he never could rise to the conception of anything else. He took them to a cheap, second-class hotel, and he was afraid to go with them anywhere because he never was sure that it was the right thing to do; and he was too proud to ask, and they had to keep prodding him all the time.»

«That 's delightful!»

«Oh, I dare say you think so; but if you knew how it wounded a woman's self-respect you would feel differently; or you would n't, rather. But now, thank goodness! they 've got him off their hands, and they can begin to breathe freely. That is, Mrs. Deering could, if she had n't her heart in her mouth all the time, wondering what she can do for the girl, and bullying herself with the notion that she is to blame if she does n't have a good time. You can understand just how it was with them always. Mrs. Deering is one of those meek little things that a great, splendid, lonely creature like Miss Gage would take to in a small place, and perfectly crush under the weight of her confidence; and she would want to make her husband live up to her ideal of the girl, and would be miserable because he would n't or could n't.»

«I believe the good Deering did n't even think her handsome.»

«That 's it. And he thought anything that was good enough for his wife was good enough for Miss Gage, and he 'd be stubborn about doing things on her account, even to please his wife.»

«Such conduct is imaginable of the good Deering. I don't think he liked her.»

«Nor she him. Mrs. Deering helplessly hinted as much. She said he did n't like to have her worrying so much about Miss Gage's not having a good time, and she could n't make him feel as she did about it, and she was half glad for his own sake that he had to go home.»

«Did she say that?»

«Not exactly; but you could see that she meant it. Do you think it would do for them to change from their hotel, and go to the Grand Union or the States or Congress Hall?»

«Have you been putting them up to that, Isabel?»

«I knew you would suspect me, and I would n't have asked for your opinion if I had cared anything for it, really. What would be the harm of their doing it?»

«None whatever, if you really want my worthless opinion. But what could they do there?»

«They could see something if they could n't do anything, and as soon as Miss Gage has got her new gowns I 'm going to tell them you thought they could do it. It was their own idea, at any rate.»

«Miss Gage's?»

«Mrs. Deering's. She has the courage of a—I don't know what. She sees that it 's a desperate case, and she would n't stop at anything.»

«Now that her husband has gone home.»

«Well, which hotel shall they go to?»

«Oh, that requires reflection.»

«Very well, then, when you 've reflected I want you to go to the hotel you 've chosen, and introduce yourself to the clerk, and tell him your wife has two friends coming, and you want something very pleasant for them. Tell him all about yourself and 〈Every Other Week.〉»

«He 'll think I want them deadheaded.»

«No matter, if your conscience is clear; and don't be so shamefully modest as you always are, but speak up boldly. Now, will you? Promise me you will!»

«I will try, as the good little boy says. But, Isabel, we don't know these people except from their own account.»

«And that is quite enough.»

«It will be quite enough for the hotel-keeper if they run their board. I shall have to pay it.»

«Now, Basil dear, don't be disgusting, and go and do as you 're bid.»

It was amusing, but it was perfectly safe, and there was no reason why I should not engage rooms for the ladies at another hotel. I had not the least question of them, and I had failed to worry my wife with a pretended doubt. So I decided that I would go up at once and inquire at the Grand Union. I chose this hotel because, though it lacked the fine flower of the more ancient respectability and the legendary charm of the States, it was so spectacular that it would be in itself a perpetual excitement for those ladies, and would form an effect of society which, with some help from us, might very well deceive them. This was what I said to myself, though in my heart I knew better. Whatever Mrs. Deering

might think, that girl was not going to be taken in with any such simple device, and I must count upon the daily chances in the place to afford her the good time she had come for.

As I mounted the steps to the portico of the Grand Union with my head down, and lost in a calculation of these chances, I heard my name gaily called, and I looked up to see young Kendricks, formerly of our staff on «Every Other Week,» and still a frequent contributor, and a great favorite of my wife's and my own. My heart gave a great joyful bound at sight of him.

«My dear boy, when in the world did you come?»

«This morning by the steamboat train, and I am never, never going away!»

«You like it, then?»

«Like it! It 's the most delightful thing in the universe. Why, I 'm simply wild about it, Mr. March. I go round saying to myself, Why have I thrown away my life? Why have I never come to Saratoga before? It 's simply supreme, and it 's American down to the ground. Yes; that 's what makes it so delightful. No other people could have invented it, and it does n't try to be anything but what we made it.»

«I 'm so glad you look at it in that way. *We* like it. We discovered it three or four years ago, and we never let a summer slip, if we can help it, without coming here for a week or a month. The place,» I enlarged, «has the charm of ruin, though it 's in such obvious repair; it has a past; it 's so completely gone by in a society sense. The cottage life here has n't killed the hotel life, as it has at Newport and Bar Harbor; but the ideal of cottage life everywhere else has made hotel life at Saratoga ungenteel. The hotels are full, but at the same time they are society solitudes.»

«How gay it is!» said the young fellow, as he gazed with a pensive smile into the street, where all those festive vehicles were coming and going, dappled by the leaf-shadows from the tall trees overhead. «What air! what a sky!» The one was indeed sparkling, and the other without a cloud, for it had rained in the night, and it seemed as if the weather could never be hot and close again.

I forgot how I had been sweltering about, and said: «Yes; it is a Saratoga day. It 's supposed that the sparkle of the air comes from the healthful gases thrown off by the springs. Some people say the springs are doctored; that 's what makes their gases so healthful.»



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY GEORGE P. BARTLE.

«AS I MOUNTED THE STEPS . . . I LOOKED UP TO SEE YOUNG KENDRICKS.»

«Why, anything might happen here,» Kendricks mused, unheedful of me. «What a scene! what a stage! Why has nobody done a story about Saratoga?» he asked, with the literary turn I knew his thoughts would be taking. All Gerald Kendricks's thoughts were of literature, but sometimes they were not of immediate literary effect, though that was never for long.

«Because,» I suggested, «one probably could n't get his young lady characters to come here if they were at all in society. But of course there must be charming presences here accidentally. Some young girl, say, might come here from a country place, expecting to see social gaiety—»

«Ah, but that would be too heart-breaking!»

«Not at all. Not if she met some young fellow accidentally—don't you see?»

«It would be difficult to manage; and has n't it been done?»

«Everything has been done, my dear fellow. Or, you might suppose a young lady who comes

on here with her father, a veteran politician, delegate to the Republican or Democratic convention,—all the conventions meet in Saratoga,—and some ardent young delegate falls in love with her. That would be new ground. There you would have the political novel, which they wonder every now and then some of us don't write.» The smile faded from Kendricks's lips, and I laughed. «Well, then, there 's nothing for it but the Social Science Congress. Have a brilliant professor win the heart of a lovely sister-in-law of another member by a paper he reads before the Congress. No? You 're difficult. Are you stopping here?»

«Yes; are you?»

«I try to give myself the air of it when I am feeling very proud. But really, we live at a most charming little hotel on a back street, out of the whirl and rush that we should prefer to be in if we could afford it.» I told him about our place, and he said it must be delightful, and he made the proper inquiries about Mrs. March, and asked if he might come to see us. Kendricks never forgot the gentleman in the artist, and he was as true to the *convenances* as if they had been principles. That was what made Mrs. March like his stories so much more than the stories of some people who wrote better. He said he would drop in during the afternoon, and I went indoors on the pretext of wanting to buy a newspaper. Then, without engaging rooms for Mrs. Deering and Miss Gage, I hurried home.

VIII.

«WELL, did you get the rooms?» asked my wife as soon as she saw me. She did not quite call it across the street to me as I came up from where she sat on the piazza.

«No, I did n't,» I said boldly, if somewhat breathlessly.

«Why did n't you? You ought to have gone to the States if they were full at the Grand Union.»

«They were not full, unless Kendricks got their last room.»

«Do you mean that *he* was there? Mr. Kendricks? If you are hoaxing me, Basil!»

«I am not, my dear; indeed I 'm not,» said I, beginning to laugh, and this made her doubt me the more.

«Because if you are I shall simply never forgive you. And I 'm in earnest this time,» she replied.

«Why should I want to hoax you about such a vital thing as that. Could n't Kendricks come to Saratoga as well as we? He 's here looking up the ground of a story I should think from what he said.»

«No matter what he 's here for; he 's here, and that 's enough. I never knew of anything so perfectly providential. Did you *tell* him, Basil? Did you dare?»

«Tell him what?»

«You know; about Miss Gage.»

«Well, I came very near it. I dangled the fact before his eyes once, but I caught it away again in time. He never saw it. I thought I 'd better let you tell him.»

«Is he coming here to see us?»

«He asked if he might.»

«He 's always nice. I don't know that I shall ask him to do anything for them, after all; I 'm not sure that she 's worth it. I wish some commoner person had happened along. Kendricks is too precious. I shall have to think about it; and don't you tease me, Basil, will you?»

«I don't know. If I 'm not allowed to have any voice in the matter, I 'm afraid I shall take it out in teasing. I don't see why Miss Gage is n't quite as good as Kendricks. I believe she 's taller, and though he 's pretty good-looking, I prefer her style of beauty. I dare say his family is better, but I fancy she 's richer; and his family is n't good beyond New York city, and her money will go anywhere. It 's a pretty even thing.»

«Good gracious, Basil! you talk as if it were a question of marriage.»

«And you *think* it is.»

«Now I see that you 're *bent* upon teasing, and we won't talk any more, please. What time did he say he would call?»

«If I may n't talk, I can't tell.»

«You may talk that much.»

«Well, then, he did n't say.»

«Basil,» said my wife, after a moment, «if you could be serious, I should like very much to talk with you. I know that you 're excited by meeting Mr. Kendricks, and I know what you thought the instant you saw him. But, indeed, it won't do, my dear. It 's more than we 've any right to ask, and I shall not ask it, and I shall not let you. She is a stiff, awkward village person, and I don't believe she 's amiable or intelligent; and to let a graceful, refined, superior man like Mr. Kendricks throw away his time upon her would be wicked, simply wicked. Let those people manage for themselves from this out. Of course you must n't get them rooms at the Grand Union now, for he 'd be seeing us there with them, and feel bound to pay her attention. You must try for them at the States, since the matter 's been spoken of, or at Congress Hall. But there 's

no hurry. We must have time to think whether we shall use Mr. Kendricks with them. I suppose it will do no harm to introduce him. If he stays we can't very well avoid it; and I confess I should like to see how she impresses him. Of course we shall introduce him! But I insist I shall just do it merely as one human being to another; and don't you come in with any of your romantic nonsense, Basil, about her social disappointment. Just how much did you give the situation away?»

I told as well as I could remember.

«Well, that 's nothing. He 'll never think of it, and you must n't hint anything of the kind again.»

I promised devoutly, and she went on:

«It would n't be nice—it would n't be delicate—to let him into the conspiracy. That must be entirely our affair, don't you see? And I don't want you to take a single step without me. I don't want you even to discuss her with him. Will you? Because that will tempt you further.»

That afternoon Kendricks came promptly to call, like the little gentleman he was, and he was more satisfactory about Saratoga than he had been in the morning even. Mrs. March catechized him, and she did n't leave an emotion of his unsearched by her vivid sympathy. She ended by saying:

«You must write a story about Saratoga. And I have got just the heroine for you.»

I started, but she ignored my start.

Kendricks laughed, delighted, and asked, «Is she pretty?»

«Must a heroine be pretty?»

«She had better be. Otherwise she will have to be tremendously clever and say all sorts of brilliant things, and that puts a great burden on the author. If you proclaim boldly at the start that she 's a beauty, the illustrator has got to look after her, and the author has a comparative sinecure.»

Mrs. March thought a moment, and then she said: «Well, she is a beauty. I don't want to make it too hard for you.»

«When shall I see her?» Kendricks demanded, and he feigned an amusing anxiety.

«Well, that depends upon how you behave, Mr. Kendricks. If you are very, very good, perhaps I may let you see her this evening. We will take you to call upon her.»

«Is it possible? Do you mean business? Then she is—in society?»

«*Mr.* Kendricks!» cried Mrs. March, with burlesque severity. «Do you think that I would offer you a heroine who was *not* in society? You forget that I am from Boston!»

«Of course, of course! I understand that any heroine of your acquaintance must be in society. But I thought—I did n't know but for the moment—Saratoga seems to be so tremendously mixed; and Mr. March says there is no society here. But if she is from Boston—»

«I did n't say she was from Boston, Mr. Kendricks.»

«Oh, I beg your pardon!»

«She is from De Witt Point,» said Mrs. March, and she apparently enjoyed his confusion, no less than my bewilderment at the course she was taking.

I was not going to be left behind, though, and I said: «I discovered this heroine myself, Kendricks, and if there is to be any giving away—»

«Now, Basil!»

«I am going to do it. Mrs. March would never have cared anything about her if it had n't been for me. I can't let her impose upon you. This heroine is no more in society than she is from Boston. That is the trouble with her. She has come here for society, and she can't find any.»

«Oh, that was what you were hinting at this morning,» said Kendricks. «I thought it a pure figment of the imagination.»

«One does n't imagine such things as that, my dear fellow. One imagines a heroine coming here, and having the most magnificent kind of social career,—lawn-parties, lunches, teas, dinners, picnics, hops,—and going back to De Witt Point with a dozen offers of marriage. That 's the kind of work the imagination does. But this simple and appealing situation—this beautiful young girl, with her poor little illusions, her secret hopes half hidden from herself, her ignorant past, her visionary future—»

«Now, *I* am going to tell you all about her, Mr. Kendricks,» Mrs. March broke in upon me, with defiance in her eye; and she flung out the whole fact with a rapidity of utterance that would have left far behind any attempt of mine. But I made no attempt to compete with her; I contented myself with a sarcastic silence which I could see daunted her a little at last.

«And all that we 've done, my dear fellow,» —I took in irony the word she left to me,— «is to load ourselves up with these two impossible people, to go their security to destiny, and answer for their having a good time. We 're in luck.»

«Why, I don't know,» said Kendricks, and I could see that his fancy was beginning to play with the situation; «I don't see why it is n't a charming scheme.»



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

«‹WE WERE JUST TALKING OF YOU,› SAID MRS. MARCH.»

«Of course it is,» cried Mrs. March, taking a little heart from his courage.

«We can't make out yet whether the girl is interesting,» I put in maliciously.

«That is what *you* say,» said my wife. «She is very shy, and of course she would n't show out her real nature to you. I found her *very* interesting.»

«Now, Isabel!» I protested.

«She is fascinating,» the perverse woman persisted. «She has a fascinating dullness.»

Kendricks laughed and I jeered at this complex characterization.

«You make me impatient to judge for myself,» he said.

«Will you go with me to call upon them this evening?» asked Mrs. March.

«I shall be delighted. And you can count upon me to aid and abet you in your generous conspiracy, Mrs. March, to the best of my ability. There 's nothing I should like better than to help you—»

«Throw ‹dust in her beautiful eyes,›» I quoted.

«Not at all,» said my wife. «But to spread a beatific haze over everything, so that as long as she stays in Saratoga she shall see life rose-color. Of course you may say that it 's a kind of deception—»

«Not at all!» cried the young fellow in his turn. «We will make it reality. Then there will be no harm in it.»

«What a jesuitical casuist! You had better read what Cardinal Newman says in his ‹Apologia› about lying, young man.»

Neither of them minded me, for just then

there was a stir of drapery round the corner of the piazza from where we were sitting, and the next moment Mrs. Deering and Miss Gage showed themselves.

«We were just talking of you,» said Mrs. March. «May I present our friend Mr. Kendricks, Mrs. Deering? And Miss Gage?»

At sight of the young man, so well dressed and good-looking, who bowed so prettily to her, and then bustled to place chairs for them, a certain cloud seemed to lift from Miss Gage's beautiful face, and to be at least partly broken on Mrs. Deering's visage. I began to talk to the girl, and she answered in good spirits, and with more apparent interest in my conversation than she had yet shown, while Kendricks very properly devoted himself to the other ladies. Both his eyes were on them, but I felt that he had a third somehow upon her, and that the smallest fact of her beauty and grace was not lost upon him. I knew that her rich, tender voice was doing its work, too, through the commonplaces she vouchsafed to me. There was a moment when I saw him lift a questioning eyebrow upon Mrs. March, and saw her answer with a fleeting frown of affirmation. I cannot tell just how it was that, before he left us, his chair was on the other side of Miss Gage's, and I was eliminated from the dialogue. These are the secrets of youth, which we lose as we live on.

He did not stay too long. There was another tableau of him on foot, taking leave of Mrs. March, with a high hand-shake, which had then lately come in, and which I saw the girl note, and then bowing to her and to Mrs. Deering.

«Don't forget,» my wife called after him, with a ready invention not lost on his quick intelligence, «that you 're going to the concert with us after tea. Eight o'clock, remember.»

«You may be sure I shall remember *that*,» he returned gaily.

IX.

THE countenances of the two ladies fell instantly when he was gone. «Mrs. March,» said Mrs. Deering, with a nervous tremor, «did Mr. March get us those rooms at the Grand Union?»

«No—no,» my wife began, and she made a little pause, as if to gather plausibility. «The Grand Union was very full, and he thought that at the States—»

«Because,» said Mrs. Deering, «I don't know that we shall trouble him, after all. Mr. Deering is n't very well, and I guess we have got to go home—»

«*Go home!*» Mrs. March echoed, and her voice was a tone-scene of a toppling hope and a wide-spread desolation. «Why, you must n't!»

«We must, I guess. It had begun to be very pleasant, and—I guess I have got to go. I can't feel easy about him.»

«Why, of course,» Mrs. March now assented, and she waved her fan thoughtfully before her face. I knew what she was thinking of, and I looked at Miss Gage, who had involuntarily taken the pose and expression of the moment when I first saw her at the kiosk in Congress Park. «And Miss Gage?»

«Oh, yes; I must go, too,» said the girl, wistfully, forlornly. She had tears in her voice, tears of despair and vexation, I should have said.

«That 's too bad,» said Mrs. March, and, as she did not offer any solution of the matter, I thought it rather heartless of her to go on and rub it in. «And we were just planning some things we could do together.»

«It can't be helped now,» returned the girl.

«But we shall see you again before you go?» Mrs. March asked of both.

«Well, I don't know,» said the girl, with a look at Mrs. Deering, who now said:

«I guess so. We 'll let you know when we 're going.» And they got away rather stiffly.

«Why in the world, my dear,» I asked, «if you were n't going to promote their stay, need you prolong the agony of their acquaintance?»

«Did you feel that about it, too? Well, I wanted to ask you first if you thought it would do.»

«What do?»

«You know; get her a room here. Because if we do we shall have her literally on our hands as long as we are here. We shall have to have the whole care and responsibility of her, and I wanted you to feel just what you were going in for. You know very well I can't do things by halves, and that if I undertake to chaperon this girl I shall chaperon her—»

«To the bitter end. Yes; I understand the conditions of your uncompromising conscience. But I don't believe it will be any such killing matter. There are other semi-detached girls in the house; she could go round with them.»

We talked on, and, as sometimes happens, we convinced each other so thoroughly that she came to my ground and I went to hers. Then it was easier for us to come together, and after making me go to the clerk, and find out that he had a vacant room, Mrs. March

agreed with me that it would not do at all to have Miss Gage stay with us; the fact that there was a vacant room seemed to settle the question.

We were still congratulating ourselves on our escape when Mrs. Deering suddenly reappeared round our corner of the veranda. She was alone, and she looked excited.

«Oh, it is n't anything,» she said in answer to the alarm that showed itself in Mrs. March's face at sight of her. «I hope you won't think it 's too presuming, Mrs. March, and I want you to believe that it 's something I have thought of by myself, and that Julia would n't have let me come if she had dreamed of such a thing. I do hate so to take her back with me, now that she 's begun to have a good time, and I was wondering—wondering whether it would be asking too much if I tried to get her a room here. I should n't exactly like to leave her in the hotel alone, though I suppose it would be perfectly proper; but Mr. Deering found out when he was trying to get rooms before that there were some young ladies staying by themselves here, and I did n't want to ask the clerk for a room unless you felt just right about it.»

«Why, of course, Mrs. Deering. It 's a public house, like any other, and you have as much right—»

«But I did n't want you to think that I would do it without asking you, and if it is going to be the least bit of trouble to you—» The poor thing while she talked stood leaning anxiously over toward Mrs. March, who had risen, and pressing the points of her fingers nervously together.

«It won't, Mrs. Deering. It will be nothing but pleasure. Why, certainly. I shall be delighted to have Miss Gage here, and anything that Mr. March and I can do— Why, we had just been talking of it, and Mr. March has this minute got back from seeing the clerk, and she can have a very nice room. We had been intending to speak to you about it as soon as we saw you.»

I do not know whether this was quite true or not, but I was glad Mrs. March said it, from the effect it had with Mrs. Deering. Tears of relief came into her eyes, and she said: «Then I can go home in the morning. I was going to stay on a day or two longer, on Julia's account, but I did n't feel just right about Mr. Deering, and now I won't have to.»

There followed a flutter of polite offers and refusals, acknowledgments and disavowals, and an understanding that I would arrange it all, and that we would come to Mrs. Deering's hotel after supper and see Miss Gage about the when and the how of her coming to us.

«Well, Isabel,» I said, after it was all over, and Mrs. Deering had vanished in a mist of happy tears, «I suppose this is what you call perfectly providential. Do you really believe that Miss Gage did n't send her back?»

«I know she did n't. But I know that she *had* to do it, just the same as if Miss Gage had driven her at the point of the bayonet.»

I laughed at this tragical image. «Can she be such a terror?»

«She is an ideal. And Mrs. Deering is as afraid as death of her. Of course she has to live up to her. It 's probably been the struggle of her life, and I can quite imagine her letting her husband die before she would take Miss Gage back unless she went back satisfied.»

«I don't believe I can imagine so much as that exactly, but I can imagine her being afraid of Miss Gage's taking it out of her somehow. Now she will take it out of us. I hope you realize that you 've done it now, my dear. To be sure, you will have all your life to repent of your rashness.»

«I shall never repent,» Mrs. March retorted hardily. «It was the right thing, the only thing. We could n't have let that poor creature stay on, when she was so anxious to get back to her husband.»

«No.»

«And I confess, Basil, that I feel a little pity for that poor girl, too. It would have been cruel, it would have been fairly wicked, to let her go home so soon, and especially now.»

«Oh! And I suppose that by *especially now*, you mean Kendricks,» I said, and I laughed mockingly, as the novelists say. «How sick I am of this stale old love-business between young people! We ought to know better—we 're old enough; at least *you* are.»

She seemed not to feel the gibe. «Why, Basil,» she asked dreamily, «have n't you any romance left in you?»

«Romance? Bah! It 's the most ridiculous unreality in the world. If you had so much sympathy for that stupid girl, in her disappointment, why had n't you a little for that poor woman, in her anxiety about her sick husband? But a husband is nothing—when you have got him.»

«I did sympathize with her.»

«You did n't say so.»

«Well, she is only his second wife, and I don't suppose it 's anything serious. Did n't I really say anything to her?»

«Not a word. It is curious,» I went on,

«how we let this idiotic love-passion absorb us to the very last. It is wholly unimportant who marries who, or whether anybody marries at all. And yet we no sooner have the making of a love-affair within reach than we revert to the folly of our own youth, and abandon ourselves to it as if it were one of the great interests of life.»

«Who is talking about love? It is n't a question of that. It 's a question of making a girl have a pleasant time for a few days; and what is the harm of it? Girls have a dull enough time at the very best. My heart aches for them, and I shall never let a chance slip to help them, I don't care what you say.»

«Now, Isabel,» I returned, «don't you be a humbug. This is a perfectly plain case, and you are going in for a very risky affair with your eyes open. You shall not pretend you 're not.»

«Very well, then, if I am going into it with my eyes open, I shall look out that nothing happens.»

«And you think prevision will avail! I wish,» I said, «that instead of coming home that night, and telling you about this girl, I had confined my sentimentalizing to that young French-Canadian mother and her dirty little boy, who ate the peanut shells. I 've no doubt it was really a more tragical case. They looked dreadfully poor and squalid. Why could n't I have amused my idle fancy with their fortunes—the sort of husband and father they had, their shabby home, the struggle of their life? That is the appeal that a genuine person listens to. Nothing does more to stamp me a *poseur* than the fact that I preferred to bemoan myself for a sulky girl who seemed not to be having a good time.»

There was truth in my joking, but the truth did not save me; it lost me rather. «Yes,» said my wife; «it was your fault. I should never have seen anything in her if it had not been for you. It was your coming back and working me up about her that began the whole thing, and now if anything goes wrong you will have yourself to thank for it.»

She seized the opportunity of my having jestingly taken up this load to buckle it on me tight and fast, clasping it here, tying it there, and giving a final pull to the knots that left me scarcely the power to draw my breath, much less the breath to protest. I was forced to hear her say again that all her concern from the beginning was for Mrs. Deering, and that now, if she had offered to do something for Miss Gage, it was not because she cared anything for her, but because she cared everything for Mrs. Deering, who could never lift up her head again at De Witt Point if she went back so completely defeated in all the purposes she had in asking Miss Gage to come with her to Saratoga.



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

«(WILL IT DO?)»

I did not observe that this wave of compassion carried Mrs. March so far as to leave her stranded with Mrs. Deering that evening when we called with Kendricks, and asked her and Miss Gage to go with us to the Congress Park concert. Mrs. Deering said that she had to pack, that she did not feel just exactly like going; and my tender heart ached with a knowledge of her distress. Miss

Gage made a faint, false pretense of refusing to come with us, too; but Mrs. Deering urged her to go, and put on the new dress, which had just come home, so that Mrs. March could see it. The girl came back looking radiant, divine, and—«Will it do?» She palpitated under my wife's critical glance.

«Do? It will *out*do! I never saw anything like it!» The connoisseur patted it a little this way, and a little that. «It is a dream! Did the hat come, too?»

It appeared that the hat had come, too. Miss Gage rematerialized with it on, after a moment's evanescence, and looked at my wife with the expression of being something impersonal with a hat on.

«Simply, there is nothing to say!» cried Mrs. March. The girl put up her hands to it. «Good gracious! You must n't take it off! Your costume is perfect for the concert.»

«Is it really?» asked the girl, joyfully; and she seemed to find this the first fitting moment to say, for sole recognition of our self-sacrifice, «I 'm much obliged to you, Mr. March, for getting me that room.»

I begged her not to speak of it, and turned an ironical eye upon my wife; but she was lost in admiration of the hat.

«Yes,» she sighed; «it 's much better than the one I wanted you to get at first.» And she afterward explained that the girl seemed to have a perfect instinct for what went with her style.

Kendricks kept himself discreetly in the background, and, with his unfailing right feeling, was talking to Mrs. Deering, in spite of her not paying much attention to him. I must own that I too was absorbed in the spectacle of Miss Gage.

She went off with us, and did not say another word to Mrs. Deering about helping her pack. Perhaps this was best, though it seemed heartless; it may not have been so heartless as it seemed. I dare say it would have been more suffering to the woman if the girl had missed this chance.

(To be continued.)

William Dean Howells.

A DAY IN TOPHET.

THE story of the first Doddville—old Doddville, as its ex-residents always spoke of it—was full of pathos, the pathos of the prairie and of great skies, where snows drift and wild winds sweep, and humanity struggles against all the vast forces of earth and air to maintain its free gift of life.

The nucleus of the first town had been a small inland lake in Dakota. About it had been laid out (on paper) a city with wide streets and fine buildings, public and private. These never got beyond the paper period, but John Dodd's colony of old farming neighbors built a few cheap houses to begin with, and went to work, inspired by the optimism of his nature.

«We 're tied right into the wheat belt o' the great Northwest,» said he, «an' all you got to do is to git a crop planted. The railroad 'll be here afore you can cut it; it 's got to come. We 'll turn over a few crops an' git a ranch goin', an' by the time we do that you 'll see the boom rollin' right over the prairie toward us. We 're in the way, an' we 're goin' to git hit.»

But the first summer was dry and rainless. Crops that had burst from the new soil in rank richness were scorched and blighted by the heat. The lake grew weedy.

«I declare, John,» said Miranda, his wife, «I believe that there lake is dryin' up. I bet it ain't got no spring. 'Pears to me I can jes see it shrinking every time the cattle come down to drink. They 'll swallow it all afore winter.»

Her husband scouted the idea, but nevertheless looked anxiously at the ever-increasing strip of black, sun-baked mud around it, cracked apart by the heat and pockmarked with trampling hoofs. Day by day yesterday's hoof-marks dried out. They were probed by an anxious finger, and proved as dry as the dust of Pharaoh. Cattail flags stood like withered pipes of Pan in a crust that crumbled underfoot.

«The dod-blasted thing ain't even marshy,» he said to himself, moodily stalking about it when none was by to note his anxiety. But the lake did not vanish that year.

They made a living from their first crops—a living and no more. The winter was as bitter cold as the summer had been hot, and it was hard to winter their stock. The second

summer turned the prairie into a desert. The lake that was to become a summer resort, according to Dodd, became a mud-hole. Day by day the sun rose red and angry in the east, and smote the arid earth with hot rays like molten lashes. Alfred Bartell was sunstruck in his field; cattle died from thirst, and dropped their bony bodies in pastures where even the grass-roots were withered and sear.

Often, as if in mockery of their first ambition, a floating mirage would rise on the horizon—a lake, a city, with many roofs and slender spires and trees. Dodd used to nerve himself for a «mere-age,» as he called it.

«There 's yer summer resort, John, sailin' right down here. I bet she 's got the railroad an' the town hall an' the boom tailin' along after. Got the whole kit an' kitolic you laid out.»

«Wal, all I know is she 's be'n a blame long time gittin' here. Hope she 's come to stay.»

«Say, got a ladder, John? Le' 's climb inter Doddville afore she floats off like that there scheme o' yourn 'bout the lake an' the summer resort.»

Such remarks as these were hard to bear, but John Dodd bore them. In their own homes every family reviled him, and longed for the heaven of the past. Outside they flocked to him to bask in the sunshine of his hope. He knew it. He knew that, once away from the spell of his good humor and inspiring belief in the good time coming, he was the scapegoat on whom Doddville as a failure was saddled. But he stood behind his rude philosophy, and found comfort where other men would have faltered.

The second winter they burned twisted hay for fuel. Most of the stock that had survived the summer perished in a blizzard. Jacob Hatley, one of the seven original settlers, drove over to Claremont for supplies and news, and never came back. They found him after the first thaw sitting upright behind his dead horses, one of the span still standing. There was a little hollow south of the lake. He had driven into it and been buried by the drifting snow. In his pockets were January papers and letters with postmarks seven weeks old.

The little colony was discouraged. They talked their affairs over after Jake's funeral, and only the persuasive eloquence of their old leader kept them together. At the end of the third summer their resources were exhausted. «It 's now or never,» they said, and John Dodd agreed with them. So they left the little group of houses by the weedy basin that was not even a mud-hole then, and turned their faces eastward. They had seen enough of that dreadful horizon line, and no one cared to explore it. What parching suns had set in it! What marrow-chilling winds had blown out of it! What beautiful painted cities had hung against the dead level of its distance—cities that vanished like the hopes of the handful of settlers on the banks of the weedy little lake! No; not one man among them wanted any more West. Their cry was, «Eastward, ho!»

That was the story of the first Doddville. But, having left it and its miseries behind, Dodd, with the magic of his imagination and the infectious quality of his hope, presented the possibilities still in store for that stranded city in such a light that not a man among them but believed the boom *might* some day come, all Dakota bloom as a garden, and town lots in Doddville yet be worth two hundred cents on the dollar. At any rate, each man had «a house and lot» there, to say nothing of numerous acres; and government land was liable to draw interest, like a government bond, if it was only given time to mature.

A little before this the wonderful development of northern Michigan had first begun to be talked about. There was the «Soo,» with its fortunes being made every hour, according to the newspaper reports. All that vicinity, for a radius of any number of miles in any landward direction, was the Garden of Eden and the Mecca of dreams, if rumor could be depended upon. Mines were being opened with prodigious results. Its «natural resources,» as the papers called it, «hitherto overlooked in the great onward march of civilization, were now being developed by the union of capital and labor, offering to both opportunities for advancement not to be computed, much less matched, in any other part of the country.» Upon the strength of these representations thither moved Doddville, individually and in a body, guided as before by the visionary hopefulness of the founder of the first town. But this time they had better cause to follow. Dodd's shrewd and thrifty old father had died, and his few thousands had made a man of means of the stranded settler. He it was who selected the site and made the purchase of the necessary land, portioning it out «on time» to his followers.

«Why,» said he, on the day of the second Doddville's first inception, «riches is jes waitin' to be dug up or pulled down here. Look at the timber; we got to have a mill 'bout the first thing. Look at the soil; anything on God's earth 'll grow in it. Money jes floatin' 'roun' on top o' the groun', an' when you

fill the pockets in one suit o' clothes, buy another an' dig. You may be settin' right on a iron-mind fer all you know; an coal—you 're liable to kick your heel right into a coal-mind any day. I tell you, boys, we 've struck the place this time! Look out fer the townhall an' the school-house an' the meetin'-house; they 're comin', an' comin' a-runnin'.»

It seemed this time as if fortune had favored them. The railroad came through. It brought business; it brought more settlers; they brought their children; the children needed a school-house; it was built. Dodd put up a cheap mill, and cut the timber into boards for the new buildings. They were all of pine—pine that had grown in the ground upon which it was finally nailed. They had a hotel, a post-office, a railroad station, and two stores for general merchandise. A big firm from Chicago built a lean-to against one of the stores, and sheltered farm machinery under it, and four or five saloons did a brisk business. The new Doddville had taken root, and the residents from the old town still spoke of their «property» in Dakota, and were looked upon as people of importance who had wide business interests. The two widows whose husbands had been slain by the elementary enemies of the prairie, heat and cold, married again on the strength of their «claims» in the West. And, struggling through the time when they all «swapped work» to get started, and no man except John Dodd had anything but his debts and his expectations, they worked into the time when prosperity had arrived and fortune smiled and Doddville was going to celebrate her third birthday.

«She 's comin' in under the wire a neck ahead o' every filly in her class,» said her founder, «an' 〈The Doddville Weekly Boomer〉 is goin' to show her paces to some o' the towns that 's be'n runnin' agi'n' her, an' they 're goin' to feel pretty cheap; they 're out o' sight in the dust from our heels. Ain't one on 'em got a paper ner a bank ner a fire department. Their Fourth o' July is goin' to look pretty measly 'longside o' our Fourth o' July an' Christmas *an'* birthday all celebrated together. But they can come an' look on an' feel mean. We 're willin'. We 'll invite 'em. *We* ain't stuck up none if we air han'some an' sassy an' way up in the high notes.»

It was quite true that Doddville possessed all the improvements claimed for her by her vaporing parent. The fact that the bank was not fashionably housed, but consisted of a ten by twelve foot room, furnished with a plank counter and a second-hand safe with the combination out of order, did not alter the opulent sound of the statement when it was put into print and read by outsiders. John Dodd knew the worth of advertising, and he had started «The Doddville Weekly Boomer» by offering a tramp editor going from the «Soo» to St. Paul on a «tie pass» the privilege of a room rent-free, and all expenses of publication for the first year. The «Boomer» came out on a crank press, and its foreign news consisted largely of mythological telegrams from the «Soo,» Chicago, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, in which the «boom» in those cities was reported as being in a state of collapse, owing to the unprecedented rise of property in Doddville, and the consequent migration of their respective populations to the «new Jerusalem of Michigan.»

The crank press was second-hand, and so were the Associated Press despatches. In fact, everything about that enterprising sheet except its «ads.» and its «eds.» was cribbed without giving credit. Its «ads.» were printed big for two reasons: one was to give each patron the satisfaction of seeing himself in big type, so that he could feel that he had his money's worth, and the other was because there were few patrons and much space, and big type spread out most. Its «eds.» were lurid fictions about the increase of population in Doddville, its manifold improvements, its enterprise, its wealth, its salubrious climate, its general blessedness.

«Stick 'em up, Elihu,» said Dodd. «We 'll make 'em feel sick. We don't have no plain boys an' girls born in this town; they 're all twins. Say, I 've got an ole brown hen comin' off this week with fourteen chicks, if they ain't none o' the eggs addled. You might jes say there air rumors of the expected arrival of a family o' fourteen. We don't say fourteen *what*. It 'll read good; set 'er up.»

The fire department of the town was conducted on much the same principle—or lack of it—as the bank and the paper. John Dodd, who had the privilege of all the exchanges in the «Boomer» office, and who daily labored through the «ads.,» had discovered a fire-engine offered for sale in Minnewaugen. It had been in use twenty years, but was in good working order, and could be had cheap on time. John Dodd visited the place and bought the engine. Nobody knew just how much he paid for it, but his friends were safe in assuming that it was a bargain. The engine had been new when Minnewaugen was young, and had been named after its first mayor, Andrew Cox. It still retained the name, and was spoken of familiarly by all the townspeople in its new home as «Andrew.» All the able-bodied citi-

zens of Doddville formed the department, for every man had volunteered, and all had been accepted. The young men who first «fired Andrew up» had narrowly missed blowing him and themselves up together; but that danger had been averted by practice, and the whole town was proud of its fire department, which was only another way of saying it was proud of itself.

The «Boomer» at once turned a stream of brag and bombast and self-laudation upon neighboring settlements, based upon its new equipment in this line, that was incense to the noses of Doddville. It even patronized the towns up and down the line to the extent of remarking editorially that «in event of destructive conflagrations raging anywhere within reach by rail, it will be a matter of satisfaction to all the ‹Boomer's› distant readers—and their name is legion—to know that the energetic residents of our flourishing city can now send a special train, equipped with a fire-engine of the latest and most approved pattern, and manned by a department whose efficiency is not to be matched this side of Chicago, to the rescue.» This editorial concluded modestly: «Having placed ourselves in the front ranks of the world by our energy and enterprise, we are ever ready to share the results of our prudence and foresight,—the fruits of our industry, as it were,—with our less fortunate brothers who are denied the privilege of living and dying in Doddville. To all such we will send out our model fire department if they get on fire, at the same time remarking that it would be every way cheaper and better for them to move into our corporation before they catch. Those who are unable to avail themselves of this golden opportunity immediately can ameliorate their condition by advertising in the ‹Boomer.›»

This was the state of affairs in the summer of 1894. The first week in August Dodd began talking about a birthday celebration for the town. It would be three years old on the 3rd of the next month. The second week found everybody else talking about it. By the third week towns up and down the line were talking about it, and Doddville was working. Dodd even went to the editor and suggested advertising it as «Doddville's Centennial,» but Elihu took him over to the school-house, where the only dictionary in town was kept, and Webster and he together convinced Dodd that that idea was impracticable. By the 1st of September the town was measuring off her bunting, and the children were scouring the woods in search of pine boughs and green branches. The latter were hard to find, for everything was crisp and sear before its time. There had been no rain for two months, and a carpet of brown, tinder-like needles lay under the pines as deep as it would have been in December. There was a thick haze over everything, and the children said it «was real Indian-summery.»

The little school-teacher who had taught them the year before was showing them how to wind the garlands, and Bob White was helping her. People said if they were not engaged they would be pretty soon, for he had been «paying her attention» for nearly a year. The children used to tease her about his name, for it was what the quails said in the fields before rain. Some people thought it sounded more like «Mo-re wet! mo-re wet!» than it did like «Bob White! Bob White!» But the difference in sound all lay in the hearing, and whichever words the birds said, they brought nothing but blushes to the little teacher's face. There was never a cloud in the sky from week to week, and if the quails called for more wet they never got it.

Even Johnson's Creek, the little stream, half brook, half river, that ran past the town, held less than half its normal depth. It was shallow at the best, wide and stony in some places, and with deep pools in others. But the pools were far apart, and the water babbling by Doddville was hardly more than shoe-high. These waters had once been dammed below the town, and diverted into a wooden aqueduct to turn the mill-wheel. The sluice had been opened one morning, and that afternoon the children had picked trout out of the uncovered river-bed where the stream was carried around by the mill—beautiful, speckled trout, flapping and gasping in little muddy puddles drying quickly in the sun. The town feasted on them for two days, gathered up like ripe plums from the turf. But the next spring, when the snows melted in the woods, and the freshet and the logs came down together, the two forces had split the dam like paper, and it had never been rebuilt. The little mill thereafter worked by steam, with any amount of fuel to be had for nothing at its doors—for nothing, or the gathering only.

Disquieting reports reached Doddville on the evening of the 1st. The afternoon train had brought news of a great forest fire raging over toward the northwest. Late in the evening, as the little school-teacher and Bob White and several of the young people were at work on garlands in the school-house, the telegraph operator came over; he was a young man, and had been missed. He said he had taken a passing message off the wires to the effect

that Centerville and Milltown, seventy and seventy-eight miles away respectively, had been destroyed by fire. A great many lives had been lost in Centerville.

«Have you told Dodd?»

«No; I 'm just going over.»

«Seems to me the smoke is getting dreadful thick here,» said Annie Johnson, a pretty, yellow-haired girl who showed her Norse descent in her complexion.

«Pshaw! You 're nervous, Annie,» said a young fellow, reassuringly; «the wind is from the southeast, and that fire up north could n't get here if it tried.»

The young telegraph operator went over and told Dodd. Everybody looked to him for advice in time of need, because they knew he was honest about everything but his town, and they forgave him for lying about that. Moreover, he was shrewd and far-seeing, and a man of affairs and experience. His ungrammatical sentences had meaning in them, and so great was the faith the town felt for its father and founder that Elihu, who had once sounded the place on the question of establishing a mayor and common council, and incorporating as a city, said there would not need to be an election for the chief office except just for form, as there would only be one candidate for mayor, and his name would be John Dodd.

«You can be governor if you just work it right,» said Elihu, in the full flame of his zeal and conviction that night—«governor of the State of Michigan, sir!» Whereupon Dodd had remarked carelessly:

«Wal, I was born a Michigander, an' if I ain't always lived in the ole State, I guess I 'm eligeeable all right enough for 'most any office she 's got.» But on going out of the *sanctum sanctorum* that night he had returned for a moment, thrust his head in at the door, and winked a ponderous, crafty wink at the editor full of guile and subtility. Then he had creaked down the steep stairs, with their litter of dirt and dusty rubbish, congratulating himself that he had been very sly and foxy.

«I did n't say a word,» he chuckled, «but Elihu knows I 'm on to that there governor racket—on to it with both feet.»

This was innocent vanity, full of the secrecy of that probing finger in Dakota. But to-night he said to the telegraph operator, with the same veiling of his secret thoughts: «Oh, we 're all right. The wind 's in the sou'east, an' it looks to me 's if we was goin' to git rain, anyhow.»

After the young man had gone he said to his eldest son.

«Jim, you sneak 'roun' to the ingine-house an' fire up Andrew.»

The news of the destruction of towns so close at hand traveled from house to house. Tired women, who had exhausted themselves in the preparation of food for the coming celebration, heard it over their hot stoves, and felt their hearts sink with sympathy. Miranda Dodd turned a flushed and heated face toward her husband, and after he had told her the news took off the lid of her stove and put in more wood. How the pitchy pine snapped and crackled! How quickly it caught, and how fast it burned! She was baking bread and cake. Every oven in Doddville that night was hot with the hospitality of its people. She looked at her husband in the firelight which flickered on both their faces, and as she looked she wiped her floury hands on her clean calico apron. The night was warm and the little kitchen was insufferably hot, but the look of that fire, roaring under control in the stove, and their unspoken thoughts, made them both shiver.

John Dodd had always been light-hearted, looking on the bright side of a dark life because he was healthy, had a good digestion, normal nerves, and had been endowed by nature and his parents with a good disposition. He was honestly loving and uniformly kind to his family, but not demonstrative. To-night, as his wife stood before him in the firelight, a wholesome, healthy-looking woman just approaching middle life, he put his arm about her waist and kissed her. That kiss frightened Miranda Dodd more than any rumors could have done. He had not kissed her like that since the night before their only little girl had died ten years ago—their little Martha. He knew the odds were against her recovery, and he had kissed his child's mother with that same solemn tenderness then—a tenderness that meant so much: memories of happiness and trials shared, and of life together—a life that had stretched over many years (for they had married young), and reached out into the presence of death. Tired as she was, Miranda Dodd did not sleep that night. Few people did in Doddville.

In the little school-house the young folks and some of their elders sat among the garlands, and tried mechanically to continue making them, or to make merry. Some one brought a flute, and one of the young men played an accordion. They tried to dance, but soon abandoned the amusement, for it was not amusing. The smoke was thick, even with the wind blowing softly from the southeast, and John Dodd, wandering about with his hands

in his pockets, wondered where it came from. He concluded that there must be fires south of them that had not been reported. The sky had a peculiar look, a luminous, weird, unusual look, that he knew was the light of distant conflagrations shining upon their own smoke, and reflected on a thick, atmospheric darkness. At about midnight it seemed to be brighter, though the wind had not changed, and he concluded it was time to do something. So some of the older men got out their teams and their plows, and with the aid of lanterns carried ahead, began their work. In the darkness they plowed strips on the farther side of field fences, where they could get at them; for each man wished to save his fence, and each thought that would do it. Some of the women laid their quilts and blankets out near their rain-barrels, to have them handy for wetting and laying on the roofs. Thus the night passed with no nearer developments, and the southeast wind blew softly.

Early on the morning of the 2d the sun looked like a harvest moon, the haze was so thick. But about nine o'clock it lifted perceptibly. The wind veered round to the west; it seemed to blow the smoke away. Discontinued preparations were renewed, and John Dodd went about cheering up the town.

«We 're goin' to celebrate,» he said; «we 're goin' to git in our celebration all right. Things looked a little scaly last night, but everything 's O. K. now. Pitch into your pies, girls, else the boys ain't goin' to have no chance to pitch into 'em later. Some folks wrote me last week they 'd be up on the afternoon train, an' we 'll git in our fireworks all right to-night.»

That was the way John Dodd talked, and for a while that was the way he felt: but he kept a close watch on the weathercock on his barn.

«If you ain't the wobblest weathercock *I* ever seen!» he said, apostrophizing it savagely. «If I 'd 'a' knew you was sich a oncertain critter you could 'a' waited one while afore I set you up onter *my* barn ter flippity-flop like an ole hen in the dust!»

It was just ten o'clock when the young telegraph-operator came running down the main street. People hurried out of their stores and houses and looked after him, or ran after him, as he rushed into John Dodd's yard. John met him at the door.

«They 're fighting fire at Tracy,» shouted the younger man.

Dodd looked at him and then at his weathercock.

«You be damned!» he said quietly.

The operator knew this was only a figure of speech, and he laughed hysterically.

«I *am* damned, Mr. Dodd, and so are you, and so is everybody. And we 're going to get a taste of damnation here before the day is out, or my name is Mud.»

There were fields and timber between Tracy and Doddville, fifteen miles of both, with occasional farms and farm-houses in their clearings between. And, gathering down on these and everything lying in that direction, fanned by winds that had veered from all points, and now united to blow the northwest fires in the big timber straight that way, came the flames. Near the earth they ran, like a hissing, knee-high wave, scorching the beach it combed over. This was in the fields. In the timber the knee-high wave no longer ran, combing low: it vaulted; it leaped upon the winds like witches upon broomsticks, and swooped ahead. Fiery darts arose like arrows out of consuming forests, and swept hurtling through the smoke, to fall half a mile in advance. Each lighted a little conflagration of its own—one spark, a dozen, a snapping ring around a growing circle left charred and black, hurrying up in small fury, flaring, gone; swallowed by the tidal wave behind as a floating weed would be swallowed by the sea. And men had plowed in the dark the night before, thinking to save their fences by a little belt of overturned sod!

There were dreadful sounds ascending upon this fire-storm. Inanimate things shivered before it, and leaned and tugged at their earth-bound roots to escape. A belt of reeds in a drought-dried swamp clashed their hollow tubes together, rattling against one another in a frenzy of fright, flamed, flashed, vanished. Lily bulbs baked in the earth and popped into dusty nothingness. Trees creaked and groaned and writhed under the consuming breath; their stalwart arms turned to burning brands, blazed, dropped, disappeared; their vital saps evaporated in fainting steam escaping from charred and dying stumps and trunks like the last breath from a sensate frame. The very stones of the fields crumbled and fell apart, and little snaps and popping explosions, like small musketry in a battle, rose in sharp diverberation above the muffling roar that smothered sound and life alike.

The fierce tongues licking up the pine-needles played between jaws of heat, cracking the boughs that bore them. The flames roared and bellowed; they clapped their wicked hands; they flapped their fiery wings in the wind like some horrid monster, part beast, part demon, part bird, rejoicing devilishly over its evil work. The four winds gathered from the four corners of the earth,

and blew upon them with cracking cheeks and blistering lips. Red-hot fire, that had snapped and flickered and wavered like little serpents' tongues before, leaped into tall pillars then, and waltzed with the winds to a terrible drumming roar ascending out of the vortex. Choking smoke belched up as if from a dragon's mouth, and winds and smoke and fire twisted together in mad confusion, and whirled and leaped and danced like the first riotings of chaos. Under their hot feet the world slipped by; peaceful autumn fields and homes before: ashes, and black ruin, and obliteration behind. Desolation traveled in a trailing cloud.

Everything was confusion in the doomed little town. No more preparation for the celebration; no more watching weathercocks. John Dodd rushed into the street, giving orders as he ran.

«Git out the ingine, boys! Pump the cistern out on to the houses and then hitch on to the crick. Git a move on to you, now! They 're fightin' fire at Tracy, an' the wind 's plum' from the northwest. Nothin' but God's mercy an' our own git up an' dust, or git up an' wet, is goin' to keep Doddville on this earth!»

Men and women worked together. At first they worked for houses and homes; then they worked for lives. The smoke came down thicker and more suffocating. The wind blew it into their lungs with every laboring breath; it blew it into their nostrils and crowded back the breath; and driven before the dreadful threatening of this thick, hot wind, wild creatures of the woods abandoned their forest homes, and fled into the clearings and into the village itself, fearless of their ancient enemy in face of the common danger menacing all their world. A doe and a fawn went bounding through the streets, leaping toward that stream that could not save them. A brown bear swung into a gate and lumbered into the open door of a house already deserted; the dog that whined and howled upon the doorstep did not dispute his entrance. Horses that had been left tied in the streets quivered and snorted and crouched in their harness before their plunging terror broke the straps that bound them; then they ran clattering through roads and yards, masterless, frenzied, seeking their smoking stables at last, and neighing in response to the half-human screams of their perishing fellows within. The heat was growing greater and greater, a thick, suffocating heat that filled the lungs like cotton wool. Burning brands were riding the furnace-like blast and dropping upon buildings. One fell on the school-house; another dropped into a lumber pile; they smoked, they smoldered, they blazed. The air was full of sparks and of a mighty roaring. This awful roar sounded like a passing tornado—no; like a coming tornado—like a dozen tornadoes coming. It was useless to think of saving the town; the question now became, How shall human life be saved?

«The 'leven forty-five train!» shouted Dodd. «It 's due—it 's the only way out—if it comes. Run for your lives! Run fer the station!»

A few heard; a few obeyed. Then, in the face of the utter hopelessness of saving the town, his pet, his pride, his darling, for a moment John Dodd went mad.

«Miranda,» he said hoarsely to his wife, «if God burns this town I hope he 'll burn me with it!»

His wife flung her arms about his neck for a moment as he stood rigid and unresponsive before her, and cried in a dreadful voice—a voice that haunted him long after:

«John, John, don't say that! It 's a sin—a sin for punishment! Oh, John!»

Her voice, her face, restored him to calmness.

«There, Miranda; don't fret. You run to the station, and I 'll come along in a minute. I 've got to tell the folks first.»

They parted, she to gather her two youngest boys against her bursting, motherly heart for a moment, and then to flee away with them, but not to the depot.

«We must get your sister's picture first,» she cried to them; «there is time.» But there was not time.

John Dodd rushed along the street, yelling:

«To the train! Run to the train! Run fer your lives!»

The woman whose first husband he had helped to bury so many weeks after the snow had been his sexton tore past him, screeching in a terrible voice. She was a tall woman, with black hair and eyes, and had been educated in some little Ohio seminary. Her arms were flung above her head, where her wild locks streamed in tangles; her eyes were wide, her teeth were bare.

«Run to the train, Hattie! run to the train!» he shouted; and passing each other swiftly in the thick smoke and horror, he did not see that she was on fire, and that sparks were in her thick hair. She disappeared in the smoke, stark mad, shrilling in her agony. Terrible cries, human and brutish, assailed the ear on every side.

Coming back, he found his eldest boy at his post.

«Run, Jimmie!» he cried; «you can't do

nothin' now. It 's no use; we got to be wiped out. Run to the train! Your mother an' the boys has gone.»

Jimmie ran a few steps toward the depot, and then, fancying he saw his mother through the smoke in the street, he turned and ran in that direction. A shrill whistling broke piercingly upon the ear. The train was coming.

John Dodd delayed only a moment longer, stopping to kick away a brand that had fallen upon the hose. The rubber was old and rotten, and had sprung a leak in places, and the water was spurting out.

«It 's no use, Andrew,» he said mournfully to the little engine. «You done noble, an' no ingine could 'a' done better; but it 's all up. You could keep on pumpin' until you bust an' 't would n't save us. You 're a mighty good little machine, and I hate like sixty to leave you in this Tophet, but it 's got to be did. I 'll jes turn this here snozzle on to Mis' Wilson's flower-bed. If you can save a posy, Andy, I 'll pick it out o' hell to-morrow.»

A LITTLE while before this the little teacher had been sitting in her school-room, surrounded by her garlands and three little ones whose parents were away. Bob White had told her to wait there until he came for her. They had learned each other's hearts through the long night before, and the thought of that great happiness lifted her fainting soul as the smoke grew thicker and the sparks and cinders began to blow upon the place. The children were screaming and crying with fright, and, in her forgetfulness of self, and her knowledge of the great new love, she tried to solace them. She is twice a heroine who forgets herself and believes in a man's love. Presently he came running up.

«Allie, Allie, this roof is all in a blaze!» He gathered her into his arms for a moment and kissed her as they stood upon the threshold. «We must run for the train—it 's the only hope.»

«But the children, Bob! the children! They can't run!»

«They must. Here, give them to me. Come as fast as you can, and I will come back for you.»

He gathered the youngest child into his lusty young arms, seized the oldest by the hand, and rushed away. The child left with the little teacher was five years old—a big, healthy child. She tried to run, but fright had half paralyzed her. She was too big to be carried. Alice knelt beside her, and said as calmly as possible, though the tears were streaming from her smarting eyes and she was half blinded:

«Listen, Totty. Look at teacher and listen to her. You *must run!* I am not strong enough to carry you.» And then, in the contradiction of despair, she turned her shoulder to the sobbing child.

«Climb upon my back, Totty darling. I can carry you; I will try to; I will not leave you.»

The child clutched her about the throat, and the little teacher staggered to her feet. A frightened dog—Bob's dog—crowded against her, and looked up with imploring eyes. She felt so weak, so frail, to buffet against this tempest of fire, but she struggled on. Bob would meet her in a moment. The whistle screeched madly, the locomotive bell clanged furiously. She was almost there. Gasping, choking, suffocating, she tottered forward. Here was Bob.

«My God, my God, Allie! the train has gone!»

IT was the third of September. A half-dozen men had toiled back to Doddville on a hand-car, which they had carried around burned bridges, and lifted over places where the heat had warped and twisted the iron rails. They had gone out of the burning town the day before on that fire-girt train, and had had such a ride as never men lived through before. They could not tell of it yet.

Those of them who came through were burned and blistered with the fire. Some who started from the little burning station had seen the waving hands of delirium beckoning from the consuming forests, and had plunged headlong from the train to awful destruction. The conductor was a raving maniac. The engineer was a blistered hero. They had all been through the fire.

«This ought to be Doddville,» said some one. They had come to a charred bit of switch and two or three bent and crooked bunches of wheels showing where freight-cars had been burned.

«It ought to be, but it ain't,» said John Dodd. «This is ruin and Deathville.»

Small need to recount what they found among the ashen ruins—ghastly finds, but not a living thing. Not one living thing? Yes, one: one unharmed little flower growing in Mis' Wilson's dooryard—just one flower, unscorched, unburned, in the soaked and cinder-covered bed. A bit of shining brass hard by showed where the brave little engine had perished at its post. The little flower had survived amidst the wreck of things human and man-made, the one living thing left to celebrate the birthday. John Dodd picked it and held it in his shaking hand. The afternoon

sun shone brightly through the spiky forest of naked and lifeless trees, and one of them, as the golden globe sank lower, pointed upward like a black finger and barred across it. One by one the men, with white, sick faces, had gathered about John Dodd. One sat upon a charred log, with his elbows upon his knees and his face in his hands. He had seen his dead, or what he thought to be his dead; no man knew his own in that awful place. They were all in ragged and tattered clothing, and not one but had many burns. Some of the more serious hurts were bandaged, but the man who sat upon the log wore his injuries like medals, or crosses of the Legion of Honor. He had saved many lives, and had thought he had saved his family, but he alone remained of all who bore his name. He refused scornfully to have his hurts bandaged.

«Let 'em alone!» he had said roughly; adding significantly, «*I 'm* not burned. These spots don't hurt!»

All stood, or sat, or slouched about John Dodd. Each man had the attitude of one who, face to face with more than human hearts and hands could handle, did not know where to begin or what to do, and so did nothing. They looked dumbly at John Dodd for guidance.

«Boys,» said he, «I don't know what to say. I don't know what to tell ye to do. This is the third o' September—Doddville's birthday—er it was to 'a' be'n. It ain't nothin' now. No date, no town, no birthday. There ain't nothin' left to keep. You got your lives left an' that 's all. It 's all I 've got in the world. I don't know why I saved it; I did n't want it. It 's no use to me.»

His voice broke, but he went on falteringly, and the men looked moodily at him or at the ashen ground.

«I thought I saved it for some one that wanted it—but they 're gone, an' I 'm left. I 'm some like poor Mimy Johnson; she 's saved her body, but lost her mind an' her man and her babies. They 're gone 'long 'ith my wife an' my boys, an' yourn, an' the little school-ma'am an' Bob White, an' God only knows who yet. *We* don't know. My God!» His face contorted, and the corners of his wide mouth drew up in a ghastly grin of anguish; but he went on:

«I 've learned somethin', though, boys; I know a good many things I did n't know yesterday. I know they 's a heaven; I 've be'n in it right here with Miranda, an' Jimmie, an' the little chaps. I know they 's a hell, too; I 've be'n in it right here. You an' me is standin' on heaven an' hell right now. An' I know they 's a God, boys.» His voice broke and choked. «Boys, they was somethin' here yesterday to work so much bigger than a man, it must 'a' be'n a God. We could n't stand up ag'n' that power. Why, I left that little ingine, Andrew Cox, a-workin' away fit to bu'st hisself, a-tryin' his level best to save Doddville, an' this is all he saved—jes this. Nothin' else on top o' the groun'!»

He held up the flower, and the tears streamed from his bloodshot eyes. Tears were running down the hard, smoke-begrimed faces before him.

«I 'm done now. I feel as if yesterday was forever. I 've let go o' life. You 're all younger; maybe you can catch holt o' the handles ag'in, but I can't. I was a young man night afore las'; but I 'm stiff in the j'ints now an' weak in the knees. My idees is kind o' stiff, too, 's if I 'd be'n sleepin' like that Rip van Winkle feller the little school-ma'am tole the boys about. We got some things to do here—things they can't nobody else but us do. After that I 'm done. You 'll all catch holt somewheres—it 'll come to you; but John Dodd is done.»

Marion Manville Pope.



OZÈME'S HOLIDAY.



OZÈME often wondered why there was not a special dispensation of providence to do away with the necessity for work. There seemed to him so much created for man's enjoyment in this world, and so little time and opportunity to profit by it. To sit and do nothing but breathe was already a pleasure to Ozème; but to sit in the company of a few choice companions, including a sprinkling of ladies, was even a greater delight; and the joy which a day's hunting or fishing or picnicking afforded him is hardly to be described. Yet he was by no means indolent. He worked faithfully on the plantation the whole year long, in a sort of methodical way; but when the time came around for his annual week's holiday, there was no holding him back. It was often decidedly inconvenient for the planter that Ozème usually chose to take his holiday during some very busy season of the year.

He started out one morning in the beginning of October. He had borrowed Mr. Laballière's buckboard and Padue's old gray mare, and a harness from the negro Sévérin. He wore a light-blue suit which had been sent all the way from St. Louis, and which had cost him ten dollars; he had paid almost as much again for his boots; and his hat was a broad-rimmed gray felt which he had no cause to be ashamed of. When Ozème went « broading,» he dressed—well, regardless of cost. His eyes were blue and mild; his hair was light, and he wore it rather long; he was clean shaven, and really did not look his thirty-five years.

Ozème had laid his plans weeks beforehand. He was going visiting along Cane River; the mere contemplation thrilled him with pleasure. He counted upon reaching Frédeaus' about noon, and he would stop and dine there. Perhaps they would ask him to stay all night. He really did not hold to staying all night, and was not decided to accept if they did ask him. There were only the two old people, and he rather fancied the notion of pushing on to Beltrans', where he would stay a night, or even two, if urged. He was quite sure there would be something agreeable going on at Beltrans', with all those young people—perhaps a fish-fry, or possibly a ball!

Of course he would have to give a day to Tante Sophie and another to Cousine Victoire; but none to the St. Annes unless entreated—after St. Anne reproaching him last year with being a *fainéant* for broading at such a season! At Cloutierville, where he would linger as long as possible, he meant to turn and retrace his course, zigzagging back and forth across Cane River so as to take in the Duplans, the Velcours, and others that he could not at the moment recall. A week seemed to Ozème a very, very little while in which to crowd so much pleasure.

There were steam-gins at work; he could hear them whistling far and near. On both sides of the river the fields were white with cotton, and everybody in the world seemed busy but Ozème. This reflection did not distress or disturb him in the least; he pursued his way at peace with himself and his surroundings.

At Lamérie's cross-roads store, where he stopped to buy a cigar, he learned that there was no use heading for Frédeaus', as the two old people had gone to town for a lengthy visit, and the house was locked up. It was at Frédeaus' that Ozème had intended to dine.

He sat in the buckboard, given up to a moment or two of reflection. The result was that he turned away from the river, and entered the road that led between two fields back to the woods and into the heart of the country. He had determined upon taking a short cut to the Beltrans' plantation, and on the way he meant to keep an eye open for old Aunt Tildy's cabin, which he knew lay in some remote part of this cut-off. He remembered that Aunt Tildy could cook an excellent meal if she had the material at hand. He would induce her to fry him a chicken, drip a cup of coffee, and turn him out a pone of corn-bread, which he felt would be sumptuous enough fare for the occasion.

Aunt Tildy dwelt in the usual log cabin of one room, with its chimney of mud and sticks and its shallow gallery formed by the jutting of the roof. In close proximity to the cabin was a small cotton-field, which from a little distance looked like a field of snow. The cotton was bursting and overflowing foam-like from bolls on the drying stalk. On the lower branches it was hanging ragged and tattered, and much of it had already fallen to the ground. There were a few chinaberry-trees in the yard before the hut, and under one of them an ancient and rusty-looking mule was eating corn from a rude trough. Some com-

mon little creole chickens were scratching about the mule's feet and snatching at the grains of corn that occasionally fell from the trough.

Aunt Tildy was hobbling across the yard when Ozème drew up before the gate. One hand was confined in a sling; in the other she carried a tin pan, which she let fall noisily to the ground when she recognized him. She was broad, black, and misshapen, with her body bent forward almost at an acute angle. She wore a blue cottonade of large plaids, and a bandana awkwardly twisted around her head.

«Good land, man! Whar you come from?» was her startled exclamation at beholding him.

«F'om home, Aunt Tildy; w'ere else do you expec'?» replied Ozème, dismounting composedly.

He had not seen the old woman for several years—since she was cooking in town for the family with which he boarded at the time. She had washed and ironed for him, atrociously, it is true, but her intentions were beyond reproach if her washing was not. She had also been clumsily attentive to him during a spell of illness. He had paid her with an occasional bandana, a calico dress, or a checked apron, and they had always considered the account between themselves square, with no sentimental feeling of gratitude remaining on either side.

«I like to know,» remarked Ozème, as he took the gray mare from the shafts, and led her up to the trough where the mule was—«I like to know w'at you mean by makin' a crop like that an' then lettin' it go to was'e? Who you reckon 's goin' to pick that cotton? You think maybe the angels goin' to come down an' pick it fo' you, an' gin it an' press it, an' then give you ten cents a poun' fo' it, *hein?*»

«Ef de Lord don' pick it, I don' know who gwine pick it, Mista Ozème. I tell you, me an' Sandy we wuk dat crap day in an' day out; it 's him done de mos' of it.»

«Sandy? That little—»

«He ain' dat li'le Sandy no mo' w'at you ric'lec's; he 'mos' a man, an' he wuk like a man too. He wuk mo' 'an fittin' fo' his strenk, an' now he layin' in dah sick—God A'mighty knows how sick. An' me wid a risin' twell I 'bleeged to walk de flo' o' nights, an' don' know ef I ain' gwine to lose de han' atter all.»

«W'y, in the name o' conscience, you don' hire somebody to pick?»

«Whar I got money to hire? An' you knows well as me ev'y chick an' chile is pickin' roun' on de plantations an' gittin' good pay.»

The whole outlook appeared to Ozème very depressing, and even menacing, to his personal comfort and peace of mind. He foresaw no prospect of dinner unless he should cook it himself. And there was that Sandy—he remembered well the little scamp of eight, always at his grandmother's heels when she was cooking or washing. Of course he would have to go in and look at the boy, and no doubt dive into his traveling-bag for quinine, without which he never traveled.

Sandy was indeed very ill, consumed with fever. He lay on a cot covered up with a faded patchwork quilt. His eyes were half closed, and he was muttering and rambling on about hoeing and bedding and cleaning and thinning out the cotton; he was hauling it to the gin, wrangling about weight and bagging and ties and the price offered per pound. That bale or two of cotton had not only sent Sandy to bed, but had pursued him there, holding him through his fevered dreams, and threatening to end him. Ozème would never have known the black boy, he was so tall, so thin, and seemingly so wasted, lying there in bed.

«See yere, Aunt Tildy,» said Ozème, after he had, as was usual with him when in doubt, abandoned himself to a little reflection; «between us—you an' me—we got to manage to kill an' cook one o' those chickens I see scratchin' out yonda, fo' I 'm jus' about starved. I reckon you ain't got any quinine in the house? No; I did n' suppose an instant you had. Well, I 'm goin' to give Sandy a good dose o' quinine to-night, an' I 'm goin' stay an' see how that 'll work on 'im. But sun-up, min' you, I mus' get out o' yere.»

Ozème had spent more comfortable nights than the one passed in Aunt Tildy's bed, which she considerately abandoned to him.

In the morning Sandy's fever was somewhat abated, but had not taken a decided enough turn to justify Ozème in quitting him before noon, unless he was willing «to feel like a dog,» as he told himself. He appeared before Aunt Tildy stripped to the undershirt, and wearing his second-best pair of trousers.

«That 's a nice pickle o' fish you got me in, ol' woman. I guarantee, nex' time I go abroad, 't ain't me that 'll take any cut-off. W'ere 's that cotton-basket an' cotton-sack o' yo's?»

«I knowed it!» chanted Aunt Tildy—«I knowed de Lord war gwine sen' somebody to holp me out. He war n' gwine let de crap was'e atter he give Sandy an' me de strenk to make hit. De Lord gwine shove you 'long de row, Mista Ozème. De Lord gwine give you plenty mo' fingers an' han's to pick dat cotton nimble an' clean.»

«Neva you min' w'at the Lord 's goin' to do; go get me that cotton-sack. An' you put that poultice like I tol' you on yo' han', an' set down there an' watch Sandy. It looks like you are 'bout as helpless as a' ol' cow tangled up in a potato-vine.»

Ozème had not picked cotton for many years, and he took to it a little awkwardly at first; but by the time he had reached the end of the first row the old dexterity of youth had come back to his hands, which flew rapidly back and forth with the motion of a weaver's shuttle; and his ten fingers became really nimble in clutching the cotton from its dry shell. By noon he had gathered about fifty pounds. Sandy was not then quite so well as he had promised to be, and Ozème concluded to stay that day and one more night. If the boy were no better in the morning, he would go off in search of a doctor for him, and he himself would continue on down to Tante Sophie's; the Beltrans' was out of the question now.

Sandy hardly needed a doctor in the morning. Ozème's doctoring was beginning to tell favorably; but he would have considered it criminal indifference and negligence to go away and leave the boy to Aunt Tildy's awkward ministrations just at the critical moment when there was a turn for the better; so he stayed that day out, and picked his hundred and fifty pounds.

On the third day it looked like rain, and a heavy rain just then would mean a heavy loss for Aunt Tildy and Sandy, and Ozème again took to the field, this time urging Aunt Tildy before him to do what she might with her one sound hand.

«Aunt Tildy,» called out Ozème to the bent old woman moving ahead of him between the white rows of cotton, «if the Lord gets me safe out o' this ditch, 't ain't to-morrow I 'll fall in anotha with my eyes open, I bet you.»

«Keep along, Mista Ozème; don' grumble, don' stumble; de Lord 's a-watchin' you. Look at yo' Aunt Tildy; she doin' mo' wid her one han' 'an you doin' wid yo' two, man. Keep right along, honey. Watch dat cotton how it fallin' in yo' Aunt Tildy's bag.»

«I am watchin' you, ol' woman; you don' fool me. You got to work that han' o' yo's spryer than you doin', or I 'll take the rawhide. You done fo'got w'at the rawhide tas'e like, I reckon» — a reminder which amused Aunt Tildy so powerfully that her big negro laugh resounded over the whole cotton-patch, and even caused Sandy, who heard it, to turn in his bed.

The weather was still threatening on the succeeding day, and a sort of dogged determination or characteristic desire to see his undertakings carried to a satisfactory completion urged Ozème to continue his efforts to drag Aunt Tildy out of the mire into which circumstances seemed to have thrust her.

One night the rain did come, and began to beat softly on the roof of the old cabin. Sandy opened his eyes, which were no longer brilliant with the fever flame. «Granny,» he whispered, «de rain! Des listen, granny; de rain a-comin', an' I ain' pick dat cotton yit. W'at time it is? Gi' me my pants—I got to go—»

«You lay whar you is, chile alive. Dat cotton put aside clean and dry. Me an' de Lord an' Mista Ozème done pick dat cotton.»

Ozème drove away in the morning looking quite as spick and span as the day he left home in his blue suit and his light felt drawn a little over his eyes.

«You want to take care o' that boy,» he instructed Aunt Tildy at parting, «an' get 'im on his feet. An', let me tell you, the nex' time I start out to broad, if you see me passin' in this yere cut-off, put on yo' specs an' look at me good, because it won't be me; it 'll be my ghos', ol' woman.»

Indeed, Ozème, for some reason or other, felt quite shamefaced as he drove back to the plantation. When he emerged from the lane which he had entered the week before, and turned into the river road, Lamérie, standing in the store door, shouted out:

«*Hé*, Ozème! you had good times yonda? I bet you danced holes in the sole of them new boots.»

«Don't talk, Lamérie,» was Ozème's rather ambiguous reply, as he flourished the remainder of a whip over the old gray mare's sway-back, urging her to a gentle trot.

When he reached home, Bodé, one of Padue's boys, who was assisting him to unhitch, remarked:

«How come you did n' go yonda down the coas' like you said, Mista Ozème? Nobody did n' see you in Cloutierville, an' Mailitte say you neva cross' de twenty-fo'-mile ferry, an' nobody did n' see you no place.»

Ozème returned, after his customary moment of reflection:

«You see, it 's 'mos' always the same thing on Cane Riva, my boy; a man gets tired o' that *à la fin*. This time I went back in the woods, 'way yonda in the Frédeau cut-off; kin' o' campin' an' roughin' like, you might say. I tell you, it was sport, Bodé.»

Kate Chopin.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Portrait of a Public Enemy.

POPULAR government has no more deadly foe to-day than the party boss. He is, in fact, the destroyer of popular government, for he subverts it, and concentrates all its powers in himself. He controls all primaries and nominating conventions, either by the power of his machine, or by dishonest methods known as «packing» or «stuffing» the voting lists. All the candidates that go before the people for election are his men. He gets control of them by pledging them to his personal service before nomination, and by paying the expenses of their election, on condition that they shall do his bidding on taking office. He gets the money for these election expenses by «striking» or «assessing» corporations, which are at the mercy of State legislatures, promising in return to sell them only the kind of legislation that they desire. The people are cheated in both instances—in the nominations and elections, and in the legislation. The first beneficiary of this form of government is the boss, who takes possession of the governmental machinery and runs it as his private establishment.

Let us suppose for a moment that a boss should go before the people of the State openly with a proposition to elect him to the position which he holds now without an election. Suppose he were to say frankly: «You, the people, either through indifference or absorption in your private affairs, find the business of running your government a great burden—so great that you have about given up attempting to bear it. I propose that you change the form of it utterly. Make it an absolute monarchy, and vest all its powers in me, with the understanding that I shall run it for my personal advantage and that of my political machine, and that I shall render no accounting to anybody for my actions. I may levy blackmail, sell offices and legislation, and make such laws as please me without paying the slightest attention to the needs or wishes of the people.» How many votes would the boss who should make such a proposition receive at the polls? Would any boss venture to make the experiment? The dullest and most ignorant of them knows too much for that.

Why do the people submit quietly when the bosses do without permission what they would never be allowed to do were they to ask for the people's consent? There is no longer any doubt about what they do. It is so notorious that when it is spoken of everybody admits knowledge of it, but few express indignation about it. Occasionally some one confesses that he thinks it is very bad, but he supposes that so long as we have universal suffrage, and such a large ignorant vote, we must have bosses to attend to the business of organizing and directing our political forces; that somebody must do it for us, since we really have not time to do it for ourselves. As Lowell says, «We should not tolerate a packed jury which is to decide on the fate of a single man; yet we are content to leave the life of the nation at the mercy of a packed convention.» That is precisely what we are doing when we turn our government over to the bosses. They are, what Lowell calls them, the «flesh-flies that fatten on the sores of the body politic, and plant there the eggs of their disgustful and infectious progeny.» They seek to put the business of government into the hands of the least fit, and to administer it against the interests of the people by making it incompetent, extravagant, and corrupt. Nothing but the written constitutions of our States is able to obstruct their subverting progress. But for such a barrier in New York during the past year, the entire public service of the State would have been looted, in defiance of existing laws, to make additional spoils for a boss. The legislature, owned by him, was willing to override the laws, but it could not override the constitution. Yet the people had adopted that constitution only a few months before by a very large majority, thus expressing directly their wish in the matter. The boss paid not the slightest heed to that wish, but defied it in every way, seeking to break down the constitution, and ordering his legislature not to pass laws designed to carry into effect its provisions.

So long as bosses are tolerated there is little use in considering plans for municipal and other kinds of political reform. These are all based upon the assumption that we are living under a system of popular government, which is not the case. We are living under boss government, and the same results would be attained, in many instances, were we to dispense with legislatures and governors and mayors and other officials, and concentrate all the powers of these officials and bodies in the boss. It is really he who exercises them now. The State would save money in salaries by abolishing all other executive and legislative offices, and allowing him to carry on the government directly through his personal edicts. If this were to be done, the evils of the system would be so apparent that the people would make short work of it. They would see that the only pressing reform is the annihilation of the boss, and they would waste no time in talking about other reforms. That is what they must be aroused to do now. Until the boss is overthrown there is little use in trying to improve our forms of government. The best governmental machinery in the world, lodged in his hands, will accomplish little for the people. He it is who has lowered the standard of our legislative bodies, State and National, and made political life so unattractive to men of intelligence and character that few of them care to enter it.

We need throughout the country something like an anti-boss league, which shall consolidate all the reform forces of the land against this public enemy. Every moral and educational influence should join in this work. The colleges and schools should instruct their youth

against him, and the pulpit and press should attack him without ceasing. He is a thief and a robber, who comes, not in the night, but in broad daylight, and filches away our rights and liberties, our national good name, and our reputation as a people capable of self-government. If we have not the courage and patriotism necessary to enable us to cope successfully with an enemy of this character, then our condition is sad indeed.

A Little Rift within the Lute.

EVERY patriotic American must deprecate the growing feeling of irritation which is perceptible between the East and the West. That it is anything more than a temporary difference of view in matters of taste and opinion we do not believe. It is very like a quarrel or tiff between brothers, which, instead of indicating a lack of affection, really furnishes evidence of it. If they loved each other less they would agree much more easily. The appearance of a common enemy would unite them in closer union than ever.

Whatever discord there may be is due to a natural rivalry in power and strength. The young, vigorous, indomitable West resents the assumption of superiority which the older East is somewhat in the habit of wearing quite as a matter of course. The East, while heartily admiring the tremendous energy of the West, is sincerely alarmed by its disposition to defy the results of human experience in matters of great moment, and to say that its own strength is so abounding and inexhaustible that it can settle all questions for itself without regard to the rules and limitations which weaker states and nations have found to be necessary. From this it has come about that the West accuses the East of underestimating both its material and its intellectual strength, while the East suspects the West of giving itself over more and more each year to financial delusions which, if allowed to dominate our national policy, will bring us as a people to bankruptcy and ruin. The West, joined by the South, charges the East with intellectual arrogance, and with the intolerance of vast hoarded wealth, seeking only to perpetuate and magnify its power. The East declares that the West refuses even to listen to reason, and is bent upon having its own way without regard to consequences; that it opposes many things simply because the East favors them, there being an increasing desire in the West to do something to punish and humiliate the arrogant East.

There is nothing in this situation which is irremediable, but there is in it much that may lead to serious consequences unless something be done to bring the two sections to a better understanding of each other. At bottom each thoroughly appreciates the other. What is most needed is a full comprehension of the fact that the highest good of one is always the highest good of the other; that neither can suffer or prosper alone, but each must share its fortune with the other. The West cannot injure the East without injuring itself in equal measure. The enormous development and power of the West are the common glory of the whole country, and contribute to the strength and prosperity of the East. We are convinced that the more thoughtful minds in both sections comprehend these facts perfectly, and regret the irritation which a less clear perception of them causes in other minds.

Probably nothing ever did more to bring the East and the West together in national sentiment than the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. The whole country was justly proud of that, and no section was more ungrudging in its praise of it than the East. It was conceded frankly and heartily that Chicago had done what would not have been possible in New York or any other Eastern city, making not merely a world's fair, but a world's wonder. Western energy and dauntless daring were combined with a loftiness and breadth of artistic purpose to produce results which would have been impossible in an older civilization. As an experienced English observer said, «Not only was it the most wonderfully beautiful thing of the kind the world had ever seen, but it was likely to be the most wonderfully beautiful that ever would be seen; for no other nation would ever have the audacious courage to do again what Chicago did.» Yet this fair was merely the sublime outcome of one of the chief elements, if not the chief element, of Western progress—the public spirit of the people. They believe in their country, are proud of its wonderful growth and unbounded resources, and are determined to do everything in their power to add to its fame. This spirit is particularly strong in Western cities, and appeals to it are never made in vain. It makes possible the establishment on a firm and enduring basis of educational and artistic enterprises which find little cordial support in Eastern cities, and which lead there only a struggling and precarious existence. They are supported in Western cities because they will be a credit to the communities and will add to their fame. It would be an unspeakable boon to Eastern cities if this public spirit could be aroused in them.

But while the East ought to be, and in many respects is, willing to follow the more impulsive and progressive leadership of the West, it cannot consent to acquiesce in the financial folly which, with the notable exception of certain localities, has overspread that section of the country. There can be no greater folly than to think that the East can be injured by changing the money standard and destroying the national credit, while the West will not only escape unharmed, but will be benefited. This is not a matter of opinion, but of demonstrated experience. If the Western advocates of the free coinage of silver are right in their view, and the gold-standard men of the East are wrong in theirs, then all human experience since the dawn of civilization is wrong also. It must all be set aside, and the world begin anew, so far as economic principles and practice are concerned. To say that America is so great a country, so rich, so powerful, so capable of existing separate and distinct from the rest of the world, that she can make the world all over again on her own plan, is surely a folly if ever there was one. However it may be in other matters, it is not arrogance in the East to say there is only one side to this question, and that the people in the West and the South who take the other side are unenlightened or misguided; it is merely the statement of an incontestable truth. In every Western and Southern community, as a rule, the men who have to do with business and financial affairs know that the Eastern position is the only one that is safe, and

they are using their influence unceasingly to spread light among the people. That the people are misguided is not strange. In the first place, the subject is a difficult one to understand for all except a few minds with special bent for it, and, in the second place, unscrupulous politicians, seeking only present power, go about constantly disseminating error and prejudice. In the end the honest common sense of the people will assert itself, and this element of discord between the East and the West will pass away.

We believe firmly that all others will also pass away, and leave in their place a union all the stronger and more enduring because of their former existence. The East and the West are immeasurably more powerful together than either could ever be separately. The great qualities of both united in a common growth and development will make a far grander nation than those of either expanded to their utmost limit could produce. We want the energy and vigor and boundless enthusiasm of the West, we want its public spirit and its unshakable faith in the national glory and destiny; but we want with these elements the stability and conservatism of the East, and its respect for and determination to abide by the experience of mankind as the safest guide in human conduct. These elements united, as they must and will be, in a common and harmonious nationality will make us, what Mr. Bryce predicts in his latest edition of «The American Commonwealth» that we are destined to be, not only a nation that is powerful, and the wealth of whose citizens is prodigious, but a nation that is one in government, in speech, in character, and in ideas.

The Workingman's Support of International Arbitration.

THE movement in behalf of peace between nations appears to spring from something that looks like economic war, for among those who most stoutly demand the arbitration of international disputes are the societies of «organized labor.» Is this attitude of workingmen new? Does organization merely afford an opportunity for expressing what they have always desired, or have their actual views and wishes undergone a change? If a real difference has been made in their attitude on the question of war and peace, has organization caused it?

The demand for arbitration has been made with most emphasis where the workingmen are most thoroughly united for other purposes. In England, where trades' unions are at their best, the peace movement among workingmen is strongest; and in our own Eastern States it is very strong. The strength of the demand itself grows in proportion as the contest over wages, for which trades' unions are primarily formed, becomes active. There is clearly a connection between these phenomena.

There are other possible causes of the increase of the peace sentiment. Precedents for arbitration have multiplied in recent years. Our people are now more familiar than were their predecessors with the process that makes fighting unnecessary. Already there is available, in the dealings of nations with each other, the germ of a judicial system. It is about in the stage of advancement that tribunals for private cases had reached when in minor disputes between neighbors it had become customary to call in friends to mediate. The graver issues had still to be fought out in the old way. In the proposals now pending for a permanent tribunal of arbitration between America and one or more other countries, the impression prevails that certain important questions may have to be reserved from the express and formal jurisdiction of the new court. If, for instance, America and England are to agree in advance to abide by the decisions of a tribunal, they can at first be expected to make over to it only minor questions of interest. While the right to fight for a claim of vital importance will probably not be definitely surrendered, the hope is that the court will soon come to decide questions both small and great. Without promising to abide by the decisions, the nations may, in practice, ask for decisions and abide by them. The reservation of a right to take up arms will merely signify a jealous assertion of sovereignty. It will not mean war, provided there shall exist a strong moral pressure in favor of peace. It is for the sources of such a pressure that we are now looking. Will trades' unions create it? Will they aid decisively in the establishment of the court, in the extension of its work, and in making its decisions effective?

The action of trades' unions on both sides of the Atlantic is more than a new expression of an old demand. It expresses what is largely a new demand. The interest of nearly all men engaged in industry has long been opposed to war. Capital is wasted at an appalling rate by the modern method of fighting, and this waste reduces the wage-paying capacity of employers. War, as it were, sterilizes the earth. The workingman finds himself in a less fruitful environment, because of the reduction in the outfit of working appliances that war occasions. You cannot beat the pruning hooks of the world into swords and still gather as much wheat as before. Wealth-creating power shrinks and wages fall by reason of such wastes. Debts that have to be paid by indirect taxation press disproportionately on workingmen. It is always laborers more than others who have to face muskets; they are the rank and file of armies. Even if they keep out of the field they suffer by inflated prices. Goods are dear in time of war; measured in commodities, wages in America were at their lowest in 1865.

These motives for peace are old. What is new is described by the word «solidarity.» It is, first, an alliance between workingmen in various occupations. Here and there an industry thrives during a war. Some one must build ships and engines and make cannon. There are contracts to be expected for clothing and feeding armies. The employer who gets a contract may make a profit. How far the chance of this may figure among the meaner motives for war it would be hard to say; but the men to whom such motives appeal are very few. What is of consequence is that the present solidarity of labor prevents workingmen from feeling the contagion of this desire for gain. To them, as they know, there is no share of it accruing. Their pay depends,not on the profits of the few men who have army contracts, but on the productivity of labor in the general industrial field. Wages are fixed in a universal market. There is a level toward which the pay of workingmen of a given grade is everywhere tending. Only when general or social labor is productive can the wages in a particular shop be high. The labor movement cuts across all lines that separate different

occupations. Its aim is high general wages. These are not secured by giving fat contracts to a few employers. A disastrous lowering of wages as a whole results from war. The new solidarity of labor makes it seek the good of workingmen in every employment.

There is a further, an international, solidarity that works even more powerfully in this direction. The modern market for many things is world-wide. Labor has its pay adjusted in no one country alone. It may get more in some countries than in others; but its pay anywhere is an influence in determining its pay everywhere. There is a growing affiliation among wage-earners of all lands, in their efforts to get higher pay from employers of all lands. There is a line that separates the industrial classes, and it pays small attention to political boundaries. The quasi-battle that is waging across this line is not national. It creates comradeship among the workers of all countries, and this means far more than a feeling. It is an affiliation in a practical cause in which success is endangered by international breaks.

Socialism, also, is hostile to international warfare. Its aim also is international. It wants all states to become employers, and to make of the world, ultimately, a co-operative commonwealth. Scientific anarchism wants all governments abolished, and the world made into a commonwealth of little industrial communes. It would thus become a brotherhood of local brotherhoods, without the capacity for national war. Anarchism of the meaner sort has its own reasons for objecting to armies.

Thus, out of the issue that chiefly disquiets the world, —the wage contest,—there is growing an influence that makes powerfully for international peace. The motives back of it are mainly noble, though with some inferior admixture. Ultimately its power may be counted on at the polls. Certainly it gives to the present peace movement its most substantial basis.

OPEN LETTERS

Church Architecture in America.

LEADING characteristics of modern American architecture are disregard of historic traditions, and a readiness to strike out into new paths under the impulsion of changing conditions or the pressure of practical considerations. In secular design, and specially at its opposite poles in the rural house and the lofty office building, these traits have led to results full of artistic interest and of promise for the future. In recent church-building the prospect appears more doubtful. A vast amount of money has been expended in the United States during the last twenty years upon elaborate and costly ecclesiastical edifices, some of them sumptuous to the verge of extravagance in their appointments and decoration. Yet to how few of them can we point as monuments of really noble or impressive architecture! With all their richness of design, and the striking originality of conception which sometimes characterizes them, they rarely possess the monumental quality, the repose and dignity, which the history and traditions of architecture have taught us to associate with buildings designed for worship. They display great cleverness of arrangement, convenience of planning, luxury of appointment and decoration, and, externally, picturesqueness of mass. They serve well the purpose for which they appear to have been solely designed—that of housing luxuriously the congregation, choir, clergy, Sunday-school, and social activities of the parish. Seldom do they manifest the existence of any higher aim than this, or any adequate recognition of the value of simple dignity, sober decoration, and solid and durable construction, in place of singularity and picturesqueness of design. The division of the religious communities of the United States into so many denominations and sects, and of these into small parishes, has multiplied the churches, but has reduced their size. They lack in consequence, for the most part, the important element of large dimensions and ample scale. Other things equal, a large church offers better opportunity for impressive effect than a small one. Half a dozen churches seating a few hundred each cannot equal in majesty and importance a single edifice of commanding and imposing size. This predominance of small churches is largely due to the modern Protestant conception of the church as chiefly a place for preaching. This demands congregational units no larger than can be easily gathered within the range of an ordinary voice. The main concern of the designer is, then, to produce a good audience-room. Loftiness, amplitude, grandeur of scale, under these conditions, are apt to appear unnecessary and extravagant. Unhappily, the want of these qualities is seldom atoned for by those artistic excellencies which make many of the parish churches of European countries appear stately and worshipful in spite of their smallness. Our national disregard of architectural traditions, the desire for originality and the picturesque, have operated to prevent the crystallization of specific types of church design which might limit the caprices of individual conception.

In this respect the Episcopal churches of the United States are very apt to be superior to those of the non-liturgical denominations. Their designers have generally kept within limits imposed by ecclesiological tradition, and have adhered more or less closely to well-defined historic types. A predilection for Gothic forms is a part of this tradition; but the comparative excellence of our Episcopal churches is something quite apart from their prevalent Gothic style, which is often only indifferently treated. Some of the finest among them—

Trinity Church in Boston, for example—are not Gothic at all. But the adherence to established types has left the architect free to bestow upon the proportions and detail of his design an amount of study quite out of the question where one has to invent a new type with each design.

Reasoning *a fortiori*, one would expect to find the noblest and worthiest examples of our church architecture among those erected by the Roman Catholics. It was the Church of Rome which, in the middle ages, evolved the unrivaled splendors of Gothic ecclesiastical architecture. As compared with the Protestant denominations, the Catholics of the United States have in general the signal advantage of much larger parishes, requiring churches of correspondingly increased dimensions. In small towns as well as great the Catholic churches are almost without exception the largest in the place. It is a regrettable fact that their architectural quality should so seldom correspond with their dimensions. They are frequently pretentious and showy buildings, but deplorably deficient in architectural character. They are badly and ignorantly designed, and in their internal treatment tawdriness and sham, both of construction and decoration, are often offensively conspicuous. They have neither the sobriety and dignity of the Episcopal churches, nor the straightforward utilitarianism and picturesque originality of the non-liturgical churches. Apparently the evil influence of the depraved taste of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which, under the lead of the Italian Jesuits, perpetrated such atrocities in plaster and sham marble throughout Europe, is not yet exhausted among us. Here in New York the only Catholic church of really conspicuous architectural merit is St. Patrick's Cathedral. This cathedral, undeniably the finest Catholic church in the United States, was the work of a Protestant architect, the late James Renwick.[1] All Saints', at 129th street and Madison Avenue, one of the most artistic of the more recently erected Catholic churches, was designed by his successors, the firm of Renwick, Aspinwall & Russell. Among the other Catholic churches in this city there is not one which one would care to visit a second time for the sake of its architectural beauty. The Paulist church at 59th street and Columbus Avenue is impressive by its size and the unusual severity and simplicity of its design, but this is a wholly negative merit, though a very unusual one.

It is not easy to determine how far this general inferiority of modern American Catholic churches is due to an actual dearth of architectural talent among the Romanists of the United States, how far to favoritism in the selection of architects, and how far to a general artistic insensibility. Whether the fault lies with the clergy or the people, I am not prepared to say. There is evidently somewhere a woful lack of artistic training. Yet the Catholic authorities seldom go outside of the ranks of their church for their architects, and men of very inferior training are intrusted with the designing of the most important and costly churches, which by their very size and costliness become the more objectionable as lasting monuments of wasted opportunity and artistic ignorance.

[1] It is a somewhat significant fact that very few among our leading architects are Catholics.

A reform in the architectural practice of the ancient Church would be a welcome consummation, and should be desired and promoted alike by those within and without «the pale.» A «campaign of education» in art, and especially in architecture, among the clergy and the more influential laity might in time rescue their church architecture from the *banalité* and unworthiness of its present condition. There are signs here and there of an artistic awakening in that Church. Will not its adherents rise to their opportunities and responsibilities toward the community in the matter?

COLUMBIA COLLEGE. *A. D. F. Hamlin.*

A Shock to General Sheridan.

SECRETARY STANTON always held a taut official rein over the military commanders in the field during the war. Any manifestation of mere militarism, so repugnant to the spirit of a pure democracy like ours, was peculiarly distasteful to him, and at times he appears to have taken a savage pleasure in curbing the self-assertion of his generals. Intoxicated with the power of command and the popularity of success, some of the generals at times put themselves very much in evidence, and easily fell into a domineering manner bordering on insolence toward their inferiors in rank, and specially toward civilians having to do with military affairs. Occasionally one so far forgot himself as to treat the lion of the War Office with a flippant levity akin to contempt, but he never repeated the indiscretion. Anything like this instantly occasioned a reproof which was not soon forgotten. Military success always won Mr. Stanton's unalloyed good-will and cordial official support; but woe to the officer, high or low, who presumed upon this to overstep certain lines of respect and subordination which the Secretary thought due in their official relations. There was no hesitation on his part in «calling down» the greatest of them when the dignity of his office was to be maintained. There is no doubt that his influence was a wholesome one in this regard, though it is probable that he too sometimes abused the arbitrary power of his great office.

An illustration of this fierce characteristic of the War Secretary is found in a short and pithy correspondence, which the public has never seen, between General Sheridan and him in the winter of 1864. Sheridan, by his series of brilliant victories over the Confederate General Early in the Shenandoah Valley at Winchester, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek, had immediately become a great military figure, a necessity and a tower of strength to the Union cause. He was exceedingly popular throughout the country, and enjoyed the entire confidence as well as the personal admiration of both Lincoln and Stanton. That he somewhat presumed upon this state of affairs is probable; for though he did not lose his head in this sudden rise to greatness, there is certainly observable for a time in his correspondence an «I-own-the-earth» air not found in it previously, nor, indeed, subsequent to the collision with Mr. Stanton of which I am about to give an account. But General Sheridan was young, and acutely appreciated the harvest of personal popularity and consequence that inevitably followed his well-earned military success. If, for the moment, as I suspect, he somewhat exaggerated his importance, he may well be forgiven under the circumstances.

From the time he entered upon the command in the valley, like his long line of predecessors, General Sheridan had been greatly annoyed and his plans sometimes disconcerted by senseless alarms of Confederate invasions in West Virginia, coupled with frantic appeals for instant aid. The official archives are fairly sandwiched with these alarmist telegrams addressed to the War Department from both the civil and the military authorities of that region. They came with such perennial regularity, and were so generally unfounded, that very little attention was paid to them by the Government, especially in the last year of the war, unless there was corroborative intelligence from other quarters.

On December 22, 1864, Governor A. I. Boreman telegraphed from Wheeling to Mr. Stanton that the Confederate General Rosser, with some 3000 cavalry, was supposed to be advancing upon Grafton and the western part of the State. This information was without the shadow of a foundation: in view of the military situation and the season, the suppositious movement of Rosser would have been absurd. But however inconsequential such a despatch appeared to be, Mr. Stanton followed his wise and invariable rule of promptly forwarding it to the commander of the department in the field, without suggestion or comment. In regular course Governor Boreman's telegram reached General Sheridan at Winchester.

This last West Virginia canard, closely following a number of preceding annoyances of a similar nature, exhausted the hot-headed Sheridan's small stock of Irish patience, and on its receipt in the dead hours of the night the general telegraphed to Mr. Stanton the following impromptu comments on the information:

WINCHESTER, VA., December 22, 1864. 11:30 P. M.
HON. E. M. STANTON, *Secretary of War:*
Governor Boreman's telegram received. If I were to make disposition of the troops of my command in accordance with the information received from the commanders in the Department of Western Virginia, whom I have found, as a general thing, always alarming in their reports and stupid in their duties and actions, I certainly would have my hands full. I believe many of them to be more interested in coal-oil than in the public service. It was only yesterday that Rosser was at Crab Bottom, according to their reports; on which, at the suggestion of General Crook, I sent a regiment to Beverly. It was only two or three days previous that Rosser was at Romney, etc. They have annoyed me until, with your sanction, I would take great pleasure in bringing some of them to grief.
P. H. SHERIDAN, *Major-General.*

Under whatever circumstances and to whomsoever addressed, such a despatch as the foregoing was unwarranted. In both substance and spirit it was not only in bad taste from a man of Sheridan's intelligence and altitude, but very indiscreet. Addressed to such another as Edwin M. Stanton, it was positively grotesque. Prior to Cedar Creek, Sheridan, bold and independent as he undoubtedly was, would have meekly borne a far greater infliction than Governor Boreman's telegram before being dragooned into penning such a despatch to the redoubtable head of the War Department.

The next morning, when this flippant epistle was placed in the Secretary's hand, he appears to have been deeply incensed, and immediately sent to General Sheridan the following stinging rejoinder:

WAR DEPARTMENT, December 23, 1864.
MAJOR-GENERAL SHERIDAN, Winchester:
No one, that I am aware of, has asked you to make disposition of your troops in accordance with the information received from the commanders in the Department of Western Virginia. Governor Boreman's despatch was received in the night, and sent by the operator in accordance with general instructions to give military commanders every report that comes here in respect to the movements of the enemy in their commands. They are expected to form their own judgment of its value. It has been supposed that such information might be useful, and desired by you, as it is by other commanders who are your seniors in the service, without provoking improper insinuations against the State authorities or disrespectful reply. With your subordinate commanders you will take such action as you please, but such reports as come to this department in relation to the movements of the enemy will be forwarded as heretofore, and will be expected to be received with the respect due the department of which you are a subordinate. EDWIN M. STANTON, *Secretary of War.*

I am told by one of the staff-officers that on the morning of December 23, 1864, the cold mountain air about military headquarters at Winchester was made blue by the sulphurous ebullitions of the major-general commanding. The annoyance caused by Governor Boreman's ridiculous news that Rosser was making a winter raid with cavalry into the mountains of West Virginia was slight compared to the bewildering shock experienced at that headquarters upon the receipt of Secretary Stanton's telegram. No doubt the successful little general raged and fumed for proper effect upon his admiring camp-followers at Winchester, but no evidence of his wrath was forthcoming at Washington. No reply to Stanton's telegram can be found in the War Department archives. General Sheridan at the moment was probably too full for utterance, and a little calm reflection afterward likely had the effect of cooling whatever resentment he felt.

I will venture the opinion that this decided check, delivered so coldly and suddenly, and coming so unexpectedly from a quarter in which he imagined himself safely intrenched, was of actual benefit to General Sheridan in toning down an element of devil-may-care recklessness in his character which made itself apparent only after his brilliant successes in the field. At all events, an immediate and significant change in the general tone of his official utterances is easily detected after this incident, particularly in his correspondence with the Washington authorities. But I do not perceive that it caused any change in the friendly relations of Stanton and Sheridan. It certainly cannot be gathered from the records that Sheridan bore any ill-will toward Mr. Stanton.

WAR RECORDS OFFICE, WASHINGTON. *Leslie J. Perry.*

Mr. Jett and the Capture of Booth.

IN the article published in the April CENTURY giving a detailed account of the assassination of President Lincoln, the writer states that «Jett, for his connection with the affair, was jilted by his sweetheart, ostracized by his friends, and outlawed by his family.» Being a near relative of Mr. Jett, and our homes being only a mile apart at the time of these deplorable occurrences, I am able to say that while Mr. Jett did not marry the young lady designated by the writer as his «sweet-

heart,» she and her family continued his fast friends. He was never ostracized by his friends or outlawed by his family. No person of sense blamed him in the slightest degree for his action in piloting the Federal cavalry to where he had left the lame man (Booth) rather than have his «brains blown out.»

Mr. Jett was in his spirits and demeanor in no way affected by the unfortunate circumstances with which he was innocently connected. He went to Baltimore a year after, engaged in business, traveling constantly in Virginia, and married the daughter of a prominent physician of Baltimore. Some sixteen years afterward he was attacked with paresis, and died at the hospital of Williamsburg, Virginia, respected by every one who knew him.

ALEXANDRIA, VA. *John L. Marye.*

«Sargent and his Painting»—A Correction.

TWO errors occurred in the biographical part of the article in the June CENTURY on «Sargent and his Painting.» The maiden name of Mr. John S. Sargent's mother was Singer, not Newbold. His father's name was Fitz-William Sargent, not Fitz-Hugh. Dr. Fitz-William Sargent was born at Gloucester, Massachusetts, was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and practised medicine in Philadelphia.—EDITOR.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Mrs. Thompson's Ten.

MRS. THOMPSON softly closed her front door, and went on, through the two lines of dusty box, with her friend Mrs. Drivers.

Her small, faded face wore a slight flush, and she smiled before she spoke.

«He 's such a tease,» she said; «he all but worries my life out; but all the Thompsons are just that way. They are bound to have their joke.»

She gave an affected little laugh, drawing her glove, with jaunty pulls and pats, over her small, rough hand.

Mrs. Drivers stalked on with uplifted chin, in ostentatious forbearance, and said nothing; but her lips were very thin.

«Mr. Thompson 's mightily set against all those new-fangled clubs and societies and things that you read about nowadays in the newspapers, and I reckon he thought I was going to join something like that. Men are mighty foolish about their wives: they don't want them to do anything that don't look just right.»

Mrs. Drivers said nothing. Her glance was traveling over the shabby black dress and bonnet of the other. She was a large, slow woman, who rustled richly as she walked.

«He could n't really have anything against the King's Daughters,» Mrs. Thompson went on; «and I think it will be real nice to belong to a Ten, and go to meetings and things—»

«You ought to go about some,» Mrs. Drivers said. «I could n't *live* cooped up as you do.»

The little woman flushed and trembled with an indignation which seemed to have no adequate cause, and found no expression in words.

«Some people don't find any pleasures as sweet as the pleasures of home,» she said. «I always was a stay-at-home, and that just suits Mr. Thompson. He 's the kind of man that 's all but lost without a woman around.»

«Yes—I reckon so.»

Mrs. Drivers seemed to stop herself forcibly.

Mrs. Thompson looked nettled.

«It certainly would hurt me,» she remarked, «to have a husband that wa' n't dependent on me,—like some you see.»

They walked on a little way in silence, each with a slightly offended look.

«There go the Smith girls into Emeline's,» Mrs. Thompson exclaimed, with some excitement of manner.

She glanced down furtively at her rusty dress, but her eyes sparkled with anticipation.

ABOUT half a dozen of the Bakersville ladies were seated about on the haircloth sofas and chairs, talking together, while they waited for the tardy members. A little crooked, black-eyed woman came and sat down by Mrs. Thompson as the hostess, a pleasant-faced old maid, flitted from her to greet a new arrival.

«Well, I certainly am glad to see you, Mrs. Thompson,» she said. «But I told Emeline, when I heard you 'd joined, that the skies were surely going to fall. How 's Mr. Thompson?»

A shade came over Mrs. Thompson's face.

«His health is mighty bad, Mrs. King,» she said; «and he 's one of that kind that won't ever say they 're sick, and so I 'm uneasy about him all the time.»

«He looks mighty well,» the other suggested. «I 've never seen the man yet that would n't make a fuss if he had a finger-ache. Don't you bother about his being sick if he don't say he 's sick.»

Mrs. Thompson flushed. «People that have dyspepsia,» she said, with a touch of dignity, «don't know what 's the matter with them half the time.»

She sat rapt and enthralled during the reading and praying, her voice rose high in the hymns, and a faint color glowed in her cheeks, as if from pure enjoyment.

«It certainly does do a person a heap of good to get away from home sometimes,» she confessed, at the close of the meeting, «even if there *ain't* any place like home. And there ain't, of course. I certainly am glad I joined.»

She stood laughing and chatting with her friends in a way that surprised herself.

«Mr. Thompson wants to monopolize me so; I believe he 's real jealous of my Ten; but he 'll be bound to see it 's a mighty good thing.»



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY.

HIS ATTEMPT AT RECONCILIATION.

HE: Is this chair engaged?
SHE: No; and I hope it 's as glad as I am that it is n't.

«Yes; if it just makes us tell the truth,» a bright, freckled-faced girl began.

Mrs. Thompson turned to her suddenly.

«If it does what?» she asked.

«Oh, we bind ourselves to speak the truth just as far as we can. Did n't Miss Emeline tell you? And I declare, it certainly is hard.»

Mrs. Thompson looked at her as if she were thinking.

«I reckon we all try to do that, anyway,» she said slowly, «or we ought to.» She paused a moment. «But it ain't easy.»

There was a wistful, half-appealing expression upon her face as she went on, looking from one to another.

«Sometimes you sort o' believe something that ain't so, and you say it that way,—» she checked herself with a little affectedly careless laugh,—«but I don't reckon any of us would tell *stories*, even if we did n't promise.»

«Oh, you are not going, Mrs. Thompson?» Miss Emeline said. «We all stay and chat after the meeting is over. Do have some tea and cake.»

The color had faded from Mrs. Thompson's face, and she felt that her smile was dull and awkward.

«Thank you, Emeline,» she said; «I 'm feeling right poorly. I reckon I 'd better be getting on.»

MR. THOMPSON looked at her in surprise as he sat opposite to her at the little table. He was a heavily built man, with small, fleshy-looking eyes.

«You seem to have left your wits at the hen-party,» he said. «Don't you propose to give me any supper, Mrs. Thompson?»

She started, and looked about, in a half-frightened way.

«What have I forgotten? Oh, the bread!»

She got up, and brought it to the table, and set it be-

fore him, taking none for herself. She sat balancing her spoon unskilfully upon the edge of her cup, till it dropped with a crash into the saucer.

Her husband looked at her with growing disapprobation.

«What is the matter with you, anyway?» he asked, pausing with his cup half lifted to his mouth.

She raised her eyes from her hard, brown hands, clasped on the back of her plate.

«Finish your supper,» she said, «and I 'll tell you.»

He picked up the loaf, and began to cut off a slice.

«You might as well tell me at the same time,» he remarked. «What 's the matter with your bread? It 's as good putty as I want to see.»

He pushed back his chair from the table at last, and got his pipe from the mantelpiece.

«Well?» he said, holding the stem between his teeth, and turning his eyes toward her without moving his head.

She had gotten out her knitting, but it lay idle in her lap, and her hands were squeezed together on her knees.

A spasm of nervousness passed over her face, and she did not look at him as she spoke.

«It certainly is hard to keep from saying what ain't so,» she began. He was drawing at his pipe to kindle it, and said nothing.

«It 's mighty hard to tell the truth to yourself—let alone anybody else.»

He shifted his pipe in his mouth.

«Did you learn all that at Emeline's?» he inquired, with satirical dryness.

She looked at him, and her color rose.

«Yes; I learned it at Emeline's—never mind how.» She went on, after a pause, in her former soft, plaintive tone: «I believe in confessing your sins, and I 've been sinning going on fifteen years.»

«Most all the time you 've been married,» he commented.

She did not notice the interruption.

«I believe in confessing your sins; but it 's not just that. I 've fooled myself and fooled myself till my head 's been in such a muddle that half the time I did n't know make-believe from truth—till everything was like make-believe, and I did n't rightly believe anything.»

The earnestness of her manner drew his eyes to her, and he stared at her without speaking.

«And now I 've just got to speak out the truth that 's been smothering and smoldering at the bottom of my heart all the time: I 've called it dyspepsia, and I 've called it joking; I 've made out I loved to cook and scrub and wear old clothes.»

Her voice rose with excitement, and a red spot burned upon each cheek. He had taken his pipe from his mouth, and sat motionless, with his eyes fixed upon her, all other expression swallowed up in that of blank astonishment.

«But it don't really make it any better, when you hurt me, to say you don't hurt me—»

He shifted in his chair, and cleared his throat.

«It don't make it any better to put 'sweet for bitter, and bitter for sweet,' as the Bible says; and I 'm going to tell the truth this once, if I never did before! You 've got harder and colder and crosser, year in and year out. You 've grudged me rest and pleasure and the clothes on my back. You don't care any more about me than a brick in that chimney; and I don't know but what you 've killed dead every spark of love I ever had for you!»

His eyes widened and contracted with a shock of pain, and his face twitched; but he said nothing.

She sat with her hands clasped lightly on her knees, her head erect, and her face flushed and animated with something akin to exhilaration.

Suddenly she flew across the room, and threw her arms around his neck, with a passion of tears which shook her from head to foot, and swept away all words.

Two large, slow drops forced themselves from under his lids, and coursed down his cheeks unchecked. He patted her awkwardly on the head, and cleared his throat to speak, but no words came.

«Molly, honey,» he said huskily, at last. «I did n't go to be so mean.»

Annie Steger Winston.

A Sea Change.

WHO am I that yesterday
  Cut adrift from books and scholars,
Fashion's round of vain display,
  Art and commerce, bills and dollars—
Left behind the murky port,
Passed the grimly-frowning fort,
Gazed upon the open sea,
Changed into the present me?

Am I he who, in the whirl
  And the glamor of the city,
Deemed the mariner a churl,
  Scanned the roustabout with pity?
Who am I, thus torn apart
From the counting-house and mart,
From the superficial me?
I could vow I am not he.

Something strangely odd, yet real,
  Like a shadowy recollection,
Broods upon me till I feel
  But an ancestor's reflection.
Dare I speak, I should command
(I who feared to leave the land!)
As the Vikings did of yore:
«Crowd on sail and steer from shore!»

Hail! familiar scenes of old,
  Rustling sails and heaving billows;
Piping gales, that for the bold
  Scatter slumber o'er their pillows!
Hail! the—ugh!—h-how very q-queer!
I 'm m-m-myself ag-g-gain, I f-fear.
Curse that f-frivolous maiden's m-mirth—
Steward, help—me—to—my—b-b-berth!

William T. James.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE, AFTER A DAGUERREOTYPE, 1852. OWNED BY MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Truly Yours

Harriet Beecher Stowe

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LII. SEPTEMBER, 1896. No. 5.

MIDSUMMER IN SOUTHERN SPAIN.[1]

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

GRANADA TO CORDOVA.

BOABDIL, when he left Granada, had his troubles; but at least he did not have to rise before dawn, dress by candlelight, and eat a hurried breakfast served by unwashed waiters in an unaired dining-room, in order to catch a train that started just early enough to make itself a nuisance, just late enough to meet the full fury of the day's heat. And for us, who had learned to love Granada's beauty, it was tragic to see only its ugliness at the last—its streets gray and deserted, and strewn with dead dogs; for the scattering of poison seems to be the Spanish policeman's chief duty, his easy method of preventing hydrophobia. And the station was full of hideous beggars, and Granada's last outlying hill to face the carriage window was crowned by the unlovely façade of the Jesuits' new buildings.

Again the old names greeted us—San Fernando, Loja, Antequera; again at each station we heard the cry of «Water! water!» from the women waiting to sell it and the travelers thirsting to drink it; the landscapes grew less and less green, until we reached Bobadilla, where we changed cars for the North and came into a worse simoom than ever blew over Sahara. Slowly crept the train between endless stretches of gray, dusty olives, or wide, treeless, brown fields, with here and there a roasting, steaming town on a hilltop; and at last, seemingly exhausted, it stopped at Cordova.

A DEAD-AND-ALIVE CITY.

FROM the station we drove through a staring white suburb, past the well-whitewashed walls of the bull-ring, to the Fonda de Oriente. It was still early in the afternoon, the sun fierce, the light blinding—the hour when all summer we had been sleeping and dreaming in the Alhambra's halls and the Generalife's gardens. Remembering their loveliness, and hoping for new beauty like it, we could not stay in the dull hotel bedroom, though with its tiled floor it was fairly cool and clean, and we went out into the town. Silence hung over it like a pall. Every winding street in the labyrinth beyond the Paseo was empty; not a living creature in sight, only once in a while a beggar, who rushed from some spot of shade to assail us; all the low, white houses, with their iron-barred windows, were tight shut; the place was abandoned and desolate, its silence unbroken by sound of toil or traffic. Was this really the Cordova of Musa and Abderrahman, the Cordova once called the Bagdad or Damascus of the West, whose streets were ever alive with the clang of arms, the pomp of processions, the clatter of students going to and from the schools, whose name was a synonym for wealth and power, for culture and industry—the world-famous

[1] See «Lights and Shadows of the Alhambra,» in THE CENTURY for June.

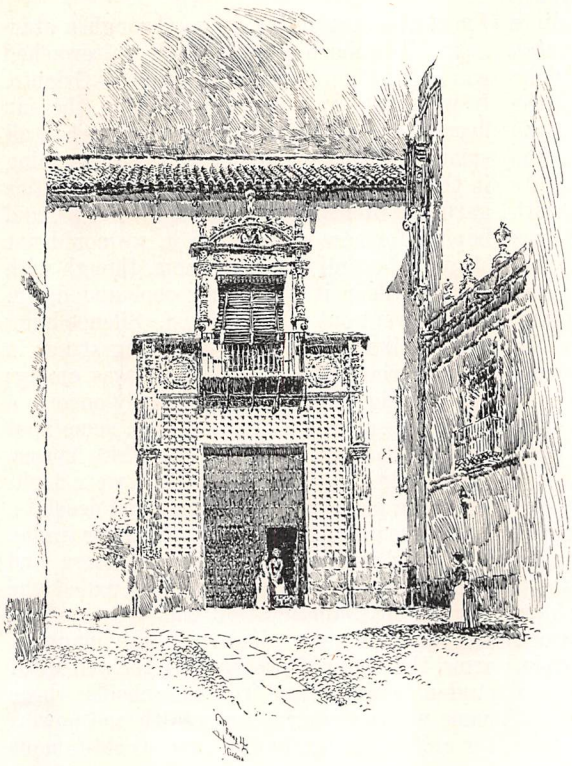
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town, with its scientists and merchants and women doctors? It was as if a plague had fallen suddenly upon the town, and left not one man, woman, or child to tell the tale.

At last a turn in the white street brought us to the golden wall of the cathedral, about which cluster so many Moslem and Moorish memories. We walked up and down the four sides of its huge square. Had we been in the proper humor, we could have read its history, as we walked, in the horseshoe arch, the Gothic shrine, the modern bit of scaffolding, that, with their black shadows, told in strong relief upon its golden bareness. Instead, we were busy hunting for an open gate, but all were locked. And so on we went with our weary tramp, out upon the Moorish bridge across the Guadalquivir. It was refreshing to see a river with water in it, even if it straggled among sand-banks and lost itself in shallows. And here was a little life. Two or three men were actually bathing, an old Moorish mill serving them as bath-house. There was a hooded shrine in the middle of the bridge, and we stood under it in the shadow, looking back to the low domes and the one tall bell-tower rising above the golden walls, and to the town, so large in its emptiness, so small for the hundreds of thousands who once lived within it. A herd of swine, driven straight out of «Don Quixote,» came toward us in a pillar of dust, and we fled before them back to the mosque. Suddenly the town stirred, the gates opened, and a crowd of men and women, water-carriers, crept out from shady places, and we went with them into the court.

Africa, they say, begins as soon as the Pyrenees are crossed; but Spain, to us, never seemed so African as that afternoon in the court of Cordova's cathedral, with its dazzling sunlight and black shadows, its drooping oranges and swaying, gorgeous palms. At the central fountain the brown-faced women, resting their water-jars on their large hips, the brown-limbed, half-naked children, were Moors, degenerate descendants of the men who made Cordova's fame and greatness.

The children began to beg clamorously, imperiously. They were worse than the dust-shrouded swine, and we turned into the mosque. A delicious sense of coolness met us at the door. The twilight fell upon our eyes like a caressing hand. Unseen priests were somewhere chanting languorous vespers. But the huge interior, with its low, double arches of checkered red and white, looked like a railway-station of an «Arabian Nights» dream. When we walked down the long, shadowy, interminable aisles, we came to chapels barbarously splendid, to Moslem holy places of elegant simplicity, and from each one sprang a jingling-keyed sacristan, or a guide, to drive us away from all this beauty, and to send after us, as we left, a muttered curse. Lost in the midst of the arches, like a clearing in the forest, is the walled-in choir, as big as a church, the work of the Christian architect, which incensed even the Austrian Charles, who, at Granada, had been so complacent in his own vandalism. An old, half-lame priest in white surplice hobbled up and down one aisle after another, and we sat in a far corner, to which we had escaped for a few minutes, watching him, listening to the languid chant, indifferent to Murray, to legend, history, architecture—steeping and stupefying ourselves in the cool darkness after the long day's glare and glitter.

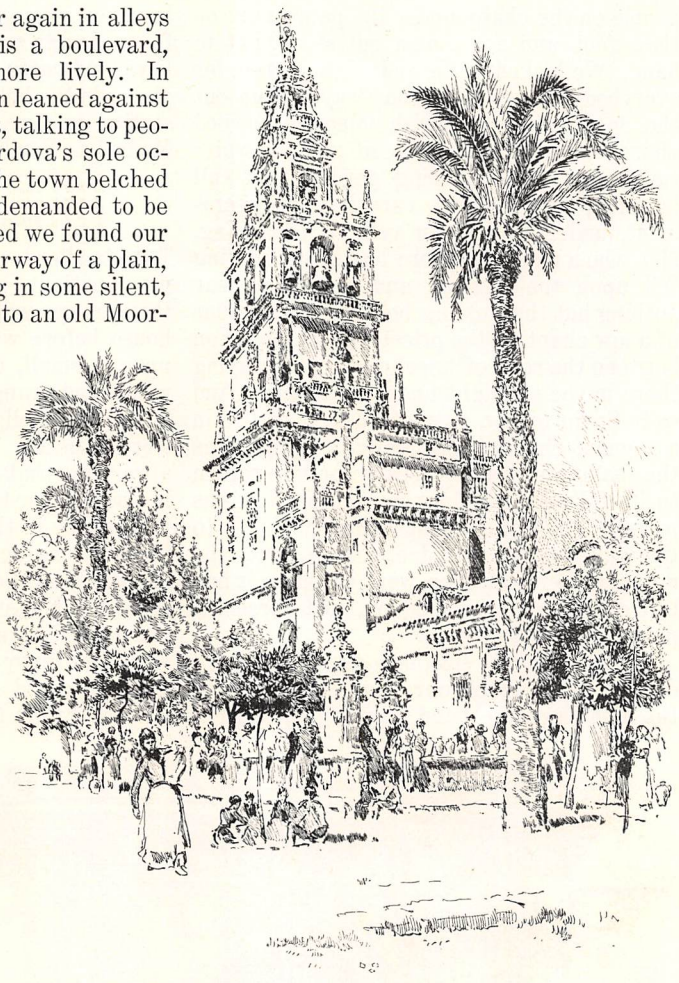


DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

HOUSE FRONT IN CORDOVA.

When, toward sunset, we walked back from the mosque to the hotel,

losing ourselves over and over again in alleys to which a *calle* of Venice is a boulevard, the streets were a trifle more lively. In front of occasional houses men leaned against the low grilles of the windows, talking to people within, «eating iron,» Cordova's sole occupation. And at this hour the town belched forth beggars, and every boy demanded to be our guide. But it was unaided we found our way, now to the beautiful doorway of a plain, yellow-washed house standing in some silent, remote little square, and now to an old Moorish courtyard, its graceful arches disgraced and dishonored; now to an angle in the street overlooked by a high balcony gay with Moorish tiles; to a church hot and sweltering, as if it had never had time to cool, the silks and jewels of Christ and the Virgin gleaming from half-seen altars; or to hanging gardens of palms as luxuriant as they should be in the town where was planted the first palm that ever grew from Spanish soil; or to whatever chance loveliness there was in the monotonous perspective of low, white houses. Nor did we need a guide to show us the way to the café, where we drank the most delicious cooling drink that was ever yet made. It is worth while to be thirsty in Spain; for its *helada*, or crushed ice flavored with lemon or orange or banana, is the daintiest device with which this thirst could be quenched, and there is no town in Spain where it is to be found in such perfection as at Cordova. But you must be fairly boiling to appreciate it.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE COURT OF ORANGE-TREES, CORDOVA.

In the evening, after dinner, about eight o'clock, we drew chairs out upon our little balcony above the Paseo. Listless groups had gathered about its cafés. Two gipsy children, as black as negroes in their scant white shirts, with persistent hands and voices were carrying on Spain's one flourishing business; but it was not a stimulating sight, and, tired out with the day's journey, we went at once to bed. It must have been some two or three hours later when we were awakened by a loud crash of cymbals and blast of trumpets. Our first thought was that soldiers were marching through the town, and we hurried to the window to see. Below, a great mass of people were seated under the palms. Open carriages were passing up and down on each side, and men on horseback. Very smart nurses, with great bows of ribbon on their heads, had brought wide-awake babies out for an airing. Great trucks and vans of merchandise rumbled by. Workmen were about. Half-way down the Paseo a band had just begun to play. The cafés were ablaze with light, their tables crowded to overflowing. Cordova at midnight had come to life. The air was hot and close, used up by that vast multitude, and the dust, stirred by their ceaseless march, choked us where we stood. It was hopeless to try to sleep again, and we waited by the window. Of a sudden a bell sounded loud above the voices of the crowd. At once the band was hushed, carriages were stopped, the

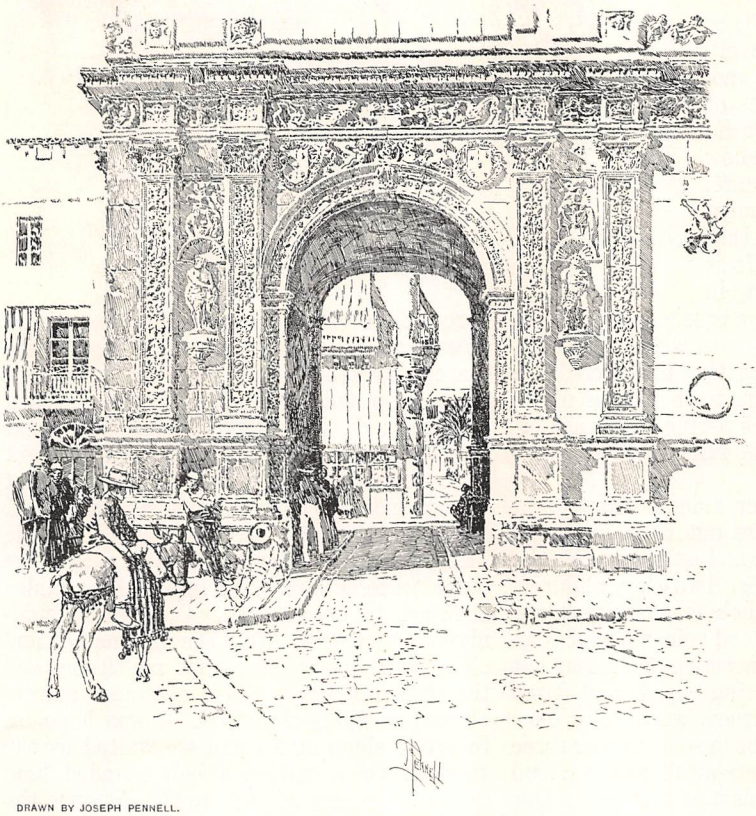
people on the chairs under the palms were on their feet, and not a man but stood, hat in hand. We looked to the end of the Paseo, for everybody was looking that way. From out the doors of the Moorish minaret-crowned church came a procession of men in white surplices, with flickering candles and tall lanterns, and a priest carrying the sacrament, under its golden veil, to the dying. Men who a moment before had been drinking fell upon their knees, and we could hear nothing but the tinkling bell and the murmur of a low chant, as the priest walked slowly on between the rows of kneeling people, praying there in the starlight under the palms. And so in Spain to-day, as yesterday, does life in a moment change from fooling to prayer, as the shadow of death passes by, only to return to its folly as readily when the shadow has passed. Once the priest had gone back to the church, and the doors were shut, the music, louder than ever, went on where it had left off, carriages rolled on, and horsemen pranced after them.

There was no sleeping any more. We dressed and packed our bags, and when in the first dawn the band went away, and the last few stragglers were going home, and a few peasants were coming in with their donkeys, and cafés were being shut, we took our places in the hotel coach, and drove off to the station in time to catch the express from Madrid to Seville.

BEAUTIFUL SEVILLE.

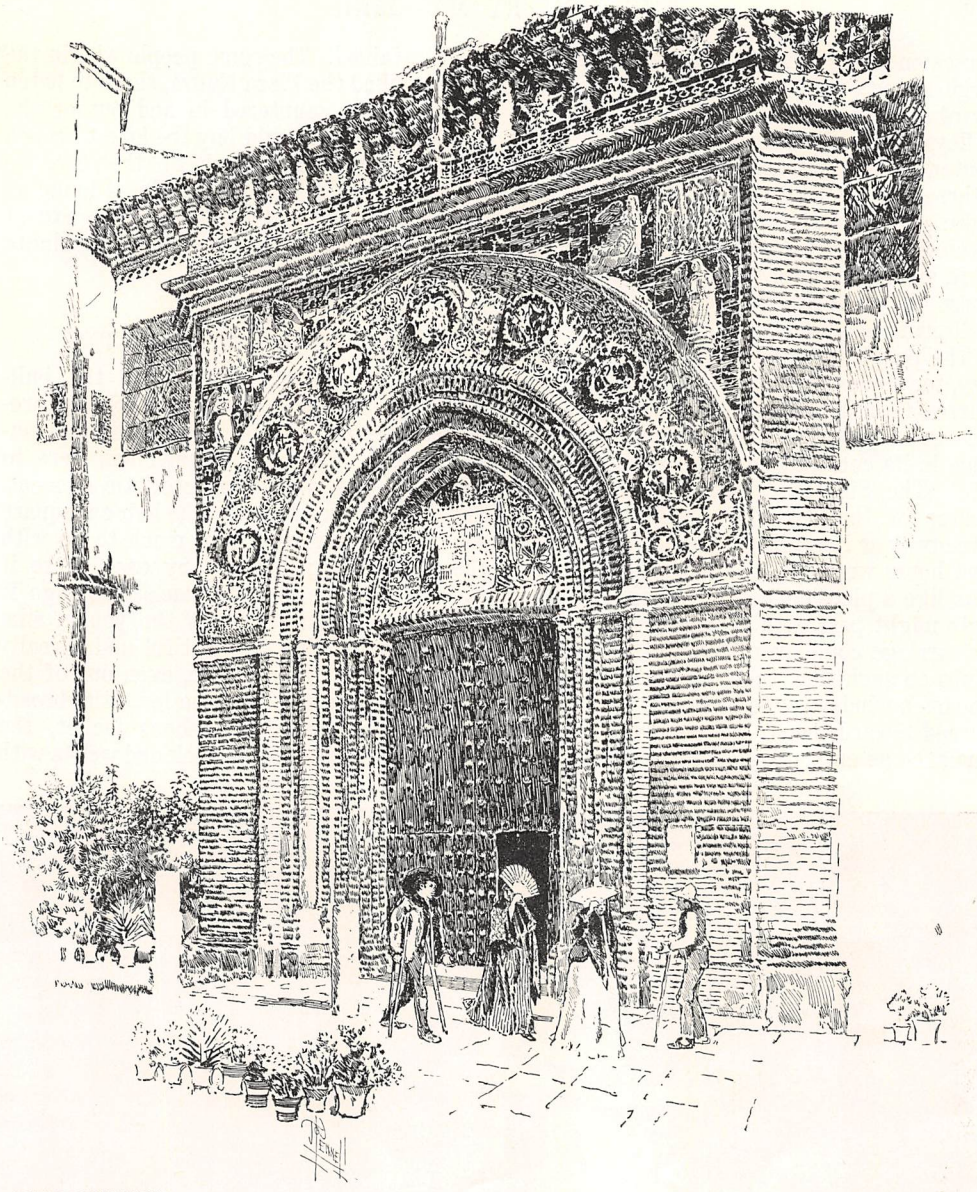
THE landlord at the Hôtel de Paris was very patient and good-humored with us, though we walked him all over his own house before we chose a room that opened upon a small, dark, well-like court, full of palms and orange-trees, and with a fountain. He seemed delighted when he found that we were satisfied. «You know,» he told us, «I always say that strangers who come to Seville in the summer time must be mad.»

Yet only in the summer time does one see the true character of the country, and more especially of Seville. The town was as hot as, if not hotter than, Cordova; all its stock amusements were off for the time. There were no gipsy dances, no bull-fights; but nothing could have been gayer and more animated than the mere aspect of the place. Its narrow alleyways, where the flower-laden balconies almost met above our heads, were lined with houses shining white, or pale rose, or green or gold, in the sunlight. The market-places were at all hours crowded with chattering and laughing peasants, while the air, perhaps, was cooled by a fountain playing in the center. The shops opened, Eastern-like, without windows, upon the streets, their wares tumbling out almost at one's feet. Hardly a green square but had a gaudy little booth at each corner, where old men or women sold fresh water and sweet, iced drinks. No matter in what direction we went, there was always something



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE CITY HALL, SEVILLE.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

DOOR OF THE CONVENT OF SAN MARCO, SEVILLE.

amusing, pictorial, or dramatic. Now it was a wonderful church or convent or hospital, with fine flamboyant doorway, and romantic associations; or again it was a garden of palms, a high *mirador* aflame with roses, a dark interior with oxen in the far shadows, a long arcade making a frame for the Moorish wall of the cathedral mosque; and always it was a long train of mules in gorgeous trappings, coming and going, or resting in a narrow street and under the shade of a high wall with, as like as not, a row of potted flowers on its top.

The busiest streets and squares kept cool and dim under awnings. On the whole, I think it was these awnings that made Seville so charming in August. There had been a few in Cordova. I have been to more than one town which raises a similar protection against Provençal sunlight; but I have never come across them when they were as elaborate, as general, and as effective as in Seville. In the narrow streets they stretched from housetop to housetop at each end, dropping a great inclosing wall of canvas so low as just to escape the head of the high-saddled

horsemen who pranced under them. In the large squares they extended in a checker-board arrangement, with intricate ropes and pulleys which I never tried to understand, content to enjoy the result of black shadows alternating with great splotches of sunlight. Even the town hall spread out an awning all across the wide sidewalk in front of it, and not a hotel or bank or palace or big house did we enter that had not its court as well protected.

The people were as gay as the town: too gay, too commercial, too modern, M. Maurice Barrés thought Seville. But, fortunately, I was quite prosaic enough to delight at the time in its constant movement and noise and life. The Sierpes during the day was the center of their gaiety—Seville's Corso or Broadway or Piccadilly. It was here the hottest hours were spent. Under its awnings it was like a pleasant court; for, though peasants might pass with their donkeys, no cart or carriage could ever drive through. In the clubs on each side, their façade nothing but one open window, rows of chairs were always turned toward the street, and always held an audience as entertaining as it was willing to be entertained. The same people who in the evening filled the Plaza Nueva, there to listen to the music, sauntered in and out of the shops, where you could buy the latest French novel or the photograph of the favorite matador. But of this multitude of loungers none seemed to have anything to do except to become violently interested the minute J. tried to sketch.

BULL-FIGHTERS OLD AND YOUNG.

Conspicuous among them were the bull-fighters, who, alone in southern Spain, preserve a distinct type; they were to the population of Seville what the awnings were to the town—its most characteristic element. The clean-shaven face and the hair cut square about the brow may have much to do with this distinction; but in any case there it is, and the type is handsome. With age it may tend to brutality, but the young, slim *espada* or *chulo* has a beautiful and a really refined face. The costume, even out of the arena, is as distinctive—the low, stiff, broad-brimmed sombrero, the short jacket, the ruffled shirt fastened at neck and wrists with



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

SUMMER LIGHT AND SHADOW, CALLE SIERPES, SEVILLE.

links of gold. But in Seville so many men modeled themselves upon the bull-fighter that I had to look for the pig-tail under the broad hat to tell the real from the sham.

Its school of bull-fighting accounts for the prominence the town gives to the national pastime. The ring may be closed, but there is no forgetting the sport. The merest children, almost babes in arms, play at it in the streets, though, judging from one swagger performance we saw, their game is in defiance of the law. For this fight a retired square off a busy street was the arena. When we took our places in a convenient doorway the bull, a small boy about ten years old perhaps, came dashing in. He held on his head a broad board armed with horns. Into this the *banderillos* had to be stuck, and there was a ring between the horns through which the espada's wooden sword had to pass before the bull could be considered duly killed. Everything was done in proper style. There were even chulos waving ragged red cloaks. It was to us the chubby-faced, flaxen-haired little espada came to ask the official permission. He flung down his hat at our feet with an air that might have given points to Guerrita. But when he turned for action the arena was empty, nothing to be seen but the heels of bull, chulos, and *banderilleros* disappearing around a corner, a policeman in full chase.

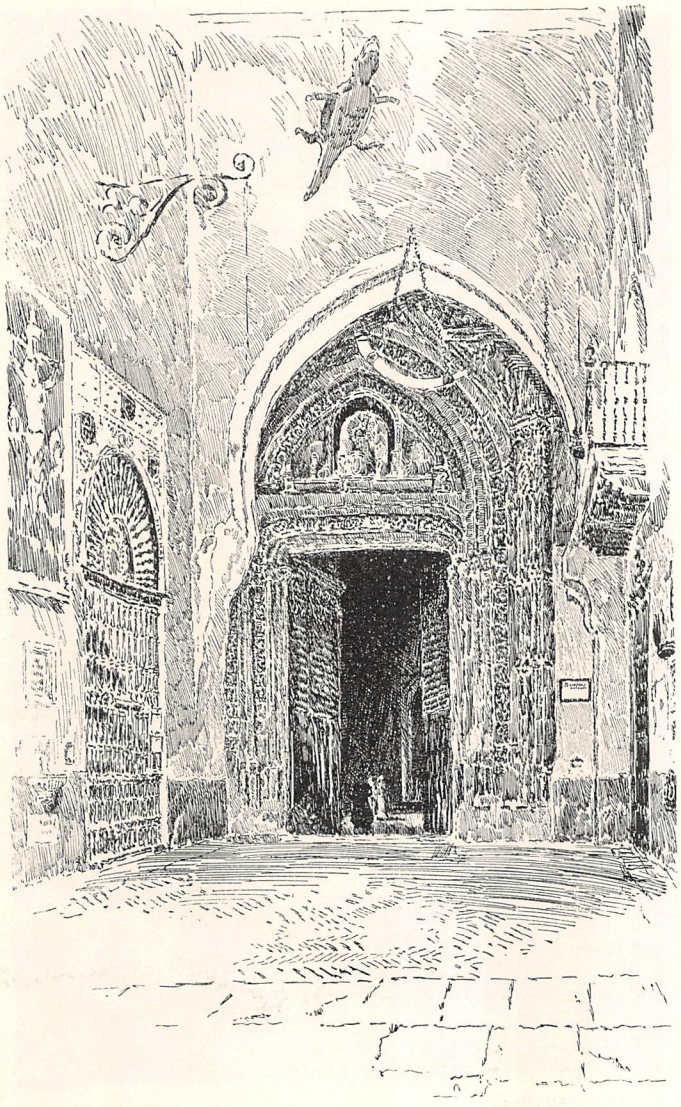


DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE GIRALDA TOWER, SEVILLE.

A NATIONAL FÊTE IN THE CATHEDRAL.

SEVILLE, which seems to have a feast, or at any rate a holiday, every other day in the year, held a special one for our benefit, the feast of San Fernando. We knew already how impressive the cathedral could be at ordinary times. Without, in rose-color beauty, the Giralda soars above it; wide steps give to the Moorish walls of its court the height and dignity which we had missed in Cordova's mosque; and the court itself, the Court of Oranges, has all the picturesqueness that little tumbled-down houses actually built into the cathedral, and chance balconies, where women lounge among the flowers, and chance windows behind grilles, and a central fountain, and a few low, fruit-bearing trees, and posing beggars in admirably composed rags, can produce. Within, scaffolding and workmen in the completely blocked-up nave, which will take years in the repairing, could not altogether destroy, in our eyes, the grandeur and solemnity of the vast proportions, great golden grilles looming up before us unexpectedly in



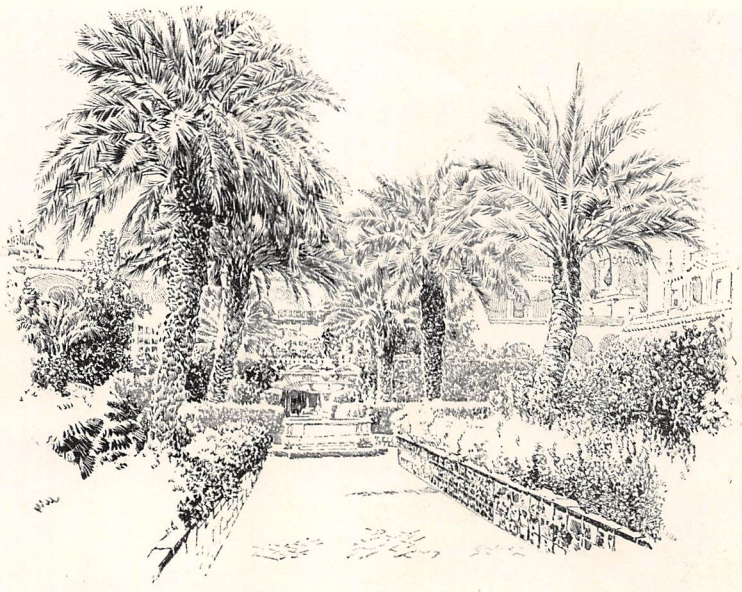
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE DOOR WITH THE CROCODILE, OF THE CATHEDRAL, SEVILLE.

what Delacroix calls the cathedral's «magnificent obscurity,» chapels opening on every side, but only the glitter of a jewel in a Virgin's crown, or the glow of the gold in a Christ's drapery, to show where the altar stood in the comforting gloom. One is apt to credit the Moor with everything that is good in southern Spain. But if it was he who planned the court without, and raised its high wall, it was the Christian Spaniard who built this most solemn and beautiful of all earthly temples.

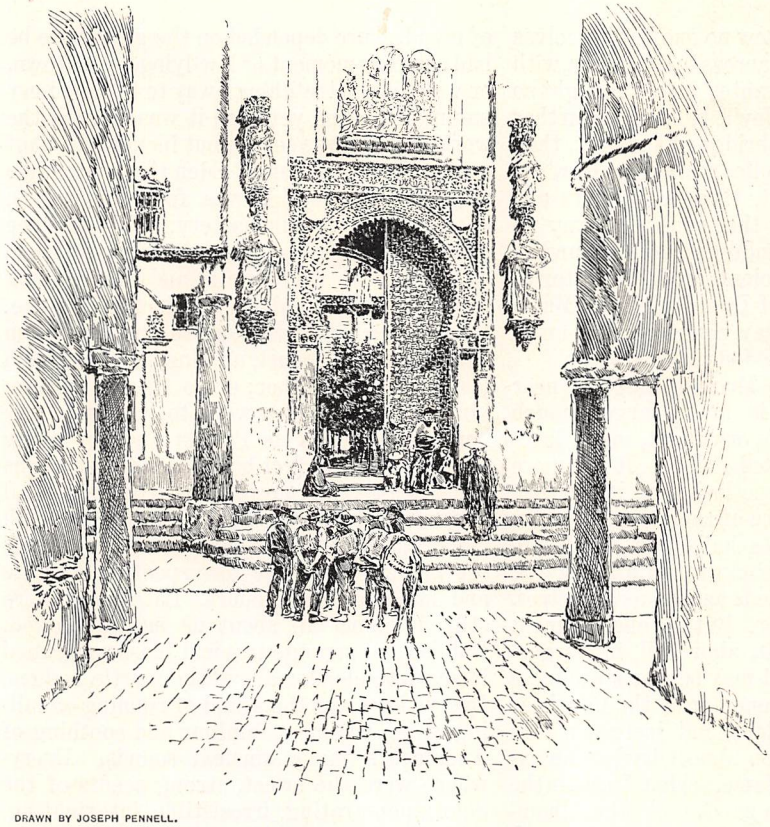
It was not until the feast of San Fernando that we learned with what sumptuousness and stateliness the beautiful interior could array itself for its festivals, and with what fervor it could keep them. Already, on the eve of the great day, the Royal Chapel was hung with silken draperies; cloth-of-gold covered the royal tombs, the altar was a mass of golden plate, and people were crowding to kiss the hands of the Virgen de los Reyes, the large, matronly Virgin who wears a cap like that of the ladies of the Sacred Heart, and who holds the Child in her arms. When we came to the cathedral its court was held by red-legged soldiers, grouped about the fountain, at the base of pillars, on every step. Two sentinels paced up and down at the door of the Royal Chapel, which was filled with well-dressed men and women in mantillas, crouched on the floor, sitting on low camp-stools, lying face downward with hands outstretched to form a cross, or else pressing close about the altar; for the curtain was raised above the coffin where San Fernando has lain these thousand years, and through the glass we could see the mummy-like head and the ermine robes; and all the people prayed as if they meant it. We wandered back in the late afternoon, in the hour just before sunset. Under the oranges and about the fountain the red-legged soldiers still lingered and loafed; but even as we came a bugle sounded, they fell into line, and marched across the court through the cloister, under the door with the crocodile above, and then into the Royal Chapel, where they formed on each side. The altar with its hundreds of candles made an almost blinding glory in the midst of the falling shadows, and wherever the silken hangings caught the light they shone with jewel-like splendor. But the service was very simple, the more solemn because of its simplicity. A monk in a black robe mounted into a pulpit half hid in a dusky

corner. He recited a litany, and the people answered, and, without organ or accompaniment, a hymn was sung. Then he prayed aloud, not in Latin, but in Spanish, a prayer of thanksgiving that the country had been freed from the terrible Moors, a petition that they might never come again, that glorious St. Ferdinand should prevail, and that Spain should flourish forever. With these words, which he fairly shrieked forth, he waved a frantic sign of the cross with his crucifix as he gave a blessing. The mass of officers drew their swords, the soldiers grounded their arms with a crash and fell on their knees, the band burst into the national hymn, the color-guard marched to the altar and seized their flags, which had been left before the tomb all day. They saluted the hero of their country; the curtain dropped, shrouding him from sight; and then, the band at their head, they marched out with a dignity which Rome in its best days never surpassed.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

GARDENS OF THE ALCAZAR, SEVILLE.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

PUERTA DEL PERDON, ENTRANCE GATE TO THE CATHEDRAL, SEVILLE.

PALACE AND GARDEN.

It was on the other side of the Guadalquivir that the Christian besiegers were camped that hot summer so long ago. But when our wanderings brought us to the river, by the Golden Tower, or the shady drive called



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

SQUARE OF THE CATHEDRAL, CADIZ.

Las Delicias, where now no one but ourselves walked, and we looked across to the Triana, with all the memories Cervantes' priest thought so many snares of the devil, it seemed farther away, because of the bridge of sunlight, than if the Atlantic had rolled between. How did they manage to fight, those old Moors and Christians, with the thermometer away up somewhere in the hundreds? I could understand better the indolent or lustful stories the chroniclers tell of Dom Pedro and Maria de Padilla, and the gay company who loved and hated in the blood-stained Alcazar.

This palace of the Moorish kings is near the cathedral, and is much larger, much bolder and finer in its ornament, much lovelier than Granada's Red Palace. It has more of the majesty that one looks for in Moorish architecture, and more of the voluptuousness and color, though its halls and courts are as bare and silent, a background also for the tourist, who, unless he is as mad as ourselves, never comes in summer. But the enchantment of the Alcazar is felt, above all, in its garden, which has not, it may be, the stateliness of the Boboli in Florence or of the Borghese in Rome in the old days, but instead a rich tropical luxuriance, an almost barbarous excess of bloom and perfume, seldom found in the more classical Italian garden. At the Alhambra and the Generalife I had thought much of my pleasure depended on the glimpse to be had at every moment of low-lying, white town, or wide plain stretching away to the shadowy mountains. And yet here it was the way the world beyond was softly, but inexorably, shut out from this garden of Eden that struck me with greatest joy. It was, for all purposes, as cloistered as a monastery. We could see nothing but the hot, blue sky above, at one end the high, white walls and overhanging balconies of the palace, and in the distance, the rose-flushed Giralda, as we wandered from one little walled court, all blue and white with jasmine, into another; or to the bath where king and court were wont to gather to pay homage to Maria de Padilla and the white beauty of her perfect body; or between palms and orange-trees, down the narrow paths all undermined with the hidden fountains which monarchs, in moods of ponderous humor, once set playing upon the unsuspecting knights and ladies of their court. Late roses were still in bloom all about us as we walked. Dahlias and strange tropical blossoms flamed in scarlet splendor above the myrtle hedges. Everywhere was the sound of running or falling water, the most familiar and soothing of Andalusia's many musical sounds. Everywhere were the sweet, strong scents of the South, penetrating, irresistible, intoxicating. And the youth in broad-brimmed hat who

kept at my side filling my hands with flowers did it so gallantly that I forgot he was only a guide in gardener's clothing.

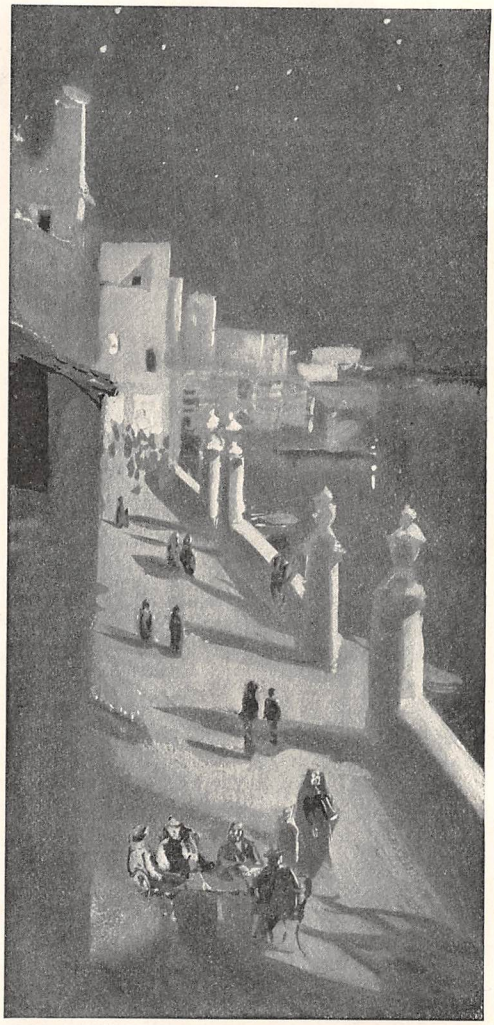
THE HOUSE OF PILATE.

ONE day by chance we came upon the celebrated House of Pilate. At once the great stretch of bare white wall, broken here and there by a window mysterious behind its grille, and the balcony with its beautiful decoration, made us know it to be the one house of importance in the narrow, winding street. Opposite was a pretty, round, open green space, a stone seat forming a circle under the dusty trees, a few men dozing away the morning hours when the Northern world works its hardest. Every one has heard the oft-told story of this House of Pilate: how a pious Duke of Tarifa, coming home from the Holy Land, now almost five hundred years ago, built, in the freshness of his ardor, what he meant to be an exact copy of the Jerusalem palace where Christ was brought before the Roman ruler. But, whatever his intention, he succeeded in raising a building that all but rivals the Alcazar in the richness and lavishness of its *azulejos*, its resplendent purple and green tiles, and the fair spaciousness and grace of its halls and courts. Nor can the Alcazar boast so noble a stairway; and as you mount it you look into a garden full of wide-spreading bananas, the white of a marble column or bust showing among the dark of the leaves. But where, indeed, can you go in Seville, the city of gardens, that your eyes, tired from the glare and glitter, do not fall upon some such green inclosure of trees and flowers? The secret of making these cool, sweet oases in the town's burning desert was best mastered by the Moor, and he left it an heirloom forever to his degenerate conquerors. At the top of the stairway you pass almost directly out upon the terraced roof, at one end that exquisite balcony where, the old woman who went with us said, Pilate stood when he presented Christ to the rabble—*Ecce Homo!* She told the story as seriously and reverently as if she believed herself to be in the real palace in the real Jerusalem, and as if she had not already told it, in the same words, to hundreds of eager or listless tourists.

In Seville one simply yields oneself to the charm of the town without stopping to analyze the reason of one's pleasure. I am really surprised at myself when I consider with how few murmurs, comparatively, I bore the unspeakable heat. We did nothing in the way of regular sight-seeing. But what matter? Was anything we did not see lovelier than just Seville itself, with its sun-drenched squares and cellar-like streets under awnings, its thousands of iron gateways, chiefly in arabesque patterns, revealing to the passer-by on the street the green pateos within its twilit churches and houses « close-latticed to the brooding heat,» its gardens and courts and fountains, its strange intermingling of Moorish and Gothic memories, its crowds and life and laughter and irrepressible gaiety?

A RIDE IN A SPANISH DILIGENCE.

I MIGHT as well tell the truth, humiliating as it is: in the heat of Seville I gave up completely; I could go no farther. And so I let J. start alone for Cadiz, and the report he gave



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

NIGHT ON THE SEA-FRONT OF ALGECIRAS.

made me both glad and sorry that I had stayed behind.

He found it another white town, but much more Oriental than any we had yet seen, because of its blank walls, its flat roofs, and low domes. The houses that looked seaward were each crowned with a little observatory, where the old ship-owners must have waited for their ships, which, unlike ours, did come in. But the most curious thing about Cadiz was not the town itself, palm-grown and Oriental as it is, but the approach to it. For after one leaves Jerez—where every dead wall is covered with placards of somebody's sherry, so that one wonders at the way the Spaniard goes in for advertisements, until it suddenly occurs to one that it is from behind these dead walls all the world's sherry comes—after this the train slowly travels out on a great marshland, cut up with dikes and wide, dead pools, and on the only bits of dry ground stands a city of pyramids dazzling in the sunlight—the salt which is gathered in these marshes. It is an uncanny country, a country of mirages, where one passes through a dreamland of pyramids. Finally, away out, as if in the middle of the sea, is the glittering town of Cadiz. It is like a great spider: one long, thin leg connects it with the land, another stretches into the ocean to a lighthouse, and a third encircles the harbor.

J. stayed in Cadiz only a very few days, and then went back to San Fernando. His object in getting to this dust-swept, sand-driven place, which is probably one of the most unattractive towns in Spain, was to do something which for years he had been longing to accomplish, as, indeed, I had with him—to take a journey in a real diligence. First he thought he would stay and study the diligence and its habits; but toward midday the whole town was enveloped in a sirocco, and grew as hot as the mouth of a blast furnace, so that his one idea was to get away from it as soon as possible. The people in the hotel were very kind, and put up a large lunch for him. It seemed a bother to carry it along with all his other luggage, and he asked if the diligence did not stop somewhere for breakfast, luncheon, or dinner in the course of eighteen hours? But they only laughed. In company with a Spanish «commercial,» and for an insignificant sum, he hired the three seats in the coupé; that is, the seats under the large hood at the top of the diligence, which are supposed to be the best. The commercial hurried him to the office an hour or so before the diligence started. There it was in an open plaza in the blistering sunlight, and though no horses were about, the inside was already filled with people. The commercial insisted upon climbing up at once, and suggested that he and J. should each take a corner and spread themselves out as much as they could. This settled, they sat down, but it was only to jump up with a yell: the diligence had been standing there all morning, and the seat was like a red-hot stove. More people began to come, and more again, but still there were no horses. Presently a large, fat man, armed with live chickens and water-bottles and various other breakable and killable things, scrambled up and sat in the middle of the coupé. J. tells me that he said very

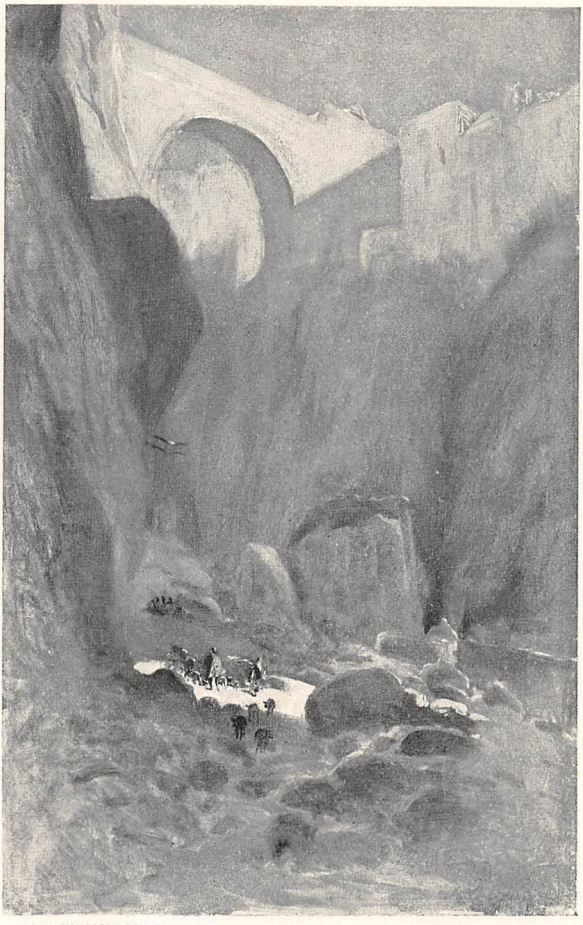


DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE MARKET, ALGECIRAS.

strong things in several languages, and referred the matter to the commercial, who had paid with him that they might have the seat quite to themselves. But the commercial only answered calmly that they ought to be thankful they had the corners. At their feet was what looked like a foot-board; at least four people came and sat on that. At their back was another board like it; lots of people came and sat on that. They spread their feet, likewise their chickens and their wine-skins and their water-bottles, all over J., and they stuck their umbrellas down his back, and every one seemed happy except himself. The commercial told him, for consolation, that if he did not like it he had better get out and take the train, and leave those who did like it a little more space. And then boxes were put up on the top, and people on the boxes, and pigs among the people, and chickens all over the sides, and no one except the man who sold the tickets could have had the faintest idea of how many passengers there were. They were solid inside, they were solid on top, they were solid on almost every ledge to which any one could hang.

In the course of time the driver appeared, all in gray, with a short jacket, a big hat, and an enormous whip. He carried a huge water-bottle, from which all the people had a drink, holding it in the air, and allowing a stream to pour down their throats. But this required too much experience for J. to venture when his turn came. The team was now brought out, eight mules, all jingling bells. Those at the pole alone were controlled with reins by a man who sat somewhere underneath, and not by the driver at all. A vast army of the men who always hang about stables succeeded in getting the heads of the squealing, kicking, bucking mass somewhat in the same direction; a horse was attached to the head,—a very tall horse decorated with real jack-boots,—and then followed a very small boy with a very big jockey cap, a brass-mounted whip, and a red-and-white shirt. There was a tremendous *arré*-ing, a very Babel. Two men seized the small boy, threw him across the high, brass-mounted saddle, and he dived into the jack-boots. He and the conductor in gray shrieked like fiends and cracked their whips like mad; the men who had hold of the mules let go; there was a plunging, a crash, a gallop, that ought to have pulled the whole machine to pieces. Away went the diligence, shaving houses, sending people flying, clearing the streets. J. thought it would be splendid, despite the crowd into which he was now wedged immovably. In a few hundred yards, however, the paving came to an end, and before the mules were off it they were lost in a cloud of dust. In a second the nearest pair could scarcely be seen. The whole diligence was enveloped in a thick, choking cloud of dust, and in five minutes every face in the perspiring, wilting crowd was covered with a mask of mud. Nothing could be heard but the arré of the driver, the cracks of the whip like pistol-shots, the creaking and crashing of the whole vehicle, the clatter of the mules' hoofs on the stones, and the incessant jingling of



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

ROMAN BRIDGE, RONDA.

the many bells. In this whirlwind of stifling misery, everything completely hidden from them, they traveled for an hour or more across the plain. Then a third man tooted a horn as they swayed and jolted through the streets of a village, and there was a sudden stoppage. The people scraped the cake of mud off their faces; they could not stretch where they were, for there was not room; they literally could not move. But now J. thought they could get down at least for a moment. Not a bit of it. Right alongside the diligence was another kicking, squealing team to take the place of the panting, done-up mules. The small boy was thrown from one horse to another, and the diligence was off again. There was not even time to pass the water-bottle.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

PICTURESQUE RONDA.

And this went on the whole livelong afternoon. Toward evening they got into higher ground. There was less dust. Bold, rugged mountains were before them. The huge, lumbering machine was slowly pulled up long, steep inclines, dropping into holes and pitching over stones. But the dust was much less, especially when the pace was slow. Suddenly night fell, and with it came a cold blast from the mountains; it was a change from midsummer to midwinter. Dripping with perspiration, J.'s clothing seemed almost to freeze upon him; and the whole crowd shivered and groaned as one man. Lamps were lighted, but they only showed that the dust had thickened again. J. tried to eat, but the bread was buttered with dust, and the chicken leg was salted with it. On they went, a rocking, crashing load of discomfort. Suddenly a lantern was swung just in front, and there were yells and howls; the mules stopped in a tangled mass, some carbines glittered, and four civil guards appeared. They clambered up at once, sitting on everybody's lap. They rode for an hour, and then got off. Whether they were there to protect the passengers from the Spanish brigand, or only to get a lift, J. never knew. On and on went the diligence through the long, terrible, aching nightmare. Only now and then, as morning was near, one man would get down, and two fat Spanish marketwomen going into Algeciras would take his place, putting down their bags of prickly cacti, the fruit of which the people eat, just where they scratched every one's legs—poor legs wedged in so tight they could not move away. Tearing on and on and on, J. had visions of carts in the ditch and trains of donkeys taking to the fields. And just at the darkest hour before dawn there was a wild tooting, he saw some white houses, the machine stopped before a big white inn, ladders were put up, and the people were literally lifted off. He was in Algeciras. It was warm, it was even hot, it was dirty; but it was like heaven to be out of that diligence. And

yet this is what our fathers have taught us, and Ruskin has preached, is the perfect way of traveling in Europe!

A GLIMPSE OF GIBRALTAR.

ALGECIRAS possesses the most beautiful market-place and the loveliest view of Gibraltar that one can imagine. J. went across to the fortress. In many ways the town is quaint. It is funny for the first time to walk in streets where British redcoats, Moors from Africa, negroes from Ethiopia, and Spanish swells all jostle one another as if it were the most natural thing in life. It is funny, too, to cross the neutral ground, guarded on one side by English soldiers, on the other by Spanish sentinels, to Linea, where, in face of both nations, there is an army of Spaniards hiding about their persons tobacco and other dutiable articles before going into Spain, and then to see at the gate a long line of people waiting to be examined from head to foot by Spanish customs officers. As J., who wore a new suit of clothes, sauntered toward the gate to look at it, a word of command was given by an officer, the gates were opened, the guard saluted him. He was very much impressed, and walked in. But he soon walked out, for the place seemed to consist only of tumbled-down houses, drinking-shops, and dust. He trudged back again to Gibraltar, and when he reached the shady avenue that leads into the town, where there are a barrier, a turnstile, and a guard, everybody was passing through this turnstile and showing a white ticket. He had no white ticket, and besides he did not see why he should go through a turnstile, so he kept on down the middle of the road. As he reached the guard-house there was a word of command, a spruce corporal and his guard turned out and presented arms. Not to be outdone, J. saluted in a most off-hand, patronizing, indifferent fashion, and if he was highly flattered he did not show it. When he returned to the hotel, however, he asked the proprietor what it meant. Why were the officials so polite to him? The proprietor nearly fainted, but he managed to gasp, «Good heavens! they took you for a general officer!» And then he asked, «Where is your pass?» and J. said, «What pass?» «Why,» said the proprietor, «no foreigner is allowed to stay on the rock overnight without a pass. And you—you have done what hardly the governor would dare to do.»

It seemed as absurd the next day to be crossing back again to Algeciras, from England into Spain, with a whole steamboat-load of Tommy Atkinses, their wives, and children, off for a picnic in the cool woods, solemnly singing «Two Lovely Black Eyes,» and stately Moors and Spanish officers and English officials and Tangerine Jews, all on a ferry-boat steaming along peacefully between the African mountains and the Spanish Sierra.

PICTURESQUE RONDA.

THEN he went to Ronda, which is a dream of picturesqueness. There is incongruity in the thought that you can make the journey thither as simply as if you were going from New York to Philadelphia. The town, as J. walked through it, seemed commonplace at first—commonplace, that is, for a Southern town, where one accepts marvels of color and light as matters of course. His impression was one of awful glaring heat; of donkeys, and donkeys, and more donkeys everywhere; of little low houses so white one could hardly look at them; of glimpses into long, cool entries, where people were forever standing waiting for an inner door to open. And then, suddenly, there before him was the bridge flung across that wonderful chasm—the bridge that joins old to new Ronda; the bridge that so many artists, since the days of David Roberts, have tried to draw or paint, despairing even while they sought to record the strange, almost exaggerated, picturesqueness of the wild mountain gorge, with the little white town looking down so fearlessly from its dizzy post. There is something in the contrast that seems to suggest—but with a difference—the gay villages that nestle so confidently at the base of Vesuvius. The strangest part of it is that until one comes to the bridge one does not know, except from the guide-book, that the gorge is there at all. Who could suppose that the river, apparently at least, would force its way through the very highest part of the mountain? There is a little Alameda where one can stand, leaning against the railing, and gaze down for I do not know how many hundreds or thousands of feet. It is here, of all places, that one realizes the awful height of the precipice; but it is from below one sees the marvel best and most comprehensively—from far below, where one can follow the windings of the white road along the very edge of the cliff, and under stately white gateways, and look to the bridges hanging in the air, as it were, across the roaring stream, as fantastic and unreal and entrancing as any Arabian Nights picture. It is only as it should be to find the people as fantastic as their high-built town

—so grisly and ghoulish, indeed, that it is hard to talk about them; so savage in their manners that they might drive the more timid traveler quick away and back to civilization. When any one comes to draw the great bridge from the appropriate point beneath, the sport of the leading citizens is to gather in crowds upon it, and throw stones upon the rocky hillsides, starting an avalanche which makes the artist who has been foolish enough to go there drop his work and run for his life. Still, I suppose, one must pay somehow for the privilege of visiting the most sensational place in Spain. Its wonderful position, its magnificent bridges, its beautiful little valley, where the finest fruit in Spain is grown, its encircling crown of sierra, make up to a certain extent for the discomfort of staying in its horrible boarding-house, among the savage brutes of its population.

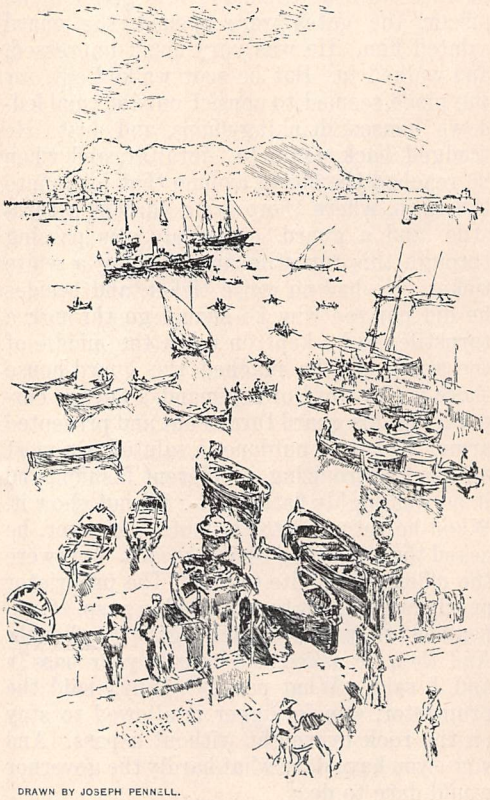
For the wonder of its moonlit nights one would accept still greater evils than this. When there is a moon, and cliffs and stream and bridges and road become so many soft shadows in its pale light, and the whole country is veiled in «the still, spectral, exquisite atmosphere,» one is afraid to trust oneself into the mystery that clothes the shadowy land, and there is joy in the fear. It was the same at Granada, I remember; when, in the moonlight, we looked down from the ramparts of the Alhambra, we felt as if we could not trust ourselves to wander in the streets of the dream city lying there, and its fairness appealed to us but more strongly because of the delicious dread of we knew not what. Perhaps in this feeling you have the clue to the elusive beauty which is at once the mystery and charm of Spain.

The capture of Ronda by the Spaniards was weary enough work for Ferdinand and his knights; but the incredible thing is that they should have taken it at all. What has not nature done for its defense? The Spanish conquest is harder than ever to understand once you have been to Andalusia. Ronda, set on the edge of its chasm, you would think safe and firm to defy all the world through all time. But its fate was that of Granada, and of every other Moorish hill-town. Its greatness has long gone from it, and now it too is but a spectacle to be advertised by Murray, to be stared at by the fortunate traveler who does not succumb, as I did in my folly, to an overdose of Southern sunshine and midsummer heat.

On all sides, it may be, such sights were to be seen, such feasts to be enjoyed. But, as I had given up in Seville, so J., when he came to Ronda, was too exhausted to go farther. The Spanish summer is beautiful for those who spend it, as we did so many of its long, listless weeks, in the Alhambra. Indeed, with German Lloyd steamers from New York touching at Gibraltar, I wonder if the unhappy day is not at hand when Granada will become a rival to Bar Harbor and Newport. The Spanish summer is made for sleeping, not for journeying; for rest, not for adventure. The most energetic traveler has but to set foot on Spanish shores in July or August to understand the «Lotus-eaters'» song:

O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more!

And if he can but reach the Alhambra before he comes to this wise decision, we can promise him the loveliest, laziest days among elms and cypresses and oleanders he ever yet has known.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

GIBRALTAR FROM ALGECIRAS.

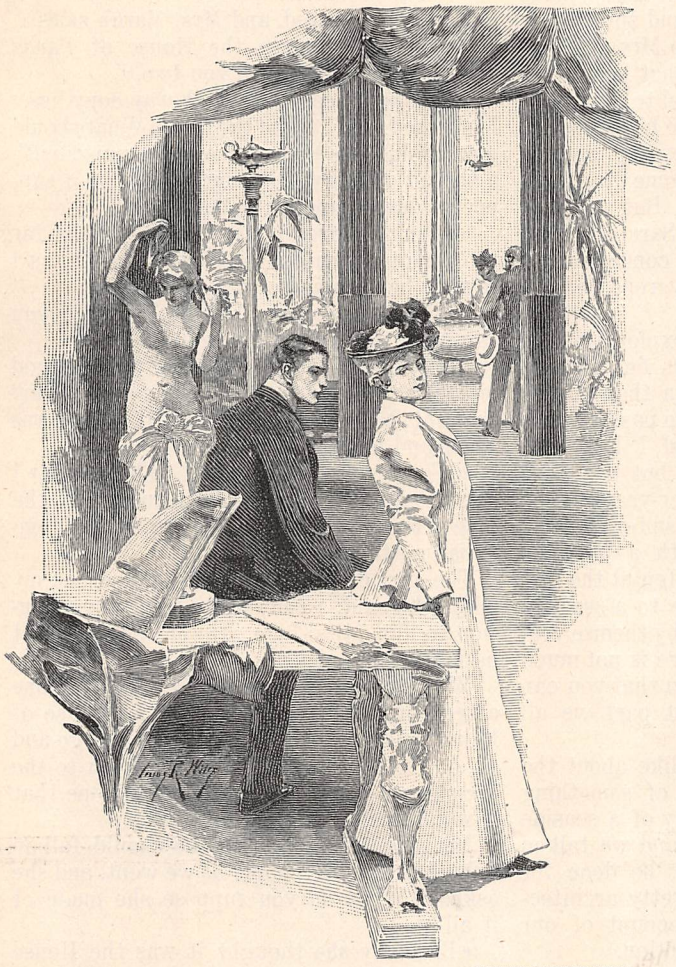
Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

AN OPEN-EYED CONSPIRACY:

AN IDYL OF SARATOGA.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS,
Author of «Their Wedding Journey,» «The Rise of Silas Lapham,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY IRVING R WILES.



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

IN THE HOUSE OF PANSA.

X.

WE had undertaken rather a queer affair, but it was not so queer after all, when Miss Gage was fairly settled with us. There were other young girls in that pleasant house who had only one another's protection and the general safety of the social atmosphere. We could not conceal from ourselves, of course, that we had done rather a romantic thing, and in the light of Europe, which we had more or less upon our actions, rather an absurd thing; but it was a comfort to find that Miss Gage thought it neither romantic nor absurd. She took the affair with an apparent ignorance of anything unusual in it—with so much ignorance, indeed, that Mrs. March had her occasional question whether she was duly impressed with what was being done for her. Whether this was so or not, it is certain that she was as docile and as biddable as need be. She did not always ask what she should do; that would not have been in the tradition of village independence; but she always did what she was told, and did not vary from her instructions a hair's breadth. I do not suppose she always knew why she might do this and might not do that; and I do not suppose that young girls often understand the reasons of the proprieties. They are told that they must, and that they must not, and this in an astonishing degree suffices them if they are nice girls.

Of course there was pretty constant question of Kendricks in the management of Miss Gage's amusement, for that was really what our enterprise resolved itself into. He showed from the first the sweetest disposition to forward all our plans in regard to her, and, in fact, he even anticipated our wishes. I do not mean to give the notion that he behaved

from an interested motive in going to the station the morning Mrs. Deering left, and getting her ticket for her, and checking her baggage, and posting her in the changes she would have to make. This was something I ought to have thought of myself, but I did not think of it, and I am willing that he should have all the credit. I know that he did it out of the lovely generosity of nature which always took me in him. Miss Gage was there with her, and she remained to be consoled after Mrs. Deering departed. They came straight to us from the train, and then, when he had consigned Miss Gage to Mrs. March's care, he offered to go and see that her things were transferred from her hotel to ours; they were all ready, she said, and the bill was paid.

He did not come back that day, and, in fact, he delicately waited for some sign from us that his help was wanted. But when he did come he had formulated Saratoga very completely, and had a better conception of doing it than I had, after my repeated sojourns.

We went very early in our explorations to the House of Pansa, which you find in very much better repair at Saratoga than you do at Pompeii, and we contrived to pass a whole afternoon there. My wife and I had been there before more than once; but it always pleasantly recalled our wander-years, when we first met in Europe, and we suffered round after those young things with a patience which I hope will not be forgotten at the Day of Judgment. When we came to a seat we sat down, and let them go off by themselves; but my recollection is that there is not much furniture in the House of Pansa that you can sit down on, and for the most part we all kept together.

Kendricks and I thought alike about the Pompeiian house as a model of something that might be done in the way of a seaside cottage in our own country, and we talked up a little paper that might be done for «Every Other Week,» with pretty architectural drawings, giving an account of our imaginary realization of the notion.

«Have somebody,» he said, «visit people who had been boring him to come down, or up, or out, and see them, and find them in a Pompeiian house, with the sea in front and a blue-green grove of low pines behind. Might have a thread of story, but mostly talk about how they came to do it, and how delightfully livable they found it. You could work it up with some architect, who would help you to keep off the grass in the way of technical blunders. With all this tendency to the classic in public architecture, I don't see why the Pompeiian villa should n't be the next word for summer cottage.»

«Well, we 'll see what Fulkerson says. He may see an ad. in it. Would you like to do it?»

«Why not do it yourself? Nobody else could do it so well.»

«Thanks for the taffy; but the idea was yours.»

«I 'll do it,» said Kendricks, after a moment, «if you won't.»

«We 'll see.»

Miss Gage stared, and Mrs. March said:

«I did n't suppose the House of Pansa would lead to shop with you two.»

«You never can tell which way copy lies,» I returned; and I asked the girl, «What should *you* think, Miss Gage, of a little paper with a thread of story, but mostly talk, on a supposititious Pompeiian cottage?»

«I don't believe I understand,» said she, far too remote from our literary interests, as I saw, to be ashamed of her ignorance.

«There!» I said to Kendricks. «Do you think the general public would?»

«Miss Gage is n't the general public,» said my wife, who had followed the course of my thought; her tone implied that Miss Gage was wiser and better.

«Would you allow yourself to be drawn,» I asked, «dreamily issuing from an aisle of the pine grove as the tutelary goddess of a Pompeiian cottage?»

The girl cast a bewildered glance at my wife, who said: «You need n't pay any attention to him, Miss Gage. He has an idea that he is making a joke.»

We felt that we had done enough for one afternoon, when we had done the House of Pansa, and I proposed that we should go and sit down in Congress Park and listen to the Troy band. I was not without the hope that it would play «Washington Post.»

My wife contrived that we should fall in behind the young people as we went, and she asked, «What *do* you suppose she made of it all?»

«Probably she thought it was the House of Sancho Panza.»

«No; she has n't read enough to be so ignorant even as that. It 's astonishing how much she does n't know. What can her home life have been like?»

«Philistine to the last degree. We people who are near to literature have no conception how far from it most people are. The immense majority of ‹homes,› as the newspapers call them, have no books in them except the Bible and a semi-religious volume

or two,—things you never see out of such ‹homes,›—and the State business directory. I was astonished when it came out that she knew about ‹Every Other Week.› It must have been by accident. The sordidness of her home life must be something unimaginable. The daughter of a village capitalist, who 's put together his money dollar by dollar, as they do in such places, from the necessities and follies of his neighbors, and has half the farmers of the region by the throat through his mortgages—I don't think she 's ‹one to be desired› any more than ‹the daughter of a hundred earls,› if so much.»

«She does n't seem sordid herself.»

«Oh, the taint does n't show itself at once:

‹If nature put not forth her power
About the opening of the flower,
Who is it that could live an hour?›

and she *is* a flower, beautiful, exquisite.»

«Yes; and she had a mother as well as this father of hers. Why should n't she be like her mother?»

I laughed. «That is true. I wonder why we always leave the mother out of the count when we sum up the hereditary tendencies? I suppose the mother is as much a parent as the father?»

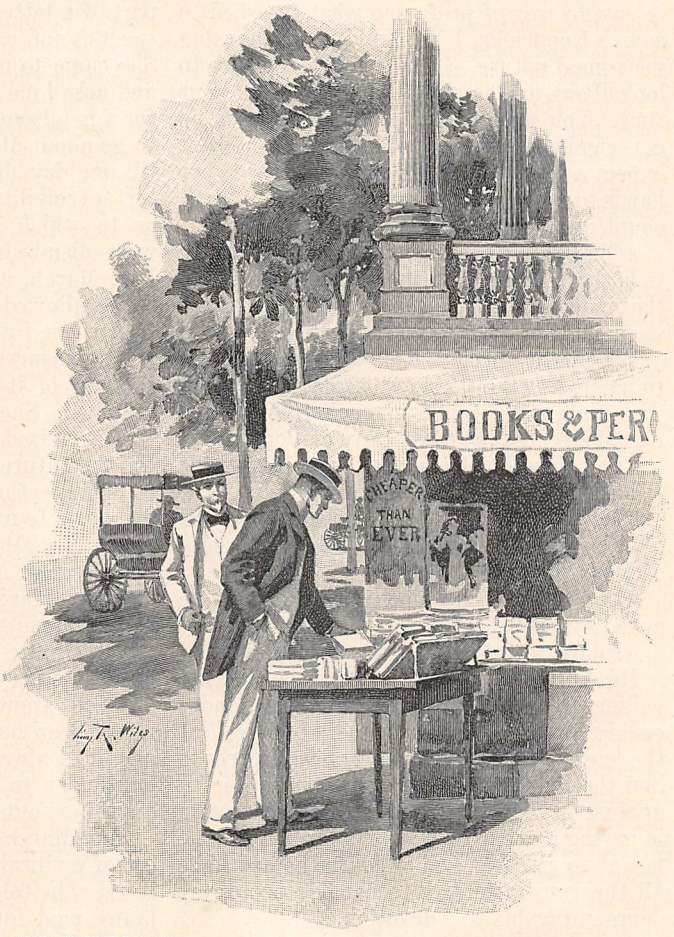
«Quite. And there is no reason why this girl should n't have her mother's nature.»

«We don't actually *know* anything against her father's nature yet,» I suggested; «but if her mother lived a starved and stunted life with him, it may account for that effect of disappointed greed which I fancied in her when I first saw her.»

«I don't call it greed in a young girl to want to see something of the world.»

«What do you call it?»

Kendricks and the girl were stopping at the gate of the pavilion, and looking round at us. «Ah, he 's got enough for one day! He 's going to leave her to us now.»



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

THE BOOKSTALL.

When we came up he said, «I 'm going to run off a moment; I 'm going up to the bookstore there,» and he pointed toward one that had spread across the sidewalk just below the Congress Hall veranda, with banks and shelves of novels, and a cry of bargains in them on signs sticking up from their rows. «I want to see if they have the ‹Last Days of Pompeii.›»

«We will find the ladies inside the park,» I said. «I will go with you—»

«Mr. March wants to see if they have the last number of ‹Every Other Week,›» my wife mocked after us. This was, indeed, commonly a foible of mine. I had newly become one of the owners of the periodical as well as the editor, and I was all the time looking out for it at news-stands and book-stores, and judging their enterprise by its presence or absence. But this time I had another motive, though I did not allege it.

«I suppose it 's for Miss Gage?» I ventured

to say, by way of prefacing what I wished to say. «Kendricks, I 'm afraid we 're abusing your good nature. I know you 're up here to look about, and you 're letting us use all your time. You must n't do it. Women have no conscience about these things, and you can't expect a woman who has a young lady on her hands to spare you. I give you the hint. Don't count upon Mrs. March in this matter.»

«Oh, I think you 're very good to allow me to bother round,» said the young fellow, with that indefatigable politeness of his. He added vaguely, «It 's very interesting.»

«Seeing it through such a fresh mind?» I suggested. «Well, I 'll own that I don't think you could have found a much fresher one. Has she read 'The Last Days of Pompeii?'»

«She thought she had at first, but it was 'The Fall of Granada.'»

«How delightful! Don't you wish we could read books with that utterly unliterary sense of them?»

«Don't you think women generally do?» he asked evasively.

«I dare say they do at De Witt Point.»

He did not answer; I saw that he was not willing to talk the young lady over, and I could not help praising his taste to myself at the cost of my own. His delicacy forbade him the indulgence which my own protested against in vain. He showed his taste again in buying a cheap copy of the book, which he meant to give her, and of course he had to be all the more attentive to her because of my deprecating his self-devotion.

XI.

In the intimacy that grew up between my wife and Miss Gage I found myself less and less included. It seemed to me at times that I might have gone away from Saratoga and not have been seriously missed by any one; but perhaps this was not taking sufficient account of my value as a spectator by whom Mrs. March could verify her own impressions.

The girl had never known a mother's care, and it was affecting to see how willing she was to be mothered by the chance kindness of a stranger. She probably felt more and more her ignorance of the world as it unfolded itself to her in terms so altogether strange to the life of De Witt Point. I was not sure that she would have been so grateful for the efforts made for her enjoyment if they had failed, but as the case stood she was certainly grateful; my wife said that, and I saw it. She seemed to have written home about us to her father, for she read my wife part of a letter from him conveying his «respects,» and asking her to thank us for him. She came to me with the check it inclosed, and asked me to get it cashed for her; it was for a handsome amount. But she continued to go about at our cost, quite unconsciously, till one day she happened to witness a contest of civility between Kendricks and me as to which should pay the carriage we were dismissing. That night she came to Mrs. March, and, with many blushes, asked to be allowed to pay for the past and the future her full share of the expense of our joint pleasures. She said that she had never thought of it before, and she felt so much ashamed. She could not be consoled till she was promised that she should be indulged for the future, and that I should be obliged to average the outlay already made and let her pay a fourth. When she had gained her point, Mrs. March said that she seemed a little scared, and said: «I have n't offended you, Mrs. March, have I? Because if it is n't right for me to pay—»

«It 's quite right, my dear,» said my wife; «and it 's very nice of you to think of it.»

«You know,» the girl explained, «I 've never been out a great deal at home even; and it 's always the custom there for the gentlemen to pay for a ride—or dance—or anything; but this is different.»

Mrs. March said «Yes,» and, in the interest of civilization, she did a little missionary work. She told her that in Boston the young ladies paid for their tickets to the Harvard assemblies, and preferred to do it, because it left them without even a tacit obligation.

Miss Gage said she had never heard of such a thing before, but she could see how much better it was.

I do not think she got on with «The Last Days of Pompeii» very rapidly; its immediate interest was superseded by other things. But she always had the book about with her, and I fancied that she tried to read it in those moments of relaxation from our pleasuring when she might better have been day-dreaming, though I dare say she did enough of that too.

What amused me in the affair was the celerity with which it took itself out of our hands. In an incredibly short time we had no longer the trouble of thinking what we should do for Miss Gage; that was provided for by the forethought of Kendricks, and our concern was how each could make the other go with the young people on their excursions and expeditions. We had seen and done all the things that they were doing,

and it presently bored us to chaperon them. After a good deal of talking we arrived at a rough division of duty, and I went with them walking and eating and drinking, and for anything involving late hours, and Mrs. March presided at such things as carriage exercise, concerts, and shopping.

There are not many public entertainments in Saratoga, except such as the hotels supply; but there was a series of Salvation Army meetings, and there was at least one theatrical performance—a performance of «East Lynne» entirely by people of color. The sentiments and incidents of the heart-breaking melodrama, as the colored mind interpreted them, were of very curious effect. It was as if the version were dyed with the same pigment that darkened the players' skins: it all came out negro. Yet they had tried to make it white; I could perceive how they aimed not at the imitation of our nature, but at the imitation of our convention; it was like the play of children in that. I should have said that nothing could be more false than the motives and emotions of the drama as the author imagined them, but I had to own that their rendition by these sincere souls was yet more artificial. There was nothing traditional, nothing archaic, nothing autochthonic in their poor art. If the scene could at any moment have resolved itself into a walk-round, with an interspersion of «spirituals,» it would have had the charm of these; it would have consoled and edified: but as it was, I have seldom been so bored. I began to make some sad reflections, as that our American society, in its endeavor for the effect of European society, was of no truer ideal than these colored comedians, and I accused myself of a final absurdity in having come there with these young people, who, according to our good native usage, could have come perfectly well without me. At the end of the first act I broke into their talk with my conclusion that we must not count the histrionic talent among the gifts of the African race just yet. We could concede them music, I supposed, and there seemed to be hope for them, from what some of them had done, in the region of the plastic arts; but apparently the stage was not for them, and this was all the stranger because they were so imitative. Perhaps, I said, it was an excess of self-consciousness which prevented their giving themselves wholly to the art, and I began to speak of the subjective and the objective, of the real and the ideal; and whether it was that I became unintelligible as I became metaphysical, I found Kendricks obviously not following me in the incoherent replies he gave. Miss Gage had honestly made no attempt to follow me. He asked, Why, did n't I think it was pretty well done? They had been enjoying it very much, he said. I could only stare in answer, and wonder what had become of the man's tastes or his principles; he was either humbugging himself or he was hum-



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY A. NEGRI.

«I DO NOT THINK SHE GOT ON . . . VERY RAPIDLY.»

bugging me. After that I left them alone, and suffered through the rest of the play with what relief I could get from laughing when the pathetic emotions of the drama became too poignant. I decided that Kendricks was absorbed in the study of his companion's mind, which must be open to his contemporaneous eye as it could never have been to my old-sighted glasses, and I envied him the knowledge he was gaining of that type of American girl. It suddenly came to me that he must be finding his account in this, and I felt a little less regret for the waste of civilities, of attentions, which sometimes seemed to me beyond her appreciation.

I, for my part, gave myself to the study of the types about me, and I dwelt long and luxuriously upon the vision of a florid and massive matron in diaphanous evening dress, whom I imagined to be revisiting the glimpses of her girlhood in the ancient watering-place, and to be getting all the gaiety she could out of it. These are the figures one mostly sees at Saratoga; there is very little youth of the present day there, but the youth of the past abounds, with the belated yellow hair or the purple mustaches, which give a notion of greater wickedness in a former generation.

I made my observation that the dress, even in extreme cases of elderly prime, was very good—in the case of the women, I mean; the men there, as everywhere with us, were mostly slovens; and I was glad to find that the good taste and the correct fashion were without a color-line; there were some mulatto ladies present as stylish as their white sisters, or step-sisters.

The most amiable of the human race is in great force at Saratoga, where the vast hotel service is wholly in its hands, and it had honored the effort of the comedians that night with a full house of their own complexion. We who were not of it showed strangely enough in the dark mass, who let us lead the applause, however, as if doubtful themselves where it ought to come in, and whom I found willing even to share some misplaced laughter of mine. They formed two thirds of the audience on the floor, and they were a cloud in the gallery, scarcely broken by a gleam of white.

I entertained myself with them a good deal, and I thought how much more delightful they were in their own kindly character than in their assumption of white character, and I tried to define my suffering from the performance as an effect from my tormented sympathies rather than from my offended tastes. When the long stress was over, and we rose and stood to let the crowd get out, I asked Miss Gage if she did not think this must be the case. I do not suppose she was really much more experienced in the theater than the people on the stage, some of whom I doubted to have ever seen a play till they took part in «East Lynne.» But I thought I would ask her that in order to hear what she would say; and she said very simply that she had seen so few plays she did not know what to think of it, and I could see that she was abashed by the fact. Kendricks must have seen it too, for he began at once to save her from herself, with all his subtle generosity, and to turn her shame to praise. My heart, which remained sufficiently cold to her, warmed more than ever to him, and I should have liked to tell her that here was the finest and rarest human porcelain using itself like common clay in her behalf, and to demand whether she thought she was worth it.

I did not think she was, and I had a lurid moment when I was tempted to push on and make her show herself somehow at her worst. We had undertaken a preposterous thing in befriending her as we had done, and our course in bringing Kendricks in was wholly unjustifiable. How could I lead her on to some betrayal of her essential Philistinism, and make her so impossible in his eyes that even he, with all his sweetness and goodness, must take the first train from Saratoga in the morning?

We had of course joined the crowd in pushing forward; people always do, though they promise themselves to wait till the last one is out. I got caught in a dark eddy on the first stair-landing; but I could see them farther down, and I knew they would wait for me outside the door.

When I reached it at last they were nowhere to be seen; I looked up this street and down that, but they were not in sight.

XII.

I DID not afflict myself very much, or pretend to do so. They knew the way home, and after I had blundered about in search of them through the lamp-shot darkness, I settled myself to walk back at my leisure, comfortably sure that I should find them on the veranda waiting for me when I reached the hotel. It was a thick night, and I almost ran into a couple at a corner of our quieter street when I had got to it out of Broadway. They seemed to be standing and looking about, and when the man said, «He must have thought we took the first turn,» and the woman, «Yes;



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

«I KNEW THEY WOULD WAIT FOR ME OUTSIDE THE DOOR.»

that must have been the way,» I recognized my estrays.

I thought I would not discover myself to them, but follow on, and surprise them by arriving at our steps at the same moment they did, and I prepared myself to hurry after them. But they seemed in no hurry, and I had even some difficulty in accommodating my pace to the slowness of theirs.

«Won't you take my arm, Miss Gage?» he asked as they moved on.

«It 's so *very* dark,» she answered (and I knew she had taken it), «I can hardly see a step; and poor Mr. March, with his glasses— I don't know what he 'll do.»

«Oh, he only uses them to read with; he can see as well as we can in the dark.»

«He 's very young in his feelings,» said the girl; «he puts me in mind of my own father.»

«He 's very young in his thoughts,» said Kendricks; «and that 's much more to the purpose for a magazine editor. There are very few men of his age who keep in touch with the times as he does.»

«Still, Mrs. March seems a good deal younger, don't you think? I wonder how soon they begin to feel old?»

«Oh, not till along in the forties, I should say. It 's a good deal in temperament. I don't suppose that either of them realizes yet that they 're old, and they must be nearly fifty.»

«How strange it must be,» said the girl, «to be fifty years old! Twenty seems old enough, goodness knows.»

«How should you like to be a dotard of twenty-seven?» Kendricks asked, and she laughed at his joke.

«I don't suppose I should mind it so much if I were a man.»

I had promised myself that if the talk became at all confidential I would drop behind out of ear-shot; but though it was curiously intimate for me to be put apart in the minds of these young people on account of my years as not of the same race or fate as themselves, there was nothing in what they said that I might not innocently overhear, as far as they were concerned, and I listened on.

But they had apparently given me quite enough attention. After some reciprocal laughter at what she said last, they were silent a moment, and then he said soberly: «There 's something fine in the isolation the dark gives you, is n't there? You 're as remote in it from our own time and place as if you were wandering in interplanetary space.»

«I suppose we *are* doing that all the time —on the earth,» she suggested.

«Yes; but how hard it is to realize that we are on the earth now. Sometimes I have a sense of it, though, when the moon breaks from one flying cloud to another. Then it seems as if I were a passenger on some vast, shapeless ship sailing through the air. What,» he asked, with no relevancy that I could perceive, «was the strangest feeling *you* ever had?» I remembered asking girls such questions when I was young, and their not apparently thinking it at all odd.

«I don't know,» she returned thoughtfully. «There was one time when I was little, and it had sleeted, and the sun came out just before it set, and seemed to set all the woods on fire. I thought the world was burning up.»

«It must have been very weird,» said Kendricks; and I thought, «Oh, good heavens! Has he got to talking of weird things?»

«It 's strange,» he added, «how we all have that belief when we are children, that the world is going to burn up! I don't suppose any child escapes it. Do you remember that poem of Thomson's,—the 'City of Dreadful Night' man,—where he describes the end of the world?»

«No; I never read it.»

«Well, merely, he says when the conflagration began the little flames looked like crocuses breaking through the sod. If it ever happened, I fancy it would be quite as simple as that. But perhaps you don't like gloomy poetry?»

«Yes, yes, I do. It 's the only kind that I care about.»

«Then you hate funny poetry?»

«I think it 's disgusting. Papa is always cutting it out of the papers and wanting to send it to me, and we have the greatest *times!*»

«I suppose,» said Kendricks, «it expresses some moods, though.»

«Oh, yes; it expresses some moods; and sometimes it makes me laugh in spite of myself, and ashamed of anything serious.»

«That 's always the effect of a farce with me.»

«But then I 'm ashamed of being ashamed afterward,» said the girl. «I suppose you go to the theater a great deal in New York.»

«It 's a school of life,» said Kendricks. «I mean the audience.»

«I would like to go to the opera once. I am going to make papa take me in the winter.» She laughed with a gay sense of power, and he said:

«You seem to be great friends with your father.»

«Yes; we 're always together. I always went everywhere with him; this is the first time I 've been away without him. But I thought I 'd come with Mrs. Deering and see what Saratoga was like; I had never been here.»

«And is it like what you thought?»

«No! The first week we did n't do anything. Then we got acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. March, and I began really to see something. But I supposed it was all balls and gaiety.»

«We must get up a few if you 're so fond of them,» Kendricks playfully suggested.

«Oh, I don't know as I am. I never went much at home. Papa did n't care to have me.»

«Ah, do you think it was right for him to keep you all to himself?»

The girl did not answer, and they had both halted so abruptly that I almost ran into them.

«I don't quite make out where we are,» Kendricks said, and he seemed to be peering about. I plunged across the street lest he should ask me. But I heard him add, «Oh, yes; I know now,» and then they pressed forward.

We were quite near our hotel, but I thought it best to walk round the square and let them arrive first. On the way I amused myself thinking how differently the girl had shown herself to him from what she had ever shown herself to my wife or me. She had really, this plain-minded goddess, a vein of poetic feeling, some inner beauty of soul answering to the outer beauty of body. She had a romantic attachment to her father, and this shed a sort of light on both of them, though I knew that it was not always a revelation of character.

XIII.

WHEN I reached the hotel I found Miss Gage at the door, and Kendricks coming out of the office toward her.

«Oh, here he is!» she called to him at sight of me.

«Where in the world have you been?» he demanded. «I had just found out from the clerk that you had n't come in yet, and I was going back for you with a search-light.»

«Oh, I was n't so badly lost as all that,» I returned. «I missed you in the crowd at the door, but I knew you 'd get home somehow, and so I came on without you. But my aged steps are not so quick as yours.»

The words, mechanically uttered, suggested something, and I thought that if they were in for weirdness I would give them as much weirdness as they could ask for. «When you get along toward fifty you 'll find that the foot you 've still got out of the grave does n't work so lively as it used. Besides, I was interested in the night effect. It 's so gloriously dark; and I had a fine sense of isolation as I came along, as if I were altogether out of my epoch and my environment. I felt as if the earth was a sort of *Flying Dutchman*, and I was the only passenger. It was about the weirdest sensation I ever had. It reminded me, I don't know how, exactly of the feeling I had when I was young, and I saw the sunset one evening through the woods after a sleet-storm.»

They stared at each other as I went on, and

I could see Kendricks's fine eyes kindle with an imaginative appreciation of the literary quality of the coincidence. But when I added, «Did you ever read a poem about the end of the world by that ‹City of Dreadful Night› man?» Miss Gage impulsively caught me by the coat lapel and shook me.

«Ah, it *was* you all the time! I *knew* there was somebody following us, and I might have *known* who it was!»

We all gave way to a gale of laughter, and sat down on the veranda and had our joke out in a full recognition of the fact. When Kendricks rose to go at last I said, «We won't say anything about this little incident to Mrs. March, hey?» And then they laughed again as if it were the finest wit in the world, and Miss Gage bade me a joyful good night at the head of the stairs as she went off to her room and I to mine.

I found Mrs. March waiting up with a book, and as soon as I shut myself in with her she said awfully, «What *were* you laughing so about?»

«Laughing? Did you hear me laughing?»

«The whole house heard you, I 'm afraid. You certainly ought to have known better, Basil. It was very inconsiderate of you.» And, as I saw she was going on with more of that sort of thing, to divert her thoughts from my crime I told her the whole story. It had quite the effect I intended up to a certain point. She even smiled a little, as much as a woman could be expected to smile who was not originally in the joke.

«And they had got to comparing weird experiences?» she asked.

«Yes; the staleness of the thing almost made me sick. Do you remember when we first began to compare our weird experiences? But I suppose they will go on doing it to the end of time, and it will have as great a charm for the last man and woman as it had for Adam and Eve when they compared *their* weird experiences.»

«And was that what you were laughing at?»

«We were laughing at the wonderful case of telepathy I put on them.»

Mrs. March faced her open book down on the table before her, and looked at me with profound solemnity. «Well, then, I can tell you, my dear, it is no laughing matter. If they have got to the weird it is very serious; and her talking to him about her family, and his wanting to know about her father, that 's serious too—far more serious than either of them can understand. I don't like it, Basil; we have got a terrible affair on our hands.»

«Terrible?»

«Yes, terrible. As long as he was interested in her simply from a literary point of view, though I did n't like that either, I could put up with it; but now that he 's got to telling her about himself, and exchanging weird experiences with her, it 's another thing altogether. Oh, I never wanted Kendricks brought into the affair at all.»

«Come now, Isabel! Stick to the facts, please.»

«No matter! It was you that discovered the girl, and then something had to be done. I was perfectly shocked when you told me that Mr. Kendricks was in town, because I saw at once that he would have to be got in for it; and now we have to think what we shall do.»

«Could n't we think better in the morning?»

«No; we must think at once. I shall not sleep to-night, anyhow. My peace is gone. I shall have to watch them every instant.»

«Beginning at this instant? Why not wait till you can see them?»

«Oh, you can't joke it away, my dear. If I find they are really interested in each other I shall have to speak. I am responsible.»

«The young lady,» I said, more to gain time than anything else, «seems quite capable of taking care of herself.»

«That makes it all the worse. Do you think I care for her only? It 's Kendricks too that I care for. I don't know that I care for her at all.»

«Oh, then I think we may fairly leave Kendricks to his own devices; and I 'm not alarmed for Miss Gage either, though I do care for her a great deal.»

«I don't understand how you can be so heartless about it, Basil,» said Mrs. March, plaintively. «She is a young girl, and she has never seen anything of the world, and of course if he keeps on paying her attention in this way she can't help thinking that he is interested in her. Men never can see such things as women do. They think that, until a man has actually asked a girl to marry him, he has n't done anything to warrant her in supposing that he is in love with her, or that she has any right to be in love with him.»

«That is true; we can't imagine that she would be so indelicate.»

«I see that you 're determined to tease, my dear,» said Mrs. March, and she took up her book with an air of offense and dismissal. «If you won't talk seriously, I hope you will *think* seriously, and try to realize what we 've got in for. Such a girl could n't imagine that we had simply got Mr. Kendricks to go about with her from a romantic wish to make her

have a good time, and that he was doing it to oblige us, and was n't at all interested in her.»

«It does look a little preposterous, even to the outsider,» I admitted.

«I am glad you are beginning to see it in that light, my dear; and if you can think of anything to do by morning, I shall be humbly thankful. *I* don't expect to.»

«Perhaps I shall dream of something,» I said more lightly than I felt. «How would it do for you to have a little talk with her,—a little motherly talk,—and hint round, and warn her not to let her feelings run away with her in Kendricks's direction?» Mrs. March faced her book down in her lap, and listened as if there might be some reason in the nonsense I was talking. «You might say that he was a society man, and was in great request, and then intimate that there was a prior attachment, or that he was the kind of man who would never marry, but was really cold-hearted with all his sweetness, and merely had a passion for studying character.»

«Do you think that would do, Basil?» she asked.

«Well, I don't know; I thought perhaps you might think so.»

«I 'm afraid it would n't,» she sighed. «All that we can do now is to watch them, and then act promptly, if we see that they are really in love, either of them.»

«I don't believe,» I said, «that I should know that they were in love even if I saw it. I have forgotten the outward signs, if I ever knew them. Should he give her flowers? He 's done it from the start; he 's brought her boxes of candy, and lent her books; but I dare say he 's been merely complying with our wishes in doing it. I doubt if lovers sigh nowadays. I did n't sigh myself, even in my time; and I don't believe any passion could make Kendricks neglect his dress. He keeps his eyes on her all the time, but that may be merely an effort to divine her character. I don't believe I should know, my dear; indeed I don't.»

«I shall,» said Mrs. March.

XIV.

WE were to go the next day to the races, and I woke with more anxiety about the weather than about the lovers, or potential lovers. But after realizing that the day was beautiful, on that large scale of loveliness which seems characteristic of the summer days at Saratoga, where they have them almost the size of the summer days I knew when I was a boy, I was sensible of a secondary worry in my mind, which presently related itself to Kendricks and Miss Gage. It was a haze of trouble merely, however, such as burns off, like a morning fog, as the sun gets higher, and it was chiefly on my wife's account.

I suppose that the great difference between her conscience and one originating outside of New England (if any consciences can originate outside of New England) is that it cannot leave the moral government of the universe in the hands of divine Providence. I was willing to leave so many things which I could not control to the Deity, who probably could, that she accused me of fatalism, and I was held to be little better than one of the wicked because I would not forecast the effects of what I did in the lives of others. I insisted that others were also probably in the hands of the *somma sapienza e il primo amore*, and that I was so little aware of the influence of other lives upon my own, even where there had been a direct and strenuous effort to affect me, that I could not readily believe others had swerved from the line of their destiny because of me. Especially I protested that I could not hold myself guilty of misfortunes I had not intended, even though my faulty conduct had caused them. As to this business of Kendricks and Miss Gage, I denied in the dispute I now began tacitly to hold with Mrs. March's conscience that my conduct had been faulty. I said that there was no earthly harm in my having been interested by the girl's forlornness when I first saw her; that I did not do wrong to interest Mrs. March in her; that she did not sin in going shopping with Miss Gage and Mrs. Deering; that we had not sinned, either of us, in rejoicing that Kendricks had come to Saratoga, or in letting Mrs. Deering go home to her sick husband and leave Miss Gage on our hands; that we were not wicked in permitting the young fellow to help us make her have a good time. In this colloquy I did all the reasoning, and Mrs. March's conscience was completely silenced; but it rose triumphant in my miserable soul when I met Miss Gage at breakfast, looking radiantly happy, and disposed to fellowship me in an unusual confidence because, as I clearly perceived, of our last night's adventure. I said to myself bitterly that happiness did not become her style, and I hoped that she would get away with her confounded rapture before Mrs. March came down. I resolved not to tell Mrs. March if it fell out so, but at the same time, as a sort of atonement, I decided to begin keeping the sharpest kind of watch upon Miss Gage for the outward signs and tokens of love.

She said, «When you began to talk that way last night, Mr. March, it almost took my breath; and if you had n't gone so far, and mentioned about the sunset through the sleety trees, I never should have suspected you.»

«Ah, that 's the trouble with men, Miss Gage.» And when I said «men» I fancied she flushed a little. «We never know when to stop; we always overdo it; if it were not for that we should be as perfect as women. Perhaps you 'll give me another chance, though.»

«No; we shall be on our guard after this.» She corrected herself and said, «I shall always be looking out for you now,» and she certainly showed herself conscious in the bridling glance that met my keen gaze.

«Good heavens!» I thought. «Has it really gone so far?» and more than ever I resolved not to tell Mrs. March.

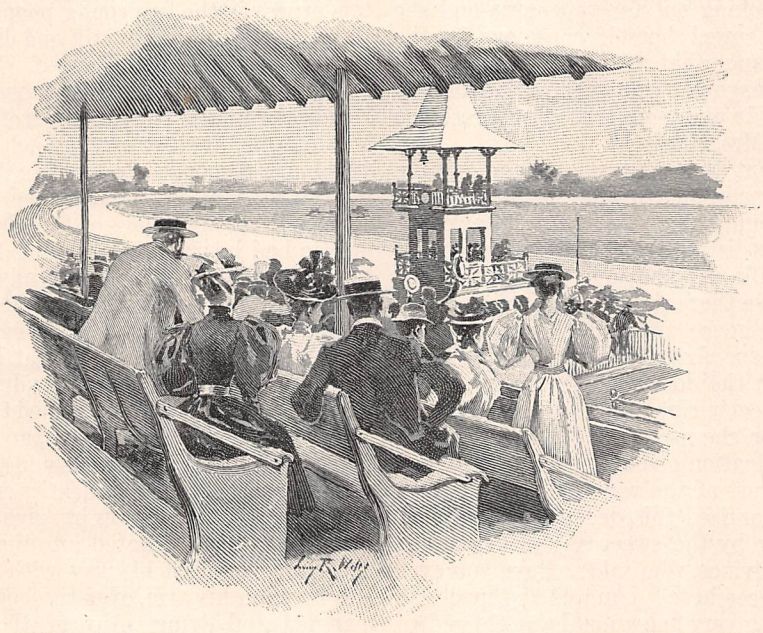
I went out to engage a carriage to take us to the races, and to agree with the driver that he should wait for us at a certain corner some blocks distant from our hotel, where we were to walk and find him. We always did this, because there were a number of clergymen in our house, and Mrs. March could not make it seem right to start for the races direct from the door, though she held that it was perfectly right for us to go. For the same reason she made the driver stop short of our destination on our return, and walked home the rest of the way. Almost the first time we practised this deception I was met at the door by the sweetest and dearest of these old divines, who said: «Have you ever seen the races here? I 'm told the spectacle is something very fine»; and I was obliged to own that I had once had a glimpse of them. But it was in vain that I pleaded this fact with Mrs. March; she insisted that the appearance of not going to the races was something that we owed the cloth, and no connivance on their part could dispense us from it.

As I now went looking up and down the street for the driver who was usually on the watch for me about eleven o'clock on a fair day of the races, I turned over in my mind the several accidents which are employed in novels to bring young people to a realizing sense of their feelings toward each other, and wondered which of them I might most safely invoke. I was not anxious to have Kendricks and Miss Gage lovers; it would be altogether simpler for us if they were not; but if they were, the sooner they knew it and we knew it the better. I thought of a carriage accident, in which he should seize her and leap with her from the flying vehicle, while the horses plunged madly on; but I did not know what in this case would become of Mrs. March and me. Besides, I could think of nothing that would frighten our driver's horses, and I dismissed the fleeting notion of getting any others because Mrs. March liked their being so safe, and she had, also, interested herself particularly in the driver, who had a family and counted upon our custom. The poor fellow came in sight presently, and smilingly made the usual arrangement with me, and an hour later he delivered us all sound in wind and limb at the race-course.

I watched in vain for signs of uncommon tenderness in the two young people. If anything, they were rather stiff and distant with each other, and I asked myself whether this might not be from an access of consciousness. Kendricks was particularly devoted to Mrs. March, who, in the airy detachment with which she responded to his attentions, gave me the impression that she had absolutely dismissed her suspicions of the night before, or else had heartlessly abandoned the affair to me altogether. If she had really done this, then I saw no way out of it for me but by an accident which should reveal them to each other. Perhaps some one might insult Miss Gage,—some ruffian,—and Kendricks might strike the fellow; but this seemed too squalid. There might be a terrible jam, and he interpose his person between her and the danger of her being crushed to death; or the floor of the grand stand might give way, and everybody be precipitated into the space beneath, and he fight his way, with her senseless form on his arm, over the bodies of the mangled and dying. Any of these things would have availed in a novel, and something of the kind would have happened too. But, to tell the truth, nothing whatever happened, and if it had not been for that anxiety on my mind I should have thought it much pleasanter so.

Even as it was I felt a measure of the hilarity which commonly fills me at a running race, and I began to lose in the charm of the gay scene the sense of my responsibility, and little by little to abate the vigilance apparently left all to me. The day was beautiful; the long heat had burned itself out, and there was a clear sparkle in the sunshine, which seemed blown across the wide space within the loop of the track by the delicate breeze. A vague, remote smell of horses haunted the air, with now and then a breath of the pines from the grove shutting the race-ground from the highway. We got excellent places, as one always may, the grand stand is so vast;

and the young people disposed themselves on the bench in front of us, but so near that we were not tempted to talk them over. The newsboys came round with papers, and the boys who sold programs of the races; from the bar below there appeared from time to time shining negroes in white linen jackets, with trays bearing tall glasses of lemonade, and straws tilted in the glasses. Book-makers from the pool-rooms took the bets of the ladies, who formed by far the greater part of the spectators on the grand stand, and contributed, with their summer hats and gowns, to the gaiety of the ensemble. They were of all types, city and country both, and of the Southern dark as well as the Northern fair complexion, with so thick a sprinkling of South Americans that the Spanish gutturals made themselves almost as much heard as the Yankee nasals. Among them moved two nuns of some mendicant order, receiving charity from the fair gamblers, who gave for luck without distinction of race or religion.



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

AT THE RACES.

I leaned forward and called Kendricks's attention to the nuns, and to the admirable literary quality of the whole situation. He was talking to Miss Gage, and he said as impatiently as he ever suffered himself to speak, «Yes, yes; tremendously picturesque.»

«You ought to get something out of it, my dear fellow. Don't you feel ‹copy› in it?»

«Oh, splendid, of course; but it 's your ground, Mr. March. I should n't feel it right to do anything with Saratoga after you had discovered it,» and he turned eagerly again to Miss Gage.

My wife put her hand on my sleeve and frowned, and I had so far lost myself in my appreciation of the scene that I was going to ask her what the matter was, when a general sensation about me made me look at the track, where the horses for the first race had already appeared, with their jockeys in vivid silk jackets of various dyes. They began to form for the start, with the usual tricks and feints, till I became very indignant with them, though I had no bets pending, and did not care in the least which horse won. What I wanted was to see the race, the flight, and all this miserable manœuvering was retarding it. Now and then a jockey rode his horse far off on the track and came back between the false starts; now and then one kept stubbornly behind the rest and would not start with them. How their several schemes and ambitions were finally reconciled I never could tell, but at last the starter's flag swept down and they were really off. All could have seen perfectly well as they sat, but all rose and watched the swift swoop of the horses, bunched together in the distance, and scarcely distinguishable by the colors of their riders. The supreme moment came for me when they were exactly opposite

the grand stand, full half a mile away,—the moment that I remembered from year to year as one of exquisite illusion,—for then the horses seemed to lift from the earth as with wings, and to skim over the track like a covey of low-flying birds. The finish was tame to this. Mrs. March and I had our wonted difference of opinion as to which horse had won, and we were rather uncommonly controversial because we had both decided upon the same horse, as we found, only she was talking of the jockey's colors, and I was talking of the horse's. We appealed to Kendricks, who said that another horse altogether had won the race, and this compromise pacified us.

We were all on foot, and he suggested, «We could see better, could n't we, if we went farther down in front?» And Mrs. March answered:

«No, we prefer to stay here; but you two can go.» And when they had promptly availed themselves of her leave, she said to me: «This is killing me dead, Basil; and if it keeps up much longer I don't believe I can live through it. I don't care now, and I believe I shall throw them together all I can from this out. The quicker they decide whether they 're in love or not the better. *I* have some rights too.»

Her whirling words expressed the feeling in my own mind. I had the same sense of being trifled with by these young people, who would not behave so conclusively toward each other as to justify our interference on the ground that they were in love, nor yet treat each other so indifferently as to relieve us of the strain of apprehension. I had lost all faith in accident by this time and I was quite willing to leave them to their own devices; I was so desperate that I said I hoped they would get lost from us, as they had from me the night before, and never come back, but just keep on wandering round forever. All sorts of evil and vengeful thoughts went through my mind as I saw them leaning toward each other to say something, and then drawing apart to laugh at it in what seemed an indefinite and careless comradery instead of an irrepressible passion. Did they think we were going to let this sort of thing go on forever? What did they suppose our nerves were made of? Had they no mercy, no consideration for others? It was quite like the selfishness of youth to wish to continue in that fools' paradise, but they would find out that middle age had its rights too. I felt myself capable of asking them bluntly what they meant by it.

But when they docilely rejoined us at the end of the races, hurrying up with some joke about not letting me get lost this time, and Miss Gage put herself at my wife's side and Kendricks dropped into step with me, all I had been thinking about them seemed absurd. They were just two young people who were enjoying a holiday time together simply and naturally, and we were in no wise answerable, far less culpable, concerning them.

I suggested this to Mrs. March when we got home, and, in the need of some relief from the tension she had been in, she was fain to accept the theory provisionally, though I knew that her later rejection of it would be all the more violent for this respite.

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.

THE ROSE OF STARS.

WHEN Love, our great Immortal,
Put on mortality,
And down from Eden's portal
Brought this sweet world to be,
At the sublime archangel
He laughed with veilèd eyes,
For he bore within his bosom
The seed of Paradise.

He hid it in his bosom,
And there such warmth it found,
It brake in bud and blossom,
And the rose fell on the ground;
As the green light on the prairie,
As the red light on the sea,
Through fragrant belts of summer
Came this sweet world to be.

And the grave archangel, seeing,
Spread his mighty vans for flight,
But a glow hung round him fleeing
Like the rose of an Arctic night;
And sadly moving heavenward
By Venus and by Mars,
He heard the joyful planets
Hail Earth, the Rose of Stars.

G. E. Woodberry.

PRISONERS OF CONSCIENCE.

(A STORY OF SHETLAND.)

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of «Friend Olivia,» «Jan Vedder's Wife,» «The Bow of Orange Ribbon,» etc.

WITH PICTURES MADE IN SHETLAND BY LOUIS LOEB.

IN TWO PARTS: PART I.

I.

THE roll of a spent gale was swinging round Vatternish toward the red, rent bastions of Skye, and its thunder amid the purple caves of the basalt and the whitened tiers of the oölite could be heard on the moor above the seaside cliffs. It was a lonely, melancholy moor, covered with heather and boulders, and encompassed by cyclopean wrecks of mountains, the vapory outlines of which suggested nothing but endless ruin.

The season was midsummer, but there had been surly whiffs of sharp rain in quick succession all day long, and the dreary levels were full of little lochs of black moss-water. Near the seaward side the land was higher, and there a circle of druidical monoliths stood huge and pale in the misty air.

Within this circle was a man. He was leaning against one of the pillars, and his fishing-nets lay upon the low central stone which had been the sacrificial altar of the dead creed. He was young and large and strong—a man not made for the narrow doorways of the town, but for the wide, stormy spaces of the unstreeted ocean. The sea was in his eyes, which were blue and outlooking. His broad breast was bared to the wind and rain. His legs were planted apart, as if he was hauling up an anchor or standing on a reeling deck. An air of somber gravity, a face sad and mystical, distinguished the solitary figure; he was the unconscious incarnation of the lonely land and the stormy sea.

His name was David Borson. He was the son of Liot Borson, and he lived alone with his father in a little hut between Dun Lea and Uig. Liot said they were Shetlanders, and the truth of this statement was evident; for Liot and his son were as distinctly Norse as the men of Uig were Celtic. They had the amazing size and strength of Shetlanders, and their fitful energy. They had also their love of silence, being men with closed lips, not garrulous like the Celts around them, yet subject to hours of rare but passionate and overflowing explanations.

Nevertheless they had been picked up in an open boat on the stormy waters of the Great Minch, far away from the misty island of the Shetland seas. Liot said they had sailed from Lerwick, intending to go to Stornoway, that he might leave his motherless boy with a sister who lived there: «after which it was my thought to see the world and make my fortune,» he added; «but my thought and God's will were not the same, and I am sent to Uig, and have nothing to say against it.»

David was three years old then, and he was now twenty-three, a youth whom a sad destiny had led far astray from happiness. For though he had a nature affectionate and poetic, he had never known any expression of loving-kindness, while hard toil and hard fare and much physical suffering had been the sum of all his experiences. He did not rebel against his fate; he took it as part of the inscrutable mystery of life and death constantly before his eyes. Others around him suffered in like manner—and at the end one thing happened to all.

The phantoms of a gloomy creed had darkened all his childhood; before he had shed his baby teeth hell was a tremendous reality to him. An immaculate, pitiless God, who delighted in the taking of vengeance on his enemies, haunted all his boyhood's dreams, and the «scheme of salvation,» by which perchance this implacable Deity might be conciliated, had been the beginning and the end of his education. With amazing distinctness in question and answer this «scheme» had been laid before him, and by the word and the rod of admonition he had been made familiar with the letter of its awful law.

Until his twentieth year David had lived under this spiritual tyranny, considering life

only as a short, precarious opportunity for working out his salvation with fear and trembling, that peradventure he might be counted among the remnant whom God would elect to save from eternal misery. The constant east winds and cloudy heavens, the cold and stormy seas, the gloom and poverty of all his surroundings, were so many confirmations of this unhappy conviction. Then, one night, as he was watching his lines and hooks, something happened which broke the adamantine seal upon his soul.

He was quite alone in his boat, and she was drifting slowly under the full moon. There was not a sound upon the ocean but the wash of the water against her sides. He was sitting motionless, thinking of the sadness and weariness of life, and wishing that God would love him, though ever so little, and, above all, that he would give him some word or sign of care for him. His hands were clasped upon his knees, his eyes fixed on the far horizon; between him and the God whom he so ignorantly feared and yet desired there was apparently nothing but infinite space and infinite silence.

All at once some one seemed to come into the boat beside him! An ineffable peace and tenderness, a sweetness not to be described, encompassed the lonely youth. He was sensible of a glory he could not see. He was comforted by words that were inaudible to his natural ears. During this transitory experience he scarcely breathed, but as it slowly passed away he rose reverently to his feet. «An angel has been with me!» he thought.

After this night he was subject to doubts he could not fight away. The whole fabric of his creed vanished at times before this inexplicable celestial revelation. Yet the terrible power of early impressions is not easily eradicated even by the supernatural, and whenever he reasoned about the circumstance he came to the conclusion that it might have been a snare and a delusion of the Evil One. For why should an angel be sent with a word for him, or why should he dare to hope that his longing after God's love had touched the heart of the Eternal? Yet, though the glory was dissolved by his doubting, nothing could quite rob him of his blessing; in the midst of the sternest realities of his rough, daily toil he found himself musing on those wonderful days when angels went and came among men as they threshed their wheat or worked at their handicrafts, when prayer was visibly answered, and the fire dropped from heaven on the accepted sacrifice.

He was thinking of these things as he leaned against the pagan pillar. Though the rain smote him east and west, he was in the sunshine of the Holy Land; he was drawing the nets with Simon Peter on the Sea of Galilee. Suddenly the sharp whistle of a passing steamer roused him. He turned his eyes seaward, and saw the *Polly Ann* hastening to the railway port with her load of fish for Glasgow market. The sight set him again in the middle of the nineteenth century. Then he felt the rain, and he drew his bonnet over his brows, and lifted his broken nets, and began to walk toward the little black hut on the horizon. It was his home, and he knew his father was waiting there for his coming. But the radiant, dreamy look which had made him handsome was gone, and the dogged air of one who simply endures gave to his face and figure and walk a characteristic hopelessness.

The hut was of large stones roughly mortared together. It had a low chimney, and a door fastened with a leather strap; but the small window wanted the screen of white muslin usual in Highland cots, and it was also dim with dust and cobwebs. David approached the door with the air of a man weary of to-day and without hope for the morrow; but at the threshold he threw off this attitude and entered with a smile. His father, sitting wearily in a wooden arm chair, turned his face to meet him. It was the face of a man walking with death. Human agony grimly borne without complaint furrowed it; gray as ashes were the cheeks, and the eyes alone retained the «spark of heavenly flame» which we call life.

«It is well you are come, David,» he said; «for I know I must soon be going, and there is this and that to say—as there always is at the parting.»

«I see that you are worse, father. Let me go for the doctor now.»

«I will have no man meddle with the hour o' my death; no one shall hurry or delay it.»

«The doctor might give you some ease from your sore pain.»

«I will bear to the uttermost His will. But come near me, David; I have some last words to say, and there is One at my side hasting me forward.»

«Tell me what you wish, father. I will do all that you say.»

«When you have put me in my grave, go to Shetland for me. I thought to do my ain errand—to get there just in time to do it, and die; but it is hard counting wi' Death; he comes sooner than you expect. David, I have brought you up in the way of life. Think no wrong o' me when I am gane awa' forever.

Indeed, you 'll no' daur to!» he said, with a sudden flash of his natural pride in himself; «for, though I may have had a sair downfa', I could na get awa' from His love and favor.»

«None living shall say wrong of you in my hearing, father.»

«But, David, there are those of the unregenerate who would make much o' my little slip. I might die, lad, and say naething to any man about it. Put a few peats on the fire; death is cold, and my feet are in the grave already. So I may tell the truth now, for no man can make me afraid at this hour. And there is nae sin, I hope, in letting Skade Trenby know I owe his brother Bele nothing for the wrong he did me. St. Paul left the Almighty to pay the ill will he owed Alexander the coppersmith, but I could na ask that much favor, being only Liot Borson. And no doubt the Lord suffered me to pay my ain debt—time and place being put so unexpected into my hand.»

Then he was awfully silent. The mortal agony was dealing its last sharp blows, and every instinct impelled him to cry out against the torment. But Liot Borson had put his mortality beneath his feet. Nothing could have forced a cry from him. His face changed as a green leaf might change if a hot iron were passed over it, but he sat grasping the rude arms of his wooden chair, disdaining the torture while it lasted, and smiling triumphantly as it partly passed away.

«A few more such pangs and the fight will be over, David, so I 'll swither and scruple no longer. I will e'en tell the whole truth anent the drowning o' Bele Trenby. Bele and I were friends in a way until he meddled between me and Karen Sabiston. He had no shadow of right in the lassie, for I had set my heart on her, and she had given me her promise; and I said then, and I 'll say it now with death at my elbow, that he had no right to step between me and Karen. Yet he did that thing, and if it had not been for the minister I had stabbed him to his false heart. But the minister bid me bear the wrong, because I was of the household o' faith, and a born and baptized child of God, having come—mind this, David—o' generations of his saints. He said if wrong Bele had done me, wrong would come to Bele, and I would live to see it.»

«‹Vengeance is mine; I will repay,›» quoted David in a low voice; but Liot answered sharply:

«The Lord sends by whom he will send, and it so happened that one night as Bele and I rode together I knew the hour had come.»

«You took not the matter in your own hand, surely, father?»

«There was none there but me. I laid no finger on him. He fell into his own snare. I had said a thousand times—and the Lord had heard me say it—that if one word of mine would save Bele Trenby from death I would not say that one word. Could I break my word for a child of the Evil One? Had Bele been of the elect I would have borne that in my mind. But Bele came of bad stock; pirates and smugglers were his forebears, and the women not to name with the God-fearing—light and vain women. So I hated Bele, and I had a right to hate him; and one night as I rode from Quarf to Lerwick, Bele came to my side and said, ‹Good evening, Liot›; and I said, ‹It is dark,› and spoke no more. And by and by we came to a stream swollen with rain and snow-water, and Bele said, ‹Here is the crossing›; and I answered him not, for I knew it was *not* the crossing. So, as I delayed a little,—for my bridle was loose,—Bele said again, ‹Here is the crossing›; and I told him neither yes nor no; and he said, ‹It seemeth to me, Liot, thou art in a devil's temper, and I will stay no longer with thee.› So with the ill words on his lips he rode into the stream, and then overhead into the moss he went—and so to his own place.»

«Father, I am feared for a thing like that. There would be sin in it.»

«I lifted no finger against him. My lips lied not. It was the working out of his own sin that slew him.»

«I would have warned him—yes, I would. Let me go for the minister. He will not be feared to say, ‹Liot, you did wrong,› if so he thinks.»

«I have had my plea out wi' my Maker. If I did sin I have paid the price o' the sin. Your mother was given to me, but in less than two years the Lord took her away. I thought to fill my eyes with a sight o' the whole world, and I was sent to this desolate place for a life sentence: to bide its storm and gloom and gust and poverty, and in this bit cabin to dree a long, fierce wrestle wi' Death, knowing a' the time he would get the better o' me at the end.» Then, suddenly pausing, his gray face glowed with passionate rapture, and, lifting up his right hand, he cried out: «No! no, David! I am the conqueror! There are two ways o' dying, my lad—victory and defeat. Thank God, I have the mastery through Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour!»

«Who is the propitiation for all sin, father.»

«Sin!» cried the dying man, «sin! I have naething to do with sin. ‹Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect›, for ‹Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin—he cannot sin, for he is born of God.› I did, indeed, make a sore stumble; so also did David, and nath'less he was a man after God's ain heart. What has man to do with my fault? *He* has entered into judgment with me, and I have borne the hand of the smiter.»

«And you have the intercessor.»

«If I had not I would plead my ain cause, as Job did. I would rise up and answer him like a man. For he is a just God. Mercy may have times and seasons, but justice is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. ‹Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?›»

«Would you say that, father, if justice sent you to the place of torment?»

«Ay, would I! ‹Though he slay me, yet will I trust him.› But I 'm no' fearing the place of torment, David; and as for this world, it is at my feet now like a cast-off shoe, and all its gold and gear is as the wrack of the sea. But you 'll find a few sovereigns in my chest, and a letter for your uncle Paul Borson, and the ship and the house you may do your will with.»

«It is your will in all things I care to do, father; and now, if you would but let me away for the minister; maybe you could say a word to him you are na caring to say to me—a word o' sorrow or remorse—»

«Remorse! Remorse! No, no, David! Remorse is for feeble souls. Remorse is the virtue o' hell. Remorse would sin again if it could. I have repented, lad, and repentance ends all. See to your Larger Catechism, David—Question 76.»

Throughout this conversation speech had been becoming more and more painful to him. The last words were uttered in gasps of unconquerable agony, and a mortal spasm gave a terrible emphasis to this spiritual conviction. When it passed he whispered feebly: «The pains o' hell get hold on me—on my body, David; they cannot touch my soul. Lay me down now—at His feet—I can sit in my chair no longer.»

So David laid him in his bunk. «Shall I say the *words* now, the words you marked, father?» he asked.

«Ay—the hour has come.»

Then David knelt down, and put his young, fresh face very close to the face of the dying man, and said solemnly and clearly in his very ear the chosen words of trust:

«When the waves of death compassed me;

«When the sorrows of hell compassed me about, and the snares of death prevented me.

«In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried to my God: and he did hear my voice out of his temple, and my cry did enter into his ears.»

«The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold on me: I found trouble and sorrow.

«Then called I upon the name of the Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

«Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

«For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

«Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.»

Here David ceased. It was evident that the mighty words were no longer necessary. A smile such as is never seen on mortal face until the light of eternity falls upon it illumined the gaunt, stern features, and the outlooking eyes flashed a moment in its radiance. As far as this world was concerned, Liot Borson was a dead man. For two days he lingered on its outermost shoal, but at sunrise on the third morning he went silently away. It was full tide, the waves broke softly on the shingle, and the sea-birds on the lonely rocks were crying for their meat from God. Suddenly the sunshine filled the cabin, and David was aware of something more than the morning breeze coming through the wide-open door. A sense of lofty *presence* filled the place. «It is the flitting!» he said with a great awe; and he stood up with bowed head until a feeling of indescribable loneliness testified that the soul which had hitherto dwelt with him was gone away forever.

He went then to the body. Death had given it majesty and grandeur. It was evident that in Liot's case the great change had meant victory, and not defeat. For the first time in his life David kissed his father. Then he went into Uig and told the minister, and said simply to his mates, «My father is dead.» And they answered:

«It is a happy change for him, David. Is it to-morrow afternoon you would like us to come?»

And David said, «Yes; at three o' clock the minister will be there.»

He declined all companionship. He could wake alone with the dead. For the most part he sat on the door-step and watched the rising and setting of the constellations, or walked to and fro before the open door, ever awfully aware of that outstretched form—the house of clay in which his father and

companion had dwelt so many years at his side. Sometimes he slept a little, with his head against the post of the door, and then the sudden waking in the starlight made him tremble. He had thought this night would be a session of solemnity never to be forgotten, but he found himself dozing, and his thoughts drifting, and it was only by an effort that he could compel anything like the attitude he desired. For we cannot kindle when we will the sacred fire of the soul, and David was disappointed in his spiritual experience, and shocked at what he called his coldness and indifference, which, after all, were not coldness and indifference, but the apathy of exhausted feeling and physical weariness.

The next afternoon there was a quiet gathering in the cabin that had been Liot's, and a little prayer and admonition. Then, in the beauteous stillness of the summer day, the fishers made a bier of their crossed oars, and David laid his father upon it. There was no coffin; the long, majestic figure of humanity was only folded close in a winding-sheet and his own blue blanket. So by the sea-shore, as the tide murmured, and the sun glinted brightly through swirling banks of gray clouds, they carried him to his long home. No one spoke as he entered it. The minister dropped his kerchief upon the upturned face, and David cast the first earth. Then the dead man's friends, each taking the spade in his turn, filled in the empty place, and laid over it the sod, and went silently away in twos and threes, each to his own home.

When all had disappeared, David followed. He had now an irresistible impulse to escape from his old surroundings. He did not feel as if he cared to see again any one who had been a part of the past. He went back to the cabin, ate some bread and fish, and then, with a little reluctance, opened his father's chest. There was but small wealth in it—only three letters, and Liot's kirk clothes, and a leather purse containing sixteen sovereigns. David saw at a glance that the letters were written by his mother. He wondered a moment if his father had found her again yet, and then he kissed the bits of faded script and laid them upon the glowing peats. The money he put in his pocket; the chest and clothing he resolved to take to Shetland with him. As for the cabin, he decided to give it to Bella Campbell. «She was sore put to last winter,» he said to himself, «to shelter her five fatherless bairns, and if my father liked any one mair than others it was Angus Campbell.»

Then he went out and looked at the boat. «It is small,» he mused, «but it will carry me to Shetland. I can keep in the shadows of the shore, and, though it be a far sail round Cape Wrath and Dunnet Head, it is summer weather, and I 'll win my way if so it pleases God.»

And thus it happened that on the first day of August this lonely wayfarer on cheerless seas caught sight of the gray cliffs of the Shetlands, lying like dusky spots in the sapphire and crimson splendors of the setting sun.

II.

DURING his solitary journey David had been cheered by the thought that he was going home. Though Liot Borson had spoken little of his cousin Paul, and David had not found the letter which was to be his introduction to him, he had yet no doubts as to his welcome; time might wither friendship and slay love, but his kindred were his kindred, bound to him by the ineffaceable and imperishable ties of blood and race.

He approached Lerwick in that divine twilight which in the Shetland summer links day unto day. He was charmed by the clear air, the serene seas, and the tranquil grandeur of the caverned rocks which guard the lonely isles. And when the sun rose, and he saw their mural fronts of porphyry carved by storms into ten thousand castles in the air, and cloud-like palaces still more fantastic, he felt his heart glow for the land of his birth and the home of his ancestors.

To the tumult of almost impossible hopes he brought in his little craft. He had felt certain that his appearance would awaken interest and speculation at once; that Paul Borson would hear of his arrival and come running to meet him; that his father's old friends, catching the news, would stop him on the quay and the street, and ask him questions, and give him a welcome. He had also told himself that it was likely his father's cousin would have sons and daughters, and if so, that they would certainly be glad to see him. Besides which, there was his mother's family, the old Icelandic Sabistons; he would seek them out, for in his heart there was love enough and to spare for kindred, however distant. For David's conceptions of the family and racial tie were not only founded upon the wide Hebraic ideals, but his singularly lonely youth and affectionate nature had disposed him to make an exaggerated estimate of the obligations of kindred. And this personal leaning was again strengthened by the inherited tendency of Norse families to «stand by each other in all haps.» Therefore he felt



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

«I WANT TO FIND MY FATHER'S PEOPLE.»

sure of his welcome; for, though Paul was but his second cousin, they were both Borsons, sprung from the same Norse root, children of the same great ancestor, the Norwegian Bor.

It was near noon when he reached Lerwick. He had dressed himself with care, and he managed his boat with a skill which he expected a town of fishermen and sailors to take notice of. Alas, it is so difficult to find a fortunate hour! David could hardly have fallen on a more depressing one. The trade of the early morning was over, and the men were in their houses taking that sleep which those who toil by night must secure in the daytime. The fishing-boats, emptied of their last night's «take,» and cleaned, were idly rocking on the water. The utmost quiet reigned in the sunny streets, and the little pier was deserted. No one took any notice of David.

Greatly disappointed, and even wounded, by this very natural neglect, David made fast his boat, and stepped on shore. He put his feet down firmly, as if he were taking possession of his own, and stood still and looked around. He saw a man with his hands in his pockets loitering down the street, and he went toward him. But as he came within speaking distance the man turned into a house and shut the door. Pained and curious, he continued his aimless walk. As he passed Fae's store he heard the confused sound of a number of men talking; then silence; then the tingling notes of a fiddle very cleverly played. For a moment he was bewitched by the music; then he was sure that nothing but the little, sinful fiddle of carnal dance and song could make sounds so full of temptation, and as Odysseus, passing the dwelling-place of the Sirens, «closed his ears and went swiftly by, singing the praises of the gods,» so David, remembering his father's counsels, closed his ears to the enchanting strains and hastened beyond their power to charm him.

A little farther on a lovely girl, with her water-pitcher on her head and her knitting in her hands, met him. She looked with a shy smile at David, and the glance from her eyes made him thrill with pleasure; but before he had a word ready she had passed, and he could only turn and look at her tall form and the heavy braids of pale-brown hair below the water-pitcher. He felt as if he were in a dream as he went onward again down the narrow street of gray and white houses—houses so tall, and so fantastic, and so much larger than any he had ever seen, that they impressed him with a sense of grandeur in which he had neither right nor place. For, though he saw women moving about within them, and children sitting on the door-steps, no one spoke to him, no one seemed interested in his presence; and yet he had come to them with a heart so full of love! Never for a moment did he reflect that his anticipations had rested only on his own desires and imaginations.

His disappointment made him sorrowful, but in no degree resentful. «It was na to be,» he decided. Then he resolved to return to a public-house he had noticed by the pier. There he could get his dinner and make some inquiries about his kindred. As he turned he met face to face a middle-aged woman with a basket of turf on her back. «Take care, lad,» she said cheerfully; and her smile inspired David with confidence.

«Mother,» he said, doffing his cap with instinctive politeness—«mother, I am a stranger, and I want to find my father's people—the Borsons. Where do they live?»

«My lad, the sea has them. It is Paul Borson you are asking for?»

«Yes, mother.»

«He went out in his boat with his four sons one night. The boat came back empty. It is two years since.»

«I am Liot Borson's son.»

«You?»

«Yes. Have I any kin left?»

«There is your far-cousin Nanna. She was Paul's one daughter, and he saw the sun shine through her eyes. She is but badly off now. But come into my house, and I will give you a cup of tea and a mouthful of bread and fish. Thank God, there is enough for you and for me.»

«I will come,» said David, simply, and he took the basket from the woman, and flung it lightly on his own shoulder. They went together to a house in one of the numerous «closes» running from the main street to the ocean. It was a very small house, but it was clean, and was built upon a rock the foundations of which were deep down in the sea. When the tide was full David could have sailed his boat under its small seaward window. It contained a few pieces of handsome furniture, and some old Delft earthenware which had been brought from Holland by seafaring kindred long ago. All else savored only of poverty and narrow means.

But the woman set before David a pot of tea and some oat-cake, and she fried him a fresh herring, and he ate with the delayed hunger of healthy youth—heartily and with pleasure. And as he did so she talked to him

of his father, Liot, whom she had known in her girlhood; and David told her of Liot's long, hard fight with death, and she said with a kind of sad pride:

«Yes; that way Liot was sure to fare to his long home. He would set his teeth and fight for his life. Was it always well between you and him?»

«He was hard and silent, but I could always lean on him as much as I liked.»

«That is a good deal to say.»

«So I think.»

«Paul Borson was of the same kind—silent, but full of deeds; and his daughter Nanna, she also has a great heart.»

«Show me where she lives; I will go to her now; and tell me your name.»

«I am Barbara Traill. When you have seen Nanna come back here, and I will give you a place to sleep and a little meat, and as soon as it is well with you it will be easy to pay my charges.»

«If there is no room for me in my cousin's house I will come to you.»

So Barbara walked with him to the end of the street, and pointed out a little group of huts on the distant moor. «Go into the first one,» she said; «it is Nanna Sinclair's; and keep to the trodden path, for outside there are bogs that no man knows the bottom of.»

Then David went forward alone, and his heart fell, and a somber look crept like a cloud over his face. This was not the home-coming he had anticipated—this poor meal at a stranger's fireside. He had been led to think that his cousin Paul had a large house, and the touch of money-making. «He and his will be well off,» Liot had affirmed more than once. And one day while he could yet stand in the door of his hut he had looked longingly northward and said: «Oh, if I could win hame again! Paul would make a fourteen days' feast to welcome me!» The very vagueness of these remarks had given strength to David's imagination. He had hoped for things larger than his knowledge, and he had quite forgotten to take into his calculations the fact that as the years wear on they wear out love and life, and leave little but graves behind them. At this hour he felt his destiny to be hard and unlovely, and the text learned as one of the pillars of his faith, «Jacob have I loved, Esau have I hated,» forced itself upon his reflection. A deadly fear came into his heart that the Borsons were among these hated ones. Why else did God pursue them with such sufferings and fatalities? And what could he do to propitiate this unfriendly deity?

His road was upon the top of the cliff over a moor covered with peat-bogs and withered heather. The sea was below him, and a long, narrow lake lay silent and motionless among the dangerous moss—a lake so old and dead-looking that it might have been the shadow of a lake that once was. Nothing green was near it, and no birds were tempted by its sullen waters; yet untold myriads of sea-birds floated and wheeled between sea and sky, and their hungry, melancholy cries and the desolate landscape stimulated and colored David's sad musings, though he was quite unaware of their influence.

When he came to the group of huts he paused a moment. They were the abodes of poverty. There was none better than the rest, but Barbara had said that Nanna's was the first one, and he went slowly toward it. No one appeared, though the door stood wide open, but when he reached the threshold he could see Nanna sitting within. She was busily braiding the fine Tuscan straw for which Shetland was once famous, and her eyes were so intently following her rapid fingers that it was unlikely she had seen him coming. Indeed, she did not raise them at once, for it was necessary to leave her work at a certain point, and in that moment's delay David looked with a breathless wonder at the woman before him. She was sitting, and yet even sitting she was majestic. Her face was large, but perfectly oval, and as fair as a lily. Her bright brown hair was parted, passed smoothly behind the ears, and beautifully braided. Serenity and an unalterable calm gave to the young face something of the fixity of marble, but as David spoke she let her eyes fall upon a little child at her feet, and then lifted them to him with a smile as radiant and life-giving as sunshine.

«Who are you?» she asked, as she took her babe in her arms and went toward David.

«I am your far-cousin, David Borson.»

«The son of my father's cousin Liot?»

«Yes. Liot Borson is dead, and here am I.»

«You are welcome, for you were to come. This is your little cousin Vala. She is nearly two years old. Is she not pretty?»

«I know not what to say. She is too pretty for words.»

«Sit down, cousin, and tell me all.» And as they talked her eyes enthralled him. They were deep blue, and had a solar brilliancy as if they imbibed light—holy eyes, with the small, slow-moving pupils that indicate a religious, perhaps a mystical, soul.

David sat with her until sunset, and she gave him a simple meal of bread and tea,

and talked confidentially to him of Liot and of her own father and brothers. But of herself she said nothing at all; neither could David find the courage to ask her a question. He watched her sing her child to sleep, and he sat down with her on the door-step, and they talked softly together of death and of judgment and of the life to come; and the women from the other huts gradually joined them, and the soft Shetland night glorified the somber land and the mysterious sea until at last David rose and said he must go back to Lerwick, for the day was over.

A strange day it had been to him, but he was too primitive to attempt any reasoning about its events. When he left Nanna's he was under that strong excitement which makes a man walk as if he were treading upon the void, and there was a hot confusion in his thoughts and feelings. He stepped rapidly, and the stillness of the lovely night did not soothe or reason with him. As he approached the town he saw the fishing-fleet leaving the harbor, and in the fairy light they looked like living things with outspread wings. Two fishers were standing at a house-door with a woman, who was filling a glass. She held it aloft a moment, and then gave it to one with the words: «Death to the heads that wear no hair!» «The herring and the halibut, the haddock and the sole,» answered the man, and he drank a little and passed it to his comrade. Then up the street they hurried like belated men, and David felt the urging of accustomed work, and a sense of delinquency in his purposeless hands.

He found Barbara waiting. She knew that he would not stay at Nanna Sinclair's, and she had prepared the room of her absent son for him. «If he can pay one shilling a day it will be a godsend to me,» she thought, and when she told David so he answered, «That is a little matter, and no doubt there will be good between us.»

He saw then that the window was open and the sea-water lippering nearly to the sill of it; and he took off his bonnet and sat down, and let the cool breeze blow upon his hot brow. It was near midnight, but what then? David had never been more awake in all his life—yes, awake to his finger-tips. Yet for half an hour he sat by the window and never opened his mouth, and Barbara sat on the hearth and raked the smoldering peats together, and kept a like silence. She was well used to talk with her own thoughts, and to utter words was no necessity to Barbara Traill. But she knew what David was thinking of, and she was quite prepared for the first word which parted his set lips.

«Is my cousin Nanna a widow?»

«No.»

«Where, then, is her husband?»

«None can tell. He will come no more to Shetland.»

«Nanna is poor; she is in trouble. Who is to blame?»

«Nicol Sinclair. Sorrow and suffering and ill luck he has brought her—and there is no help for it.»

«No help for it! I will see about that. Tell me all, but make no more of the matter than it is worth.»

«Little need is there to do that. Think for yourself. What cruel things can a bad man do to a good woman? All of them have been done to Nanna Sinclair by her husband. Before her father and brothers were drowned he kept her in his breast like a great treasure; after that he set himself to put her in the grave. When her baby was born he said to her face, 'Die, and get out of my way.' And one night he lured her to the cliff-top, and quarreled with her there, and men think—yes, and women think, too—that he threw the child into the water, and that Nanna leaped after it. But, this way or that way, Magnus Crawford took them out of the sea, and Nanna had a fever and knew nothing at all, and the child was much hurt, for it has never walked nor yet spoken a word—and there are some that say it never will.»

Then David rose to his feet, and began to walk furiously about the small room. His face was as white as death, and he spoke with a still intensity, dropping each word as if it were a separate oath: «I wish that Sinclair were here in this room. I would lay his neck across my knee and break it like a dog's; I would that!»

«It would be joy to see thee do it. I would say, 'Well done, David Borson!' As for Sinclair, he got off without a question; yes, and he sold the house Paul Borson gave to Nanna, and all its plenishing, and whatever else he could put his hands on. And he took also all the money out of the bank which Paul had left his daughter; and when no one saw him—in the night-time—he went off, the devil knows where.»

«Were there no men in Lerwick at that time?»

«Many men were in Lerwick—men, too, who never get to their feet for nothing. But Nanna said, 'I have sorrow enough; bring not back that sorrow also.'»

«I am glad that God has made Tophet for such men,» said David, passionately. «Often



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

NANNA AND VALA.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

A LERWICK MAN.

I have trembled at the dreadful justice of the Holy One. I see now how good it is. To be sure, when God puts his hook into the nose of the wicked, and he is made to go a way he does not want to go, then he has to cease from troubling; but I wish not that he may cease from being troubled. No, indeed; I wish that he may have weeping and wailing. I will stay here. Some day Sinclair will come back. Then he shall pay all he owes.»

Suddenly David remembered his father's sad confession, and he was silent. The drowning of Bele, and all that followed it, flashed like a fiery thought through his heart, and he went into his room and shut the door, and flung himself face downward upon the floor. Would God count his anger as very murder? Would he enter into judgment with him for it? Oh, how should a sinful man order all his way and words aright! And in a little while Barbara heard him weeping, and she said to herself: «He is a good man. God loves those who remember him when they are alone and weep. The minister said that.»

This day had, indeed, been to David a kind of second birth. He had entered into a new life and taken possession of himself. He knew that he was a different being from the youth who had sailed for weeks alone with God upon the great waters; but still he was a riddle to himself, and it was this feeling of utter confusion and weakness and ignorance that had sent him weeping and speechless to the very feet of the Divine.

But if the mind is left quite passive we are often instructed in our sleep. David awakened with a plan of life clearly in his mind. He would remain with Barbara Traill, and follow his occupation of fishing, and do all that he could to make his cousin Nanna happy. The intense strength of his family affection led him to this resolve. He had not fallen in love with Nanna. As a wife she was sacred in his eyes, and it never entered his mind that any amount of ill treatment could lessen Sinclair's claim upon her. But, though far off, she was his cousin; the blood of the Borsons flowed alike through both their hearts; and David, who could feel for all humanity, could feel most for Nanna and Vala.

Nanna herself had acknowledged the strength of this claim. He remembered how gladly she had welcomed him. He could feel yet the warm clasp of her hands, and the shining of her eyes was like nothing he had ever seen before. Even little Vala had been pleased to lie in his strong arms; she had put up her small mouth for his kiss, and had slept an hour upon his breast. As he thought of that kiss he felt it on his lips warm and sweet, for it was the very first kiss that he had ever consciously received. Yes, indeed; there was love in that poor little hut that David Borson could not bear to lose.

So he said to Barbara in the morning: «I will stay with you while it pleases us both. Are there any of my mother's family living?»

«The Sabistons are gone south to Kirkwall. They are handy at money-getting, and the rumor goes abroad that they are rich and masterful, and ill to deal with.»

«Few people are better spoken of than they deserve.»

«Yet no one in Lerwick is so well hated as your great-aunt Matilda Sabiston. She is the last of the family left here. Go and see her if you will. I have nothing to say against it, but I can give you a piece of advice: lean not for anything on Matilda Sabiston.»

«All that I want is a little love for my mother's sake. So I will go and see her. She will at least be civil for the sake of the dead.»

«Nothing will come of the visit. It is not to be hoped Matilda will behave well to you when she behaves ill to every one else.»

However, after he had eaten, David went to see his kinswoman. Her house was the largest in Lerwick, and was easily found. Its unusual splendor interested but in no way abashed David; for the dominant idea in his mind was that of kindred, and the soft carpets, the pictures, the velvet-covered furniture, were only the accessories to the condition. The woman herself sat in a large, uncushioned chair of black oak, the chair of her fore-elder Olaf, who had made it in Iceland, and brought it with his other household goods to Shetland six generations past. Never before had David seen a face so expressionless. It was like a scroll made unreadable by the wear and dust of years. Life seemed to have retreated entirely to her eyes, which were fierce and darkly glowing. And the weight and coldness of her great age communicated itself; David was chilled by her simple presence.

«What is your business?» she asked.

«I am the son of your niece Karen.»

«Well, then, I sent not for you.»

«Yet I thought you would wish to see me.»

«I do not.»

«Liot Borson is dead.»

«If all the Borsons were dead it would be a pleasure to me. I have ever hated them—bringers of bad luck to all who know them. I have nothing to say to you, and I have nothing to give you. My will is made. I have left my third cousin Nicol Sinclair five hundred pounds because he also hates the Borsons. All else I have will go to make free the slaves in Africa. Freedom! freedom!» she almost shrieked. «Nothing is cruel but slavery!»

It was the old Norse passion for freedom, strong and vital when all other loves were ashes. It was a passion, also, to which David instantly responded. The slumbering sentiment awoke like a giant in his heart, and he comprehended it by a racial instinct as passionate as her own.

«You have done well, aunt,» he said. «Hunger and cold, pain and poverty, are nothing if one has freedom. It is a grand thing indeed to set a man or a woman *free!*»

«And yet you catch haddock and herring! Bah! we have nothing to do with each other.» Then she was stolidly silent, and David felt the magnetic force of her torpor to be insur-



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

ON THE WAY TO NANNA'S.

mountable. He said, «Farewell,» but she heeded him not; and he went away slowly, dulled and inert, and quite unable for some time to cast off the depression of her icy influence.

Yet his dismissal satisfied that new passion of freedom which had sprung into life at his aunt's words. He was now entirely without claims but those his love or liking voluntarily assumed. No one older than himself had now the right to reprove or direct him. He had at last come to his majority. He was master of himself and his fate.

The first sign of it was a dignified reticence with Barbara Traill. She felt that her lodger was not to be questioned like a child any more, and there was a tone of authority in his refusal to discuss his aunt Sabiston which Barbara respected. It was no longer possible to speak of Miss Sabiston as Miss Sabiston deserved to be spoken of. David said: «She is my aunt. When one is ninety years old it is a good excuse for many faults.»

After this event he set himself to his business with all his heart, and then he found out quickly that if a man wishes friends he must show himself friendly. For as soon as he went among the fishers and said, «My name is Borson, and I am the son of your old mate Liot Borson,» he found himself in a circle of outstretched hands. He had brought his nets and lines with him, and he had no difficulty in getting men who were glad to help him with his fishing, and to instruct him in the peculiarities of the coast and the set of its currents.

Gradually he became a great favorite. The minister respected his integrity and his earnest piety; the older fishers knew that he was to be relied on for any help or kindness in his power; the school children made an idol of him, for he was always ready to give them a sail, or lend them his fowling-piece, or help them rig their toy boats. As for the young maidens, the prettiest ones in Lerwick had ever a smile for David. But his heart was loyal to his cousins Nanna and Vala, and they were his constant care, though an instinct as pure as it was conventional taught him a scrupulous delicacy with regard to this friendship. People said, «It is a good thing for Nanna Sinclair that her cousin has come to Shetland»; but the blood tie was regarded as strong enough to account for all David's attentions. It did not enter their hearts to imagine an evil motive for kind deeds when there was one so natural and so obligatory.

So Shetland became dear and pleasant to him. He began to think of taking a wife, and of building a house which should be his home until he fared away to «the land which is very far off.» One Saturday night Nanna was talking with him on this subject. «There is Christina Hey,» she said. «Speak to her. Christina is good, and will make you a good wife. And the money she has is nothing against her; it will be a help.» And David answered, «Yes; you speak the truth.» But he was suddenly silent, and more glum, Nanna thought, than a man ought to be about a pretty girl whom he might marry. And by and by he got to his feet and said, «I will go now; for to-morrow is the Sabbath, and we shall meet at the kirk, and I will carry Vala home for you—if you say so, Nanna.»

«Well, then,» she answered, «to-morrow is not here, David; but it will come, by God's leave. I dreamed a dream last night, and I look for a change, cousin. But, this or that, my will is that God choose for me.»

«That also is my great desire,» said David, solemnly.

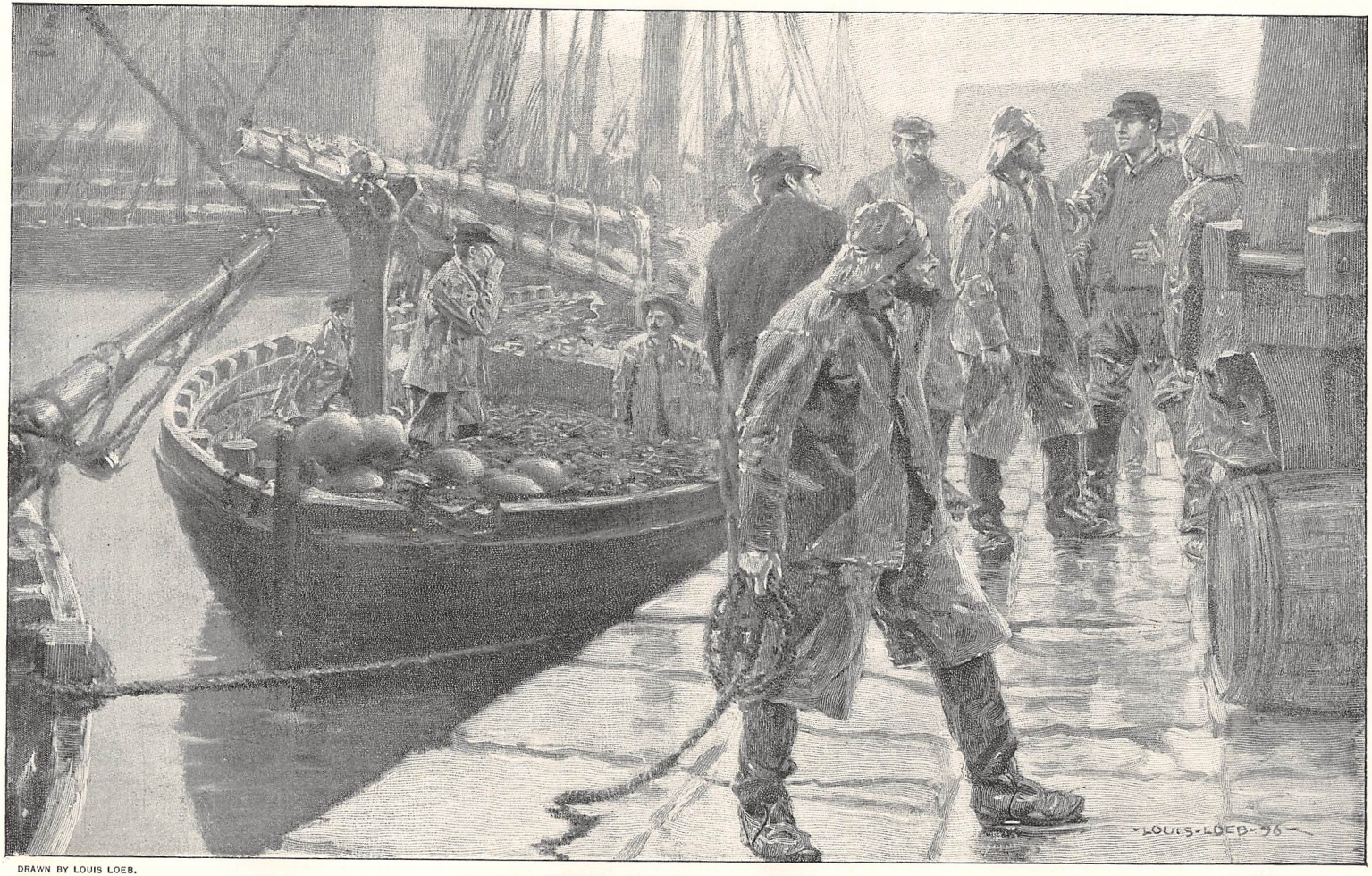
«As for me, I have fallen into a great strait; only God can help me.»

She was standing on the hearth looking down at Vala. Tears were in her eyes, and a divine pity and sorrow made tender and gentle her majestic beauty. David looked steadily at her, and something, he knew not what, seemed to pierce his very soul—a sweet, aching pain never felt before, inexplicable, ineffable, and as innocent as the first holy adoration of a little child. Then he went out into the cold, starry night, and tried to think of Christina Hey. But she constantly slipped away from his consciousness like a dream that has no message.

III.

NANNA awoke next morning while it was still dark. A dim sense of fear and sorrow was with her, though the vision itself had escaped her memory. «But everything frightens one when night, the unknown, takes the light away,» she thought, and she rose and lighted a lamp and looked at Vala. The child was in a deep and healthy slumber, and the sight of its face calmed and satisfied her. So she lay down again, and between her sleeping and waking the hours wore on, and she rose at last from her shivery dozing even later than usual.

Then she hurried their breakfast a little, and as the light grew over land and sea she tidied her room, and dressed Vala and herself for the service. As the sound of the first kirk bell traveled solemnly over the moor she was ready to leave the house. Her last duty was



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

«SON OF YOUR OLD MATE LIOT BORSON.»



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

«BUT SHE HELD HER PEACE.»

to put a peat or two on the fire, and as she was doing this she heard a hand upon the sneck, and the door was pushed open. «It is David to carry Vala,» she thought; «how good he is!» But when she turned she saw that it was not David. It was Nicol Sinclair.

He walked straight to the fireside, and sat down without a word. Nanna's heart sank to its lowest depths, and a cold despair made her feet and hands as heavy as lead. But she slowly spread the cloth on the table, and, bit by bit, managed to recollect the cup and saucer, the barley cake, the smoked goose, and the tea. There was terrible account between the man sitting on the hearth and herself, and words of passionate reproach burned at her lips; but she held her peace. Long ago she had left her cause with God. He would plead it thoroughly; even now, when her enemy was before her, she had no thought of any other advocate.

Her pallor, her slow movements, her absolute dumbness, roused in Sinclair an angry discomfort; and when the child made a movement he lifted it roughly and said, «A nice plaything you will be on board for me!» Nanna shivered at the words, for she comprehended in a moment the torture this man had probably come to inflict upon her. Already the child had been crippled by his brutal hands, and what neglect, what cruelties, what terrors, might he not impose in the hell of his own ship, far out at sea, where Vala's tears or cries would bring her no friend or helper?

«Fly with the child!» The words were struck upon her heart like blows. But how and where? Far or near, the law would find her out, and would give Vala to her father's authority. And she had no friend strong enough to protect her. Only by death could she defy separation. Thus, while she was pouring the water on the tea-leaves she was revolving a question more agonizing than words have power to picture.

At length the food was on the table, and, save for those few threatening words, the silence was still unbroken. Sinclair sat down with a speechless bravado very near to cursing, and at that moment the kirk bells began to ring again. To Nanna they were like a voice from heaven. Quick as a thought, she lifted her child and fled from the house.

Oh, what stress of life and death was in her footsteps! Only to reach the kirk! If she could do that, she would cling to the altar and die there rather than surrender Vala to unknown miseries. Love and terror gave her wings; she did not turn her head; she did not feel the frozen earth or the cutting east wind; she saw nothing but Vala's small white face on her breast, and she heard nothing but the echo in her heart of those terrible words threatening her with the loss of her child.

When she reached the kirk the service had begun. The minister was praying. She went into the nearest pew, and, though all were standing, she laid Vala on the seat, and slipped to her knees beside her. She could not cry out as she longed to do, and sob her fright and anguish away at God's feet. «Folk would wonder at me, and I would disturb the congregation,» she thought. For the pressure of her flight was over; and the solemn voice of the minister praying, the strength of numbers, the holy influence of the time and place, cooled her passionate sense of wrong and danger, and she was even a little troubled at her abandonment of what was usual and Sabbath-like.

The altar now looked a long way off; only Sinclair at touch could have forced her down that guarded aisle to its shelter. Heaven itself was nearer, and God needed no explanations; he knew all. What was the law of men to him? And he feared not their disapproval. Thus in her great strait she overleaped her creed, and cast herself on him who is «a God of the afflicted, an helper of the oppressed, an upholder of the weak, a protector of the forlorn, a saviour of them that are without hope.»

When the preaching was over David and Barbara came to her, and David knit his brows when he saw her face. For it was the face of a woman who had seen something dreadful; her eyes were yet full of fear and anguish, and she was white and trembling with the exertion of her hard flight.

«Nanna,» he said, «what has happened?»

«My husband has come back.»

«I heard last night that his ship was in harbor.»

«He has come for Vala. He will take her from me. She will die of neglect and hard usage; he may give her to some stranger who will be cross to her. O David! David!»

«He shall not touch her. Put her in my arms now.»

«Do you mean this? Can I trust you, David?»

«You may put that to any proof.»

«Pass your word to me, cousin.»

«As the Lord lives, I will put my life between her and Nicol Sinclair. I will take her to sea if it be necessary, for my boat can go where few will dare to follow.»

Then he turned to Barbara and said: «Nicol



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

AT THE KIRK.

Sinclair has indeed come back. He has come for Vala.»

«Then the devil has led him here,» answered Barbara, flashing into anger. «As for Vala, let her stay with me. She has a good guard at my house. There is Groat and his four sons on one side, and Jeppe Madson and his big brother Har on the other side; and there is David Borson, who is worth a whole ship's crew, to back them in anything for Vala's safety. Stay with me to-day, Nanna, and we will talk this thing out.»

But Nanna shook her head in reply. As she understood it, duty was no peradventure; it was an absolute thing from which there was no turning away. She put Vala's hand into David's hand, and looked at the young man with eyes full of anxiety. He answered the look with one strong word, «Yes,» and she knew he would redeem it with his life if necessary.

Then she turned away, and walked to her home with a direct and rapid energy. She put away thought; she formed no plan; she said no prayer. Her petition had been made in the kirk; she thought there would be a want of faith in repeating a request already promised. She felt even the modesty of a suppliant, and would not continually press into the presence of the Highest, for to the reverent there is ever the veil before the Shechinah.

And this conscious putting aside of all emotion strengthened her. When she saw her home she had no need to slacken her speed or to encourage herself; she walked directly to the door and opened it. There was no one there. The place was empty. The food on the table was untouched. Nothing but a soiled and crumpled kerchief remained of the dreadful visitor. She lifted it with the tongs and cast it into the fire, and then she cleared away every trace of the rejected meal.

Afterward she made some inquiries in the adjoining huts. One woman only had seen his departure. «I could not go to kirk this morning,» she said with an air of apology, «for my bairn is very sick, and I saw Nicol Sinclair go away near the noon hour. Drunk he was, and worse drunk than most men can be. His face was red as a hot peat, and he swayed to and fro like a boat on the Gruting Voe. There was something no' just right about the man.»

That was all she could learn, and she was very unhappy, for she could imagine no good reason for his departure. In some way or other he was preparing the blow he meant to deal her, and, though it was the Sabbath, there would be no difficulty in finding men whom he could influence. Besides, there was also his cousin Matilda Sabiston, that wicked old woman who had outlived all family passions but hatred. Against this man, and the money and ill will that would back him, she could do nothing; but she «trusted in God that he would deliver her.»

So she said to herself, «Patience,» and she sat down to wait, shutting her eyes to the outside world, and drawing to a focus all the strength that was in her. The closed Bible lay upon a table at her side, and occasionally she touched it with her hand. She had not been able to read its promises, but there was comfort in putting herself in contact with them. They seemed more real. And as she sat hour after hour, psalms learned years before, and read many and many a time without apprehension of their meaning, began to speak to her. She saw the words with her spiritual sight, and they shone with their own glory. When midnight struck she looked at the clock and thanked God. Surely she was safe for that night, and she turned the key in her door and went to sleep. And her sleep was that which God giveth to his beloved when they are to be strengthened for many days—a deep, dreamless suspense of all thought and feeling.

Yet, heavenly as the sleep had been, the awakening was a shock. And as the day grew toward noon she was as much troubled by the silence of events as her husband had been by the silence of her lips. She felt the suspense to be unendurable, and she resolved to go to Barbara's and see Vala, and hear whatever there was to hear. But as she was putting on her cloak she saw David coming across the moor, and he was carrying Vala in his arms. «Now,» she said, «I see that I will not need to run after my fate. It will come to me, and there will be no use striving against it. For what must be is sure to happen.»

Then she turned back into the house, and David followed with unusual solemnity, and laid Vala down on the bed. «She is sleeping,» he said, «and there is something to tell you, Nanna.»

«About my husband?»

«Yes. He was carried to his own ship last night,» and David's face was grave almost to sternness.

«Carried! Have you, then, hurt him, David?»

«No. He is a self-hurter. But this is what I know. He went from here to Matilda Sabiston's house. She had gone to kirk with two of her servants, and when she came back she found him delirious on her sofa. The doctor was sent for, and when he said the word ‹typhus› Matilda screamed with passion, and

demanded that he should instantly be taken away.»

«But no! Surely not!»

«Yes, it was so; both the minister and the doctor thought it best he should go to his own ship. The town—yes, indeed, and the whole island—was in danger. And when they took him on board the *Sea Rover* they found that two of the sailors were also very ill with the fever. They had been ill for a week, and Sinclair knew it; yet he came among the boats and went through the town, speaking to many people. It was a wicked thing to do.»

«And where is the *Sea Rover* lying?»

«She has been taken to the South Voe. The fishing-boats will watch lest the men are landed, and the doctor will go to the ship every day if the sea will let him go.»

«David, is it my duty—»

«No, it is not. There are five men with Sinclair. Three of them are yet well men, and three can care for the sick and the ship. On the deck of the *Sea Rover* a woman should not put her foot.»

«But a ship with typhus on board!»

«Is a hell indeed, Nanna. In this case it is a hell of their own making. They got the fever in a dance-house on the quay at Rotterdam. Sinclair knew of its presence, and laughed it to scorn. It was his mate who told the doctor so. Also, Nanna, there is Vala.»

She went swiftly to the side of the sleeping child, and she was sure there was a change in her. David would not see it, but in forty-eight hours the fatal signs were unmistakable. Then Nanna's house was marked and isolated, and she sat down alone with her dying child. For there was no hope at all; from the very first the symptoms were malignant, and the speechless little patient moaned away her life in a delirious agony.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Amelia E. Barr.



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

GROAT.

«OF course not. I understand why you do not want it. Times *are* hard. No doubt about it. It has been a bad year on the crops, and you don't feel that you can afford to spend money on books; but»—and here the agent bent confidentially forward—«this is a work that you must have. I took special pains to come to see you about it. I came because I had read your letters in the county paper—letters that are attracting attention outside of this county. I knew from them that you were a man of intelligence who could appreciate a great work, and so I came, and I am glad I came. As I walked up the lane I saw a handsome young man for whom I predict a great future—your son, if I am not much mistaken.»

«My boy Abner,» said Daniel Green.

«I knew it,» asserted the agent, with victorious emphasis. «I knew it—the son of his father, a regular chip off the old block. That boy is going to be a great man. Mark you! I say he will be a great man. It is stamped on his face.»

«Abner is a good boy,» said the old gentleman, «and a good son. He has not had the advantages that I had hoped to give him. He was at school less than a year; he ought to have been there several years, but the farm had to be attended to, and I could n't spare him. But he has studied some, and when he gets his chance he will make his mark.»

«Then I 'm doubly glad I came,» the agent said, with a tone of real interest. «I 'm in time to do you a very great service. You want that boy of yours to succeed in life; you want to help him. That 's natural. You can do it. This great work is your chance. It 's the practical education of the century condensed in one volume. Nothing succeeds like success, and this book tells all about success. Put it in the hands of your son, and he will catch the spirit of success just as quick as he would catch the smallpox or the measles. Allow me to show you,» and he moved still closer. «Right here in these pages are the lives of the successful men of America. Not a few, mind you, but all,—every one,—with portraits from photographs taken specially for this great work. Did you know, sir,»—and he drew himself up as if for the communication of some all-important message,—«that of all these men more than two thirds had the course of their lives changed by the influence of books—books, sir, of people and about people who had succeeded? Our great Emerson said that biography was the best guide for youth, and you remember that Carlyle declared that biography was the only true history. Why, sir, our biggest millionaires owed their rise to fortune to what they read, and what would have become of our Presidents if they had missed the books that launched them on the tide which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune?» This came forth with all the happy eloquence of a man unfettered by fact or the ethics of quotation.

«You want this book. You must have it. It 's the last copy, and as I feel an interest in the success of your son, I 'm going to let you have it for only three dollars, although every other copy of the edition sold for four. Take it, sir, and you will see the day when you will thank me for having brought it to you.»

Poor Daniel Green! Fortune had cut out great things for him, but he had not measured up to his destiny. It might have been different if circumstances had been less hostile; but monopolies were so insolent, taxation was so unequal, politics were so corrupt, and the world was so utterly out of joint, that he grew tired of striving, and let the farm run down, and his debts run up, while he railed at fate and wasted his time and substance in letters to the county paper. He dreamed of what he could do if he had the power; but while government and national development and iridescent possibilities of high offices seeking good men claimed his thoughts and his speculations, the whitewash faded from his house, the gates dropped from their hinges, and the fences began to fall away, as if in sympathy with his own discouragement.

The trouble, too, was that his apathy in material things had affected his son Abner. Mrs. Green had died when the boy was ten years old. This good woman, when in health, kept order on the farm by the force of her practical common sense. But when she was gone Mr. Green's few energies drooped into those fine intentions which see much and accomplish nothing. Abner was now twenty-two, a man in age without a man's education and experience. He had been to school only ten months. There his ambition began to take wings, and he wished to do something; but he could not leave his father, and that was the end of it. Even John, who as a waif had come to the farm, and had grown to the dignity of the only hired man on the place, shared the common restraint; but it must be said, in justice to him, that he was the most useful

of the three, because he was not bothered by either imagination or ambition. Content with wages that were never paid, he existed in the full satisfaction of all he wanted to eat and a comfortable place to sleep.

Mr. Green was nursing the book on his lap when Abner and John came from the field: Abner a fine, sturdy fellow, nearly six feet tall, manly in bearing and bright in countenance; John more round than erect, older in years, yet a child in comparison with Abner.

«Abner,» said Mr. Green, after John had passed on to the house, «one of the sorrows of my life has been my inability to give you a good education.»

«That 's all right, father,» Abner replied cheerfully.

«My son, it is n't all right. I see now that I have been selfish. I might have allowed you to go to school. I can never forgive myself for not allowing you to go; but what 's past is past—we cannot recall it.» And then, changing his voice, he added in a more practical way: «I have bought this book for you. It is a book on the success of successful men. It tells how they rose from even humbler circumstances than those that surround you. My son, I want you to read it. Study it. You will find practical examples of what I have often told you—that success is the grasping of opportunity, the reaching out. When I am gone—»

«Now, father, you must not say that.»

«Yes, I must, my son. It will soon be time for me to go. I feel it more and more every day.»

He had been saying this for ten years, but Abner listened as if he had never heard it before. He always humored his father in that way.

«When I am gone,» repeated the old gentleman, «I want you to strike out in the world. It 's the only way you can conquer. The soldier who never fights never wins battles, and the mightiest battle that ever was fought is the battle of life. Take the book, Abner, and read it, and remember that no circumstance is too small for your attention. Look to the little things, and you will be great in big things.»

For once Mr. Green was right. Two weeks afterward he died. In those two weeks the book had been read and re-read by the son, who found in it a hope he had never felt before, an inspiration that had never moved him. Away down in his soul were longings for something broader and better than the sunrise-to-sunset toil on the farm, but they had not dared to find expression until the words that he had read gave them voice and opened his eyes to the possibilities of achievement. At first it looked so big that his courage faltered, but when he read how boys as poor as himself had started on nothing, and moved up the plane of life to the elevations of fame and fortune, his heart grew stronger.

After the funeral came the public sale. There were more debts than assets, and the creditors pounced upon the little property as soon as the law permitted. The people crowded the house and filled the yard, for November was a dull month, and they had nothing better to do. Abner and John had wandered about bidding good-by to everything. Then came the auctioneer with his blatant voice and coarse wit, turning the long silence of the old place into a bedlam of noise and laughter. After the farm had been bought in by Mr. Anthony Cobb, who held a mortgage on it, Abner's emotions began to get the better of him, and he walked around the corner and turned toward the big poplar-tree, where he hoped to find a bit of solitude.

As he did so a young woman approached from the opposite direction. She was tall, but not so tall as he; she was dressed plainly, but very attractively. She had the clear, clean, kindly comeliness that belongs to sound health and a good home. She was not beautiful, but she had a gentle, graceful, amiable appearance that invited confidence and rewarded admiration. Her face in repose looked practical, but there was in it an indefinable sweetness, and her large eyes were as serene as the quiet blue of the autumn sky.

Jane Cobb! Many a time had she disturbed Abner's thoughts, and many a struggle had he had with himself to forget her. He had been with her at school, he had watched her at church, he had composed unwritten messages of which she never knew; and now of all persons she was standing face to face with him, and a big lump was in his throat.

«How are you, Abner? I did not think I 'd come; but as everybody else was here, and the day was so fine, I changed my mind. I want to tell you that I am very sorry.»

«Thank you.» And then, with a forced smile that partly dislodged the choking sensation, he added, «I hope you will enjoy it.»

«No, Abner,» she replied seriously; «I do not enjoy it. It is the saddest thing in life, this breaking up of a home; and when I said I was sorry I meant that you have my deepest sympathy. Are you going to move away from the neighborhood?»

«I don't know,» he answered; «I have not any plans—have n't had time to think of plans.»

She extended her hand to him, and said,

«You will believe me, won't you, when I say I 'm sorry?»

«I do believe you,» he replied; «and God bless you for it. It 's the only kind word I 've heard to-day.»

And then, feeling the lump coming back, he hurried on around the house, and left Jane standing there as if she did not exactly understand the young man. Abner walked slowly along the side of the yard, and summoned all his will power to repress the emotion which he felt to be unworthy of him as a man. Finally he turned the other corner and mingled with the crowd.

A half-hour later the people saw Abner and John go down to the barn, but they did not see them making their way over the field under cover of the fence, nor did they hear Abner saying: «I guess they expect us to stay in the house all night; but, John, I just can't do it. It 's not ours any longer.»

«That 's how I feel, Abner; but where are we goin' to sleep to-night?»

«I 'm blessed if I know,» he answered, and both became thoughtful.

They walked along at a good gait until they came to the fence at the edge of the woods, and, as if controlled by a common impulse, they halted on the top rail and sat there in solemn meditation.

«Anyhow, I 'm glad it 's over,» said Abner, with a sigh.

«It was worse than a funeral,» said John.

There was another pause, but presently Abner brought back his far-away thoughts.

«John,» he said, «how would you like to go to store-keeping?»

«What on?»

«Nothing; that 's what all these millionaires began on.»

«We don't know nothin' about keepin' store.»

«We 'll learn.»

«Who 's goin' to start us?»

«I was thinking if we could get old man Cobb to let us have that house down at the cross-roads, we could borrow a dollar or two and start in just for luck. There ain't any store in this neighborhood, and I believe we could make enough, anyhow, to live on. We've got to do something.»

«No doubt about that. Where are we goin' to get our supper and lodgin'?»

«John,» replied Abner, with a slight tone of resentment, «all these rich men had to go round hungry before they struck luck. If you 're going to give in like this you 'll be poor the rest of your days.»

John was silent. He propped his boot-heels on the second rail, and, bending his body forward, placed his elbows on his knees and his chin in the palms of his hands.

Abner was disposed to argue the point. «I 've read all about these rich men,» he said; «and I tell you that some of them, when they started out, were no better off than we are.»

Only a few lingering rays of daylight were left, but from beneath his ill-fitting coat Abner drew the precious volume.

«You brung it, did you?» asked John, in evident disappointment.

«Of course I brought it. This book is worth more to me than the old farm.»

«I guess it 's mighty nice to know how to read,» said John—«mighty nice; but I wish the old book had never come to the house. You 're not half as sociable as you used to be. Course the book can talk to you; but who 's goin' to talk to me?»

Abner laughed one of his cheery old laughs, the first since the day of his father's death; and he followed it with a slap on John's shoulder that threatened to upset his equilibrium.

«Well, anyhow, it 's good to hear a laugh once more,» John declared. «I 'd begun to think we 'd gone into the long-faced business for good.»

Abner became serious. «I feel, John, as if we 'd escaped from somewhere—just like a bird must feel when it gets out of the cage.» He was turning the leaves as he spoke, and when he came to the page he wanted he held it up. «Do you see that man?»

«Yes, I see him. He 's pretty enough to balk a mule.»

«That man 's worth forty million dollars. Think of it! Forty millions! Lots of them in here are worth millions too, and they were all poor. Some of them were barefooted, and you know we 're not that bad off. I like this man the best because he did n't do everything all at once. He started a little store, and worked up and up and up till he owned about everything in sight; and he says—I can't see to read it, but I remember his words—he says: ‹Begin modestly, deal honestly, take good risks, and keep eternally at it, and you 'll succeed.› And I tell you, John, that the reason these fellows got along was because they had the nerve to strike out. One over in the back part of the book—he 's worth twenty millions—says: ‹No young man will accomplish anything or is worth anything unless he has confidence in himself›; and the one next to him in the book says, ‹Nerve is better than genius, and pluck will beat luck every day in the week.›»

«That 's all right, Abner; but have you got the nerve to ask old man Cobb?»

Abner hesitated, and John had to repeat the question.

«Yes, I have. As the fellow who made ten millions said, ‹Never put off anything. If it 's worth doing, do it at once.› I 'll do it this very night.»

He sprang from the fence, and called to John to follow. Night had come on, but they knew the woods as well as they did the public highway. They proceeded in single file until they reached the mill-dam, and they went over it to the house of Mr. Anthony Cobb. John remained at the gate, and Abner proceeded up the path. Before he reached the door a sudden weakness came upon him; he paused as if to breathe a prayer. «Just so she don't come to the door I can pull through,» he muttered to himself.

But she did come. «Why, Abner! Walk right in,» she said. «We are very glad to see you.»

«No—no—thank you, Jane—thank you—I just wanted to see Mr. Cobb.»

«I 'm very sorry, but he went to town after the sale.» The light shone through the open door and disclosed John with his elbows on the gate. «John, is that you?» she asked; and then she added, «Both of you come in and have some supper.»

John's listlessness disappeared as if by magic, and he opened the gate and started forward, but he was stopped by Abner's words.

«We are very much obliged, but you must excuse us.»

Then, with a good night, he went on down the path, and John followed him over the dam in melancholy silence.

«Abner,» he said presently, «when them there millionaires of yourn were goin' round hungry, did they throw away chances and starve for the fun of the thing, or did they do it just 'cause they had to?»

«John, you have n't any pride.»

«Maybe not, but I got an appetite as big as this mill-pond.»

In that part of the country there is a stream not large enough to be a river, almost too small to be a creek, that winds in and out for many miles; and wherever it dips between ridges of high ground there is a dam to intercept its progress and to store up water-power for a mill. The dam at this point was a big embankment of earth with a grist-mill at one end and a sawmill at the other, and with a great rude trough of thick timber in the middle for a flood-gate to carry off the surplus water. The machinery of this gate was a primitive and cumbrous contrivance of thick boards that to be operated had to be raised by main force.

For more than a year the sawmill had been idle. It was not much of a building at best, being simply a plain shed of ample proportions, with windows concealed by big board shutters, and a roof of old shingles that had grown tired of one another and parted company, and turned their faces to a hundred different angles, as if inviting the sun to warp them from their fastenings, and allow them to drop to the ground and decay in peace.

Abner plunged through the darkness, with John following. When they reached the sawmill he stopped.

«John,» he said, «we 've got to sleep somewhere, and I guess we 'd better try this.»

«But how about supper?»

Abner replied, with a slight tone of disgust, «Oh, go over into the orchard and get some apples, and while you are gone I 'll pick out a place for a bed.»

When John came back with his hat full, Abner had selected the spot for the night's rest. In all truth, John was not happy, and he even said that he did not want to be a millionaire; and then he sank into a sleep that many a millionaire would have given his millions to enjoy.

Abner was sleepy, but at first he could not sleep. The face of Jane haunted him. It had in it something he had never seen before. Much as he had liked her, he had never felt what had come to him that day. When she spoke so sweetly the few kind words, it seemed—she seemed—altogether different. And yet he knew it was foolish for him to think of her; she was beyond him. Her father had fully ten thousand dollars; he was n't worth a cent, and he was going to ask her father, who was not an approachable man, the biggest favor he ever asked anybody in his life. «But I 'll do it,» he said—«I 'll do it; that 's how they all succeeded. They struck out.» And he forgot about the sale, and thought of Jane; and as he thought of her he fell asleep, and dreamed that he was at the supper-table, and she was helping him to hot biscuit and steaming coffee, and fried chicken smothered in rich brown gravy.

When Abner awoke the next morning John was standing over him. «Breakfast is ready,» he said, and Abner looked and saw two biscuits and a piece of cold chicken. Before he could recover from his astonishment, John explained.

«I 've been up more 'n a' hour. I thought I 'd go over and see if old man Cobb had got

back. Miss Jane asked me if I 'd been to breakfast. I did n't ask to be excused,—I did n't,—but set right down and paralyzed things. When she went out of the room I put the two biscuits and the chicken leg in my pocket, and I 'm sorry it 's not more.»

The incongruity of the thing began to dawn upon Abner. He had forsaken the old home because Mr. Cobb had bought it, and here he was occupying Mr. Cobb's sawmill and eating his apples, and John had literally stolen a breakfast for him from the Cobb home! The only excuse he could make to himself was that nobody was using the mill, and he could not think of going back to the farm. Worse than all was the fact that Mr. Cobb was not at home, and would probably not return until the next day. This meant more waiting and more loss of time.

Indeed, Mr. Cobb did not return that night, and the next day a heavy rain set in. John trudged again to the Cobb house, only to find that they did not expect him until late at night, as he had sent word that important business detained him in town.

All through the afternoon the rain came down dismally. It was very tiresome waiting in the old mill, but there was nothing else to do, and Abner and John spent the time as comfortably as they could, Abner reading from his book, and John falling regularly to sleep as he read.

When nightfall came the steady pattering on the roof did not disturb them; the soughing of the wind among the trees did not bother them; the creaking of the loose boards, the rattling of the old shutters, did not interfere with their slumbers: but just before the break of day Abner awoke, and he suddenly realized that it was a very unusual storm. He sat up and listened, and then nudged his companion, who also sat up and listened.

«I wonder if it 's been going on all night?»

«Don't know,» replied John; «but if it has we 'd better be moving. This old dam won't stand much of a strain.»

Abner made his way to the front of the mill. By the first murky light of the dawn he saw that the water had risen considerably in the pond. John joined him, and together they watched the downpour.

«If it keeps on the upper dam will break sure as thunder,» said John. «They 're not running the mill now, and there 's nobody to look out for it, and if it breaks it 's good-by here.»

«Look, John!» exclaimed Abner—«look! It 's getting higher. I 'll bet she 's broke. This end is all right; come on to the other side to see how it is there.»

They found everything safe as far as the flood-gates. They tried to lift the gates and thus relieve the pressure, but they could not budge the huge timbers. Several times they threw all their weight into the work, but it was of no use. Then Abner started on a run toward the grist-mill. They had not gone fifty yards when they saw that the break had begun. They reached the place as soon as they could, and found a stream of water cutting a small channel across the sand. In an instant Abner was on his knees digging with his hands and throwing the dirt to check it, and John was helping him with all his might and main. But the stream was running faster than they were hindering it. Abner looked around for something to use—for a shovel or a board or a log, but there was nothing in sight.

«We can't do it,» said John; «it 's no use to try.»

But Abner did not heed him. His mind was working with an intensity it had never known. As if in a flash the stories in the book of how men had saved railroad trains or stopped machinery or risen to a crisis which involved life and property went through his brain. If he could only do something, what a satisfaction it would be! Perhaps this was his first great opportunity. But what could he do? Suddenly the idea came. His ingenuity met the occasion. Spreading his coat-tails so that they would do the most good, he sat down in the middle of the channel, and with a voice more imperious than John had ever heard, he shouted:

«Pile the dirt back of me! Pile the dirt back of me!» Without a word John began the work. The stream was checked. There was a barrier to its flow, and John strengthened it by more sand, by pebbles, by everything he could lay his hands on. The emergency had been met, but it was by no means past. The water was chilling Abner to the bone.

«Do you think I can get up?» he asked.

«If you do she 'll start again,» John replied.

«Then I suppose I 'll have to stay till somebody comes.»

It was not a cheerful situation, but Abner took matters as patiently as he could with chills chasing through every nerve and fiber. But there was no help. Even when John began work again, and piled in more dirt with his hands, all that he could do was insufficent to take the place of the broad back that stayed the water's flow.

«It 's just this way, Abner,» he said; «if you get up the dam 's gone.»

Abner commanded him again: «Run up to the other end and turn the water through the mill.»

Off John went as fast as his fat legs could carry him. He threw the gate open, letting the water through, and starting the buzz of machinery. Then, as if frightened at what he had done, he hurried back to the place where his luckless companion was struggling with cramps and chills. This time the situation seemed to impress him humorously, and he asked Abner if he felt like a millionaire.

«If it 's all the same to you,» replied Abner, «I don't want to sit here more than a week. If you 've got any sense run up to Cobb's and tell the old man if he don't hurry down and help me out, I 'll let his old dam go to smash and sue him for damages to boot.»

Again John started, and after he had gone Abner closed his eyes, as if sinking under the strain and the cold, and he kept them closed until he thought he heard the sound of approaching footsteps. When he opened them his body moved in a sudden start that threatened the safety of the earthworks which it supported. Coming toward him rapidly, with hands occupied with a tin pot and an umbrella, was Jane Cobb.

It is curious how surprise acts upon human vanity. Abner ought to have thought of something worthy of the occasion; but the truth was that the first emotion that went through him was the remembrance that he had not been shaved for three days, and, worse still, that his face had not been washed or his hair combed since the morning before. But he did not have time to dwell upon such things. Jane was approaching rapidly. He had never seen her excited; she was always calm, self-possessed. Now she was flushed and trembling. Before he could speak she began to send, between her gasps, words across the distance between them—a distance which she was quickly diminishing.

« Oh, Abner, is n't it awful! You 'll catch your death of cold. Father had started for the upper dam; I put John on the horse to overtake him. He 'll be here soon. My! but you are brave! Is n't it cold sitting down there?»

«I 've been in warmer places; but it won't hurt me. I 'm never sick, you know. Why, Jane, what 's that?»

She had quickly poured some coffee from the pot into a cup, and handed it to him.

«I thought you 'd be awfully chilly inside,» she said, «so I brought it; but I 'm afraid it 's not good. I was in such a hurry that I forgot all about the sugar. Drink it right down.»

She was standing at his side, holding the umbrella over him—so far over him that she was not fully protecting herself.

«I 'll not drink a drop,» he said, «until you get under the umbrella. Don't bother about me; I 'm wet anyhow.»

But she did bother, and although she took a step closer, she did not leave him unprotected. He put the cup to his mouth, and then, more nervously than before, she exclaimed, «Oh, wait a minute! Here are some quinine pills. Take all of them,» and she poured half a dozen into his hand. Obedient to her commands, he washed them down with the coffee.

«That 's the best coffee I ever drank in all my life,» he said.

«Why, Abner!»

«Yes,» he said, bending forward and looking up, «because you made it and because you brought it.»

She gave a quick scream. «Don't move! don't move!» she exclaimed; and throwing down umbrella and coffee-pot, she jumped behind him and with her hands repaired the little break in the sand that his movement had made. Then she took the umbrella once more, and stood at his side.

«I beg your pardon; I won't do it again,» he said; and then added, «Jane, you are the most thoughtful person I ever knew. At the sale you were the only one who said a kind word to me, and now—»

«Do you think the water will get any higher?» she quickly asked.

«No; but I don't care—just so you are here.»

«Hold the umbrella, Abner, and I 'll pour you another cup of coffee. It 's not very warm, but it 's better than nothing.»

He held the umbrella over her as far as he could hold his arm, and wished that his arm were longer. Somehow as she poured the coffee Abner forgot about his unwashed and unshaven face and uncombed hair, and admired the girl at his side, her graceful ways, her sweet, earnest face. It made him glad that his better intentions had conquered, and that he had saved the dam, if only for the few moments of her devoted attention. When a young man feels that a good woman is regarding him as a hero, martyrdom is easy and pain is naught. Abner felt that he might like the saving of dams as a steady occupation, provided Jane would rush to his rescue. An inexpressible something surged through his heart, and in the warmth it brought the cramps were forgotten and he was happy. He did not know what it was, but he did not know what love was; and he took the coffee as if it had been brought down between the raindrops by an angel, instead of being poured from a tin pot by a girl enveloped in a red

shawl that in all candor was not becoming to her purple dress.

«Jane,» he said, «I 'll never be able to thank you for this. You are so good and kind.»

He might have said more, but from the distance came the sound of horses urged to their utmost speed.

IT was true that Abner had never been ill, but his experience that morning was too much even for his fine health. It was pneumonia, and for several days the doctor feared the worst; but the worst stopped at the narrow line that separates life from death, and when the recession began the patient returned safely to consciousness and strength. When he came to himself—it was an afternoon when the sun of early winter was flooding the room with its warmth and beauty—he saw Jane sitting near the open fire, busily knitting. Before he could speak she had glanced toward him, and had interpreted his wondering look. She arose and went to the bedside.

«You must not talk,» she said; «you are not strong enough yet. You 're getting well now; you know the doctor said you must be quiet.»

In his weakness and helplessness her domination of him seemed the sweetest tyranny he had ever known.

But returning health brought its blessing speedily, and then came days when he was allowed to speak, and the only sorrows of those days were the absences of Jane from the room—absences which she tried to make, and which Abner with every resource at his command tried to unmake. One afternoon she had read to him, and he had asked her to stop.

«I 've something to say, Jane; and I 'll get better faster if you 'll let me say it now. I think you are the loveliest girl that ever lived in this world.»

She smiled slightly, but instead of replying picked up her knitting and began to work. She had taken several stitches when Abner spoke again.

«Jane, I love you.»

The smile went away and a warmth of sweetness and roses—the old roses that in summer bloomed out in the yard—came into her cheeks.

«I love you so much, Jane, that if you can't love me I don't think I care to get well.»

Then the smile came back, only it was fuller and brighter now, and she turned her chair so as to face her patient.

«Abner,» she said, «if a man loves anybody, do you think it 's right for him to talk about it to others before he tells *her?*» And she put a significant accent on the word.

«I don't understand,» he said.

«Then I 'll tell you. The second day after we brought you to the house you became delirious, and got to talking about being a millionaire, and—other things. I did not feel it was exactly right for me to nurse you; but father had to be away, and John did n't know one medicine from another, and we could n't get anybody, and so it seemed that I had to do it.»

This hurt Abner's pride. He wished she had explained it some other way.

«And you began to talk about other things that I did not care for anybody else to hear, and so I sat here through the days.»

«What other things, Jane?»

«Well, you went over all your plans about the store, and about getting rich, and then about getting married. You wanted a room where the sun shone in, and where after you got through your work you could come and sit and watch your wife while she was knitting, and you said that you would love her more and more every day.»

She suddenly changed. «Father heard you going over your plans about the store, and he thinks it 's a good idea and a fine opportunity, and I rather think that when you get up he will be willing to help you. In fact, I believe John has been at work down at the cross-roads getting the old house ready for you.»

Abner could not find words, his thoughts were so confused, his emotions so confusing. At last he was able to ask:

«Jane, when my mind came back, and I could see and know, were you not knitting?»

«Yes, Abner; I 've been knitting nearly all the time; but really it had to be done, it 's so long since there has been any knitting done in the house.»

MORE than a year after a man came into the store, and after a few remarks on the weather took from a mysterious region of his innocent-looking coat a volume stamped in gilt letters.

«My friend,» he said to John, «I want to show you a book that you need—a book that will add to the joys of life as long as you stay upon the earth.»

«What is it about?»

«It tells of the happiness of married people. It is a guide to content, founded on the experience of successful matrimony.»

«In the first place,» replied John, «I 'm not a married man; and secondly, there is just about as much happiness around this store now as we can accommodate.»

Lynn Roby Meekins.



DRAWN BY GEORGE RICHMOND, LONDON.

REPRODUCED FROM THE STEEL ENGRAVING BY FRANCIS HOLL.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, 1853

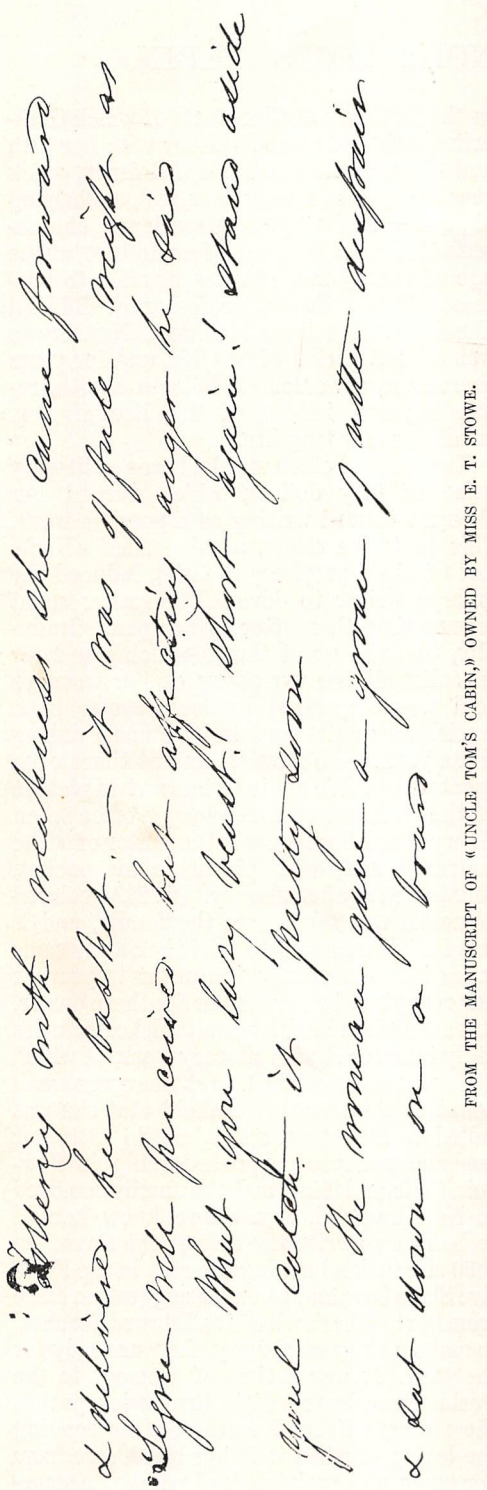
THE AUTHOR OF «UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.»

IN any brief sketch of the personality and career of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, it is proper to regard her chiefly as the creator of «Uncle Tom's Cabin,» a novel which had its share in changing the Constitution of the United States, and which, as Emerson has it, «encircled the globe, and was the only book that found readers in the parlor, the nursery, and the kitchen of every household.»

Harriet Beecher came of a most distinguished American family, Lyman Beecher's name speaking for itself, while his first wife, Rosanna Foote, Harriet's mother, was a remarkable woman, of stock than which Connecticut can boast no better. That a girl thus born should have had a predisposition to books and, even more, to the things of the spirit was, one might say, foreordained, if there is aught in ancestry. Her home nurture and her educational advantages were such as to fit out a future writer of intense moral earnestness. Yet with these distinctly superior and cultivated antecedents went the New England plainness, the Puritan simplicity, even a touch of Spartan deprivation. Lyman Beecher, became a famous man, a shining light of the American pulpit; but he was a very poor and obscure one in 1811, when in the flower month of June, and in the beautiful old Connecticut hill-town of Litchfield, his sixth child, Harriet, was born.

The little daughter early showed her bookishness, and at the age of six was finding delight in the «Arabian Nights.» At ten she was fascinated with the more often dreaded task of theme-writing, and at twelve she produced a paper with the following title: «Can the Immortality of the Soul be Proved by the Light of Nature?»—a thesis gravely answered in the negative. Her schooling was obtained at the Litchfield Academy, and then at her sister Catherine's noted school at Hartford, where, at thirteen, we find her turning Ovid into English verse. Lyman Beecher's removal to Boston in 1826, ostensibly to combat the new heresy of Unitarianism, had the incidental advantage of offering to his family a wider and richer social life; and the same is true of the new experiences which came a few years later when he was called to the presidency of Lane Seminary near Cincinnati, in what then seemed the very West. Harriet taught for a while in the seminary in Cincinnati of which Catherine, who had moved thither with her kith and kin, was the head. Playful fancy, quick sensibility, keen intelligence, and, underlying all, fullness of religious experience, characterized Harriet Beecher, when, in 1836, at the age of twenty-five, she was married to Professor Calvin Stowe, professor of Biblical Theology in the Lane Seminary. Mrs. Stowe was at that period of her life, and for years thereafter, a woman of delicate health, reminding one, indeed, of Mrs. Browning in smallness and fragility.

Two years before she had won a literary prize of fifty dollars, which turned her thought toward writing as a possible work. This tentative effort, a tale called «Uncle Lot» (a half prophecy in title), induced the embryo writer to devote her rather scant leisure time thereafter to her pen. Gradually, too, the great theme which was later to enlist all the sympathy of her woman's soul was suggested by local happenings. Antislavery agitations in Cincinnati during these years were stirring, and at times even spectacular. We get in letters a vivid picture of the mobbing of a newspaper office when Henry Ward Beecher was the editor of «The Journal,» and, with pistols in his pocket, fulminated against slavery. In 1839 a colored domestic was taken into the family, and it was found necessary to spirit her away some miles into the country, in order to prevent her recapture by her former Southern owner. But even when health permitted, home duties sadly interfered with literary work, of which little was accomplished. Yet there was small doubt in the Stowe household that she was called to literature, and when, in 1849, her husband accepted a professorship in Bowdoin College, Maine, and the family removed to New England, Mrs. Stowe knew herself to be ripe to write the epic of the slave. In 1850 she took a burning interest in the Fugitive Slave Law, and when the suggestion came from her brother's wife, Mrs. Edward Beecher, to make a story on slavery, she was ready for the task. It was a time of moment to the world when, in the little Brunswick parlor, the young wife and mother, after reading the letter, crushed it in her hand, rose from her chair, and exclaimed: «I will write something. I will if I live!» Never was fiction



FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF «UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,» OWNED BY MISS E. T. STOWE.

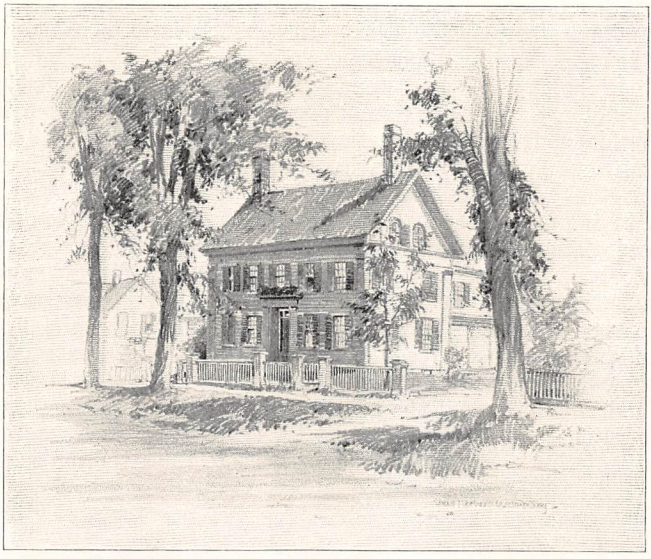
born more directly and honestly of ethical interest and indignation. It was, as her son says, the cry of a woman's heart, not of her head at all. The supereminent merits, the artistic defects, of the work are thus explained. There was behind it an American mother sensitive to liberty, with memories of Bunker Hill and Concord in her mind, who had loved and lost children of her own, and who came of a stock dedicate by principle and practice to the pursuit of righteousness. These are things to consider in any estimate of «Uncle Tom's Cabin,» whether as a work of art or as a power in the world.

It has been emphasized of late that in 1849 a certain colored man was brought a number of times to the Stowe house at Walnut Hill, Cincinnati, where he told his piteous story of escape, capture, and cruel privation, and this man is pointed to as the prototype of the hero in the great novel. The «original» Uncle Tom and the «original» Topsy seem to some to be of supreme importance. Concerning this Uncle Tom of Walnut Hill, it is sufficient to say that while no doubt such a man appeared there, talked with the mistress, and moved her to pity for his misfortunes, his story is by no means that of the character immortalized by the writer. The simple truth is that this incident, like many another, acted as a suggestion to Mrs. Stowe, as she brooded over her work; it is a misconception of her methods of literary labor (and, indeed, of almost all such labor which proves potent) to imagine that her Uncle Tom was starkly taken from life. In the same way, discussion has arisen concerning Lewis Clark of Lexington, Ky., a venerable colored man, describing himself as the original study for George Harris in the tale. That Mrs. Stowe did make use of one Lewis Clark in limning the character of Harris may be ascertained by any one who reads her «Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin,» a book written explicitly to show the sources whence she drew the data for her fiction. The only question is, then, whether the Clark spoken of in the «Key» is the Kentucky Clark, with whom an alleged interview has recently been published. It is not only possible, but probable, that they are one and the same. A brother of the original Lewis, a well-known character in Boston, employed in the office of the assistant treasurer, affirms stoutly that his kinsman is alive in Lexington. The whole matter is one of the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, and would have no interest were it not that a letter from one of Mrs. Stowe's daughters, which

has been printed, has been interpreted to deny the existence of such an impostor as Lewis Clark of Lexington. In fact, the letter did nothing of the kind; it only declared that a rumor about a certain Lewis Clark, printed in a periodical in 1891, was untrue, so far as it had any connection with Mrs. Stowe.

It may be repeated that the whole question as to the prototypes of the book is hardly worth mooting. It was the frequent assertion of the author in her prime that the character of Uncle Tom was drawn from no particular person, and she is perfectly frank in the «Key» in stating her sources and suggestions when any exist. This is in no way incompatible with the concessions first made. The fiction was essentially a product both of the outer experiences and the inward life of the writer; its types, figures, and scenes came of the creative imagination, differing from the raw material offered by objective facts, because of the selective instinct and transmuting touch of the born story-teller. Mrs. Stowe threw off the book in a moral white heat,—an improviser like Walter Scott, Dumas the elder, and George Sand,—and the magical influence of her first novel is largely explained in this way.

Thus instigated by her kinsfolk to write on a subject her soul was full of, an additional incentive came in the shape of a letter from Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, editor of the Washington «National Era,» requesting her to contribute something to its columns. This periodical was in those days of much literary merit, Whittier being a corresponding editor, and Mrs. Southworth, Alice and Phœbe Cary, and Grace Greenwood, among its contributors. Mrs. Stowe began upon the story, writing first the scene on the Legree plantation where Uncle Tom is so brutally misused. She then penned the opening chapters, and sent them to Dr. Bailey, writing instalment after instalment at Brunswick, as the successive parts appeared—a dangerous method of procedure, but in this case not seeming to injure the quality or power of the tale. The story was published serially from June, 1851, to April, 1852. The account of its instant and immense success reads almost like a fairy-tale. The shy, modest wife of the country professor awoke, like Byron, to find herself famous: the days of poverty were over; in four months her royalties were ten thousand dollars; within a year three hundred thousand copies were sold in the United States alone, while in England forty editions appeared within the same time. Thus was the most widely sought book of modern times, within the domain of literature, started on its course of unprecedented popularity. It was dramatized the same year of its publication, and the foreign translations also began at once, extending to twenty lands, beginning with France. Nor was «Uncle Tom's Cabin» merely a popular success. Letters received by the author from the leading

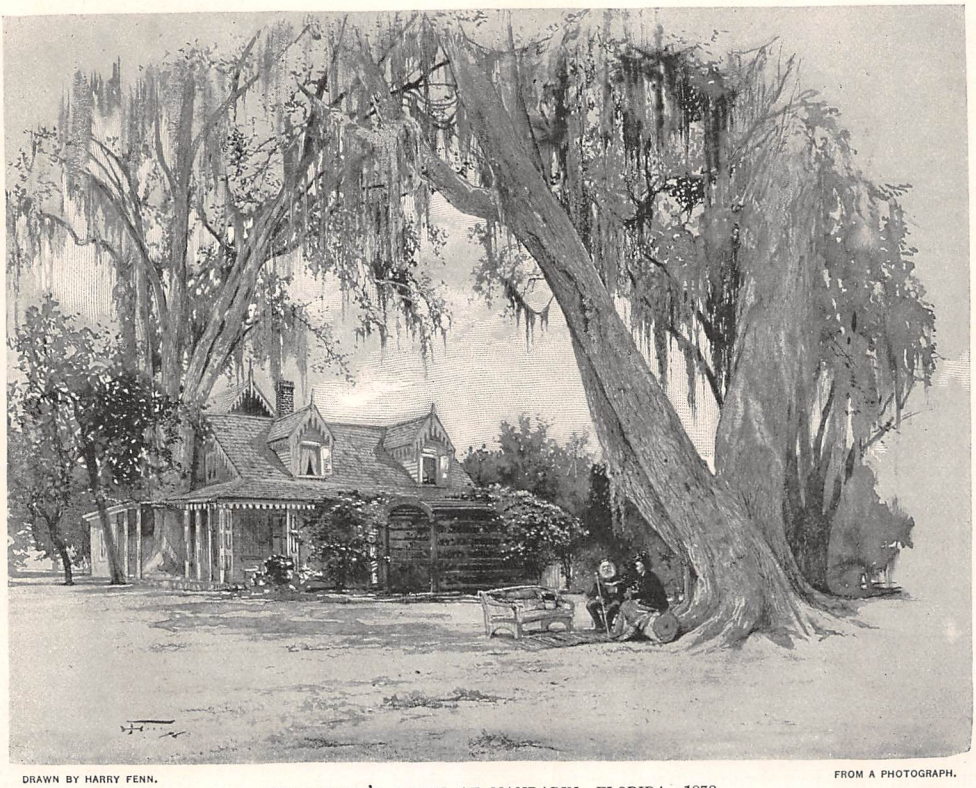


DRAWN BY CHARLES HERBERT WOODBURY.

THE HOUSE AT BRUNSWICK, MAINE, WHERE «UNCLE TOM'S CABIN» WAS WRITTEN.

writers of America and England added welcome critical appreciation. One or two such may be cited. Longfellow wrote: «I congratulate you most cordially upon the immense success and influence of ‹Uncle Tom's Cabin.› It is one of the greatest triumphs recorded in literary history, to say nothing of the higher triumph of its moral effect.» Perhaps no criticism ever received by Mrs. Stowe was keener, more authoritative, and kinder than that of Mr. Lowell, in a letter written mainly in reference to another story,—«The Minister's Wooing,»—but touching on the earlier book. «From long habit,» he says, «and from the tendency of my studies, I cannot help looking at things from an æsthetic point of view, and what I valued in ‹Uncle Tom's Cabin› was the genius and not the moral. That is saying a good deal, for I never use the word *genius* at haphazard and always (perhaps too) sparingly.» This dictum from a truly great critic may be taken as an antidote by those who in their zeal for pointing out technical defects in the novel fail to see its very palpable merits—the vivid realization of scene and character, and the dramatic instinct for story-telling. Needless to say that the effect of the story upon public thought both here and abroad was electric; the air was surcharged with feeling, and ready to become impassioned. Call «Uncle Tom's Cabin» special pleading or no, as we will, after its reading the Missouri Compromise was felt to be a monstrous, an impossible thing.

At the age of forty-one, then, Harriet Beecher Stowe found herself a writer of transatlantic reputation, whose every future book would be an event in the literary world. Her first novel was written at forty, when she was a mature woman, acquainted with grief, and had lived widely and well in the best sense. It may be recalled that George Eliot (between whom and Mrs. Stowe a sincere friendship was destined to spring up) wrote her «Scenes of Clerical Life» at thirty-seven—another example of a comparatively late turning to fiction by a writer of power. Henceforth Mrs. Stowe's experiences were to be broader, richer, more varied. In 1852 she went to Europe for the first of her three foreign trips, which extended her horizon in all ways, and brought her precious friends among the chosen of England and elsewhere. Her travel was almost a royal progress in respect to the attention paid her by the pop-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

MRS. STOWE'S HOUSE AT MANDARIN, FLORIDA, 1878.



DRAWN BY ALBERT ABENDSCHEIN. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY HASTINGS, BOSTON.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, 1888.

ulace, while affectionate ties were formed with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Charles Kingsley, Lady Byron, John Ruskin, George Eliot, the Brownings, and many more. Throughout her wanderings, and in her contact with all classes in her own country, Mrs. Stowe remained what she always was—the simple, unpretending American woman, who regarded her gift as a trust from God, and was weighed down with a sense of its responsibility. Naturally of a retiring, even shrinking, disposition, she steadily preferred the quiet of the home-circle to all else the world could offer. A letter in which she describes her personal appearance is an index of her modest estimate of herself in general: «I am a little bit of a woman, rather more than forty, as withered and dry as a pinch of snuff; never very well worth looking at in my best days, and now a decidedly used-up article.» For many years her work in the United States was not only that of a *littérateur*, but of lecturer and propagandist as well, until the war with its wiping off of the blot of slavery gave her liberty to rest from her labors in that hard-fought field. The long crescendo of work in this kind found its climax in the publication in the «Atlantic,» in 1863, of the reply which she wrote in response to the address to the women of America by the sister-women of Great Britain and Ireland, signed, it will be

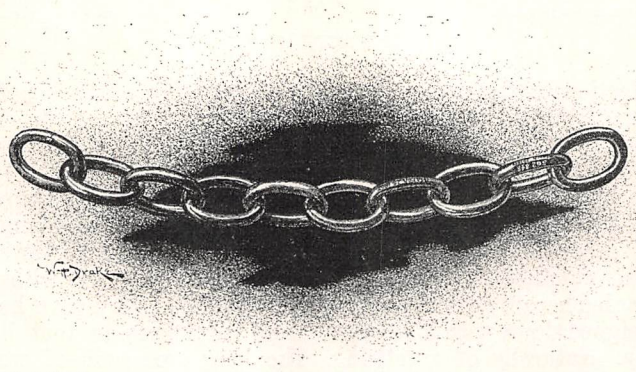
remembered, by a shining list of great names. In her own person in that pronunciamento she stood for and summed up the womanhood of her nation.

«Dred,» intended by the writer to be in some sort a complement to the earlier novel, appeared in 1856, and one hundred thousand copies were sold in England within four weeks. Harriet Martineau thought it superior to «Uncle Tom,» and the work certainly contains some vivid scenes, and, moreover, has the merit of depicting the normal social conditions in the South during slavery days. Then two years later came «The Minister's Wooing,» which most critics will agree with Mr. Lowell in considering her best work, technically viewed. «The Minister's Wooing,» «The Pearl of Orr's Island,» and «Old Town Folks,» produced during the fourteen years between 1855 and 1869, although by no means on a level of workmanship, constitute pioneer fiction in an important field, fruitfully developed in later days by Mrs. Cooke, Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, and others. These tales are no slight part of the author's literary creation, and historically are of significance in the evolution of American story-making. Half a dozen books were written by Mrs. Stowe after 1869, the last so late as 1881. But it is best to regard her major activity as closed with the year 1870.

In 1863 the family moved from Andover, Mass., with whose seminary Professor Stowe had long been connected, to Hartford, Conn. It was natural that Mrs. Stowe should come to the Connecticut city where she had studied as a school-girl, and where her sister Isabella Beecher Hooker was living. In the course of a decade the growth of manufacturing interests had so encroached upon her property that the place was disposed of, and the Stowes moved a short distance to Forest street, and bought a cottage, the houses of Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner being hard by. Here she lived for more than twenty-two years. In the old days active with her pen, and often seen in the society of the little city, for the last dozen years she had been in entire seclusion from social duties and pleasures, and incapacitated from literary labor. Her last public appearance as a woman of letters was on June 14, 1882, on the occasion of a garden party, given by her publishers at Newtonville, Mass., in honor of her seventieth birthday. In 1865 Mrs. Stowe purchased and fitted up an attractive Southern home in Mandarin, Fla., and thither she repaired for twenty years, giving up the wonted south-faring in 1885 because of her husband's failing health.

Mrs. Stowe's experiences were exceptional, her achievements conspicuous. The ethical was dominant in her career—the world of spirits, ideas, ideals, and aspirations was the world of her chief interest. In the making of her mightiest book she regarded herself as a medium—in the noble sense of that much misused word. «Are you not thankful, Mrs. Stowe,» said a neighbor of late, «that you wrote ‹Uncle Tom's Cabin?›» With a flash of the old fire she replied, «I did not write that book: God put a pen into my hand; he wrote it.»

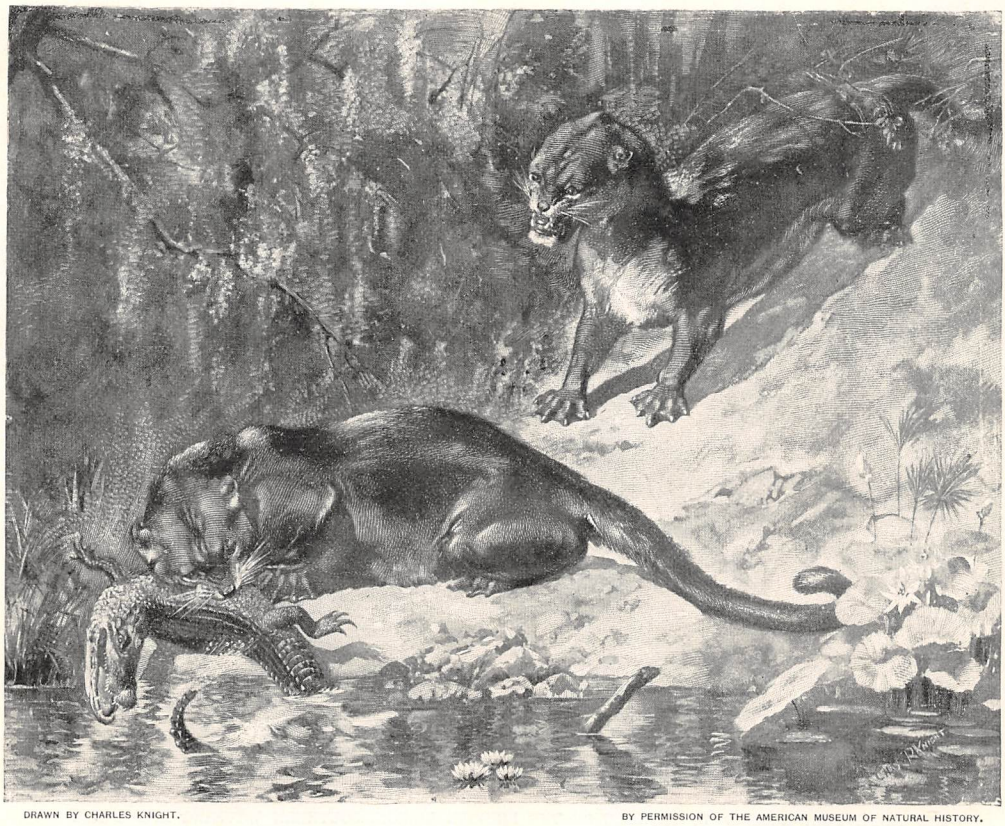
Richard Burton.



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

BRACELET MADE IN IMITATION OF THE MANACLES OF A SLAVE.

Presented to Mrs. Stowe by Harriet Elizabeth Georgiana, second Duchess of Sutherland, in 1853, at a reception at Stafford House, London. The links bear, with certain antislavery dates, the following inscription: «562848, March 19, 1853» (the date and number of signatures to the address by the women of England to the women of America). The sheets of this address were sent to all the English colonies, and wherever British residents could be found. It was presented to Mrs. Stowe by the Duchess of Sutherland, and is now bound in twenty-four large volumes.



DRAWN BY CHARLES KNIGHT. BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SEMI-AQUATIC PATRIOFELIS OF THE BRIDGER LAKE.
From a mounted skeleton in the museum.

PREHISTORIC QUADRUPEDS OF THE ROCKIES.

BY PROF. HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN,
Curator of Vertebrate Paleontology in the American Museum of Natural History.

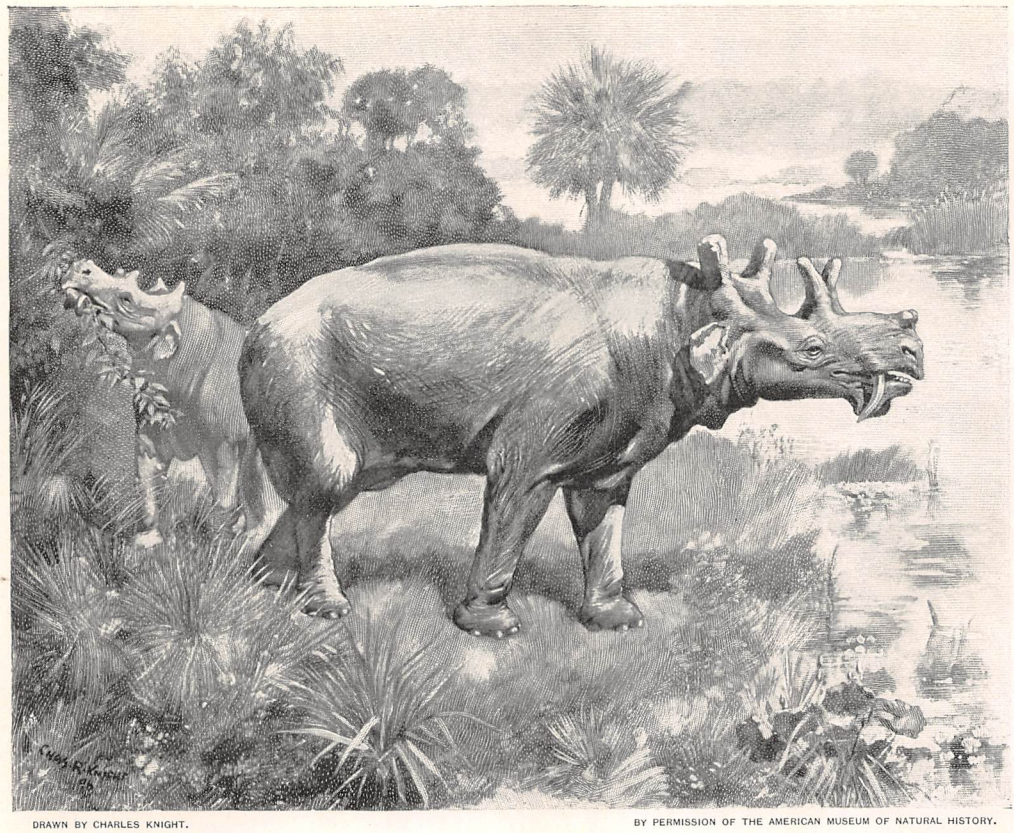
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

. . . And reconstructed there
From those same bones an animal
That was extremely rare.—BRET HARTE.

IN the American Museum of Natural History, and in the office of THE CENTURY, the writer has been exhorted somewhat as follows: «We appreciate all that is said of life in the great West a million or so years ago, and understand your enthusiasm; but will you not tell us about these animals in every-day language, avoiding Loxolophodon, Titanotherium, and other polysyllabled words, and calling them by their familiar names?»

Full of this well-meant advice, we look over the nine ancient beasts which have been so cleverly pictured by Charles Knight [1] under our direction, and observe that death has played havoc in their noble families. Only one has survived the wrecks of time: the four-toed horse, by far the smallest of the nine. Two others have been dead, say, a million years each, about three miles of rock lying vertically over their graves; but happily

[1] Several months have been given by Mr. Knight to the water-colors from which these pictures have been made, under the direction of the writer and Dr. Wortman of the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park, New York City. They are designed to give an idea of the living forms of the remarkable extinct animals which are being collected for the museum, to be exhibited to the public in October. The water-colors are a gift to the museum from Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.



DRAWN BY CHARLES KNIGHT. BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

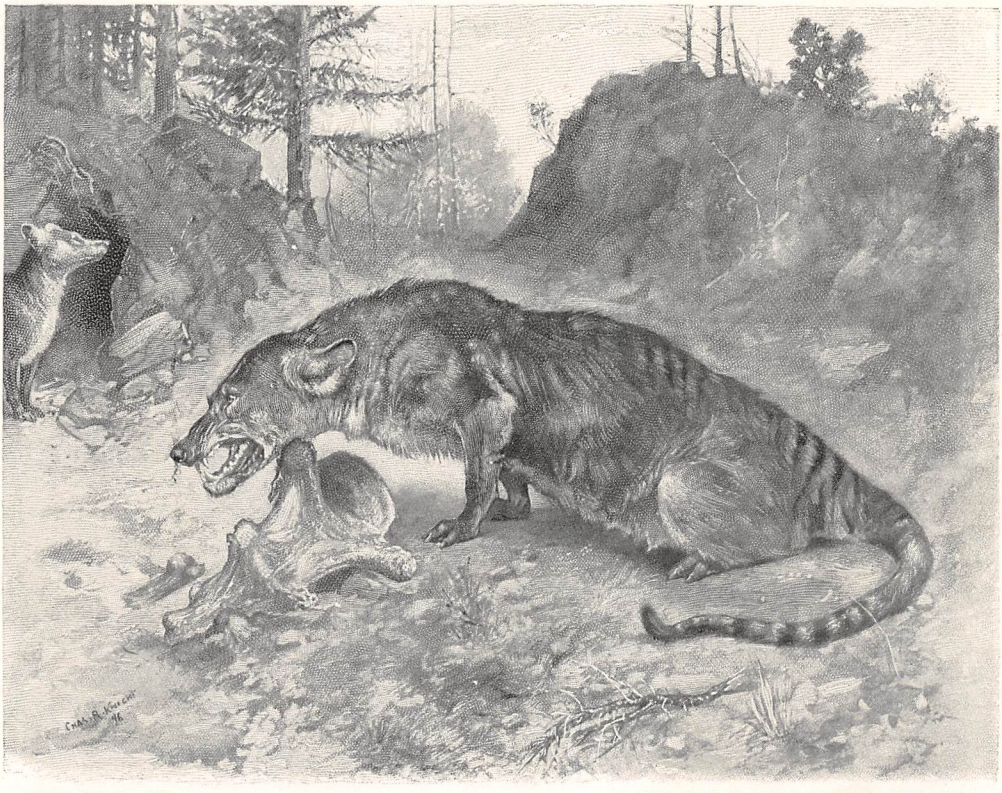
THE GREAT FOUR-HORNED UINTATHERE OF THE BRIDGER REGION, SOUTHERN WYOMING AND UTAH.
From a skull and skeleton in the museum.

for the reader, a distant strain of rhinoceros blood coursed in their veins, and we may speak of one as the aquatic or «swimming rhinoceros» (Metamynodon), and of the other as the cursorial or «running rhinoceros» (Hyracodon). A fourth animal, the Elothere, might be described as the «giant two-toed pig»—if the reader will remember that the animal is emphatically not a pig. Here the possibilities of familiarity come to a sudden stop, for the remaining brutes are absolutely without the most remote living kinship, and the use of such terms as elephant, wolf, deer, or others which may be suggested by the illustrations, would violate one of the first canons of popular science—namely, never to seek clearness at the expense of truth. So we must Anglicize the Greek terms, which are, fortunately, euphonious and intelligible, and recognize the Uintathere (Uintah beast) as the great quadruped whose bones are found buried about the base of the Uintah Mountains of southern Wyoming, and the Titanothere (giant beast) as the largest inhabitant of the great lakes east of the Rockies.

Before describing the animals themselves, we may stop to note what our present knowledge of them has cost in human skill and endurance. Every one of these pictures is drawn from a complete skeleton hewn out of the solid rock, and each of these skeletons represents years and years of arduous exploration in which Wortman, Hatcher, Peterson, and others sent out by the American Museum, by Princeton, or by Yale, have become famous. Our party found the Titanothere in a broiling alkali cañon of South Dakota. Its head was protruding from a hard sandstone cliff, and the chest, limbs, and trunk were chiseled out by the men under a rude shelter which lowered the noon temperature to 106°. They were encouraged to think that the whole beast had been mired in a standing position. This was probably the case originally but suddenly they came across a fault: it appeared that the hind limbs had been swept away; and it required two years' more searching before bones of an animal of a corresponding size were secured. Every other skeleton has its own story of determination, disappointment, and surprise.

The old lake-basins, once on sea-level, and

enriched by the moist, balmy winds of the Pacific, are now elevated from four to five thousand feet. The only redeeming feature of their present aspect of absolute barrenness is that the absence of vegetation leaves the old graves and burying-grounds bare. Fossil bones and skeletons are not plentiful—far from it; but a trained eye sees a great distance along the bare gullies, cliffs, and cañons, and your daily scramble of fifteen to twenty miles enables you to prospect over a vast stretch. You are off in the morning, stiffened by a frosty night. You know by sad experience that the ice in the basins does not promise a cool day. Your backbone is still freezing while the sun begins to broil and blister your skin, and you are the living embodiment of the famous dessert served by the Japanese—a hot crust without, an ice within. Your trail begins on the upland, which may be the actual level of the old lake-bottom; and as if walking through a graveyard, you never look for bones until the land breaks away by erosion. When you reach the edge of this upland, you look off into a sea of rock, sometimes wild beyond description, and you plunge down the slope to a certain level. Then you follow this level round and round and in and out. Here you are on a seam which bears fossils. Above and below it are other similar fossiliferous seams, and between them are barren seams where you will not find a bone if you search till doomsday. This level, perhaps, represents the delta of a great mountain river which swept the animals out with coarse sand, pebbles, and debris. Sometimes you walk miles and miles, up and down, day after day, and see nothing but common turtle bones, which are so deceptive and tempting at a distance that the fossil-hunter profanely kicks them aside. Turtles are found everywhere because they swam out, basked in the sunshine of the mid-lakes, and occasionally sank to the bottom, while the carcasses of land animals were buried in the deltas or nearer shore. In such a fossil-barren land the heat seems twice as torrid, on the buttes your muscles and back ache doubly, your tongue lies parched from the last gulp of alkali water, your soul abhors a fossil, and longs for the green shade of the East, and the watermelon,



DRAWN BY CHARLES KNIGHT. BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE LARGEST CARNIVORE, MESONYX, OF THE UINTAH LAKE, NORTHERN UTAH.
From a skull in the museum and a skeleton in the Princeton Museum.

when, all of a sudden, a little projecting bone strikes your wearied eye. You fall on your knees, and breathe gently on the loose sand; a little scraping, and you see the signs of a skull—perhaps of some missing link. The thrill of discovery spreads like an elixir through your frame, and two or three hours later, after carefully cutting out the prize, you walk vigorously back to camp, every inch a man. Thus fossil-hunting is a life of vicissitudes and emotions. The fossil-hunter is predestined to his work, like the sportsman. He returns East in the autumn, vowing he will never go back to the Bad Lands; but as the favorable months of spring come round he becomes more and more restless until he is off.

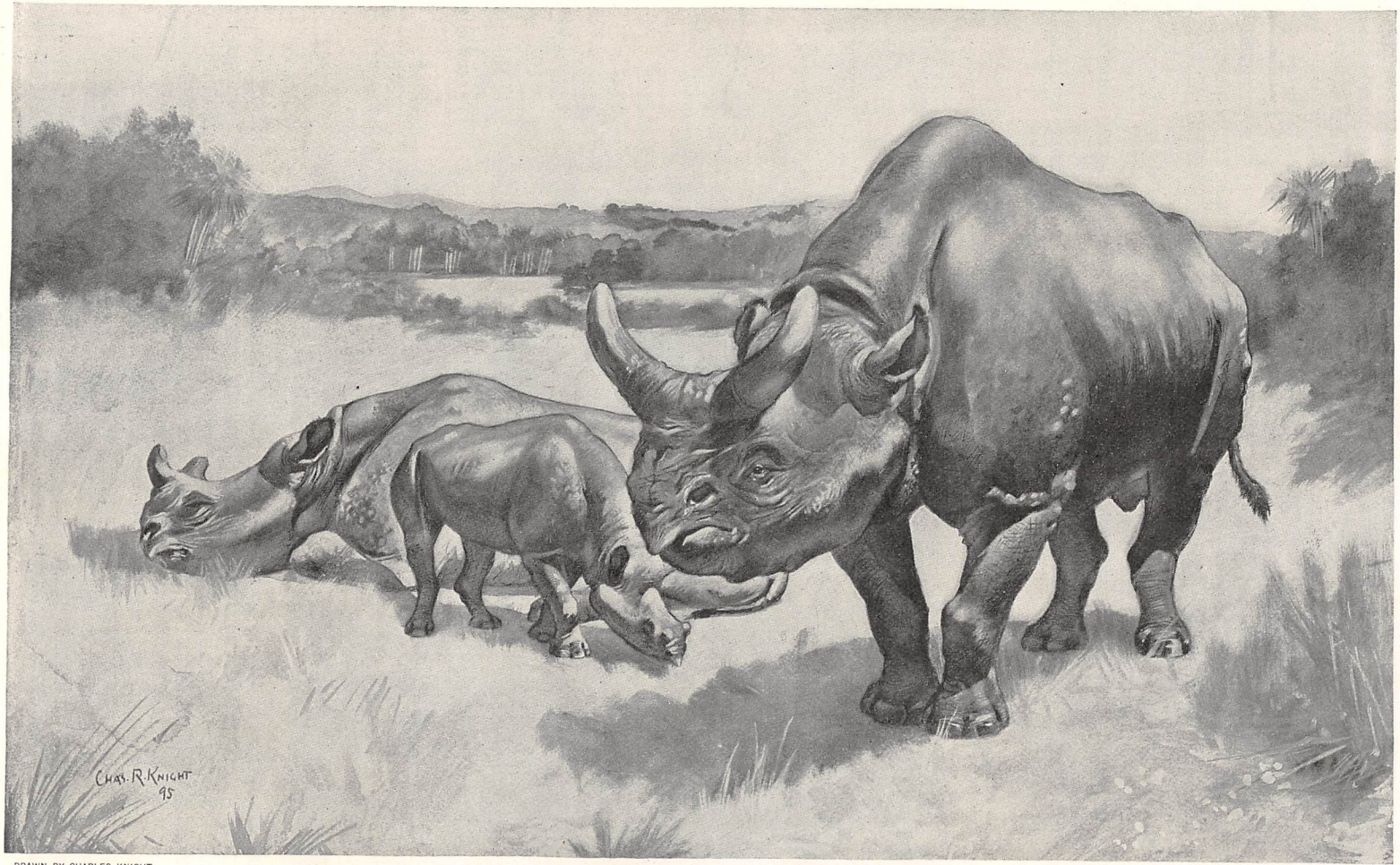


DRAWN BY CHARLES KNIGHT. BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE FOUR-TOED HORSE, FOUR HANDS HIGH, FOUND IN THE WASATCH LAKE OF THE BIG HORN MOUNTAINS, NORTHERN WYOMING.

From a mounted skeleton in the museum.

The country that is as hot as Hades, watered by stagnant alkali pools, is almost invariably the richest in fossils. Here, in fact, as you find the greatest variety and number of bones, you enjoy the most delightful flights of the scientific imagination; when parched and burned, you conjure before you the glories of these ancient lakes. About their shores alligators and turtles, precisely like those of to-day, pushed their way among the rushes, ferns, and palmettos. In spring the Judas-tree and the acacia bloomed; in the autumn the persimmon sweetened. Canes and palms gave shade along the alkali levels, while upon the hills the birch, chestnut, ash, linden, hickory, and sumac passed their vernal and autumnal phases of color. A Louisianian from the Teche country would feel quite at home in such a vision of one or two million years back, so far as his eye fell only upon the alligator and the garpike, and upon equally conservative trees and plants, which have not changed from that day to this. The streams and bayous would seem familiar. The only landscape features strange to his eye would be the low ranges of hills, the embryonic Uintah and Rocky Mountains. We can imagine his repose beside a Bridger stream rudely disturbed by the spring of a huge, otter-like animal upon a half-grown alligator dozing upon the bank. This beast (destined to yield the first fragment of his jaw-bone some eons later to the veteran Joseph Leidy, and to be



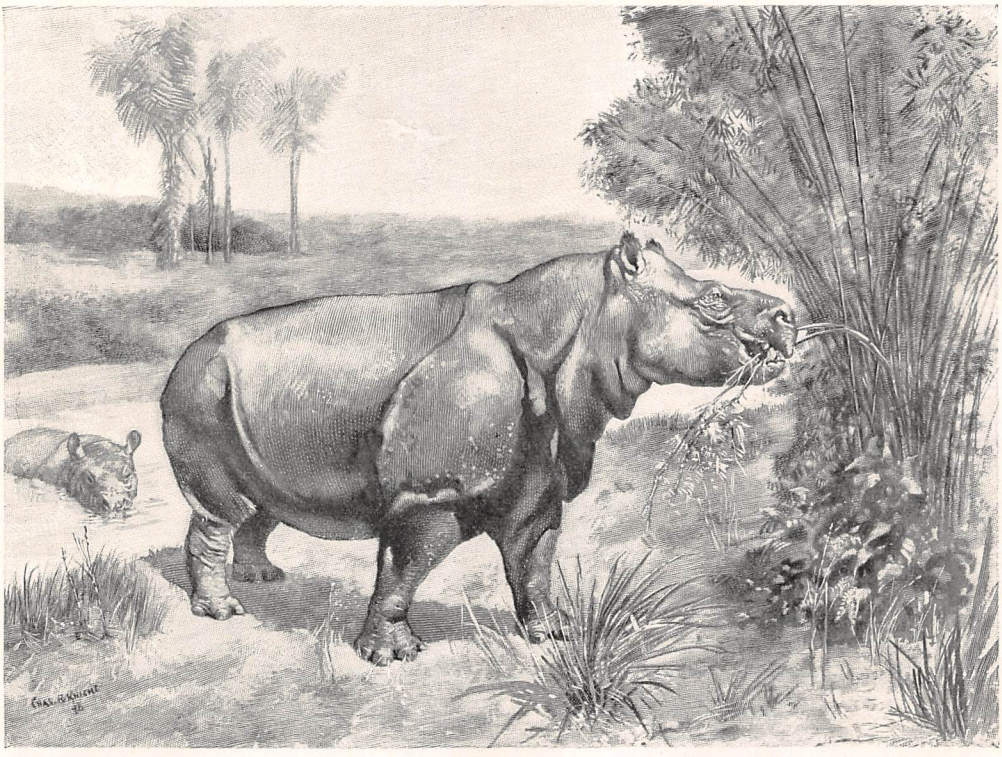
DRAWN BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

TITANOTHERE FAMILY—BULL, COW, AND CALF—OF THE SOUTH DAKOTA LAKE BASIN.

From a mounted skeleton and skulls in the museum.

termed Patriofelis) shows broad feet with spreading toes, probably webbed between, as best shown in his mate snarling upon the bank. A short forehead, a few sharp teeth like those of the cat, a very long body, and an extremely powerful tail indicate that he is a swimmer, and could follow the alligator into the water if necessary. The animal's chief distinction, however, is its extremely small brain: for, while his whole frame nearly equals our imagination from the point where we witnessed the capture of the alligator downstream, as the sluggish river broadens into the Bridger Lake, with the low Uintah hills in the distance. Coming round a turn, we observe a huge quadruped with a very long, narrow skull surmounted by four horns—a larger pair just over the ears, and a smaller pair just above the eyes; the snout terminates in two knobs; the lower jaw is very shallow

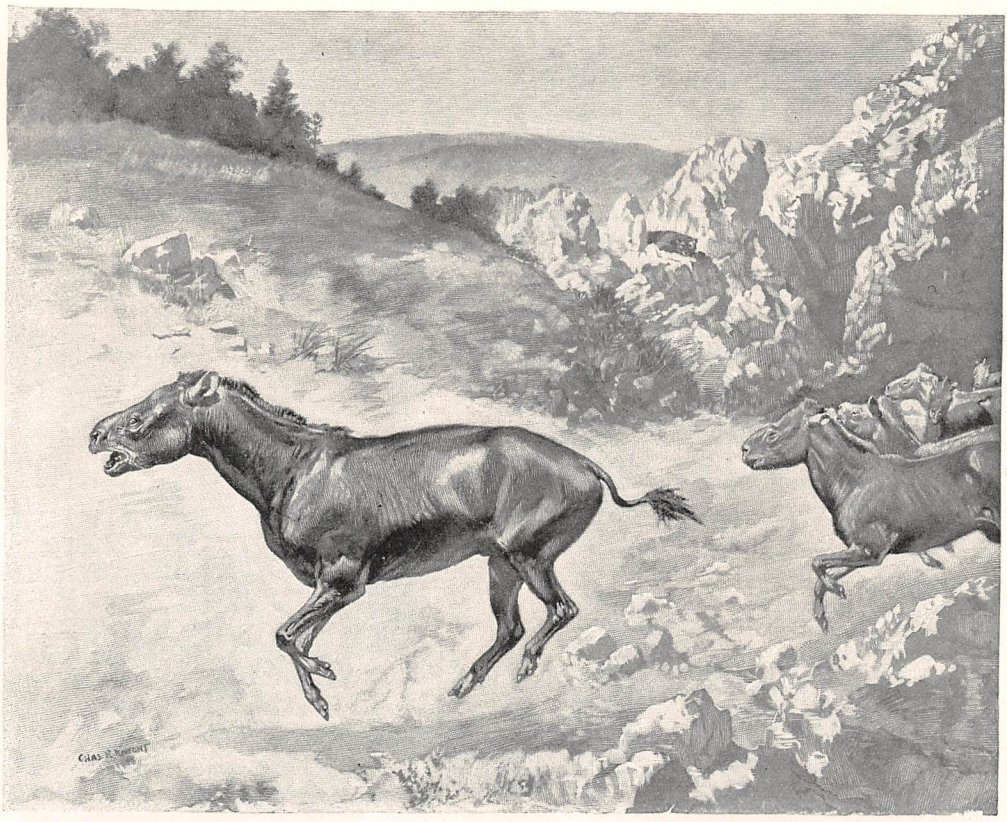


DRAWN BY CHARLES KNIGHT. BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

AQUATIC RHINOCEROS, METAMYNODON, OF THE SOUTH DAKOTA LAKE BASIN.
From a mounted skeleton in the museum.

that of a tiger, his brain is little larger than that of a terrier dog, the impression of a well-rounded head being entirely due to the large masses of jaw-muscles between the ears. This lack of brain-power was apparently a costly deficit in the Patriofelis family income; for fine as these animals were in frame and muscular development, they appear to have gone under in the struggle for existence.

As the archæologist among the ruins of Nineveh measures his progress by his ability to restore the ancient palaces and temples, dress, habits, and conversation of the Ninevites, so the paleontologist strives to place himself back upon the borders of these old lakes; bones and fossil plants are his cuneiform characters. Let us, therefore, follow behind, but dips in front into two deep flanges which seem to protect the two great upper tusks. Coming up behind this brute is his female companion, distinguished by shorter horns and smaller tusks. She is using her tusks to tear down a branch, when, with a rapid side motion of the head, she rips off the leaves into the broad gape of the mouth. The body is longer, but otherwise like that of an elephant, the limbs and feet being heavy and clumsy. The eye is small and inexpressive, and below the hollow of the space back of it lies relatively the smallest brain known in any warm-blooded animal. The body weighs perhaps two tons, while the brain is about the size of that of a dog, and weighs less than a pound. The ratio of brain weight to body



DRAWN BY CHARLES KNIGHT. BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

CURSORIAL RHINOCEROS, HYRACODON, OF THE SOUTH DAKOTA LAKE BASIN.
From a skeleton in the Princeton Museum.

weight is therefore about $\frac{1}{4000}$,[1] and this gigantic Uintathere[2] is heavily handicapped by his stupidity, and by the very small size of his grinding-teeth. At all events, he is the last of a long-race of animals which arose back in the reptilian period.

The next animal one sees is up among a grove of young sequoias, standing over the skull of a Uintathere. He has a very long, low body, somewhat like that of the Tasmanian wolf, terminating in a powerful tail, short limbs, and flattened nails (hence the name Mesonyx, or half-claw, given him by Cope). The wide gape of his mouth exposes a full set of very much blunted teeth, which prove that this huge flesh-eater could himself hardly have killed the Uintathere, but has driven away some other beast from the carcass. Perhaps, like the bear, he had a taste for all kinds of food, or, as Cope has suggested, by his fondness for terrapin he may have blunted his teeth in breaking through the soft-shelled turtles (Trionyx) which are so abundant in this lake. This is another animal with a very small brain, and is also the very last of his race.

The modern game exterminator, who shoots everything he sees, and robs Nature of what she has been ages in evolving, may claim that Nature herself sets the example of destruction when he learns that the Uintathere, the Patriofelis, and the Mesonyx were doomed, and never fed or browsed upon the borders of the great Nebraska-Dakota Lake which succeeded the Wyoming-Utah, or Bridger, Lakes which we have been exploring. But the case is really not parallel, for, whereas the wanton hunter leaves no life in his trail, Nature always replaces one form of life by another.

If we leave the lake shore, and pass into the drier upland, we discover the clever little four-toed horse, swift, alert, intelligent. He is, to use the modern measure, only four hands, or sixteen inches, high, so he would not reach the knee of the Uintathere, and could be devoured at one sitting by the Patriofelis. His limbs are as slender as pencils.

[1] In the fishes this ratio is the lowest, $\frac{1}{5000}$. In man it is the highest, $\frac{1}{35}$.

[2] *Uintatherium cornutum*, Cope. The animal was first named by Leidy.

His large eyes are much farther forward than in the horse. He could readily hide among the taller stalks, and it is possible that he had the beginning of protective stripes imitating reed shadows upon his neck and mane. In his hair and coloring, however, we pass into pure conjecture. His well-worn chisel-shaped front teeth indicate that he was already a cropper or browser, and the evident secret of his triumphant persistence over his ponderous

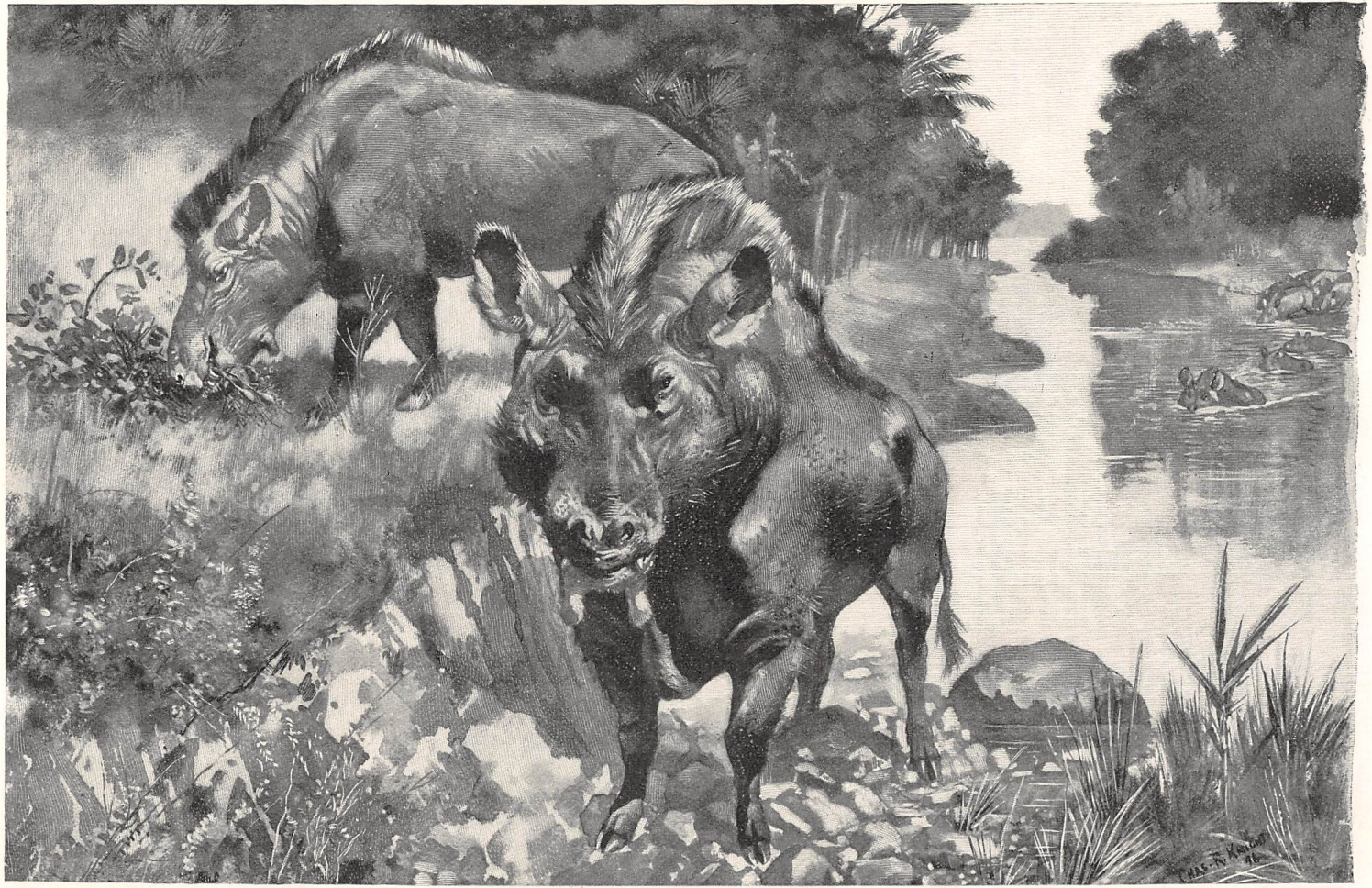


DRAWN BY CHARLES KNIGHT. BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SIX-HORNED PROTOCERAS OF THE ANCIENT BLACK HILLS, SOUTH DAKOTA LAKE.
From a skeleton in the Princeton Museum.

contemporaries is that he learned to browse just about the time that grasses began to appear. He was the animal for the times.

The Louisianian would probably not have been more disturbed by earth tremors if he had taken up his residence in Wyoming 2,000,000 B. C., than our New Jerseyman is about the subsidence of his Atlantic coast-line. If he had explored to the north he would have found the dry bottom of the old Wasatch Lake there. But this prophetic warning of the approaching drainage of the Bridger Lake would have given him little uneasiness, because the recession of the waters was so inconceivably slow. Yet the mountains were irresistibly rising in the north, and tilting this beautiful Bridger sheet toward the south into the Uintah Lake of Utah. As this lake was also drained off by the Colorado, and converted into a river-basin, wherein no fossil records are kept, a blank chapter would have occurred in our history but for a decree of Nature which should make every paleontologist grateful to the Creator. By this



DRAWN BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

ELOTHERE, OR GIANT PIG, OF THE SOUTH DAKOTA LAKE.

Drawn from a skeleton in the Princeton Museum.

decree, while the Uintah Lake to the west of the Rockies was still drying, the great lakes along the eastern slopes of the Rockies began to form as a new burial ground upon a grand scale from Canada to the Gulf.

This newer cemetery of vast age was first made known to us, in 1847, by the discovery of part of the lower jaw of an animal akin to the attractive family group represented at noonday rest upon page 709. Thirty years of almost continuous exploration have brought us to the point where we can restore these beasts with some degree of confidence.

The Titanothere, although the reigning plutocrat of the South Dakota Lake, as we may call it, was no feral parvenu or upstart. He boasted a family tree branching back to a small tribe which lived in a modest way beside the Wasatch Lake some half million years before. These small but hardy ancestors had seen the Uintatheres swell in size, take on horns, and disappear. Apparently no record of this fact was preserved, for hardly had the Uintatheres gone to earth when the Titanothere family, unmindful of the fate attending horns and bulk, began to develop horns which sprouted like humps over the eyes, as may be seen in the little calf. For a while the males and females had humps of the same moderate size, but as the premium upon horns rose, the old bulls made great capital of them, fighting each other, and butting the females who would not return their courtship—a fact attested by broken ribs. Finally these horns attained a prodigious size in the bulls, branching off from the very end of the snout, unlike anything in existing nature. In the mean time this «Titan-beast,» as Leidy well named him, acquired a great hump upon his back nearly ten feet above the ground, while he stretched out to a length of fourteen feet, and expanded to a weight of two tons. He increased in number also, as one sees in the scores of his petrified bones. This prosperity was, however, fatal, for in the stratum above not a trace of this family remains. It is difficult to assign the cause of this sudden exit; it was certainly not lack of brains. Vast floods, extensive droughts, cold waves, epidemics, suggest themselves as possible causes, but change of flora seems the more probable. The Titanothere grinding-tooth was not of a type which could adapt itself even to a slight change of vegetation, and this animal died out at the very climax of his greatness.

He made way for the interregnum of the swimming or aquatic rhinoceros (Metamynodon), which appears in numbers in the overlying strata. It was when we undertook to place the muscles, hide, and features upon this strange beast in this painting that we discovered that he was probably a water-lover. The first suggestion came when we located the eyes, and recognized that they were placed very high upon the face, apparently to keep them out of water, as in the hippopotamus. Then the high nostrils opening upward, the recurved tusks adapted to the uprooting of plants along the river banks, the four-toed, spreading front feet, entirely unlike those of the modern rhinoceros, and effective in swimming, all seemed to confirm the aquatic theory. The forefathers of this brute also roamed or swam along the Bridger Lake, while his descendants went abroad, and the family passed its declining years in France not far from the site of Paris. We should remember, in this connection, that a journey to Europe in those days was not made across the Atlantic, but overland by way of the Isthmus of Bering Strait, and thence across Asia.

As remarked at the beginning, this Metamynodon was not a bona-fide rhinoceros, but a side branch from the same stock. The thoroughbred rhinoceros was, however, abundant. In fact, after the Titanothere had been gathered to his fathers, you or I would not have felt nearly so strange in South Dakota as our Louisiana friend did along the Bridger Lake. Most of the queer archaic beasts had given up the struggle. We would have recognized the rhinoceroses immediately; also the tapirs, the llamas, or ancestral camels, fierce cats of the size of the puma, the dogs, and the monkeys. The little four-toed horses would have perhaps puzzled us for a moment because of their small size, short heads and limbs, but several other quadrupeds would have made us feel that we had given too much attention to the classics, and that our own zoölogical education had somehow been deficient.

For instance, leaving the swimming rhinoceros at the lake border, and the true rhinoceros in the grasses and shrubbery of the lower meadows, and climbing up among the lower Black Hills, we might have seen a large herd of Hyracodons, or cursorial rhinoceroses, galloping by, frightened by a crouching ancestor of the saber-tooth tiger. As Scott has demonstrated, these light-limbed animals were horse-like to a surprising degree in the shoulders, haunches, and limbs. So we feel that we are not far from the truth in giving them the awkward gallop of the instantaneously photographed horse. They were, however, in no real sense horses,—ex-

cept in this wonderful mimicry of habit,—for the teeth prove them to be rhinoceroses, small, light, and swift-footed, in extreme contrast of structure with the swimming type.

Still farther up among the hills we startle a pair of animals (Protoceras) which are beautifully graceful, except in the head and snout. The buck (for they are very remotely related to the deer family) proudly displays a profusion of bony horns, a pair between the ears, a much smaller pair between the eyes, and two very prominent bony plates behind the nostrils, below which spring two sharp tusks, as in the musk-deer. The doe lacks the tusks and all the horns. This much is certain. Here is a favorable chance to take the reader into our confidence, and admit that the form of the snout, the shape of the ears, the coloring of the back and belly, the rings of dark hair about the neck and ankles, are in the highest degree uncertain. In this case they are all studied from the antelope. The rocks preserve only bones and teeth, the position of the eyes, ears, nose, mouth, the strength and position of the muscles. All else in such restoration is pure conjecture, in which we reason and depict only by analogy.

So with our giant pig, or Elothere, which we might suddenly confront when returning after our mountain climb to the river and lake-level. His bristles, his great shaggy mane, the dewlaps swinging from the great bony knobs under his chin and jaws—all these are inferences from the remote kinship of this beast to the pig family which one must also take with a mental reservation.

There is no doubt that the Elothere was a pig of the first rank, and thoroughly cosmopolitan in his range. While the Titanotheres were extant he maintained the humble size of the tapir, but when these rivals and the swimming rhinoceroses passed away the reign of the giant hogs began. They acquired skulls nearly four feet long, armed with huge cheek bones and under jaw-plates, powerful upper limbs, and narrow, stilted feet, differing from those of the pig in the absence of dew-claws; the shoulders rose into a hump, but the chest was shallow and feeble. The open mouth displayed a row of pointed front teeth used in rooting and grubbing, as shown in the animal on the bank.

Thus we conclude a glimpse of two phases of ancient life in the Western lakes, two brief episodes out of hundreds in the long history of the great West.

All these monsters had their day, while the sun shone, the birds warbled, the insects hummed over thousands of miles of water and luxuriant sub-tropical bloom. Meanwhile the Western continent slowly rose, the Sierra shut off more and more of the sweet influences of the Pacific, and before the arrival of man this splendid assemblage of life was finally replaced by the hardy animals of the hills, the small and colorless denizens of the desert, and the ruminants of the plains. The complete restoration of the glories of that earlier era is the dream and ambition of the fossil-hunter.

Henry Fairfield Osborn.

IN ABSENCE.

AS one who turns from waves upon the shore
To dream a distant ocean in the sky,
Thine absent presence sways my spirit more
Than all the human voices thronging nigh.

How visible, yet how removed, are these
Strong hands I touch, these kisses on my face,
When sunset, smiling wistful through the trees,
Again enslaves me to thy vanished grace!

My thoughts outrun the senses slow, to share
In some unfettered realm our old delight,
As if a vibrant chord had thrilled the air
And loosed wide wings a-quivering for flight.

I breathe thy hidden fragrance, feel thee near,
Disdainful of each barrier's control,
Till all my world becomes thy symbol, dear,
And parting but a gateway of the soul.

Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

THE GOLD-FIELDS OF GUIANA.

AN ARIZONA MINER'S ADVENTURES IN THE DISPUTED TERRITORY.



I HAD been mining for gold and silver in Arizona, and having had indifferent success, decided to take a run through the mining regions of Mexico. In Culiacan I met a California prospector named Joseph Beardsley. While we were in the State of Chiapa, Beardsley received a letter from an old mining partner in Nicaragua, stating that he had found a rich lode, and inviting Beardsley to join him. When Beardsley arrived at his friend's cabin he was just in time to bury him, he having been murdered by some Nicaraguans, presumedly for the gold in his possession. Beardsley, who was unable to find the lode, was virtually chased out of its vicinity. A letter giving me an account of this adventure stated that he was on his way to the States of Colombia. He went up the Magdalena River to the Andes, and from there wrote me that he had discovered a rich quartz ledge, and urged me to meet him at Bogota. I set out to join him; but at Colon I met some miners returning from that region, who told me that he had been drowned. That was the last I ever heard of him.

Instead of going to Colombia, where a paper dollar was worth only thirty cents and a silver dollar fifty cents, I took passage for Venezuela. At Porto Cabello the first man I met was the American consul, to whom I explained my plans, which included a prospecting tour in the district of Valencia, north of the Orinoco. He advised me strongly not to go into the interior of Venezuela, explaining that two men sent out by him to prospect were in jail, and he was having a hard time getting them out. This was in 1892.

Owing to the unsettled state of affairs in Venezuela, I departed for British Guiana, where life and property were secure. On arriving at Georgetown, the beautiful capital of the colony, with about sixty thousand inhabitants, I found a hundred California miners stranded and full of indignation. They had been lured to Guiana by a letter which had found wide circulation in the newspapers of the Pacific coast. A man who had served as cook in a California mining-camp had gone to Guiana, and had found a good position as manager of a placer-mine on the Barima River. Elated by his good fortune, he wrote a glowing account of his prospects to his wife in California. She showed the letter to the editor of the local paper, who published it as an item of important mining news. This letter within a short time had the effect of starting groups of men from the coast mining-fields, some of them even from British Columbia. It was a time of depression in the mining industries of the Pacific coast, and a great many miners were out of employment. Though the writer of the letter had no intention of attracting others to his El Dorado, the Californians, who had assumed that it would be as easy to prospect for gold in Guiana as in California, regarded him as the author of their misadventure, and indulged freely in threats of vengeance. No harm came to him, however, because it is not a light matter to violate the laws in British Guiana. As these stranded miners had no money, they were unable to prospect, which requires a more or less expensive outfit; and they could not find employment in the diggings for the reason that white men are not employed on the placers, except as managers; and in fact nearly all the managers, like the laborers, are colored men. The Californians had great difficulty in getting away; some of them reached home as stowaways; a very few obtained situations. One of them was engaged for six months as manager of a placer-mine on the Potaro River, owned by a syndicate of colored men, which produced from three hundred to four hundred ounces of gold a month. He fell ill just as his time was up. When he recovered he invested his savings in an outfit, and started up the Cuyuni River, but found nothing. Another man secured a situation partly through the fact of his being a freemason.

When I discovered that the only way of obtaining employment on a placer was to own one, in the fall of 1894 I joined fortune with another miner, and started for the Barima River. We arranged to stay two or three months, and our provisions for that time cost two hundred and fifty dollars. Taking passage on a steamer, we entered the Barima through the Moro passage, and at Mount Everard were taken into a boat which, pro-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS DALGLEISH.

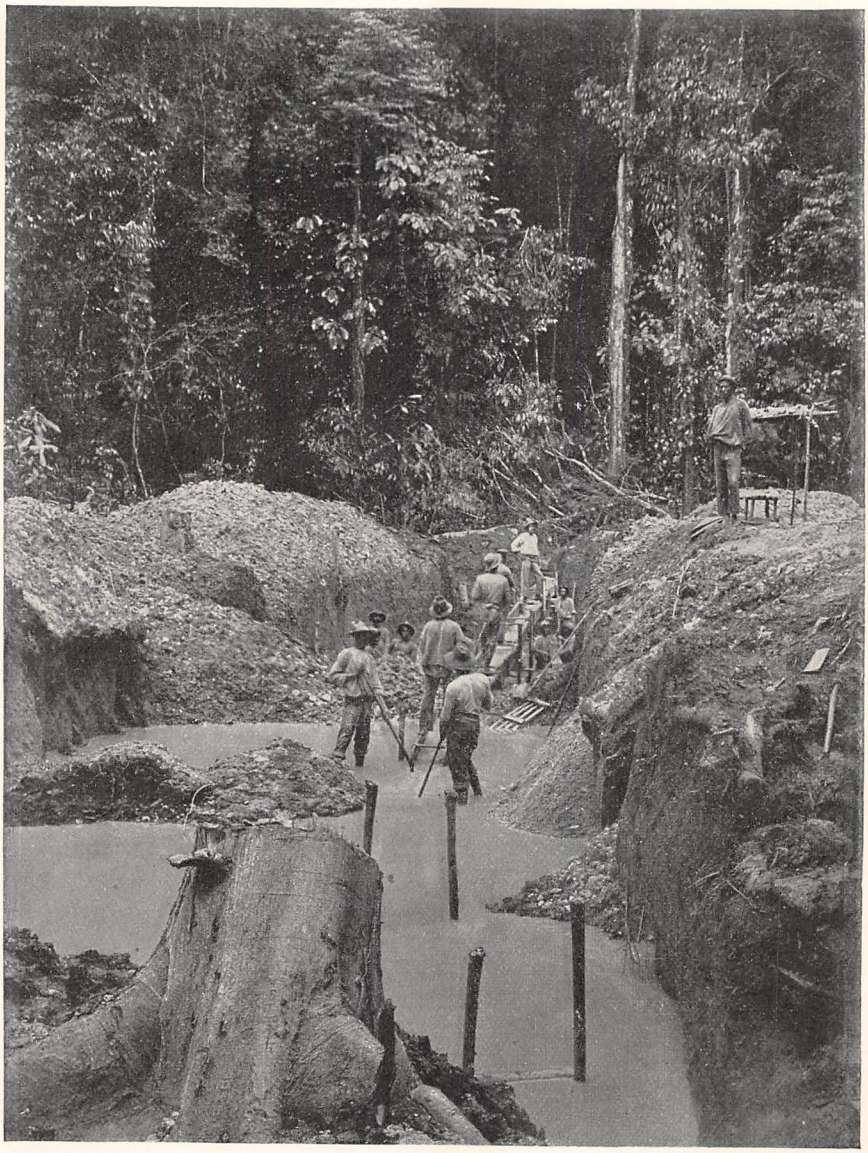
MAIN STREET IN GEORGETOWN, BRITISH GUIANA.

pelled by paddles, was carrying provisions and men to a placer-mine near Arakaka, the English government station eight or nine days up.

On the way up the river I noticed mud reefs crossing the Barima every few miles, and ranging in width from a few feet to forty. I prospected some of them, and found a few specks of fine gold, which miners called «eyes.» I think these reefs indicate fissure veins. We passed by several placer-mines, but visited none until we came to the Waremba Syndicate, about four miles below Arakaka, and the same distance in from the river on the west bank. While prospecting inland we lost ourselves in one of the swamps which abound in that region. On our search for camp we crossed fully twenty times a creek running through the swamp, and finally came to a gigantic cypress-tree which served as a landmark. Each attempt that we made to get out of the swamp brought us back to the cypress-tree. Finally we succeeded in reaching higher ground, where we found an old line cut through the undergrowth in the manner of marking a mining-claim. By following this we succeeded in getting out. It is impossible to travel through the thick undergrowth of that region without a compass, and, as in this instance, even a compass proves to be almost useless.

At our camp near Arakaka we hewed a boat out of a tree, and paddled twenty-five miles up the stream to the first rapids. There I was taken ill with dysentery, which was prevalent thereabouts, and was compelled to return to the hospital at Arakaka. While there I visited the Arakaka Development Company's mines, under the management of Mr. Owens, an American. This company was working both quartz- and placer-claims, which were very rich. The region is of volcanic formation. The quartz ledges are not so well defined as on the Cuyuni, but eventually, I think, the Barima will abound in quartz-mines. The ledges run invariably from northeast to southwest.

The Arakaka Development Company own sixty placer-claims, the operations in one of them being shown in the accompanying photograph. I may explain that placer-claims are located on watercourses, and are five hundred feet wide by fifteen hundred in length. The method of working them is simple. The ground is cleared of brush, and the first covering of clay is removed, until the gold-bearing gravel is exposed. This is called «stripping a pit» on the creek. Then a sluice is put in, to which the water of the creek is confined. Men are stationed on each side of the sluice to shovel in the gravel. This is washed by the water, and the gold is caught by the quicksilver in the riffles at the bottom of the sluice. A «clean-up» occurs every night, and therefore the miners know just what they are making from day to day. A section of the sluice is moved forward as they advance up the creek.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. FREDERICK WHITE.

A PLACER OF THE ARAKAKA IMPROVEMENT COMPANY NEAR THE BARIMA RIVER.

When I fell ill I turned my outfit over to my partner, who found another companion, and went still farther up the river. Afterward he reported that the Barima rose so rapidly one night that the boat was swamped and the provisions flooded. Still he claimed that he found some placers, but I have reason to believe, on the contrary, that his efforts were fruitless. To restore my health it was necessary to return to Georgetown, where I went to the hospital.

In the fall of 1895 I set forth again with another companion, this time going up the Cuyuni River. We took a small outfit. A prospector's first duty at Georgetown is to obtain a license from the colonial government. He must engage his men for four months, and advance them from five to eight dollars per man. Their wages are two shillings a day (about half a dollar in our money), and their rations, like the wages, are regulated by the government. A prospector on the Cuyuni usually employs from five to ten colored laborers. By steamer he proceeds from Georgetown to the Essequibo River, and a few miles above the junction of that river

with the Cuyuni he arrives at Bartaca Grove, where a British gold station is situated. There he engages a boat, with a captain, who steers, a bowman, who stands at the bow to avoid rocks, and four boatmen, unless he has enough laborers in his party to dispense with the boatmen. It takes from fourteen to twenty men to man one of these open boats.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS DALGLEISH.

«STREAKING» A BOAT OVER THE TONOMO RAPIDS OF THE CUYUNI RIVER.

The government regulations compel a prospector to hire a captain and a bowman, the former's wages being fixed at three dollars a day, and the bowman's at a dollar and a half.

At Bartaca Grove, instead of hiring a boat for ourselves, we found passage with a Mr. Murray, a colored man who owned a placer on the Wayarima River, twenty miles back from the Cuyuni. When we left Bartaca Grove his boat was loaded to the government limit, leaving not more than six inches clear below the gunwale. It carried three or four tons of provisions, eighteen paddlers, and the same number of «tarpaulin men,» as they are called —laborers intended for the placers, who sit on the cargo, which is covered with tarpaulins. Setting out on a Saturday, we camped at the junction of the Mazaruni and Cuyuni Rivers. A few miles back there was an Indian village, which the captain of the boat, Murray, and I visited for the purpose of buying some cassava bread. Though we found seven or eight houses, we saw no Indians. On our approach they had fled, for they are exceedingly timid. They had about forty or fifty acres planted with the cassava-bush, from which tapioca is made. On returning to camp for supper one of the black laborers kept the camp lively with songs and stories in English, a kind of entertainment for which he showed great talent. He would relate the «Arabian Nights» tales, slightly varied to give them the air of being his own adventures. Monday at noon we reached the rapids of the Little Ematu, at the head of tide-water, probably fifty miles above Bartaca Grove. There the boat was lightered by the «tarpaulin men,» who packed the greater part of the load on their heads, to a point above the rapids. The other men were two and a half days «streaking» with a rope the boat and the remainder of the provisions over the falls. On our return we shot the same rapids in one hour.

Above the next rapids, called the Big Ematu Falls, we took dinner at an old Dutch mine, where the stamp-mill and machinery were still to be seen, covered in their decay with creeping vines. On the top of the hill was a shaft about a hundred feet deep. I was told that at the bottom of the shaft there was a drift into the hill several hundred feet in length. Nobody could tell me when the mine



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. BROWN.

A PLACER OF THE BARNARD SYNDICATE NEAR THE POTARO RIVER.

was originally worked or why it was abandoned. A quartz reef crosses the river at that point, and in the river-bed I found rich indications of gold, where a cradle could be used to advantage. The origin of the mine was what is called a volcanic «blow-out,» and I think it was owing to the ignorance of geology of the original workers that they failed to find the ore-chute, or volcanic chimney. The present owners, who are among the most enterprising men in the colony, are now searching for it.

After ten days' paddling up the Cuyuni, with considerable difficulty in passing the Karamoo rapids, and afterward the Tonomo rapids, we reached a place called Quartzstone, near the mouth of the Wayarima River, where Mr. Murray's storehouse was situated. Then we traveled twenty miles up the Wayarima, where I prospected for a month. In the mean time my companion fell ill, and had to go back to Georgetown.

At this time I met C. C. Edwards, an old Arizona acquaintance. He and I joined outfits, and went five or six miles farther in, where we made camp. It rained nearly every day for two weeks, it being the autumn rainy season, and for that length of time we never saw the sun. Everything in camp was covered with green mold. As we were in need of men and provisions, I made a journey back to Georgetown, where alone they could be obtained. I had barely got men and provisions together when Edwards appeared at Georgetown, elated at having found a fine placer. On applying at the gold commissioner's office we learned, to our chagrin, that it had been taken up by a syndicate years ago, and sold to another syndicate, although not entered on the government books. It is still in dispute between Edwards and the present claimants. The colonial laws with respect to claims are so stringently enforced that claim-jumping, where the English authorities are in control, is almost unheard of.

After this disappointment we purchased from a colored man three claims located fifteen miles from Quartzstone. We then got together a bigger outfit, and proceeded to our diggings in the manner previously described. This was in September, 1895. At the time we were at the Tonomo rapids (which are shown in the accompanying photograph) twenty-two men were drowned from one boat; only six escaped. Since then the government has prohibited captains from running those rapids,

and now oblige them to streak the boat down as well as up.

When we reached Quartzstone, Edwards took the men and went in from the river about fifteen miles to our placers on a tributary of the Wayarima. Being short of one hand, I stayed at the landing to supply the carrier with the provisions. Every placer has a man who does nothing else but pack provisions from the riverside to the placer. The government limit for the load is fifty pounds, but sometimes a hundred pounds, or even more is carried, but of course for extra pay. The colored boy Manuel whom I employed—not yet a grown man—on one occasion carried seventy pounds, while I, carrying two tents weighing about fifteen pounds, became very weary after traveling half the distance; thereupon he took one of the tents on top of his load. Probably he could have made the distance in four hours, but owing to my slowness it took us all day, and I arrived at our destination completely worn out. It is certainly impossible for a white man to labor in that swampy country.

I had been about three weeks at the river, forwarding our provisions, when I found that chills and fever were getting a hold on me; so I concluded to return to Georgetown. On arriving there I went out to pay some bills, and that night lay down on my cot feeling very tired. When I returned to consciousness I was in the hospital, and a colored man was standing beside my bed offering me some milk. A week elapsed before I could walk, and then the doctor told me I must have a change; so I took ship for New York.

The first fine placer on the Cuyuni was found in 1893 by a Frenchman named Jacobs. His outfit was furnished by two Portuguese named Carrara and Rosa. They took out from two hundred to three hundred pounds a month for two or three years, the gold being worth one hundred and ninety-five dollars a pound. When I reached there, in 1893, the placer was in full working order. Jacobs is said to have disposed of his gains at Monte Carlo; Carrara died insolvent; Rosa left a few thousands: that is, in brief, the history of the owners of one of the richest placer-mines in that country. The mine was sold in 1895 for fifteen hundred dollars, and Jacobs is now simply an employee in the placer.

The Barnard Syndicate has taken out a great deal of gold from placers situated on the Potaro River; but it is my impression that placer-mining is about over unless new territory is opened up. Quartz-mining is still in its infancy. There are at present two quartz-mines in operation on the Barima River with a good showing; but they are in the disputed territory, and, I think, have been obliged to shut down. Quartz on the Cuyuni is finely defined, although there is not a quartz-mine on the river at present; but in all probability good quartz-mines will yet be worked in British Guiana.

At present it is impossible for a poor man to prospect to advantage in that country. He must purchase all his provisions at Georgetown; buy or hire a boat; pay big wages to his captain and bowman; and give security for the wages of his men, and pay for their food. I have known only one or two poor men who have made a stake out there.

After prospecting three or four months, which is very fatiguing and trying to the constitution of the strongest, a man may find nothing; but he will have learned a good deal. Then he may take a notion, if he has a few hundreds left, to buy another outfit. This time he may find a creek that will pay him one or two ounces a day in the tom. When that much is got in the tom sluices are soon put in, which yield two or three times as much gold. If he has the good fortune to keep his health and to find gold, he has to carry his yield to Bartaca Grove, where he passes through the gold station. Here every man, both laborer and master, is searched. Some think this very disagreeable, but I see nothing objectionable in the law, which is a great protection to the placer owner, the object being to prevent laborers and others from stealing gold. At Georgetown he must carry his gold to the commissioner's office, where he gets a permit to pay the royalty at another government office, after which he may sell it to the banks. Miners are not allowed to sell gold in the bush or in Georgetown. Each day a miner must enter his find in his gold-book, and if an inspector should come along and find gold that was not entered he might confiscate it. This is why a miner must buy his entire outfit in Georgetown, and have money enough to see himself through before he starts. All the British colonial officials, at least all that I came in contact with, are polite and gentlemanly. I have met foreigners who think their laws are very stringent, but I would rather be where there is some law than on the other side of the Yuruan, where there is none.

Thomas Dalgleish.

SIR GEORGE TRESSADY

By Mrs Humphry Ward

Author of "Robert Elsmere" "The History of David Grieve" "Marcella" etc

[BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

XXI.

«MY dear, you don't mean to say you have had her here for ten days?»

The speaker was Betty Leven, who had just arrived at Maxwell Court, and was sitting with her hostess under the cedars in front of the magnificent Caroline mansion which it was the never-ending task of Marcella's life to bring somehow into a democratic scheme of things.

A still September afternoon, lightly charged with autumn mists, lay gently on the hollows of the park. Betty was in her liveliest mood and her gayest dress. Her hat, a marvel in poppies, was perched high upon no less ingenious waves and frettings of hair. Her straw-colored gown, which was simple only for the untrained eye, gave added youth even to her childish figure, and her very feet, clothed in the smallest and most preposterous of shoes, had something merry and provocative about them as they lay crossed upon the wooden footstool Marcella had pushed toward her.

The remark just quoted followed upon one made by her hostess, to the effect that Lady Tressady would be down to tea shortly.

«Now, Betty,» said Marcella, seriously, though she laughed, «I meant to have a few words with you on this subject first thing; let's have them. Do you want to be very kind to me, or do you ever want me to be very nice to you?»

Betty considered.

«You can't do half as much for me now as you once could, now that Frank 's going to leave Parliament,» she remarked, with as much worldly wisdom as her face allowed. «Nevertheless the quality of my nature is such that sometimes I might even be nice to you for nothing. But information before benevolence; why have you got her here?»

«Because she was fagged and unhappy in London, and her husband had gone to take his mother abroad, after first doing Maxwell a great kindness,» said Marcella,—not, however, without embarrassment, as Betty saw,—«and I want you to be kind to her.»

«Reasons one and two no reasons at all,» said Betty, meditating; «and the third wants examining. You mean that George Tressady went after Ancoats?»

Marcella raised her shoulders and was silent.

«If you are going to be stuffy and mysterious,» said Betty, with vivacity, «you know what sort of a hedgehog I can be. How can you expect me to be nice to Letty Tressady unless you make it worth my while?»

«Betty, you infant! Well, then, he did go after Ancoats, got him safely away from Trouville, brought him to Paris to join Mrs. Allison, and in general has laid us all under very great obligations. Meanwhile, she was very much tired out with nursing her mother-in-law—»

«Oh, and such a mother-in-law—such a jewel!» ejaculated Betty.

«And I brought her down here to rest till he should come back from Wildheim and take her home. He will probably be here to-night.»

The speaker reddened unconsciously during her story, a fact not lost on Betty.

«Well, I knew most of that before,» said Betty, quietly. «And what sort of a time have you been having this ten days?»

«I have been glad to have her here,» came the quick reply; «I ought to have known her long ago.»

Betty looked at the speaker with a half-incredulous smile.

«You have been ‹collecting› her, I suppose, as Hallin collects grasses. Of course, what I pine to know is what sort of a time *she 's* had. You 're not the easiest person in the world to get on with, my lady.»

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«I know that,» said Marcella, sighing; «but I don't think she has been unhappy.»

Betty's green eyes opened suddenly to the light.

«Are you ever going to tell me the truth? Have you got her under your thumb? Does she adore you?»

«Betty, don't be an idiot!»

«I expect she does,» said Betty, thoughtfully, a myriad thoughts and conjectures passing through her quick brain as she studied her friend's face and attitude. «I see exactly what fate is going to happen to you in middle life. Women could n't get on with you when you were a girl—you did n't like them, nor they you; and now everywhere I hear the young women beginning to talk about you, especially the young married women; and in a few years you will have them all about you like a cluster of doves, cooing and confessing and making your life a burden to you.»

«Well, suppose you begin,» said Marcella, with meaning. «I 'm quite ready. How are Frank's spirits since the great decision?»

«Frank's spirits?» said Betty. She leisurely took off her glove. «Frank's spirits, my dear, if you wish to know, are simply an affront to his wife. My ruined ambitions appear to affect him as Parrish's food does the baby. I prophesy he will have gained a stone by Christmas.»

For the great step had been taken: Betty had given way, and Frank was to escape from politics. For three years Betty had held him to his task—had written his speeches, formed his opinions, and done her very best to train him for a statesman. But the young man had, in truth, no opinions, save, indeed, whatever might be involved in the constant opinion that Heaven had intended him for a country gentleman and a sportsman, and for nothing else. And at last a mixture of revolt and melancholy had served his purpose. Betty was subdued; the Chiltern Hundreds were in sight. The young wife, with many sighs, had laid down all dreams of a husband on the front bench. But, in compensation, she had regained her lover, and the honeymoon shone once more.

«Frank came to see me yesterday,» said Marcella, smiling.

Betty sprang forward.

«What did he say? Did n't he tell you I was an angel? Now, there 's a bargain! Repeat to me every single word he said, and I will devote myself, body and bones, to Letty Tressady.»

«Hush!» said Marcella, laying two fingers on the pretty mouth. «Here she comes.»

Letty Tressady, in fact, had just emerged from a side door of the house, and was slowly approaching the two friends on the terrace. Lady Leven's discerning eye ran over the advancing figure. Marcella heard her make some exclamation under her breath. Then she rose with little, hurrying steps, and went to greet the newcomer with a charming ease and kindness.

Letty responded rather nervously. Marcella looked up with a smile, and pointed to a low chair, which Letty took with a certain stiffness. It was evident to Marcella that she was afraid of Lady Leven, who had, indeed, shown a marked indifference to her society at Castle Luton.

But Betty was disarmed. The «minx» had lost her color and, for the moment, her prettiness. She looked depressed, and talked little. As to her relation to Marcella, Betty's inquisitive brain indulged itself in a score of conjectures. «How like her!» she thought to herself; «to forget the wife's existence, to begin with, and then to make love to her by way of warding off the husband.»

Meanwhile, aloud, Lady Leven professed herself exceedingly dissatisfied with the entertainment provided for her. Where were the gentlemen? What was the good of one putting on one's best frock to come down to a Maxwell Court Saturday to find only a «hen tea-party» at the end? Marcella protested that there were only too many men somewhere on the premises already, and more, with their wives, were arriving by the next train. But Maxwell had taken off such as had already appeared for a long cross-country walk.

Betty demanded the names, and Marcella gave them obediently. Betty perceived at once that the party was the party of a political chief obliged to do his duty. She allowed herself a good many shrugs of her small shoulders. «Oh, Mrs. Lexham—very charming, of course; but what 's the good of being friends with a person who has five hundred people in London that call her 'Nelly'? Lady *Wendover?* I ought to have had notice. A good mother? I should think she is! That 's the whole point against her. She always gives you the idea of having reared fifteen out of a possible twelve. To see her beaming on her offspring makes me positively ashamed of being in the same business myself. Don't you agree, Lady Tressady?»

But Letty, whose chief joy a month before would have been to dart in on such a list with little pecking proofs of acquaintance, was leaning back listlessly in her chair, and could summon only a forced smile for answer.

«And Sir George, too, is coming to-night, is n't he?» said Lady Leven.

«Yes; I expect my husband to-night,» said Letty, coldly, without looking at her questioner. Betty glanced quickly at the expres-

sion of the eyes, which were bent upon the farther reaches of the park; then, to Letty's astonishment, she bent forward impulsively and laid her little hand on Lady Tressady's arm.

«Do you mind telling me,» she said in a loud whisper, with a glance over her shoulder, «your candid opinion of *her* as a country lady?»

Letty, taken aback, turned and laughed uneasily; but Betty went rattling on: «Have you found out that she treats her servants like hospital nurses; that they go off and on duty at stated hours; that she has workshops and art schools for them in the back premises; and that the first footman has just produced a cantata, which has been sent in to the committee of the Worcester Festival (be quiet, Marcella; if it is n't that, it 's something near it); that she teaches the stable-boys and the laundry-maids old English dances, and the *pas de quatre* once a fortnight, and acts showman to her own pictures for the benefit of the neighborhood once a week? I came once to see how she did it, but I found her and the Gairsley ironmonger measuring the ears of the Holbeins—it seems you can't know anything about pictures now unless you have measured all the ears and the little fingers, which I hope you know. I did n't; so I fled, as she had n't a word to throw to me, even as one of the public. Then, perhaps, you don't know that she has invented a whole, new, and original system of game-preserving,—she and Frank fight over it by the hour,—that she has upset all the wage arrangements of the county,—that, perhaps, you do know, for it got into the papers,—and a hundred other trifles. Has she revealed these things?»

Letty looked in perplexity from Betty's face, full of sweetness and mirth, to Marcella's.

«She has n't talked about them,» she said, hesitating. «Of course I have n't understood a good many things that are done here—»

«Don't try,» said Marcella, first laughing and then sighing.

Nothing appeased, Lady Leven chattered away, while Letty watched her hostess in silence. She had come down to the Court gloating somewhat, in spite of her very real unhappiness, over the prospect of the riches and magnificence she was to find there. And to discover that wealth might be merely the source of one long moral wrestle to the people who possessed it, burdening them with all sorts of problems and remorses that others escaped, had been a strange and, on the whole, jarring experience to her. Of course there must be rich and poor; of course there must be servants and masters. Marcella's rebellion against the barriers of life had been a sort of fatigue and offense to Letty ever since she had been made to feel it. And daily contact with the simple, and even Spartan, ways of living that prevailed—for the owners of it at least—in the vast house, with the overflowing energy and humanity that often made its mistress a restless companion, and led her into a fair percentage of mistakes, had roused a score of half-scornful protests in the small, shrewd mind of her guest. Nevertheless, when Marcella was kind, when she put Letty on the sofa, insisting that she was tired, and anxiously accusing herself of some lack of consideration or other; when she took her to her room at night, seeing to every comfort, and taking thought for luxuries that in her heart she despised; or when, very rarely, and turning rather pale, she said a few words—sweet, hopeful, encouraging—about George's return, then Letty was conscious of a strange leap of something till then unknown—something that made her want to sob, that seemed to open to her a new room in the house of life. Marcella had not kissed her since the day of their great scene; they had been «Lady Maxwell» and «Lady Tressady» to each other all the time, and Letty had but realized her own insolences and audacities the more as gradually the spiritual dignity of the woman she had raved at came home to her. But sometimes when Marcella stood beside her, unconscious, talking pleasantly of London folk or Ancoats, or trying to inform herself as to Letty's life at Ferth, a half-desolate intuition would flash across the younger woman of what it might be to be admitted to the intimate friendship of such a nature; to feel those long, slender arms pressed about her once more, not in pity or remonstrance, as of one trying to exorcise an evil spirit, but in mere love, as of one asking as well as giving. The tender and adoring friendship of women for women, which has become so marked a feature of our self-realizing generation, had passed Letty by. She had never known it. Now, in these unforeseen circumstances, she seemed to be trembling within reach of its emotion, divining it, desiring it, yet forced onward to the question, «What is there in me that may claim it?»

Marcella, indeed, after their first stormy interview, had once more returned to the subject of it. She had told the story of her friendship with George Tressady very gently and plainly, in a further conversation held between them at the elder Lady Tressady's house during that odd lady's very odd convalescence, till, indeed, she reached the last scene. She could not bring herself to deliver

the truth of that. Nor was it necessary. Letty's jealousy had guessed it near enough long ago. But when all else was told, Letty had been aware at first of a half-sore resentment that there was so little to tell. In her secret soul she knew very well what had been the effect on George. Her husband's mind had been gradually absorbed by another ideal in which she had no part; nor could she deny that he had suffered miserably. The memory of his face as he asked her to forgive him when she fled past him on that last wretched night was enough. But suffered for what? A few talks about politics, a few visits to poor people, an office of kindness after a street accident that any stranger must have rendered, a few meetings in the House and elsewhere!

Letty's vanity was stabbed anew by the fact that Lady Maxwell's offense was so small. It gave her a kind of measure of her own hold upon her husband.

Once, indeed, Marcella's voice and color had wavered when she made herself describe how, on the Mile End evening, she had been aware of pressing the personal influence to gain the political end. But good heavens! Letty hardly understood what the speaker's evident compunction was about. Why, it was all for Maxwell! What had she thought of all through but Maxwell? Letty's humiliation grew as she understood, and as, in the quiet of Maxwell Court, she saw the husband and wife together.

Her anger and resentment might very well have transferred themselves only the more hotly to George. But this new moral influence upon her had a kind of paralyzing effect. The incidents of the weeks before the crisis excited in her now a sick, shamed feeling whenever she thought of them. For contact with people on a wholly different plane of conduct, if such persons as Letty can once be brought to submit to it, will often produce effects, especially on women, like those one sees produced every day by the clash of two standards of manners. It means simply the recognition that one is unfit to be of certain company, and perhaps there are few moral ferments more penetrating. Probably Letty would have gone to her grave knowing nothing of it but for the accident which had opened to her the inmost heart of a woman with whom, once known, not even her vanity dared measure itself.

George and she had already met since the day when he had gone off to Paris in search of Ancoats. The telegram sent to him by Marcella on the night of his mother's violent illness had, indeed, been recalled next day. Lady Tressady, following the idiosyncrasies of her disease, sprang from death to life—and life of the sprightliest kind—in the course of a few hours. The battered, gray-haired woman—so old, do what she would, under the betraying hand of physical decay—no sooner heard that George had been sent for than she at once, and peremptorily, telegraphed to him herself to stay away. «I 'm not dead yet,» she wrote to him afterward, «in spite of all the fuss they 've made with me. I was simply ashamed to own such a cadaverous-looking wretch as you were when you came here last; and if you take my advice you 'll stay at Trouville with Lord Ancoats and amuse yourself. As to that young man, of course it 's no good, and his mother 's a great fool to suppose that you or anybody else can prevent his enjoying himself. But these High-church women are so extraordinary.»

Letty, indeed, remembering her mother-in-law's old ways, and finding them little changed as far as she herself was concerned, was puzzled and astonished by the new relations between mother and son. On the smallest excuse or none, Lady Tressady, a year before, would have been ready to fetch him back from furthest Ind without the least scruple. Now, however, she thought of him or for him incessantly. And one day Letty actually found her crying over an official intimation from the lawyer concerned that another instalment of the Shapetsky debt would be due within a month. But she angrily dried her tears at sight of Letty, and Letty said nothing.

George, however, came back within about ten days of his departure, having apparently done what he was commissioned to do, though Letty took so little interest in the Ancoats affair that she barely read those portions of his letters in which he described the course of it. His letters, indeed, with the exception of a few ambiguous words here and there, dealt entirely with Trouville, Ancoats, or the ups and downs of public opinion on the subject of his action and speech in the House. Letty could only gather from a stray phrase or two that he enjoyed nothing; but evidently he could not yet bring himself to speak of what had happened.

When he did come back the husband and wife saw very little of each other. It was more convenient that he should stay in Upper Brook street, while she remained at her mother-in-law's, and altogether he was hardly three days in London. He rushed up to Market Malford to deliver his promised speech to his constituents, and immediately afterward, on the urgent advice of the doctors, he went

off to Wildheim with his mother and the elderly cousin whose aid he had already invoked. Before he went he formally thanked his wife, who hardly spoke to him unless she was obliged, for her attention to his mother, and then lingered a little, looking no less «cadaverous,» certainly, than when he had gone away, and apparently desiring to say more.

«I suppose I shall be away about a fortnight,» he said at last, «if one is to settle her comfortably. You have n't told me yet what you would like to do. Could n't you get Miss Tulloch to go down with you to Ferth, or would you go to your people for a fortnight?»

He was longing to ask her what had come of that promised visit of Lady Maxwell's; but neither by letter nor by word of mouth had Letty as yet said a word of it. And he did not know how to open the subject. During the time that he was with his wife and mother nothing was seen of Marcella in Warwick Square, and an interview that he was to have had with Maxwell, by way of supplement to his numerous letters, had to be postponed because of overcrowded days on both sides. So he was still in the dark.

Letty at first made no answer to his rather lame proposals for her benefit; but just as he was turning away with a look of added worry she said:

«I don't want to go home, thank you, and I still less want to go to Ferth.»

«But you can't stay in London. There is n't a soul in town, and it would be too dull for you.»

He gazed at her in perplexity, praying, however, that he might not provoke a scene, for the carriage that was to take him and his mother to the station was almost at the door.

Letty rose slowly, and folded up some embroidery she had been playing with. Then she took a note from her work-basket, and laid it on the table.

«You may read that if you like. That 's where I 'm going.»

And she quickly went out of the room.

George read the note. His face flushed, and he hurriedly busied himself with some of his preparations for departure. When his wife came into the room again he went up to her.

«You could have done nothing so likely to save us both,» he said huskily, and then could think of nothing more to say. He drew her to him as though to kiss her, but a blind movement of the old rage with him or circumstance leaped in her, and she pulled herself away. The thought of that particular moment had done more, perhaps, than anything else to thin and whiten her since she had been at Maxwell Court.

And now he would be here to-night. She knew both from her host himself and from George's letters that Lord Maxwell had specially written to him, begging him to come to the Court on his return, in order to join his wife, and also to give that oral report of his mission for which there had been no time on his first reappearance. Maxwell had spoken to her of his wish to see her husband without a tone or a word that could suggest anything but the natural friendliness and good will of the man who has accepted a signal service from his junior. But Letty avoided Maxwell when she could; nor would he willingly have been left alone with this thin, sharp-faced girl, whose letter to him had been like the drawing of an ugly veil from nameless and incredible things. He was sorry for her, but in his strong, deep nature he felt a repulsion for her he could not explain, and to watch Marcella with her amazed him.

IMMEDIATELY after tea Lady Leven's complaints of her entertainment became absurd. Guests poured in from the afternoon train, and a variety of men, her husband foremost among them, were soon at her disposal, asking nothing better than to amuse her.

Lady Tressady, meanwhile, looked on for a time at the brilliant crowd about her on the terrace with a dull sense of being forgotten and of no account. She said to herself sullenly that of course no one would want to talk to her; it was not her circle, and she had even few acquaintances among them.

Then, to her astonishment, she began to find herself the object of an evident curiosity and interest to many people among the throng. She divined that her name was being handed from one to the other, and she soon perceived that Marcella had been asked to introduce to her this person and that, several of them men and women whose kindness a few weeks before would have flattered her social ambitions to the highest point. Color and nerve returned, and she found herself sitting up, forgetting her headache, and talking fast.

«I am delighted to have this opportunity of telling you, Lady Tressady, how much I admired your husband's great speech,» said the deep and unctuous voice of the gray-haired Solicitor-General, as he sank into a chair beside her. «It was not only that it gave us our bill: it gave the House of Commons a new speaker. Manner, voice, matter—all of it excellent. I hope there 'll be no nonsense about his giving up his seat. Don't you let him! He will find his feet and his right place before long, and you 'll be uncommonly proud of him before you've done.»

«Lady Tressady, I 'm afraid you 've forgotten me,» said a plaintive voice, and on turning Letty saw the red-haired Lady Madeleine asking, with smiles, to be remembered. «Do you know, I was lucky enough to get into the House on the great day? What a scene it was! You were there, of course?»

When Letty unwillingly said, «No,» there was a little chorus of astonishment.

«Well, take my advice, my dear lady,» said the Solicitor-General, speaking with lazy patronage somewhere from the depths of comfort (he was accustomed to use these paternal modes of speech to young women), «don't you miss your husband's speeches. We can't do without our domestic critics. But for the bad quarters of an hour that lady over there has given me I should be nowhere.»

And he nodded complacently toward the wife, as stout as himself, who was sitting a few yards away. She, hearing her name, nodded back, with smiles aside to the bystanders. Most of the spectators, however, were already acquainted with a conjugal pose which was generally believed to be not according to facts, and no one took the cue.

Then presently Mr. Bennett, the workmen's member from the North, was at Letty's elbow, saying the most cordial things of the absent George. Bayle, too, the most immaculate and exclusive of private secretaries, who was at the Court on a wedding visit with a new wife, chose to remember Lady Tressady's existence for the first time for many months, and to bestow some of his carefully adapted conversation upon her.

While, last of all, Edward Watton came up to her with a cousinly kindness she had scarcely yet received from him, and, drawing a chair beside her, overflowed with talk about George, and the bill, and the state of things at Market Malford. In fact, it was soon clear, even to Letty's bewildered sense, that till her husband should arrive she was, perhaps for the moment, the person of most interest to this brilliant and representative gathering of a victorious party.

Meanwhile she was made constantly aware that her hostess remembered her. Once, as Marcella passed her after introducing some one to her, Letty felt a hand gently laid on her shoulder and then withdrawn. Strange waves of emotion ran through the girl's senses. When would George be here? About seven, she thought, when they would all have gone up to dress. He would have arrived from Wildheim in the morning, and was to spend the day doing business in town.

XXII.

LETTY was lying on a sofa in her bedroom. Her maid was to come to her shortly, and she was impatiently listening to every sound that approached or passed her door. The great clock in the distant hall struck seven, and it seemed to her intolerably long before she heard movements in the passage, and then Maxwell's voice outside:

«Here is your room, Sir George. I hope you don't mind a few ghosts. It is one of the oldest bits of the house.»

Letty sprang up. She heard the shutting of the passage door, then immediately afterward the door from the dressing-room opened, and George came through.

«Well!» she said, staring at him, her face flushing. «Surely you are very late?»

He came up to her, and kissed her hurriedly on the brow. «The train was a little late, but the horses made up for it.»

Then it suddenly struck her that she had never seen him look so white and worn. Still, after all this holiday-making! Why? For love of a woman who never gave him a thought except of pity. Bitterness possessed her. She turned away indifferently.

«Well, you 'll only just have time to dress. Is some one unpacking for you?»

He looked at her.

«Is that all you have to say?»

She threw back her head, and was silent.

«I was very glad to come back to you,» he said, with a sigh, «though I—I wish it were anywhere else than here. But, all things considered, I did not see how to refuse. And you have been here the whole fortnight?»

«Yes.»

«Have you»—he hesitated—«have you seen a great deal of Lady Maxwell?»

«Well, I suppose I have—in her own house.» Then she broke out, her heart leaping visibly under her light dressing-gown: «I don't blame *her* any more, if you want to know that; she does n't think of any one in the world but him.»

The gesture of her hand seemed to pursue the voice that had just been speaking in the corridor.

He smiled.

«Well, at least I 'm glad you 've come to see that,» he said quietly. «And is that all?»

He had walked away from her, but at his renewed question he turned back quickly, his hands in his pockets. Something in the look of him gave her a moment of pleasure, a throb of possession; but she showed nothing of it.

«No, it 's not all.» Her pale-blue eyes pierced him. «Why did you go and see her

that morning, and why have you never told me since?»

He started, and shrugged his shoulders.

«If you have been seeing much of her,» he replied, after a pause, «you probably know as much as I could tell you.»

«No,» she said steadily; «she has told me much about everything—but that.»

He walked restlessly about for a few seconds, then returned, holding out his hands.

«Well, my dear, I said some mad and miserable things. They are as dead now as if they had never been spoken. And they were not love-making—they were crying for the moon. Take me, and forget them. I am an unsatisfactory sort of fellow, but I will do the best I can.»

«Wait a bit,» she said, retreating, and speaking with a hard incisiveness. «There are plenty of things you don't know. Perhaps you don't know, for instance, that I wrote to Lord Maxwell? I sat up writing it that night—he got it the same morning you saw her.»

«You wrote to Maxwell!» he said in amazement; then, under his breath, «to complain of her. My God!»

He walked away again, trying to control himself.

«You did n't suppose,» she said huskily, «I was going to sit down calmly under your neglect of me? I might have been silly in not—not seeing what kind of a woman she was; that 's different; besides, of course she ought to have thought more about me. But *that 's* not all!»

Her hand shook as she stood leaning on the sofa. George turned and looked at her attentively.

«The day you left I went to Hampton Court with the Lucys. Cathedine was there. Of course I flirted with him all the time, and as we were going through a wood near the river he said abominable things to me, and kissed me.»

Her brows were drawn defiantly. Her eyes seemed to be riveted to his. He was silent a moment, the color dyeing his pale face deep. Then she heard his long breath.

«Well, we seem to be about quits,» he said in a bitter voice. «Have you seen him since?»

«No. That 's Grier knocking; you 'd better go and dress.»

He paused irresolutely; but Letty said, «Come in,» and he retreated into his dressing-room.

Husband and wife hurried down together without another word to each other. When George at last found himself at table between Lady Leven and Mr. Bayle's new and lively wife, he had never been so grateful before to the ease of women's tongues. Nor had he ever yet been so conscious as now—here in Maxwell's splendid house, at *her* very table—of an inner exhaustion and revolt which made all surrounding circumstance, even the remembrance of past feeling, unwelcome—almost odious.

Why was he here? It was barely a month since in that flower-filled room—on the mental retina there was a constant teasing image of her head and pale dress distinct against a background of scarlet poppies—he had found words for an emotion, a confession, it now burned him to remember. And here he was breaking bread with her and Maxwell a few weeks afterward, as though nothing lay between them but a political incident. Oh, the smallness, the triviality, of our modern life!

Was it only four weeks, or nearly? What he had suffered in that time! An instant's shudder ran through him during an interval while Betty's unwilling occupation with her left-hand neighbor left memory its chance. All the flitting scenes of the past month, Ancoats's half-vicious absurdities, the humors of the Trouville beach, the waves of its gray sea, his mother's whims and plaints, the crowd and heat of the little German watering-place where he had left her—was it he, George Tressady, that had been really wrestling with these things and persons, walking among them or beside them? It seemed hardly credible. What was real, what remained, was merely the thought of some hours of solitude beside the Norman sea, or among the great beech-woods that swept down the hills about Bad Wildheim. Those hours—they only—had stung, had penetrated, had found the shrinking core of the soul.

What in truth was it that had happened to him? After weeks of a growing madness he had finally lost his self-command, had spoken passionately, as only love speaks, to a married woman who had no thought for any man in the world but her husband; a woman who had immediately—so he had always read the riddle of Maxwell's behavior—reported every incident of his conversation with her to the husband, and had then tried her best, with an exquisite kindness and compunction, to undo the mischief her own charm had caused. For that effort in the first instance George, under the shock of his act and her pain, had been speechlessly grateful to her; all his energies had gone into pitiful, eager response. Now her attempt, and Maxwell's share in it, seemed to have laid him under a weight he could no longer bear. His acceptance of Maxwell's invitation had finally exhausted his power of playing the superhuman part to which she had

invited him. He wished with all his heart he had not accepted it. From the moment of her greeting, with its mixture of shrinking and sweetness, he had realized the folly, the humiliation even, of his presence in her house. He could not rise—it was monstrous, ludicrous almost, that she should wish it—to what she seemed to ask of him.

What had he been in love with? He looked at her once or twice in bewilderment. Had not she herself, her dazzling, unconscious purity, debarred him always from the ordinary hopes and desires of the sensual man? His very thought had moved in awe of her, had knelt before her. Sometimes it had idly occurred to him to wonder what the common French or other chronicler of the situation *à trois* would have made of his plight. Fool and reptile! Thank God! there are more shades in human relation, more varieties, and nobler, in moral circumstance, than some minds dream of. He had been in love with love, with grace, with tenderness, with delight. He had seen too late a vision of the *best;* had realized what things of enchantment life contains for the few, for the chosen—what woman at her richest can be to man. And there had been a cry of personal longing, personal anguish.

Well, it was all done with. As for friendship, it was impossible, grotesque. Let him go home, appease Letty, and mend his life. He constantly realized now, with the same surprise as on the night before his confession, the emergence within himself—independent, as it were, of his ordinary will, and parallel with the voice of passion or grief—of some new moral imperative. Half scornfully he discerned in his own nature the sort of paste that a man inherits from generations of decent dull forefathers who have kept the law as they understood it. He was conscious of the same «ought» vibrating through the moral sense as had governed their narrower lives and minds. It is the presence or the absence, indeed, of this dumb, compelling power that in moments of crisis differentiates one man from another. He felt it; wondered, perhaps, that he should feel it, but knew, nevertheless, that he should obey it. Yes, let him go home, make his wife forgive him, rear his children,—he trusted to God there would be children,—and tame his soul. How strange to feel this tempest sweeping through him, this iron stiffening of the whole being, amid this scene, in this room, within a few feet of that magic, that voice—

«THANK goodness! I have got rid of my man at last,» said Betty's laughing whisper in his ear. «Three successive packs of hounds have I followed from their cradles to their graves. Make it up to me, Sir George, at once! Tell me everything I want to know!»

George turned to her, smiling.

«About Ancoats?»

«Of course. Now don't be discreet! I know too much already. How did he receive you?»

George laughed, first at her eagerness, then at the memory the words called up. It was a relief to throw himself into the story.

«To begin with, he invited me to fight—coffee and pistols before eight on the following morning, in the garden of his chalet, which would not have been at all a bad place, for he is magnificently installed. I came from his enemies, he said. They had prevented the woman he loved from joining him, and covered him with ridicule. As their representative I ought to be prepared to face the consequences like a man. All this time he was storming up and down, in a marvelous blue embroidered smoking-suit—»

«Of course; to go with the hair,» put in Betty.

«I said I thought he 'd better give me some dinner before we talked it out. Then he looked embarrassed, and said there were friends coming. I replied, ‹Tant mieux!› He inquired fiercely whether it was the part of a gentleman to thrust himself where he was n't wanted. I kept my temper, and said I was too famished to consider. Then he haughtily left the room, and presently a servant came and asked for my luggage, which I had left at the station, and showed me a bedroom. Ancoats, however, appeared again to invite me to withdraw, and to suggest the names of two seconds who would, he assured me, be delighted to act for me. I pointed out to him that I was unpacked, and that to turn me out dinnerless would be simply barbarous. Then, after fidgeting about a little, he burst out laughing in an odd way, and said, ‹Very well; only, mind, I did n't ask you.› Sure enough, of course, I found a party.»

George paused.

«You need n't tell me much about the party,» said Betty, nervously, «unless it 's necessary.»

«Well, it was n't a very reputable affair, and two young women were present.»

«No need to talk about the young women,» said Betty, hastily.

George bowed submission.

«I mentioned them only because they are rather necessary to the story. Anyway, by the time the company was settled, Ancoats suddenly threw off his embarrassment, and, with some defiant looks at me, behaved himself, I imagine, much as he would have done without

me. When all the guests were gone I asked him whether he was going to keep up the farce of a *grande passion* any more. He got in a rage, and vowed that if ‹she› had come, of course all those creatures, male and female, would be packed off. I did n't suppose that he would allow the woman he loved to come within a mile of them? I shrugged my shoulders, and declined to suppose anything about his love-affairs, which seemed to me too complicated. Then, of course, I had to come to plain speaking, and bring in his mother.»

«That she should have produced such a being!» cried Betty; «that he should have any right in her at all!»

«That she should keep such a heart for him!» said George, raising his eyebrows. «He turned rather white, I was relieved to see, when I told him from her that she would leave his house if the London affair went on. Well, we walked up and down in his garden, smoking, the greater part of the night, till I could have dropped with fatigue. Every now and then Ancoats would make a dash for the brandy and soda on the veranda, and in between I had to listen to tirades against marriage, English prudery, and Englishwomen; quotations from Gautier and Renan; and Heaven knows what. At last, when we were both worn out, he suddenly stood still, and delivered his ultimatum. ‹Look here; if you think I 've no grievances, you 're much mistaken. Go back and tell my mother that if she 'll marry Fontenoy straight away I 'll give up Marguerite.› I said I would deliver no such impertinence. ‹Very well,› he said; ‹then I will. Tell her I shall be in Paris next week, and ask her to meet me there. When are you going?› ‹Well,› I said, rather taken aback, ‹there is such an institution as the post. Now I 've come so far, suppose you show me Trouville for a few days?› He muttered something or other, and we went to bed. Afterward he behaved to me quite charmingly, would not let me go, and I ended by leaving him at the door of a hotel in Paris where he was to meet his mother. But on the subject of Fontenoy it is an *idée fixe*. He chafes under the whole position, and will yield nothing to a man who, as he conceives, has no *locus standi*. But if his pride were no longer annoyed by its being said that his mother had sacrificed her own happiness to him, and if the situation were defined, I *think* he might be more amenable. I think they might marry him.»

«That 's how the man puts it!» said Betty, tightening her lip. «Of course *any* marriage is desirable for *any* woman!»

«I was thinking of Mrs. Allison,» said George, defensively. «One can't think of a Lady Ancoats till she exists.»

«*Merci!* Never mind. Don't apologize for the masculine view. It has to be taken with the rest of you. Do you understand that matrimony is in the air here to-night? Have you been talking to Lady Madeleine?»

«No, not yet. But how handsome she 's grown! I see Naseby 's not far off.»

George turned, smiling, to his companion; but as he did so something cold and lifeless in his own face, and in the expression underlying the smile, pricked little Betty painfully. Marcella had made her no confidences, but there had been much gossip, and Letty Tressady's mere presence at the Court set the intimate friend guessing very near the truth.

She did her best to chatter on, so as to keep him at least superficially amused; but both became more and more conscious of two figures, and two figures only, at the crowded table—Letty Tressady, who was listening absently to Edward Watton with oppressed and indrawn eyes, and Lady Maxwell.

George, indeed, watched his wife constantly. He hungered to know more of that first scene between her and Lady Maxwell, or he thought with bitter repulsion of the letter she had confessed to him. Had he known of it, he could hardly have come as a guest to Maxwell's house. As for her revelations about Cathedine, he felt little resentment or excitement. For the future a noxious brute had to be kept in order; that was all. It was his own fault, he supposed, much more than hers. The inward voice, as before, was clear enough. «I must just take her home, and be good to her. *She* shirked nothing; now, no doubt, she expects me to do my part.»

«Do you notice those jewels that Lady Maxwell is wearing to-night?» said Betty, at last, unable to keep away from the name.

«I imagine they are a famous set.»

«They belonged to Marie Antoinette. At last Maxwell has made her have them cleaned and reset. What a pity to have such desperate scruples as she has about all your pretty things!»

«Must diamonds and rubies, then, perish out of the world?» he asked her, absently, letting his eyes rest again upon the beautiful head and neck.

Betty made some flippant rejoinder, but as she watched him she was not gay.

GEORGE had had but a few words with his hostess before dinner, and afterward a short conversation was all that either claimed. Whatever she may have hoped or intended, it was clear that she felt, now that they were

face to face, the pressure of the same necessities, the same ineluctable facts, that he did, and tacitly they met and answered each other, in the common avoidance of a companionship which could, after all, avail nothing. Once or twice, as they stood together after dinner, he noticed, amid her gracious kindness, her inquiries after Mrs. Allison or his mother, the search her eyes made for Letty; and presently she began to talk with nervous, almost appealing, emphasis—with a marked significance and intensity, indeed—of Letty's fatigue after her nursing, and the need she had for complete change and rest. George found himself half resenting the implications of her manner as the sentences flowed on. He felt her love of influence, and was not without a hidden sarcasm. In spite of his passionate gratitude to her, he must needs ask himself, did she suppose that a man or a marriage was to be remade in a month, even by her plastic fingers? Women envisaged these things so easily, so childishly, almost.

When he moved away, a number of men who had already been talking to him after dinner, and some of the most agreeable women of the party besides, closed about him, making him, as it were, the center of a conversation which was concerned almost entirely with the personalities and chances of the political moment. He was scarcely less astonished than Letty had been by his own position among the guests gathered under Maxwell's roof. Never had he been treated with so much sympathy, so much deference, even. Clearly, if he willed it so, what had seemed the dislocation might only be the better beginning of a career. Nonsense! He meant to throw it all up as soon as Parliament met again in February. The state of his money affairs alone determined that. The strike was going from bad to worse. He must go home and look after his own business. It was a folly ever to have attempted political life. Meanwhile he felt the stimulus of his reception in a company which included some of the keenest brains in England. It appealed to his intelligence and virility, and they responded. Letty once, glancing at him, saw that he was talking briskly, and said to herself, with contradictory bitterness, that he was looking as well as ever, and was going, she supposed, to behave as if nothing had happened.

«WHAT is the matter with you to-night, my lady?» said Naseby, taking a seat beside his hostess. «May I be impertinent and guess? You don't like your gems? Lady Leven has been telling me tales about them. They are the most magnificent things I ever saw. I condole with you.»

She turned rather listlessly to meet his bantering look.

«‹Come you in friendship, or come you in war?›» she said, pointing to a seat beside her. «I have no fight in me, but I have a great many things to say to you.»

He reddened for an instant, then recovered himself.

«So have I to you,» he said briskly. «In the first place, I have some fresh news from Mile End.»

She half laughed, as who should say, «You put me off,» then surrendered herself with eagerness to the pleasure of his report. At the moment of his approach, under pretense of talking to an elderly cousin of Maxwell's, she had been lost in such an abstraction of powerless pity for George Tressady—whose fair head somehow never escaped her, wherever it moved—that she had hardly been able to bear with her guests or the burden of the evening.

But Naseby roused her. And, indeed, his story so far was one to set the blood throbbing in the veins of a creature who, on one side pure woman, was on the other half poet, half reformer. Since the passage of the Maxwell Bill, indeed, Naseby and a few friends of his, some «gilded youths» like himself, together with some trade-union officials of long experience, had done wonders. They had been planning out the industrial reorganization of a whole district, through its two staple trades, with the enthusiastic coöperation of the work-people themselves, and the result so far struck the imagination. Everywhere the old workshops were to be bought up, improved, or closed; everywhere factories in which life might be decent and work more than tolerable were to be set up; everywhere the prospective shortening of hours, and the doing away with the most melancholy of the home trades, were working already like the incoming of a great, slowly surging tide, raising a whole population on its breast to another level of well-being and of hope.

Most of what had been done or designed was, of course, already well known to Maxwell's wife; she had, indeed, given substantial help to Naseby throughout. But Naseby had some fresh advances to report since she was last in East London, and she drank them in with an eagerness which somehow assuaged a hidden smart, while he wondered a little, perhaps, in his philosopher's soul, at the woman of our English day, with her compunctions and altruisms, her entanglement with the old scheme of things, her pining for

a new. It had often seemed to him that to be a Nihilist nurse among a Russian peasantry would be an infinitely easier task than to reconcile the social remorses and compassions that tore his companion's mind with the social pageant in which her life, do what she would, must needs be lived. He knew that intellectually she did not see, any more than did Maxwell, any way out of unequal place, unequal spending, unequal recompense, if civilization were to be held together; but he perceived that morally she suffered. Why? Because she, and not some one else, had been chosen to rule the palace and wear the gems that yet must be? In the end Naseby could but shrug his shoulders over it. Yet even his skeptical temper made no question of sincerity.

When all his budget was out, and her comments were made, she leaned back a little in her chair, studying him. A smile came to play about her lips.

«What do you want to say to me?» he asked her quickly.

She looked round to see that they were not overheard.

«When did you see Madeleine last?»

«At her brother's house a fortnight ago.»

«Was she nice to you?»

He bit his lip, and drew his brows a little together under her scrutiny.

«Do you imagine I am going to be cross-examined like this?»

«Yes—reply!»

«Well, I don't know what her conception of ‹niceness› may be; it did n't fit mine. She had got it into her head that I ‹pitied› her, which seemed to be a crime. I did n't see how to disprove it, so I came away.»

He spoke with a dry lightness, but she perceived anxiety and unrest under his tone. She bent forward.

«Do you know where Madeleine is now?»

«Not in the least.»

«In the Long Gallery. I sent her there.»

«Upon my word!» he said, after a pause. «Do you want to rule us all?» His cheek had flushed again; his look was half rebellious.

A flash of pain struck through her brightness.

«No, no!» she said, protesting. «But I know—you don't.»

He rose deliberately, and bowed with the air of obeying her commands. Then, suddenly, he bent down to her:

«I knew perfectly well that she was in the Long Gallery! But I also knew that Mrs. Bayle had chosen to join her there. The coast, you may perceive, is now clear.»

He walked away. Marcella looked round, and saw an elegant little bride, Mr. Bayle's new wife, rustling into the room again. Marcella leaned back in her chair, half laughing, yet her eyes were wet. The new joy brought a certain ease to old regrets. Only that word «rule» rankled a little.

THE night was warm and still, and the windows were open to it, as they had been on that May night at Castle Luton. Maxwell came to look for Tressady, and took him out upon a flagged terrace that ran the length of the house.

They talked first of the Ancoats incident, George supplementing his letters by some little verbal pictures of Ancoats's life and surroundings that made Maxwell laugh grimly from time to time. As to Mrs. Allison, Maxwell reported that Ancoats seemed to have gained his point. There was talk of the marriage coming off some time in the winter.

«Well, Fontenoy has earned his prize,» said George.

«There are more than twelve years between them; but she seems to be one of the women who don't age. I have seen her go through griefs that would kill most women, and it has been like the passage of a storm over a flower.»

«Religion, I suppose, carried to that point, protects one a good deal,» said George, not, in truth, feeling much interest in the matter, or in Mrs. Allison, now that his task was done.

«And especially religion of the type that allows you to give your soul into some one else's keeping. There is no such anodyne,» said Maxwell, musing. «I have often noticed how Catholic women keep their youth and softness. But now, do allow me a few words about yourself. Is what I hear about your withdrawal from Parliament irrevocable?»

George's reply led to a discussion in which Maxwell, without any attempt at party proselytism, endeavored to combat all that he could understand of the young man's twofold disgust—disgust with his own random convictions no less than with the working of the party machine.

«Where do I belong?» he said. «I don't know myself. I ought never to have gone in. Anyway, I had better stand aside for a time.»

«But evidently the Malford people want to keep you.»

«Well, and of course I shall consult their convenience as much as I can,» said George, unwillingly, but would say no more.

Nothing, indeed, could be more flattering, more healing, than all that was implied in Maxwell's earnestness, in the peculiar sympathy and kindness with which the elder man

strove to win the younger's confidence; but George could not respond. His whole inner being was too sore, and his mind ran incomparably more upon the damnable letter that must be lying somewhere in the archives of the memory of the man talking to him than upon his own political prospects. The conversation ended, for Maxwell, in mere awkwardness and disappointment. He said to himself that, after all, Marcella had been but dreaming dreams, and beguiling him to share them.

When the ladies withdrew, a brilliant group of them stood for a moment on the first landing of the great oak staircase, lighting candles, and chattering. Madeleine Penley took her candle absently from Marcella's hand, saying nothing. The girl's curious face, under its crown of gold-red hair, was transformed somehow to an extraordinary beauty. The frightened parting of the lips and lifting of the brows had become rather a look of exquisite surprise, as of one who knows at last «the very heart of love.»

«I am coming to you presently,» murmured Marcella, laying her cheek against the girl's.

«Oh, *do* come!» said Madeleine, with a great breath, and she walked away unsteadily by herself into the darkness of the tapestried passage, her white dress floating behind her.

Marcella looked after her, then turned with shining eyes to Letty Tressady. Her expression changed.

«I am afraid your headache has been very bad all the evening,» she said penitently. «Do let me come and look after you.»

She went with Letty to her room, and put her into a chair beside the wood fire that, even on this warm night, was not unwelcome in the huge place. Letty, indeed, shivered a little as she bent toward it.

«Must you go so early?» said Marcella, hanging over her. «I heard Sir George speak of the ten-o'clock train.»

«Oh, yes,» said Letty; «that will be best.»

She stared into the fire without speaking. Marcella knelt down beside her.

«You won't hate me any more?» she said in a low, pleading voice, taking two cold hands in her own.

Letty looked up.

«I should like,» she said, speaking with difficulty, «if you cared—to see you sometimes.»

«Only tell me when,» said Marcella, laying her lips lightly on the hands, «and I will come.» Then she hesitated. «Oh, do believe,» she broke out at last, but still in the same low voice, «that all can be healed! Only show him love,—forget everything else,—and happiness must come. Marriage is so difficult—such an art—even for the happiest people, one has to learn it afresh day by day.»

Letty's tired eyes wavered under the other's look.

«I can't understand it like that,» she said. Then she moved restlessly in her chair. «Ferth is a terrible place! I wonder how I shall bear it!»

An hour later Marcella left Madeleine Penley, and went back to her own room. The smile and flush with which she had received the girl's last happy kisses disappeared as she walked along the corridor. Her head drooped, her arms hung listlessly beside her.

Maxwell found her in her own little sitting-room, almost in the dark. He sat down by her, and took her hand.

«You could n't make any impression on him as to Parliament?» she asked him, almost whispering.

«No; he persists that he must go. I think his private circumstances at Ferth have a great deal to do with it.»

She shook her head. She turned away from him, took up a paper-knife, and let it fall on the table beside her. He thought that she must have been in tears before he found her, and he saw that she could find no words in which to express herself. Lifting her hand to his lips, he held it there silently, with a touch all tenderness.

«Oh, why am I so happy!» she broke out at last, with a sob, almost drawing her hand away. «Such a life as mine seems to absorb and batten upon other people's dues, to grow rich by robbing their joy—joy that should feed hundreds, and comes all to me! And that, besides, I should actually bruise and hurt—»

Her voice failed her.

«Fate has a way of being tolerably even at last,» said Maxwell, slowly, after a pause. «As to Tressady, no one can say what will come of it. He has strange stuff in him—fine stuff, I think. He will pull himself together. And for the wife—probably already he owes you much! I saw her look at you to-night—once as you touched her shoulder. Dear, what spells have you been using?»

«Oh, I will do all I can—all I can!» Marcella repeated in a low, passionate voice, as one who makes a vow to her own heart.

«But after to-morrow he will not willingly come across us again,» said Maxwell, quietly. «That I saw.»

She gave a sad and wordless assent.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Mary A. Ward.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

THE EXILE AND HIS RETURN.

THE STRUGGLES OF EXHAUSTION—THE FALL OF PARIS—NAPOLEON'S FIRST ABDICATION—THE EMPEROR OF ELBA—NAPOLEON THE LIBERATOR OF FRANCE.



DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN

NAPOLEON IN THE UNIFORM OF CHASSEUR-À-CHEVAL, COMMONLY WORN ON CAMPAIGN.

THE STRUGGLES OF EXHAUSTION.

THOUGH futile as to the ultimate result, the capture of Rheims was a telling thrust. On receipt of the news from Laon, Schwarzenberg immediately set his army in motion against Macdonald, and Blücher, after waiting two days to restore order among his worried troops and insubordinate lieutenants, advanced and laid siege to Compiègne. The capture of Rheims checked the movements of both Austrians and Prussians, dismay prevailed in both camps, and both armies began to draw back. «This terrible Napoleon,» wrote Langeron in his memoirs, «they thought they saw him everywhere. He had beaten us all, one after the other; we were always frightened by the daring of his enterprises, the swiftness of his movements, and his clever combinations. Scarcely had we formed a plan when it was disconcerted by him.» Besides this, in obedience to Napoleon's call, the peasantry began an organized guerrilla warfare, avenging the pillage, incendiarism, and military executions of the allies by a brutal retaliation in kind which made the marauding invaders quake. Finally the momentary consternation of the allies verged on panic when the report reached headquarters that Bernadotte, lying inactive at Liège, with 23,000 Swedes, had permitted a flag of truce from Joseph to enter his presence. Could it be that the sly schemer, for the furtherance of his ambition to govern France, was turning traitor to the coalition?

Reinforcements from Paris, slender as they were, flowed steadily into Napoleon's camp, and when he learned that both Schwarzenberg and Blücher had virtually retreated, he believed himself able to cope once more with the former. Leaving Marmont with 7000 men at Berry-au-Bac, and Mortier with 10,000 at Rheims and Soissons, he enjoined them both to hold the line toward Paris against Blücher at all hazards, and himself set out, on March 17, for Arcis on the Aube. This he did, instead of marching direct to Meaux for the defense of Paris, because it would, in his own words, «give the enemy a great shock, and result in unforeseen circumstances.»

Schwarzenberg's movements during the next three days awakened in Napoleon the suspicion, which he was only too glad to accept as a certainty, that the Austro-Russian army was on the point of retreating into the Vosges or beyond; and on the 20th he announced his decision of marching farther eastward, past Troyes, toward the frontier forts still in French hands. That very day he was undeceived, for news was received within the lines he had established about Arcis that the enemy, far from retreating, was advancing. Soon the French cavalry skirmishers appeared galloping in flight, and were brought to a halt only when the Emperor, with drawn sword, threw himself across their path. A short, sharp struggle ensued—16,000 French with 24,500 of their foe. It was irregular and indecisive, but Napoleon held his own. The neighboring hamlet of Torcy had also been attacked by the allies, and before their onset the French had at first yielded. But they were rallied, and at nightfall the position was recaptured. This sudden exhibition of courage by Schwarzenberg puzzled Napoleon; after long deliberation he concluded that the hostile troops were in all probability only a rear-guard covering the enemy's re-

treat. He was not very far wrong, but far enough to make all the difference to him.

Thanks to Caulaincourt's supreme exertions, the congress at Châtillon was still sitting, and on the 13th a last despairing appeal to the Emperor was written by that minister. The messenger was delayed three days by the military operations, but when he arrived, on the 16th, Maret wrung from Napoleon concessions which included Antwerp, Mainz, and Alessandria. In the despatch announcing this, and written on the 17th to Caulaincourt, Maret made no reservation except one: that Napoleon intended, after signing the treaty, to secure for himself whatever the military situation at the close of the war might entitle him to retain. The return of the messenger was likewise delayed for three days, and it was the 21st before he reached the outskirts of Châtillon. He arrived to find Caulaincourt departing; the second «carte blanche» had arrived too late. With all his adroitness, the minister had been unable to protract negotiations longer than the 18th. His appeal having brought no immediate response, he had, several days earlier, despatched a faithful warning, and this reached Napoleon at La Fère Champenoise simultaneously with the departure of the messenger for Châtillon. The day previous the Emperor had received bad news from southern France: how Bordeaux had opened its gates to a small detachment of English under Hill; how the Duke of Angoulême had been cheered by the people as he publicly proclaimed Louis XVIII king of France. Apparently neither this bad news nor Caulaincourt's warning profoundly impressed Napoleon; he knew his Gascons well, his «carte blanche» he must have believed to be in Châtillon, and, in high spirits, he hastened on to Arcis, determined to make the most of the time intervening until the close of negotiations.

There was nothing short of panic at Schwarzenberg's headquarters in Troyes; the commander himself was on a sick-bed, having entirely succumbed to the hardships of winter warfare. No sooner had he ordered the first backward step than his army had displayed a feverish anxiety for farther retreat. As things were going, it appeared as if the different corps would, for lack of judicious leadership, be permitted to withdraw still farther in such a way as to separate the various divisions ever more widely, and expose them successively to annihilating blows from Napoleon, like those which had overwhelmed the scattered segments of the Silesian army. Such was the general terror that a false rumor of Alexander's having expressed a desire to reopen the congress spread, and was believed.

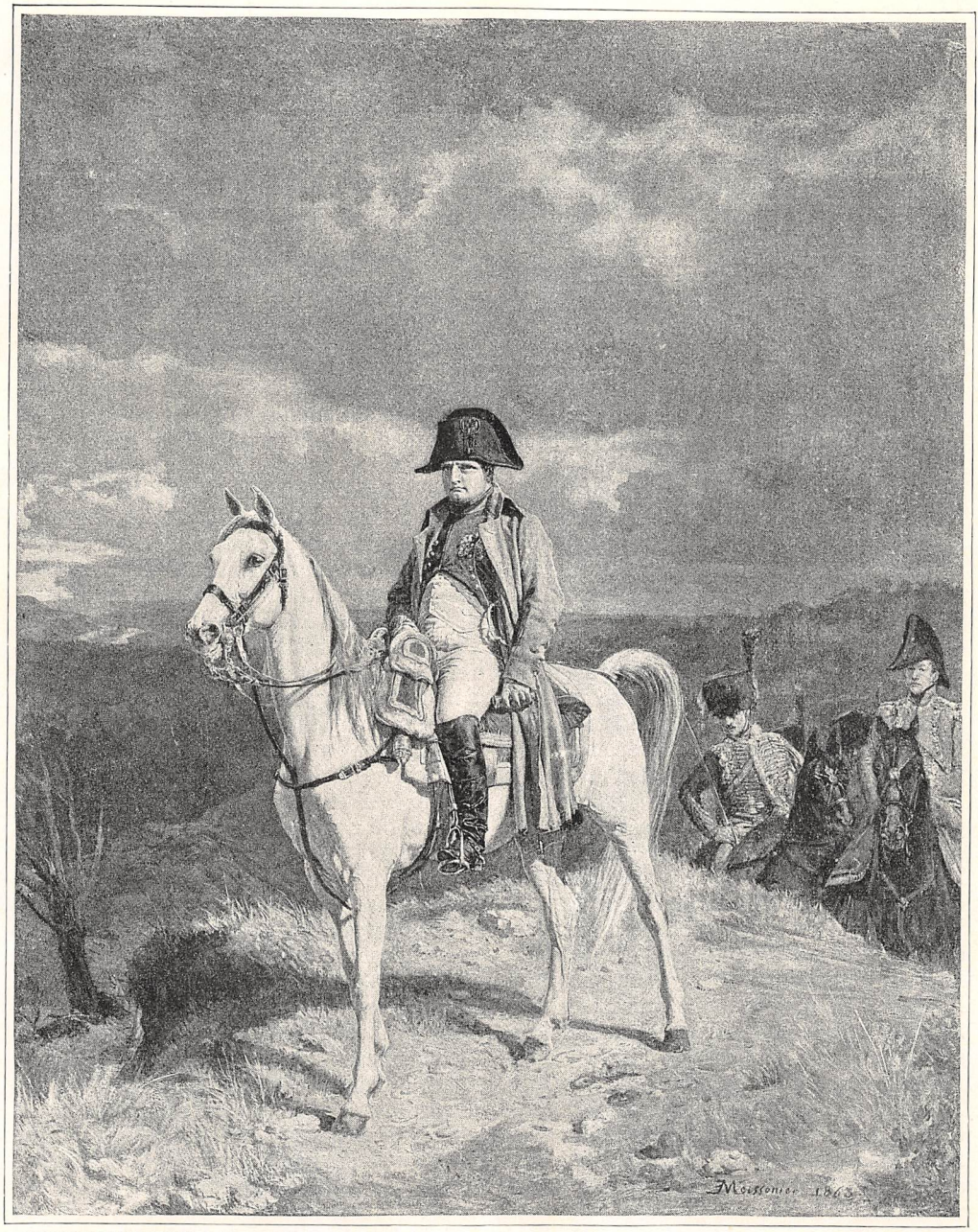
Schwarzenberg's strange hesitancy since invading France was at the outset, and beyond his natural timidity, due to Metternich's politics, a desire to save France for his Emperor's son-in-law, and thus checkmate Prussian ambitions for leadership in Germany; but during the movements of February and March it appears to have been due almost exclusively to cowardice. The memoirs of Castlereagh, of Metternich, and of Schwarzenberg himself aim to give the impression that since the congress of Prague everything had been straightforward, and that Austria had no thought of sparing Napoleon or acting otherwise than she did in the end. Yet the indications of the time are quite the other way; the Russians in Schwarzenberg's army were furious, and, as one of them wrote, suspicious «of what we are doing and what we are not doing.» Alexander was in the crisis deeply concerned, not for peace, but for an orderly, concentrated retreat. With stubborn fatalism he never doubted the final outcome, and during his stay in Châtillon he had spent his leisure hours in excogitating a careful plan for the grand entry into Paris, whereby the honors were to be his own. Hastening, therefore, on the 19th to Schwarzenberg's bedside, he persuaded the Austrian commander to make a stand long enough to secure concentration in retreat, and it was agreed to do this still farther in the rear on the heights of Trannes. Such a course appeared to the more daring among the Austrian staff to smack of pusillanimity, and by the influence of some one, probably Radetzky, it was determined without consulting the Czar to concentrate near Arcis on the left bank of the Aube, in order to assume the offensive at Plancy. This independent resolution of Schwarzenberg's staff was the explanation of the meetings near Arcis and at Torcy. Alexander was much incensed, declaring that Napoleon's real purpose was to hold them while cutting off their connections on the extreme right at Bar and Chaumont. This was in fact a close conjecture. Napoleon had definitely adopted the plan of hurrying toward the Vosges, of summoning the peasantry to rise *en masse*, and of calling out the garrison troops from the frontier fortresses, to reinforce his army and enable him to strike the invaders from behind.

Yet once again the Austrian general was to stumble upon greatness. By his retreat to Troyes on February 22 he had avoided a decisive conflict, saving his own army, and leaving Napoleon to exhaust himself against the

army of Silesia; by his decision of March 19 he confirmed Napoleon in the conviction that the allies were overawed, and thus led his desperate foe into the greatest blunder conceivable, this chimerical scheme of concentrating his slender, scattered force on the confines of France, while the great army of invaders marched direct on Paris. Napoleon's movements of concentration had thus far met with no resistance, in spite of their temerity. On the 20th he announced to his minister of war, «I shall neglect Troyes, and betake myself in all haste to my fortresses.» The same day he ordered Marmont, in case Blücher should resume the offensive, to abandon Paris and hasten to Châlons. This was not a sudden decision; the contingency had been mentioned in a letter of February 8 to Joseph, and again from Rheims emphatic injunctions to keep the Empress and the King of Rome from falling into Austrian hands were issued to the same correspondent. «Do not abandon my son,» the Emperor pleaded; «and remember that I would rather see him in the Seine than in the hands of the enemies of France. The fate of Astyanax, prisoner to the Greeks, has always seemed to me the unhappiest in history.» In this ultimate decision Napoleon showed how cosmopolitan he had grown; he had forgotten, if he ever understood, the extreme centralization of France; he should have known that, Paris lost, the head of the country was gone, and that the dwarfed limbs could develop little or no national vitality.

This bitter lesson he was soon to learn. On the afternoon of the 20th about 16,000 French had confronted nearly 25,000 of the allies in the sharp but indecisive skirmishes before Arcis; the loss of the former was 1800, that of the allies 2700. Napoleon remained firm in the belief that he had to do with his retreating enemy's rear-guard; Schwarzenberg was convinced that the French had a strength far beyond the reality. During the night both armies were strongly reinforced, and in the early morning Napoleon had 27,500 men, enough, he believed, to demoralize the retreating Austrians. It was ten o'clock when he ordered the attack, Ney and Sebastiani being directed to the plateau behind the town. What was their surprise and dismay to find Schwarzenberg's entire army, which numbered not less than 100,000, drawn up in battle array on the plain to the eastward, the infantry in three dense columns, cavalry to right and left, with 370 pieces of artillery on the central front. The spectacle would have been dazzling to any but a soldier—the bright array of gay accoutrements, the glittering bayonets, the waving banners, and the serried ranks. As it was, the audacious French skirmishers instinctively felt the incapacity of a general who could thus assemble an army as if on purpose to display its numbers and expose it to destruction. Without a thought they began a sort of challenging rencounter with horse-artillery and cavalry. But the Emperor's hopes were dashed when he learned the truth; with equal numbers he would have been exultant; a battle with odds of four to one he dared not risk. Sebastiani was kept on the heights to mask the retreat which was instantly determined upon, and at half-past one it began. This ruse was so successful, by reason of the alarms and crossings incident to the withdrawal of the French, that the allies were again terror-stricken; even the Czar rejected every suggestion of attack; again force was demoralized by genius. At last, however, scouts brought word that columns of French soldiers were debouching beyond the Aube, and the facts were plain. Even then the paralyzed invaders feared to attack, and it was not until two thirds of Napoleon's force was behind the stream that, after fierce fighting, the French rear was driven from the town. Oudinot's corps was the last to cross the river, and, standing until sappers had destroyed the bridge, it hurried away to follow the main column toward Vitry. The divisions of Gérard and Macdonald joined the march, and there were then 45,000 men in line.

While Napoleon was thus neutralizing the efforts of armies and generals by the renown of his name, two of his marshals were finally discredited. Enfeebled as Blücher appeared to be, he was no sooner freed from the awe of Napoleon's proximity than he began to move. On the 18th he passed the Aisne, and Marmont, disobeying the explicit instructions of Napoleon to keep open a line of retreat toward Châlons, began to withdraw toward Fismes, where he effected a junction with Mortier. His intention was to keep Blücher from Paris by false manœuvers. Rheims and Épernay at once fell into hostile hands; there was no way left open toward Châlons except the long detour by Château Thierry and Étoges; and Blücher, it was found, was hurrying to effect a connection with Schwarzenberg. This was an assured checkmate. Meantime Augereau had displayed a similar incapacity. On the 8th he had begun a number of feeble, futile movements intended to prevent the allies from forming their Army of the South. But after a few aimless marches he returned to Lyons, and stood there in idleness until his opponents had completed their



REPRODUCED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE DUC DE MORNY, OWNER OF ORIGINAL PAINTING BY MEISSONIER.

«1814.»

organization. On the 20th the place was assaulted. The French general had 21,500 men under his immediate command, 6800 Catalonian veterans were on their way from Perpignan, and at Chambéry were 7000 more from the armies of Tuscany and Piedmont. The assailants had 32,000, mostly raw troops. With a stout heart in its commander, Lyons could have been held until the reinforcements arrived, when the army of the allies would probably have been annihilated. But there was no stout heart in any of the authorities; not a spade had been used to throw up fortifications; the siege-guns ready at Avignon had not been brought up. Augereau, at the very height of the battle, summoned the civil authorities, and the unwarlike burghers assented without a murmur to his suggestion of

evacuation. The great eastern capital of France was delivered as a prize to those who had not earned it. Had Suchet been substituted for Augereau some weeks earlier the course of history might have been diverted. But although Napoleon had contemplated such a change, he shrank from disgracing an old servant, and again, as before Leipsic, displayed a kindly spirit destructive to his cause.

The night after his retreat from Arcis Napoleon sent out a reconnaissance to Vitry, and, finding it garrisoned by Prussians, he swerved toward St. Dizier, which, after a smart combat, he entered on the 23d. This placed him midway between the lines of his enemy's communication both from Strasburg and from Basel; which of the two, he asked himself, would Schwarzenberg return to defend? Thinking only how best to bait his foe, he set his army in motion northward; the anxious Austrian would certainly struggle to retain the line in greatest danger. This illusion continued, French cavalry scoured the country, some of the Chatillon diplomats were captured, and the Emperor of Austria had a narrow escape at Bar. It seemed strange that the country-side as far as Langres was deserted, but the fact was apparently explained when the news came that the enemy was in force at Vitry; probably they had abandoned Troyes and had disregarded Brienne for the purpose of diverting him from his purpose. Alas for the self-deception of a ruined man! The enemy at Vitry were a body of 8000 cavalry from the Silesian army, sent, under Winzengerode, to dog Napoleon's heels and deceive him, as they actually did. Thanks to Marmont's disobedience and bad judgment, Blücher had opened communications with Schwarzenberg, and both were marching as swiftly as possible direct to Paris. Of this Napoleon remained ignorant until the 28th. The Russian cavalry, having left Vitry, were on that day moving toward St. Dizier, when Napoleon, believing they formed the head of a powerful hostile column, fell upon them with needless fury, and all too easily put them to flight; 2000 were captured, and 500 killed. From his prisoners the Emperor first gained a hint of the appalling truth, and the same afternoon at Vitry the rumors were confirmed. Mounting his horse, the unhappy man spurred back to St. Dizier, and closeted himself in silent communing with his maps.

The allies had not at first divined Napoleon's purpose. Indeed, their movements in passing the Aube, and the day following, were little better than random efforts to fathom it. But on the morning of the 23d two important messengers were captured, one a courier from Berthier to Macdonald with despatches stating exactly where Napoleon was, the other a rider with a short note from Napoleon to his Empress, containing a statement of its writer's plans. This famous paper was lost, for Blücher, after having read it, let the rider go. But the extant German translation is doubtless accurate. It runs: «My friend, I have been all day in the saddle. On the 20th I took Arcis on the Aube. The enemy attacked at eight in the evening. I beat him, killed four thousand men, and captured four cannon. On the 21st the enemy engaged in order to protect the march of his columns toward Brienne and Bar on the Aube. I have resolved to betake myself to the Marne in order to draw off the enemy from Paris and to approach my fortifications. I shall be this evening in St. Dizier. Adieu, my friend; kiss my boy.» Savary declares that there was a final phrase: «This movement makes or mars me.» The menace to their lines of communication at first produced consternation in the council of the allies, but a second calmer thought determined them to abandon both, and, opening a new one by way of Châlons into the Netherlands, to make the necessary detour and fall on Napoleon's rear. Francis, for the sake of keeping close touch with his own domains, was to join the Army of the South at Lyons. That night a package of letters to Napoleon from the imperial dignitaries at Paris fell into the hands of the invaders. Each and all the writers expressed a profound despondency, Savary in particular asserting that everything was to be feared should the enemy approach the capital. Next morning, the 24th, the junction between Blücher and Schwarzenberg was completed. Francis and Metternich having been removed from the military council, Schwarzenberg, listening to warlike advice, determined to start immediately in pursuit of Napoleon and seek a battle. The march was begun, and it seemed as if Napoleon's wild scheme was to be completely justified. He had certainly displayed a profound insight into the character of his foe.

But Alexander had been steadily hardening his purpose to annihilate Napoleon. For a week past Vitrolles, the well-known royalist agent, had been at his headquarters: the accounts of a steady growth in royalist strength, the efforts of Napoleon's lifelong foe, Pozzo di Borgo, and the budget of despondent letters from the Paris officials, combined to temper the Czar's mystical humor into a determination of steel. Accordingly, on the same day he summoned his personal mili-



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

ARRESTING DESERTERS.

tary advisers, Barclay, Wolkonsky, Diebitsch, and Toll; then, pointing out on a map the various positions of the troops engaged in the campaign, he asked impressively whether it were best to pursue Napoleon or march on Paris. Barclay supported the former alternative; Diebitsch advised dividing the army and doing both; but Toll, with powerful emphasis, declared himself for the second course. The Czar listened enthusiastically to what was near his own heart, and expressed himself strongly as favoring it; the others yielded with the eagerness of courtiers, and Alexander, mounting his horse, spurred after Frederick William and Schwarzenberg. The new plan was unfolded, the Prussian king supported it, Schwarzenberg hesitated, but yielded. That night the orders were issued for an about-face, a long explanatory despatch was sent to Blücher, and on the 25th the combined armies of Bohemia and Silesia were hurrying with measured tramp toward Paris. For the first time there was general enthusiasm in their ranks. Blücher, who from his unparalleled ardor had won the name of Marshal Forward, was transported with joy.

The two armies marched on parallel lines, and met with no resistance of any importance, except as the various skirmishes displayed the desperate courage of the irregular French soldiers, both the untried «Marie Louises» coming out from Paris, and various bodies of the national guard convoying provision trains. It was the 25th before Marmont and Mortier effected their junction, and then, although about 16,000 strong, they were steadily forced back through Fère Champenoise and Allement toward Charenton under the very walls of Paris. Marmont displayed neither energy nor common sense on the retreat, his outlying companies were cut off, and strategic points which might have been held were utterly neglected. The army with which he reached Paris on the 29th would have formed an invaluable nucleus for the formation and incorporation of the numerous volunteers and irregular companies which were available, but it was entirely demoralized. Ledru des Essarts, commander of Meaux, was obliged, on the 27th, to abandon his charge, essential as it seemed to the safety of Paris, because in his garrison of 6000 men he had not more than 800 veterans, hastily collected from Marmont's stragglers, while the new conscripts, ill-conditioned and badly commanded, were overwhelmed with terror at the sight of Blücher's army. They fought gallantly enough, however, on their retreat throughout the 28th, but to no avail; one position after another was lost, and they too bivouacked on the evening of the 29th before the gates of the capital. It is a weak curiosity, possibly, but we must wonder what might have been had Marmont, instead of retreating to Fismes on the 18th, withdrawn to Rheims, where he and Mortier could at least have checked Blücher's unauthorized advance, and perhaps have held the army of Silesia for a time, when the moral effect would probably have been to justify Schwarzenberg and confirm his project for the pursuit of Napoleon. In that case, moreover, the precious information of Napoleon's letter to his consort would not have fallen into his enemies' hands. Would destiny have paused in its career?

THE FALL OF PARIS.

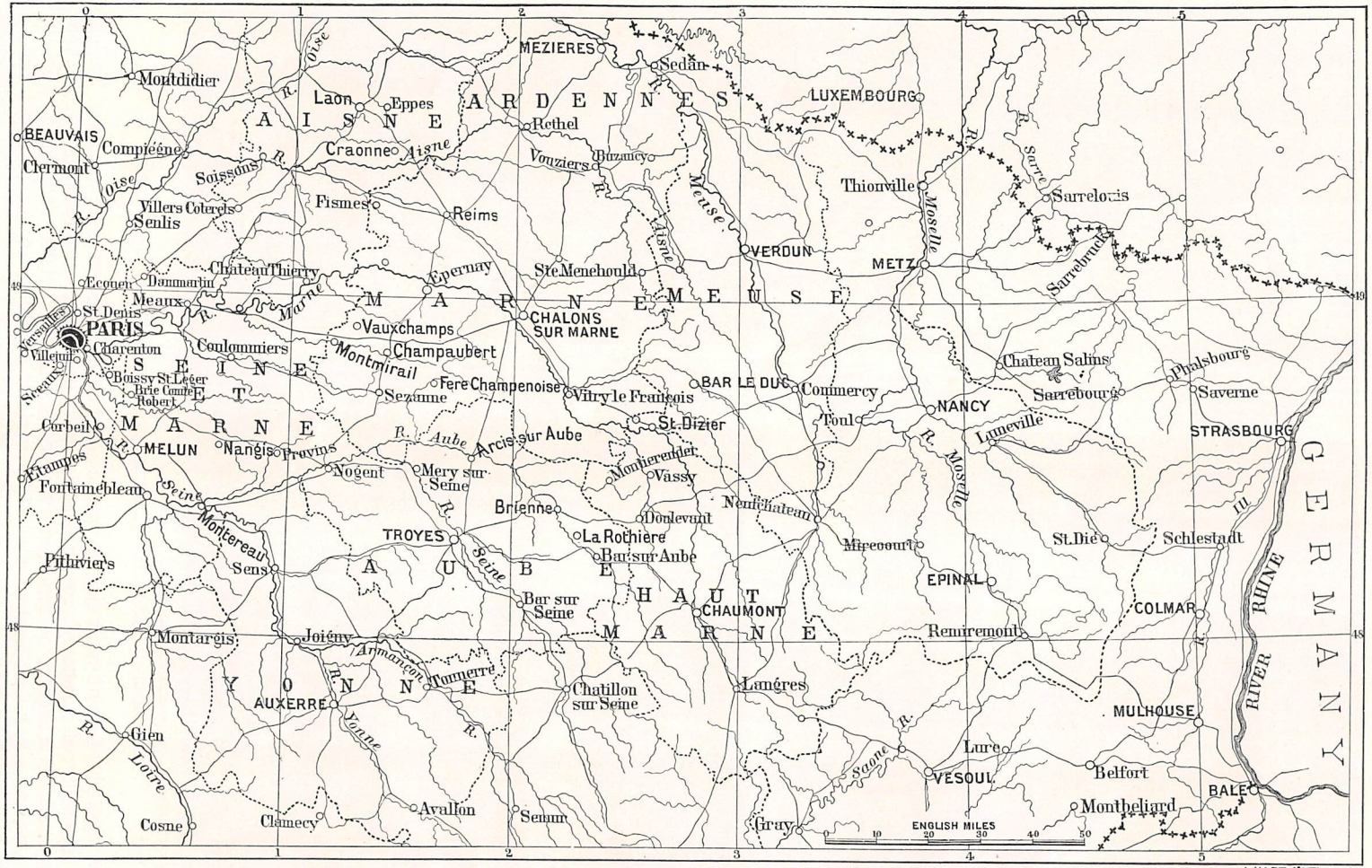
THE pallid, silent Emperor at St. Dizier was closeted with considerations like these. He knew of the defeat which forced Marmont and Mortier back on Paris; the loss of the capital was imminent; parties were in a dangerous state; his marshals were growing more and more slack; he had failed in transferring the seat of war to Lorraine; the information he daily received was almost certainly colored by the medium of scheming followers through which it came. On the other hand, there was a single fact which might counterbalance all the rest: the peoples of northern and eastern France were at last aroused in behalf of his cause. For years all Europe had rung with outcries against the outrages of Napoleon's soldiery; the allied armies no sooner became invaders in their turn than they began to outstrip their foe in every deed of shame; in particular the savage bands from Russian Asia indulged their inhuman passions to the full, while the French peasantry, rigid with horror, looked on for the moment in paralysis. Now they had begun to rise in mass, and from the 25th to the 28th their volunteer companies brought in a thousand prisoners. Besides, all the chief cities of the district were now in the hands of more or less regular troops; Dunette was marching from Mètz with 4000 men; Broussier, from Strasburg with 5000; Verdun could furnish 2000, and several other fortresses a like number. Souham was at Nogent with his division, Allix at Auxerre with his; the army at the Emperor's disposal could easily be reckoned at 70,000. Assisted by the partizan bands which now hung in a passion of hatred on the skirts of the invaders, and by the national uprising now fairly under way, could not the Emperor-general hope for another successful stand? He well



FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN-LOUIS-ANDRÉ-THÉODORE GÉRICAULT, IN THE LOUVRE. ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

OFFICER OF THE MOUNTED CHASSEURS OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD CHARGING.

knew that the fear of what had happened was the specter of his enemy's council-board; they would, he reckoned, be rendered over-cautious, and give him at least a fortnight in which to manœuver before the fall of Paris could be expected. Counting the men about Vitry and the garrison reinforcements at only 60,000, the combined armies of Suchet, Soult, and Augereau at the same number, that of Marmont at 14,000, and the men in the various depots at 16,000, he would have a total of 150,000, from which he could easily spare 50,000 to cut off every line of retreat from his foe, and still have left 100,000



MAP OF THE FIELD OF OPERATIONS IN 1814.

wherewith to meet their concentrated force on a basis of something like equality.

Of course in the crisis of his great decision he could not stand alone; he must be sure of his lieutenants. Accordingly, after a few hours of secret communings, he summoned a council, and laid before it his considerations substantially as enumerated. Those present were Berthier, Ney, Lefebvre, Caulaincourt, and Maret; Oudinot and Macdonald, at Bar on the Ornain and Perthes respectively, were too distant to arrive in time, but he knew their opinion, that the war should be continued either in Lorraine or from a center of operations to be established at Sens. Berthier was verging on desperation, and so was Caulaincourt, who, since leaving Chatillon, had been vainly struggling to reopen negotiations for peace on any terms; Ney, though physically brave, was not the stuff from which martyrs are made, and Lefebvre, naturally weak, was laboring under an attack of senility. The council was imperative for peace at any price; the Emperor, having foreseen its temper, had little difficulty in taking the military steps for carrying out its behests. Early in the morning of the 28th the army was set in motion toward Paris. The line of march was to be through Bar on the Aube, Troyes, and Fontainebleau, a somewhat circuitous route, chosen apparently for three reasons: because the region to be traversed would still afford sustenance to the men, because the Seine would protect its right flank, and because the dangerous point of Meaux was thus avoided. Such a conclusion is significant of the clearest judgment and the nicest calculation. Pages have been written about Napoleon's hallucinations at the close of his career; neither here nor in any of the courses he adopted is there aught to sustain the charge. At breakfast-time a squad of jubilant peasants brought in a prisoner whom they believed to be no less a person than the Comte d'Artois. In reality it was Weissenberg, an Austrian ambassador on his way to London. He was promptly liberated on parole and despatched with letters to Francis and Metternich. By a curious adventure Vitrolles was in the minister's suite disguised as a serving-man, but he was not detected.

At Doulevent Napoleon received ciphered despatches from La Valette, the postmaster-general in Paris, a trusted friend. The writer urged his Emperor to come quickly or all would be lost. This gave wings to Napoleon's impatience, and, as new couriers were met at Doulaincourt with messages of like import, the troops were spurred to fresh exertions, their marches were doubled, and at nightfall of the 29th Troyes was reached. Snatching a few brief hours of sleep, Napoleon at dawn next morning threw discretion to the winds, and started with an insufficient escort, determined to reach Villeneuve on the Vanne before night. The task was performed, but no sooner had he arrived than at once he flung himself into a post-chaise, and, with Caulaincourt at his side, flew toward Paris; a second vehicle, with three adjutants, followed as best it might, and a third containing Gourgaud and Lefebvre brought up the rear. It will be remembered that Gourgaud was an able artillerist; the doting Lefebvre, it was hoped, could rouse the suburban populations for the defense of Paris. At Sens Napoleon heard that the enemy was ready to attack; at Essonnes he was told that the decisive battle was raging; and about ten miles from the capital, at the wretched posting-station of La Cour de France, deep in the night, fell the fatal blow. Paris had surrendered. The terrible certainty was assured by the bearer of the tidings, Belliard, a cavalry officer despatched with his troop by Mortier to prepare quarters for his own and Marmont's men.

Marie Louise had played her rôle of Empress regent as well as her immature age and slender abilities would permit; only once in his letters did the Emperor chide her, and that was for a fault venial in European royalty, receiving a high official, in this case the arch-chancelor, in her bedchamber. On the whole, she had been dignified and conciliatory; once she rose to a considerable height, pronouncing with great effect a stirring speech composed by her husband and forwarded from his headquarters. About her were grouped a motley council: Joseph, gentle but efficient; Savary, underhanded and unwarlike; Clarke, working in the war ministry like a machine; Talleyrand, secretly plotting against Napoleon, whose title of vice-grand elector he wore with outward suavity; Cambacérès, wise but unready; Montalivet, adroit but cautious. Yet, while there was no one combining ability, enthusiasm, and energy, the equipment of troops had gone on with great regularity, and each day regiments of half-drilled, half-equipped recruits had departed for the seat of war. The national guards who garrisoned the city, some 12,000 in all, were ill-disposed and sensitive to the shafts of royalist wit; yet they had held their peace and performed the round of their duties. Everything had outwardly been so quiet and regular that Napoleon actually contemplated a new levy, but the emptiness of the arsenals compelled him to



FROM THE PAINTING BY HORACE VERNET, IN THE LOUVRE.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

THE BARRIÈRE DE CLICHY, OR THE DEFENSE OF PARIS IN 1814.

dismiss the idea. Theoretically a fortified military depot, Paris was really an antiquated fortress with arsenals of useless weapons. Spasmodic efforts had been made to throw up redoubts before the walls, but they had failed from lack of energy in the military administration.

A close examination of what lay beneath the surface of Parisian society revealed much that was dangerous. Talleyrand's house was a nest of intrigue. Imperial prefects like Pasquier and Chabrol were calm but perfunctory. The Talleyrand circle grew larger and bolder every day. Moreover, it had influential members—De Pradt, Louis, Vitrolles, Royer-Collard, Lambrecht, Grégoire, and Garat, together with other high functionaries in all departments. Bourrienne developed great activity as an extortioner and briber; the old irreconcilables, Montmorency, Noailles, Denfort, Fitz-James, and Montesquiou, were less and less careful to conceal their activity. Jaucourt, one of Joseph's chamberlains, was a spy carrying the latest news from headquarters to the plotters. Napoleon was well aware of the increasing chaos, and smartly reproved Savary from Rheims. But Talleyrand was undaunted. At first he appears to have desired a violent death for Napoleon, in the hope of furthering his own schemes during a long imperial regency. At all events, he ardently opposed the departure of the Empress and the King of Rome from Paris. Nevertheless it was he who despatched Vitrolles, the passionate royalist, to Nesselrode with a letter in invisible ink which, when deciphered, turned out to be an inscrutable riddle capable of two interpretations. Lannes had long before stigmatized the unfrocked bishop as a mess of filth in a silk stocking; Murat said he could take a kick from behind without showing it in his face. His fellow-conspirators were scarcely less bitter in their dislike than his avowed enemies. Yet he pursued the even tenor of his course, scattering innuendos, distributing showers of anonymous pamphlets, smuggling English newspapers into the city, in fact working every wire of conspiracy. Surprised by the Minister of Police in an equivocal meeting with De Pradt, he burst out into hollow laughter, De Pradt joined, and even Savary himself found the merriment infectious. Toward the close of March the populace displayed a perilous sensitiveness to all these influences. The London «Times» of March 15, which was read by many in the capital, asked what pity Blücher and the Cossacks would show to Paris on the day of their vengeance, the editor suggesting that possibly as he wrote the famous town was already in ashes. Such suggestions created something very like a panic, and on the 28th the imperial officials held a council, in which it was determined to send the Empress and her son to Rambouillet on the very next day. This fatal decision was taken partly through fear, but largely in deference to Napoleon's letter containing the classical allusion to Astyanax. The very men who took it believed that the Parisian masses would have died for the young Napoleon, and deplored the decision they had reached. «Behold what a fall in history!» said Talleyrand to Savary on parting. «To attach one's name to a few adventures instead of affixing it to an age. . . . But it is not for everybody to be engulfed in the ruins of this edifice.» From that hour the restoration of the Bourbons was a certainty.

It was a mournful procession of imperial carriages which next morning filed slowly through the city, attracting slight attention from a few silent onlookers, and passed on toward Rambouillet. The baby king had shrieked and clutched at the doors as he was torn away from his apartments in the Tuileries, and would not be appeased; his mother and attendants were in consternation at the omen, and all thoughtful persons who considered the situation were convinced that the dissolution of the Empire was at hand. A deputation from the national guard had sought in vain to dissuade the Empress from her course; their failure and the distant booming of cannon produced wide-spread depression throughout the city, which was not removed by a spirited proclamation from Joseph declaring that his brother was on the heels of the invaders. All the public functionaries seemed inert, and everybody knew that there was no adequate means of resistance either in men or in arms should the populace rise. Clarke alone began to display energy; with Joseph's assistance, what preparations were possible at so late an hour were made: six companies were formed from the recruits at hand, the national guard was put under arms, the students of the polytechnic school were called out for service, communication with Marmont was secured, and by late afternoon Montmartre, Belleville, and St. Denis were feebly fortified. The allies had been well aware that what was to be done must be done before the dreaded Emperor should arrive, and on that same morning their vanguard had summoned the town; but during the parley their generals began to feel the need of greater strength, and further asked an armistice of four hours. This was granted on the usual condition that

within its duration no troops should be moved; but the implied promise was perfidiously broken, and at nightfall both Alexander and Frederick William, accompanied by their forces, were in sight of the far-famed city. Dangers, hardships, bygone insults and humiliations, all were forgotten in a general tumult of joy, wrote Danilevsky, a Russian officer. Alexander alone was pensive, well knowing that, should the city hold out two days, reinforcements from the west might make its capture impossible until Napoleon should arrive. Accordingly he took virtual command, and issued stringent orders preparatory for the assault early next morning.

From early dawn until midday on March 30 the fighting before Paris was almost continuous; the assailants displayed an assurance of victory, the defenders showed the courage of despair. Marmont and Mortier kept their ranks in order, and the soldiers fought gallantly; elsewhere the militia and the boys emulated each other and the regulars in steadfastness. But when, shortly after noon, it became evident that Paris was doomed to fall before superior force, Joseph, as deputy emperor, issued to Marmont full powers to treat, and followed the Empress, whom he overtook at Chartres, far beyond Rambouillet. She had determined, for greater safety, to cross the Loire. At four in the afternoon the Prussians captured Montmartre, and prepared to bombard from that height; at the same moment the last ranks of the allied armies came up. Marmont felt further resistance to be useless; his line of retreat was endangered, and he had special directions not to expose the city to a sack. There was still abundant courage in the citizens, who stood behind the barricades within the gates clamorous for arms and ammunition. A messenger came galloping in with the news that Napoleon was but half a day distant. The lookouts now and then espied some general riding a white horse, and called, «'T is he!» But for all the enthusiasm the expected «he» did not appear, further carnage seemed useless, French honor had been vindicated, and when Marmont entered the town he was received as one who had done what man could do. Negotiations once opened, the allies displayed a sense of great relief, and were glad to make terms which provided for an armistice, assured kind treatment to the city, and permitted the withdrawal of the troops.

Throughout the afternoon and evening Marmont's house was the rendezvous of the negotiators and of the few political personages left in the city. There was the freest talk: «Bonaparte» was conquered; the Bourbons would be restored; what a splendid man was this Marmont! Some weeks earlier the marshal had been told by his brother-in-law, Perregaux, a chamberlain of Napoleon's, that in case of a restoration he himself and Macdonald would be spared, whatever happened to the other great imperial leaders. Talleyrand had ostensibly taken flight with his colleagues, but by an interesting coincidence his coachman had sought the wrong exit, and had been turned back. That night he appeared in Marmont's presence with direct overtures from the Bourbons. His interview was short, and he seemed to have gained nothing; but he had left Marmont consumed with vanity, feeling that the destinies of France were in his hands alone, and this was much. Passing through the corridors, the sly diplomatist greeted Prince Orloff, and begged to lay his profound respect at the feet of the Czar. «I shall not forget to lay this blank check before his majesty,» was the stinging retort. But Alexander said on hearing of it, «As yet this is but anecdote; it may become history.»

The triumphal entry of the allies into Paris began next morning at seven. It was headed by Alexander and his satellite king; Francis was in Dijon. The soldiers were orderly, and there was no pillage or license. Crowds of royalists thronged the streets acclaiming the conquerors and shouting for Louis XVIII. Throughout the afternoon Talleyrand and Nesselrode were closeted in the former's palace; and when, toward evening, they were joined by the Czar and Frederick William, who had devoted the day to ceremony, the diplomats had agreed that France must have the Bourbons. A formal meeting was instantly arranged; there were present, besides the monarchs and their ministers, Schwarzenberg, Lichtenstein, Dalberg, and Pozzo di Borgo. Alexander assumed the presidency, but Talleyrand, with consummate skill, monopolized the deliberations. The Czar suggested, as various bases for peace, Napoleon under all guaranties, Marie Louise as regent for the King of Rome, the Bourbons, and, it is believed, hinted at Bernadotte or the republic as possibilities. Of all these there was but one which represented the principle of legitimacy with which Alexander had in the coalition identified himself, and by which alone he, with his shady title, could hope to assert authority in western Europe. This was expounded and emphasized by the wily Talleyrand with tremendous effect. There was little difficulty, therefore, in reaching the decision not to treat with Napoleon Bonaparte or with



FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN-BAPTISTE-PAULIN GUÉRIN, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

AUGUSTE-FRÉDÉRIC-LOUIS VIESSE DE MARMONT, DUKE OF RAGUSA.

any member of his family. This was the great schemer's first stroke; his second was equally brilliant: the servile senate was appointed to create a provisional government, and construct a new constitution, to be guaranteed by the allies. That body, however obsequious, was still French; even the extreme radicals, as represented by Lainé of Bordeaux, had to acknowledge this. The new and subservient administration was at work within twenty-four hours; Talleyrand, with his two creatures, Dalberg and Jaucourt, Montesquiou the royalist, and Beurnonville, a recalcitrant imperialist, constituting the executive commission. The legislature was at once summoned, seventy-nine deputies responded, and after de-

bate they pronounced Napoleon overthrown for having violated the constitution. The municipal council and the great imperial offices, with their magistrates, gave their assent. The heart of the city appeared to have been transformed; on the street, at the theater, everywhere, the white Bourbon cockades and ribbons burst forth like blossoms in a premature spring. But outside the focus of agitation, and in the suburbs, the populace murmured, and sometimes exhibited open discontent. In proportion to the distance west and south the country was correspondingly imperial, obeying the imperial regency now established at Blois, which was summoning recruits, issuing stirring proclamations, and keeping up a brave show.

When, in the latest hours of March 30, Napoleon met Belliard, and heard the disastrous report of what had happened, he gave full vent to a frightful outburst of wrath. Forgetful of all his own shortcomings, he raged against others with a fury bordering on insanity, and could find no language vile or blasphemous enough to stigmatize Joseph and Clarke. In utter self-abandonment, he demanded a carriage, and rode out on the road toward Paris, questioning, storming, and denouncing Marmont and Mortier. His attendants reasoned in vain until, a mile beyond La Cour de France, Mortier's vanguard was met marching away under the terms of the convention, and Napoleon knew that he was face to face with doom; to advance farther would mean imprisonment or worse. General Flahaut was therefore sent to take Marmont's advice, and Caulaincourt hurried away to seek audience with the Czar. The reply from Marmont came as swiftly as only discouraging news can come; the situation, he said, was hopeless, the public depressed by the flight of the court, the national guard worthless; he was coming in with the twenty thousand troops still left to himself and Mortier. Napoleon, now calm and collected, left careful orders for the two marshals to take position between the Essonne and the Seine, the left on the former stream, the right on the latter, the whole position protected by these rivers on the flanks, and by the Yonne in the rear. It was clear there was to be a battle. Macdonald was the only general who had advised it; Berthier, Drouot, Belliard, Flahaut, and Gourgaud all wished to return into Lorraine; but the divisions were coming in swiftly, and in the short midnight hour, before returning to Fontainebleau, Napoleon's decision was taken.

On the afternoon of April 1 the Emperor rode from Fontainebleau to Marmont's headquarters. While he was in the very act of congratulating Marmont on his gallantry the commissioners who had signed the capitulation arrived and opened their budget of news. Napoleon grew pensive and somber as he listened, and then, almost without speaking, rode sadly back to Fontainebleau. Next morning he was cheerful again, and as he stepped into the White Horse court of the palace at the hour of guard-mounting two battalions cheered him enthusiastically. His countenance lighted with the old fire; the onlookers said, «It is the Napoleon of Potsdam and Schönbrunn.» But in the afternoon Caulaincourt returned and the sky seemed darkened; the Czar had listened to his eloquence only so far as to take into consideration once again the question of peace with the Empire under a regency; as a condition antecedent Napoleon must abdicate. The stricken man could not hear his faithful servant's report with equanimity. He restrained his violent impulses, but used harsh words. Soon it seemed as if ideas of a strange and awful form were mastering him, the gloomy interview was ended, and the Emperor dismissed his minister. For such a disease as his there was no remedy but action; on the 3d two divisions, one each of the old and young guard, arrived, and they were drawn up for review. Napoleon, in splendid garb and with a brilliant suite, including Ney and Moncey, went through the ceremony. At its close he gathered the assembled officers in a group, and explained the situation in his old incisive phrase and vibrating tones, closing with the words, «In a few days I am going to attack Paris; can I count on you?» There was dead silence. «Am I right?» rang out, in a final exhausting effort, the moving call of the great actor. Then at last came the hearty, ringing response so breathlessly expected. As the officers scattered to their posts, the old «growlers,» as men had come to call the veterans of the Empire, gave a cheer, while the bands played the «Marseillaise» and the «Chant du Départ» as the ranks moved away.

Napoleon must now have certain clear conceptions. Except Mortier, Drouot, and Gérard, his great officers were disaffected; the ambitious minor generals were still his devoted slaves. The army was thoroughly imperialist, partly because they represented the nation as a whole, partly because they were under the Emperor's spell. Of such troops he appeared to have at hand 60,000, distributed as follows: Marmont, 12,500; Mortier, 6000; Macdonald, 2700; Oudinot, 5500; Gérard, 3000;



FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT LEFEVRE, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

PRINCESS PAULINE BONAPARTE.

Ney, 2300; Drouot, 9000; and about 11,600 guard and other cavalry. Besides these, there were 1600 Poles, 2250 recruits, and 1500 men in the garrisons of Fontainebleau and Mélun. Farther away were considerable forces in Sens, Tours, Blois, and Orléans, 8000 in all; and still farther the armies of Soult, Suchet, Augereau, and Maison. Although the allies had lost 9000 men before Paris, they had called up reinforcements, and had about 140,000 men in readiness to fight. This situation may not have been entirely discouraging to the devotee of a dark destiny, which in politer phrase he had recently been designating as Providence. Be that as it may, when Macdonald arrived on the morning of the 4th the dispositions for battle had been carefully studied and arranged; every corps was ordered to its station. As usual, Napoleon appeared about noon for the ceremony of guard-mounting, and the troops acclaimed him as usual. But a few paces distant from him stood the marshals and higher generals in a little knot, their heads close bunched, their tongues running, their glances averted. From out of this group rang the thunderous voice of Ney: «Nothing but the abdication can draw us out of this.» Napoleon started, regained his self-control, pretended not to hear the crushing menace, and withdrew to his workroom.

Concurrent with the resolve of the marshals at Fontainebleau ran the actual treason of one who alone was more important to Napoleon's cause than all of them. «I am ready to leave, with my troops, the army of the Emperor Napoleon on the following conditions, of which I demand from you a written guaranty,» are the startling words from a letter of Marmont to the Czar, dated the previous day. On April 1 agents of the provisional government had made arrangements with a discredited nobleman named Maubreuil for the assassination of Napoleon; the next day Schwarzenberg introduced into the French lines newspapers and copies of a proclamation explaining that the action of the senate and of all France had released the soldiers from their oaths. Marmont forwarded the documents he received to Berthier, and while most of the officers flung theirs away in contemptuous scorn, some read and pondered. On April 3 an emissary from Schwarzenberg appeared at Marmont's headquarters, and what he said was spoken to willing ears. Still under the influence of the homage he had received in Paris, the vain marshal saw himself repeating the rôle of Monk; he beheld France at peace, prosperity restored, social order reëstablished, and himself extolled as a true patriot—all this if only he pursued the easy line of self-interest, whereby he would not merely retain his duchy, but also secure the honors and emoluments which would be showered on him. So he yielded on condition that his troops should withdraw honorably into Normandy, and Napoleon be allowed to enjoy life and liberty within circumscribed limits fixed by the allied powers and France. Next morning, the 4th, came Schwarzenberg's assent, and Marmont at once set about suborning his officers; at four in the afternoon arrived an embassy from Fontainebleau on its way to Paris. The officers composing it desired to see Marmont.

NAPOLEON'S FIRST ABDICATION.

To Ney and those great officers who had laid their heads together in the courtyard at Fontainebleau Napoleon's abdication meant peace, with the continuance of the Empire, and the perpetuation of their dignities, with leisure to enjoy them. The prospect was irresistible, and the cry of the marshal was the expression of a grim determination. When Napoleon entered his cabinet he found there Berthier, Maret, Caulaincourt, and Bertrand. Concealing his agitation, he began the routine of such familiar labors as impend on the eve of battle. Almost instantly hurrying footsteps were heard in the corridor, the door was burst open, and on the threshold stood Ney, Lefebvre, Oudinot, and Macdonald. The leader of the company quailed an instant under the Emperor's gaze, and then gruffly demanded if there were news from Paris. No, was the reply—a deliberate falsehood, since the decree of the senate had arrived the night before. «Well, then, I have some,» roared Ney, and told the familiar facts. At Nogent, six weeks earlier, Ney and Oudinot had endeavored to bully Napoleon in a similar way; then they were easily cowed. But now Napoleon's manner was conciliatory and his speech argumentative. Long and eloquently he set forth his situation and his certainty of victory. To no avail. Macdonald was the only one present not openly committed, and he too was sullen; within twenty-four hours he had received, through Marmont, a letter from Beurnonville, the contents of which, though read to Napoleon then and there, have not been transmitted to posterity. What happened or what was said thereafter is far from certain, so conflicting and so biased are the accounts of those present. Contemporaries thought that in the crisis, when Ney declared

the army would obey its officers and would not march to Paris in obedience to the Emperor, there were menacing gestures which betrayed a more or less complete purpose of assassination on the part of some. If so, Napoleon was never greater: for, commanding a calm by his dignified self-restraint, he dismissed the faithless officers one and all. They went, and he was left alone with Caulaincourt to draw up the form of his abdication.



FROM THE PAINTING BY JACQUES-LOUIS DAVID, IN THE COLLECTION OF M. ROTHAN. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

ÉTIENNE-JACQUES-JOSEPH-ALEXANDRE MACDONALD, DUKE OF TARENTUM.

The paper, as finally written and executed, runs as follows: «The allied powers having declared the Emperor Napoleon to be the sole obstacle to the reëstablishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to descend from the throne, to leave France, and even to lay down his life for the good of the country, [which is] inseparable from the rights of his son, from those of the Empress's regency, and from the laws of the Empire.» Who should constitute the embassy to present the document to the Czar? Caulaincourt, of course, would necessarily be one; Ney, dangerous if thwarted, must be the second; and the third? Marmont certainly was Napoleon's first thought, and he ordered full powers to be made out for him. But on second thought he felt that his aide-de-camp in Egypt, his trusted friend from then onward, his confidential adviser, «brought up in his tent,» as he said, might injure the cause as being too certainly influenced by personal considerations. Macdonald, therefore, was named in his stead. The embassy should, however, pass by Essonnes, and if Marmont desired to go he might send back for his credentials. This was the company which, arriving about four in the afternoon at Marmont's headquarters, presented Napoleon's message. The busy conspirator was stunned, but he had already won at least five of his generals—Souham, Merlin, Digeon, Ledru des Essarts, and Megnadier, his chief of

staff; the tide of treason was in full flow, and could not be stemmed. Should the Czar assent to the regency, where would Marmont be? Or, on the other hand, should Napoleon learn the truth, there was no question but that a few hours might see the emulator of Monk a corpse. In quick decision, the traitorous marshal confessed the steps already taken, and then at the loud cry of reprobation with which his statement was met, he falsely asserted that he was not yet committed, and demanded to join the embassy. The others, willing to remove their colleague from further temptation, assented, and Souham was left in command, with strict injunctions to inform the troops of Napoleon's abdication, but to take no further steps. At Schwarzenberg's headquarters Marmont found means to betray the situation to that general. The Austrian, by Marmont's own account, absolved his fellow-intriguer from all engagements; but somehow that very evening about nine Talleyrand knew the whole story, and hastening, pale with terror, to Alexander's presence, poured out a bitter remonstrance against the regency. The Czar listened, but contemptuously dismissed the petitioner with the non-committal remark that no one would repent having trusted him.



FROM A RECENTLY DISCOVERED MINIATURE BY ISABEY, IN THE LOUVRE. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

NAPOLEON THE EMPEROR.

It was almost midnight when Alexander gave audience to the embassy. Marmont was not of the number, having slunk away in guilty uneasiness to await the event at Ney's house. To Caulaincourt, as the spokesman of the Empire, the Czar listened attentively and sympathetically. He felt himself to have taken a false step when, five days earlier, he had virtually assented to the restoration of the Bourbons. In the interval their cause had steadily grown more and more unpopular; neither people nor soldiers, not even the national guard, would give any declaration of adherence to the acts of the provisional government; the imperial army, on the other hand, stood firm. His own and Russia's honor having been redeemed, the earlier instincts of hatred for absolutism had returned; the feeling that the Empire was better for his purposes than any dynasty welled up as he listened to Caulaincourt's powerful argument that France as a nation, and her undivided army, alike desired the regency. In fact, the listener wavered so much that, two days later, Ney and Macdonald asserted their belief that at a certain instant their cause had been won. But at two in the morning an aide-de-camp entered and spoke a few words in Russian. The Czar gave a startled attention, and the officer repeated his words. «Gentlemen,» said the monarch, «you base your claim on the unshaken attachment of the army to the imperial government. The vanguard of Napoleon's army has just deserted. It is at this moment within our lines.» The news was true. The announcement of Napoleon's abdication had spread consternation among Marmont's men, and they were seriously demoralized. When a routine message came from Fontainebleau requiring Souham's presence there, his guilty conscience made him tremble; and when Gourgaud requested an interview the uneasy general foresaw his own arrest and was terror-stricken. Summoning the others who, like himself, were partly committed, he told his fears, and the soldiers were ordered under arms. Toward midnight the march began. Ignorant at first of whither they were going, the men were silent; but finding themselves before long between two Austrian lines, they hooted their officers. Thereupon they were told that they were to fight with these same Austrians in defense of the Empire, and, believing the lie, were reconciled. Arriving finally at Versailles, and learning the truth, they mutinied; but Marmont soon appeared, and partly cowed them, partly persuaded them to bend before necessity. After learning of Souham's deed he had hurried to the Czar's antechamber, where were assembled the members of the provisional government. These were making merry, but as the members of the embassy filed out with stony gaze Marmont murmured, «I would give an arm if this had not happened.» «An arm? Sir, say your head,» rejoined Macdonald, bitterly. For some time Marmont was a hero, but soon his vanity and true character combined to bring out his conduct into clear view, and from his title of Ragusa was coined the word *ragusade* as a synonym for treason. During the «Hundred Days» his name was

of course stricken from the list of marshals. Loaded with honors in the second Restoration, he proved a second time faithless, and in 1830 betrayed his trust to the republicans. The people called him Judas, and he died in exile, honored by nobody.

Convinced that his abdication would not save the Empire at Alexander's hands, Napoleon despatched a messenger requesting the Empress to send Champagny immediately to Dijon as an ambassador to intercede with her father; and then, on April 4, he summoned a conclave of his officers to secure their assent to the battle which he believed inevitable. It was the call to this meeting which had stampeded Souham and his colleagues in desertion. The greater officers being absent, the minor ones present were unanimous and hearty in their support of Napoleon's plans. But at the very close of the session came the news of what had happened at Essonnes. When finally assured of every detail, Napoleon took measures at once to repair as best he could the breaches in his defense, saying of Marmont quietly and without a sign of panic, «Unhappy man, he will be more unhappy than I.» Only a few days before he had declared to Caulaincourt: «There are no longer any who play fair except my poor soldiers and their officers that are neither princes nor dukes nor counts. It is an awful thing to say, but it is true. Do you know what I ought to do? Send all these noble lords of yesterday to sleep in their beds of down, to strut about in their castles. I ought to rid myself of these *frondeurs*, and begin the war once more with men of youthful, unsullied courage.» He was partly prepared, therefore, even for the defection of Marmont. Next morning, on the 5th, was issued the ablest proclamation ever penned by him; at noon the veterans from Spain were reviewed, and in the afternoon began the movements necessary to array beyond the Loire what remained of the army and rally it about the seat of imperial government. But at nine the embassy returned from Paris with its news—the Czar had refused to accept the abdication; the senate was about to proclaim Louis XVIII; Napoleon was to reign henceforth over the little isle of Elba. To this the undaunted Emperor calmly rejoined that war henceforth offered nothing worse than peace, and began at once to explain his plans.

But he was interrupted—exactly how we cannot tell; for, though the embassy returned as it left, in a body, the memoirs of each member strive to convey the impression that it was he alone who said and did everything. If only the narrative attributed to Caulaincourt were of undoubted authenticity, cumulative evidence might create certitude, but it is not. Apparently the sorry tale of what occurred makes clear that all three were now ardent royalists, for in passing they had concluded a truce with Schwarzenberg on that basis. Macdonald asserts that his was the short and brutal response to Napoleon's exhibition of his plans; to wit, that they must have an abdication without conditions. Ney was quite as savage, declaring that the confidence of the army was gone. Napoleon at first denounced such mutiny, but then, with seeming resignation, promised an answer next day. He did not yet know that in secret convention the generals were resolving not to obey the orders issued for the morrow; but as the door closed behind the marshals the mind so far clear seemed eclipsed, and murmuring, «These men have neither heart nor bowels; I am conquered less by fortune than by the egotism and ingratitude of my companions in arms,» the great, homeless citizen of the world sank into utter dejection. Since 1808 he had worn about his neck as a kind of amulet a little bag said to contain a deadly poison, one of the salts of prussic acid. That night, when the terrors of a shaken reason overpowered him, it is believed that he swallowed the drug. Instead of oblivion came agony, and his valet, rushing to his master's bedside at the sound of a bitter cry, claimed to catch the words: «Marmont has struck me the final blow! Unhappy man, I loved him! Berthier's desertion has broken my heart! My old friends, my comrades in arms!» Ivan, the Emperor's body physician, was summoned, and administered an antidote; the spasm was allayed, and after a short sleep reason resumed her seat. It is related in the memoirs of Caulaincourt, and probably with a sort of Homeric truth, that when the reputed writer was admitted in the early morning Napoleon's «wan and sunken eyes seemed struggling to recall the objects round about; a universe of torture was revealed in the vaguely desolate look.» Napoleon is reported as saying: «It is not the loss of the throne that makes existence unendurable: my military career suffices for the glory of a single man. Do you know what is more difficult to bear than the reverses of fortune? It is the baseness, the horrible ingratitude, of men. Before such acts of cowardice, before the shamelessness of their egotism, I have turned away my head in disgust and taken my life in horror. . . . What I have suffered for twenty days no one can understand.»

What throws some shadow on this account is the fact that on the following morning Napoleon appeared outwardly well and perfectly calm when he assembled his marshals and made a final appeal. It is certain, on the testimony of his secretary and his physician, that he had been violently ill, but the sobriety of the remaining chronicle is doubted; perhaps the empty sachet had contained a preparation of opium intended to relieve sharp attacks like that at Pirna; the evident motive of what has been called the imperial legend is to heighten all the effects in the Napoleonic picture. Whatever was the truth as to that gloomy night, the appeal next morning was in vain, and the act of unconditional abdication was written in these words: «The allied powers having declared the Emperor Napoleon to be the sole obstacle to the reëstablishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that for himself and his heirs he renounces the thrones of France and of Italy, because there is no personal sacrifice which he is not ready to make in the interest of France.» With this document Ney hurried back to the capital, and the elderly, well-meaning, but obtuse Louis XVIII was immediately proclaimed king by the senate. Having learned nothing and forgotten nothing, he accepted the throne, making certain concessions to the new France sufficient, as he hoped, to secure at least the momentary support of the people. The haste to join the white standard of those upon whom Napoleon's adventurous career had heaped honor and wealth is unparalleled in history. Jourdan, Augereau, Maison, Lagrange, Nansouty, Oudinot, Kellermann, Lefebvre, Hulin, Milhaud, Latour-Maubourg, Ségur, Berthier, Belliard—such were the earliest names. Among the soldiers near by some bowed to the new order, but among the garrisons there was such wide-spread mutiny that royalist hate was kindled again and fanned to white heat by the scoffs and jeers of the outraged men. Their behavior was the outward sign of a temper not universal, of course, but very common among the people. At Paris both the King's brother and the King were cheered on their formal entry, but many discriminating onlookers prophesied that the Bourbons could not remain long.

Fully aware that Napoleon was yet a power in France, and challenged by the marshals to display a chivalric spirit in providing for the welfare of their former monarch, Alexander gave full play to his generous impulses. His first suggestion was that his fallen foe should accept a home and complete establishment in Russia; but this would have been to ignore the other members of the coalition. It was determined finally to provide the semblance of an empire, the forms of state, an imperial income, and make the former Emperor the guest of all Europe. The idea was quixotic, but Napoleon was not a prisoner; he had done nothing worthy of degradation, and throughout the civilized world he was still regarded by vast numbers as the savior of European society, who had fallen into the hands of cruel oppressors. The paper which was finally drawn up was a treaty between Napoleon, for the time and purposes of the instrument a private citizen, as one party, and the four sovereign states of Austria, Prussia, Russia, and England as the other. It had, therefore, no sanction except the public opinion of France and the good faith of those who executed it, the former being bound by her allies to a contract made by them. It was France which was to pay Napoleon two millions of francs a year and leave him to reign undisturbed over Elba; the allies granted Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla as a realm in perpetuity to Marie Louise and her heirs through the King of Rome, as her successors. The agreement was unique, but so were the circumstances which brought it to pass. There was but one important protest, and that was made by Castlereagh in regard to the word Napoleon and the imperial style! His protest was vain, but to this day many among the greatest of his countrymen persistently employ «Bonaparte» in speaking of the greater, and «Napoleon» in designating the lesser, of the two men who have ruled France as emperors.

Four commissioners, one from each of the powers, proceeded to Fontainebleau. They were careful to treat Napoleon with the consideration due to an emperor. To all he was courteous, except to the representative of Prussia, Count Truchsess-Waldburg, whose presence he declared unnecessary, since there were to be no Prussian troops on the southern road toward Elba. As the preparations for departure went forward it became clear that of all the imperial dignitaries only Bertrand and Drouot would accompany the exile. The others he dismissed with characteristic and appropriate farewells: to Caulaincourt he assigned a gift of five hundred thousand francs from the treasure at Blois; Constant, the valet, and Roustan, the Mameluke, were dismissed by their own desire, but not empty-handed. For his line of travel, and for a hundred baggage-wagons loaded with books, furniture, and objects of art, Napoleon stipulated

with the utmost nicety and persistence. «They blame me that I can outlive my fall,» he remarked. «Wrongfully. . . . It is much more courageous to survive unmerited bad fortune.» Only once he seemed overpowered, being observed, as he sat at table, to strike his forehead and murmur, «God, is it possible!» All was ready on the 20th, but the Empress, who by the terms of the «treaty» was to accompany her consort as far as the harbor of St. Tropez, did not appear. Napoleon declared that she had been kidnapped, and refused to stir, threatening to withdraw his abdication. Koller, the Austrian commissioner, assured him of the truth, that she had resolved of her own free will not to be present. In the certainty that all was over, the imperial government at Blois had dispersed, Joseph and Jerome flying to Switzerland, and the Empress finally taking refuge with her father.

The announcement staggered Napoleon, but he replied with words destined to have great significance: «Very well, I will remain faithful to my promise; but if I have new reasons to complain I shall consider myself absolved.» Further, he touched on various topics as if seeking to talk against time, remarking that Francis had impiously sought the dissolution of his daughter's marriage; that Russia and Prussia had made Austria's position dangerous; that the Czar and Frederick William had shown little delicacy in visiting Maria Louisa at Rambouillet; that he himself was no usurper; that he had been wrong not to make peace at Prague or Dresden. Then, suddenly changing tone and topic, he asked with interest what would occur if Elba refused to accept him. Koller thought he might still take refuge in England. Napoleon rejoined that he had thought of that, but, having always sought to do England harm, would the English make him welcome? Koller rejoined that, as all the projects against her welfare had come to naught, England would feel no bitterness. Finally, about noon, Napoleon descended into the courtyard, where the few grenadiers of the old guard were drawn up. The officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, were called forward, and in a few touching words their former leader thanked all who had remained true for their loyalty. With their aid he could have continued the war beyond the Loire, but he had preferred to sacrifice his personal interests to France. «Continue to serve France,» runs the Napoleonic text of this fine address; but the commissioners thought they heard «to serve the sovereign which the nation has chosen.» He could have ended his life, he went on to say, but he wished to live that he might record for posterity the great deeds of his warriors. Then he embraced Petit, the commanding officer, and, snatching to his breast the imperial eagle, his standard in so many glorious battles, he pressed it to his lips, and entered the waiting carriage. A swelling sob burst from the ranks, and tears bedewed the weather-beaten cheeks of men who had not wept for years.

Napoleon's journey was sufficiently comfortable as far as Lyons; occasionally there were outbursts of good feeling from those who stopped to see his train pass by. But in descending the Rhone the change was marked. As the Provençals had been the radicals of the Revolution, so now they were the devotees of the Restoration. The flood of disreputable calumny had broken loose; men said the Emperor's mother was a loose woman, his father a butcher, he himself but a bastard, his true name Nicholas. «Down with Bonaparte! down with Nicholas,» was too often the derisive shout as he traversed the villages. It was learned that Maubreuil, the hired assassin, was hurrying from Paris with a desperate band, ostensibly to recover crown jewels or government funds which might be among Napoleon's effects. Near Valence, on April 24, Augereau's carriage was met. The arch-republican of Napoleon's earlier career alighted, the ex-Emperor likewise. Napoleon asked if the general were on his way to court. The thrust went home, but in a gruff retort Augereau, using the familiar «thou,» declared that he had had no motive for his conduct except love of his country. Partly by good fortune, partly by good management, the cortège avoided the infuriated bands who, in various places, had sworn to take the fallen Emperor's life. Near Orgon a mob of royalists beset his carriage, and Napoleon shrank in pallid terror behind Bertrand, cowering there until the immediate danger was removed by his Russian escort, when he donned a postilion's uniform and rode unhurt through the town. Rumors of the bitter feeling prevalent at Aix led him for further protection to clothe one of his aides in his own too-familiar garb. In that town he was violently ill, somewhat as he had been at Fontainebleau. The attack yielded easily to remedies, and the Prussian commissioner asserted that it was due to a loathsome disease. Thereafter the hounded fugitive wore an Austrian uniform, and sat in the Austrian commissioner's carriage; thus disguised, the Emperor of Elba seemed to feel secure. From Luc onward the company was protected by Austrian hussars, but in spite of these mili-

tary jailers, mob violence became stronger from day to day in each successive town. Napoleon grew morbid, and the line of travel was changed to avoid the ever-increasing danger. The only alleviation in the long line of ills was a visit from his light but affectionate sister, Pauline, who comforted him and promised to join his exile. At length Fréjus was reached, and Napoleon resumed his composure as he saw an English frigate and a French brig lying in the harbor.

Again Napoleon remarked a breach of his «treaty.» He was to have sailed from St. Tropez in a corvette; here was only a brig. Accordingly, as if to mark an intentional slight, in reality for his safety and comfort, he asked and obtained permission to embark on the English frigate, the *Undaunted*, as the guest of her captain. The promised corvette was at St. Tropez awaiting its passenger, but the hasty change of plan had made it impossible to bring her around in time. Possibly for this reason, too, the baggage of Napoleon had been much diminished in quantity, and of this he complained also, as being a breach of his treaty. His farewell to the Russian and Prussian commissioners was brief and dignified; the Austrian hussars paid full military honors to the party, and as the Emperor, accompanied by the English and Austrian commissioners, embarked, a salvo of twenty-four shots rang out from the *Undaunted*. Already he had begun to eulogize England and her civilization, and to behave as if throwing himself on the good faith of an English gentleman exactly as a defeated knight would throw himself on the chivalric courtesy of his conqueror. This appearance of distinguished treatment heightened his self-satisfaction. His attendants said that once again he was «all emperor.» It was a serious blow when, on passing aboard ship, he discovered that the salutes had been in recognition of the commissioners, and that the polite but decided Captain Ussher was determined to treat his illustrious guest with the courtesy due to a private gentleman, and with that alone.[1] Although chafing at times during the voyage against the restrictions of naval discipline, Napoleon submitted gracefully, and wore a subdued air. This was his first contact with English customs: sometimes they interested him; frequently, as in the matter of after-dinner amusements and Sunday observance, they irritated him, and then with a contemptuous petulance he withdrew to his cabin. In conversation with Koller, the Austrian commissioner, he once referred to his conduct in disguising himself on the road to Fréjus as pusillanimous, and admitted in vulgar language that he had made an indecent display of himself. In general his talk was a running commentary on the past, in which, with apparent ingenuousness, interpretations were placed on his conduct which were thoroughly novel. This was the beginning of a series of historical commentaries lasting with interruptions to the end of his life. There is throughout a unity of purpose in the explication and embellishment of history which will be considered later. On May 4 the *Undaunted* cast anchor in the harbor of Porto Ferrajo.

THE EMPEROR OF ELBA.

ELBA was an island divided against itself, there being both imperialists and royalists among its inhabitants, and a considerable party which desired independence. By representing that Napoleon had brought with him fabulous sums the Austrian and English commissioners easily won the Elbans to a fervor of loyalty for their new emperor. Before nightfall of the 4th the court was established, and the new administration began its labors. Having mastered the resources and needs of his pygmy realm, the Emperor began to deploy all his powers, mending the highways, fortifying the strategic points, and creating about the nucleus of four hundred guards which were sent from Fontainebleau an efficient little army of sixteen hundred men. His expenses were regulated to the minutest detail both at home and abroad; the salt works and iron mines, which were the bulwarks of Elban prosperity, began at once to increase their output, and taxation was regulated with scrupulous nicety. By that supereminent virtue of the French burgher, good management, the island was made almost independent of the remnants of the Tuileries treasure (about five million francs) which Napoleon had brought from France. The same powers which had swayed a world operated with equal success in a sphere almost microscopic by comparison. Before long the Princess Borghese, separated soon after her marriage from her second husband, and banished since 1810 from Paris for impertinent conduct to the Empress, came, according to promise, to be her brother's companion, and Madame Mère, though distant in prosperity, came likewise to soothe her son in adversity. The intercepted letters of the former prove her to have been at least as loose in her life at

[1] For Captain Ussher's own account of the voyage, and of the Emperor's table-talk, see THE CENTURY for March, 1893.—EDITOR.

Elba as ever before, but they do not afford a sufficient basis for the scandals concerning her relations with Napoleon which were founded upon them, and industriously circulated at the court of Louis XVIII. The shameful charge has no adequate foundation of any sort.

Napoleon's economies were rendered not merely expedient, but imperative, by the fact that none of the moneys from France were



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER. FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

NAPOLEON'S VILLA AT PORTO FERRAJO.

forthcoming which had been promised in his treaty with the powers. After a short stay Koller frankly stated that in his opinion they never would be paid, and departed. The island swarmed with Bourbon spies, and the only conversation in which Napoleon could indulge himself unguardedly was with Sir Neil Campbell, the English representative, or with the titled English gentlemen who gratified their curiosity by visiting him. During the summer heats when the court was encamped on the heights at Marciana for refreshment, there appeared a mysterious lady with her child. Both were well received and kindly treated, but they withdrew themselves entirely from the public gaze. Common rumor said it was the Empress; but this was not true; it was the Countess Walewska, with the son she had borne to her host, whom she still adored. They remained but a few days, and departed as mysteriously as they had come. Base females thronged the precincts of the imperial residence, openly struggling for Napoleon's favor as they had so far never dared to do; success too frequently attended their efforts. But the one woman who should have been at his side was absent. It is certain that she made an honest effort to come, and apartments were prepared for her reception in the little palace at Porto Ferrajo. Her father, however, thwarted her at every turn, and finally she was a virtual prisoner at Schönbrunn. So manifest was the restraint that her grandmother, Caroline, Queen of the Two Sicilies, cried out in indignation, «If I were in the place of Maria Louisa, I would tie the sheets of my bed to the window-frame and flee.» Committed to the charge of the elegant and subtle Neipperg, a favorite chamberlain whom she had first seen at Dresden, he plied her with such insidious wiles that at last her slender moral fiber was entirely broken down, and she fell a victim to his charms. As late as August Napoleon received impassioned letters from her; then she grew formal and cold; at last, under Metternich's urgency, she ceased to write at all. Her French attendant, Meneval, managed to convey the whole sad story to her husband, but the Emperor was incredulous, and hoped against hope until December. Then only he ceased from his incessant and urgent appeals.

The number of visitors to Elba was enormous, sometimes as high as three hundred in

a single day. Among these were a few English, fewer French, but many Italians. As time passed the heaviness of the Austrian yoke began to gall the people of Napoleon's former kingdom, and, remembering the mild Eugène with longing, considerable numbers from among them joined in an extensive though feeble conspiracy to restore Napoleon to the throne of Italy. Lucien returned to Rome in order to foster the movement, and Murat, observing with unease the general faithlessness of the great powers in small matters, began to tremble for the security of his throne. With them and others Napoleon appears to have corresponded regularly. He felt himself entirely freed from the obligations he had taken at Fontainebleau, for he was sure the people of southern France had been instigated to take his life by royalist agents, and, as one term after another passed, not a sou was paid of the promised pension; his own fortune, therefore, was steadily melting away. For months he behaved as if really determined to make Elba «his isle of repose,» as he designated it just before landing; but under such provocations his temper changed. The corner-stone of his «treaty» was his complete sovereignty; otherwise the paper was merely a promise without any sanction, not even that of international law. This perfect sovereignty had been recognized by the withdrawal of all the commissioners as such, Campbell insisting that he remained merely as an ambassador.

In a treaty concluded on May 30 between Louis XVIII and the powers of the coalition, the boundaries of France were fixed substantially as they had been in 1792, and the destiny of the lands brought under her sway by the Revolution and Napoleon was to be determined by a European congress. This body met on November 1, 1814, at Vienna. It was soon evident that the four powers of the coalition were to outdo Napoleon's extreme endeavors in their reckless disposition of European territories. Before the close of the month, however, Talleyrand, by his adroit manipulations and his conjurings with the sacrosanct word «legitimacy,» had made himself the moving spirit of the congress, and had so inflamed the temper of both Metternich and Castlereagh against the dictatorial attitude of Russia and Prussia as to induce Austria and Great Britain to sign, on January 3, 1815, a secret treaty with France to resist the aggressiveness of the Northern powers, by force if necessary. This restored France to the position of a great power. By the middle of February the Northern allies were brought to terms, and, in return for their concessions, it was agreed that Murat was to be deposed. This spirit of compromise menaced, or rather finally destroyed, the sovereignty of Napoleon, petty as it was. On the charge of conspiring with Murat he could easily be removed from Elba, and deported to some more remote spot from which he could exert no influence on European politics.

From the opening sessions of the congress there had been a general consensus of opinion as to this course; as to the place opinions varied; Castlereagh favored the Azores, but others the Cape Verd islands; St. Helena, then well known as a place of call on the long voyage to the Cape was also suggested, but when or by whom is not known; it is quite possible that Wellington, who succeeded Castlereagh as English plenipotentiary in February, may have mentioned the name; he had been there, and knew it as almost the remotest spot of land in the world. The congress took no formal action in the matter, but the understanding was so clear and general that a proclamation to the national guard was printed in the «Moniteur» of March 8, 1815, stating that measures had been taken at the congress of Vienna to remove Napoleon farther away. It was easy for everybody, including the captive himself, to believe that, every other article of the agreement at Fontainebleau having been violated, that which guaranteed the sovereignty of Elba was equally worthless. It cannot be doubted that Napoleon was fully aware of all that was proposed, and it is absolutely certain that he was thoroughly informed as to the changed state of public opinion in France. Having promised a fairly liberal constitution as the price of his throne, Louis XVIII, with colossal stupidity, undertook to ignore the past, and promulgated the charter as his own gracious act, done in the nineteenth year of his reign. The upper chamber, or House of Peers, was also made a creature of his own, since he could create members at will. Feeble in mind and body, he was unable to check the reactionary assumptions of his family, who, having deserted their country, had returned to it by the aid of invaders who were despised and feared by the nation. These and the returning emigrants were provided with rich sinecures, and began to talk of restoring estates to their rightful owners; in some cases the possessors were on their death-beds intimidated by their confessors into making such restitution. The extreme clerical party began to lift its head, and, the office of chief almoner being restored, that functionary began to hamper the minis-

try in its efforts to grant the freedom of worship guaranteed by the constitution. Secular business was forbidden on certain holy days, and funeral masses were celebrated for Pichegru, Moreau, and Cadoudal, that for the latter at the King's expense. When, finally, Christian burial was refused to an actress there were riots in Paris.

But the government continued its suicidal course; even the Vendée grew disaffected, and, the suffrage having been greatly restricted, there were murmurings about oligarchies and tyrants. At Nîmes the Protestants feared another St. Bartholomew, and said so. Even moderate royalists grew troubled, and could not retort when they heard the new order stigmatized by the fitting name of «paternal anarchy.» Both veterans and conscripts deserted in great numbers from the army as they saw their officers discharged by the score to make places for the young aristocracy, or their comrades retired nominally on half-pay, in reality to eke out a subsistence as best they could. It was not long before men showed each other pocket-pieces bearing Napoleon's effigy, whispering as watchwords, «Courage and hope,» or «He has been and will be,» or «Frenchmen, awake; the Emperor is waking.» As early as July, 1814, rumors of his return were rife in country districts, and by autumn the longing for it was outspoken and general. In Paris there was greater caution, but as Marmont was called Judas for having betrayed his master, so Berthier was known as Peter, in that he had denied him, and it was a common joke to tie a white cockade to the tail of a dog. Before the chambers met the various factions openly avowed themselves as royalists, Bonapartists, liberals, or Jacobins. The money estimates presented made it clear that a king was more expensive than an emperor, and when the peers not only voted to indemnify the emigrants for the lands held by their families, but likewise passed a bill establishing the censorship of the press, it was common talk that the present state of things could not last.

The number of French prisoners of war and of soldiers released from the besieged fortresses in central Europe was about 300,000, of whom a third were veterans of the Empire. To these must be added the army which Soult, ignorant of Napoleon's abdication, had led to defeat at Toulouse, and the soldiers who had served in Italy. These men, long accustomed to much consideration, found themselves on their return to be persons of no consequence. They learned that the great officers of the Empire were everywhere treated with scant courtesy, and that the great ladies of the imperial court were now virtually driven from the Tuileries by the significant questions and loud asides of the royal personages who had supplanted them. It was told in all public resorts how Ney had resented the rude affronts put on his wife by the Duchess of Angoulême. The well-trained subordinate officers of these contingents were turned adrift by thousands on the same terms as those of Napoleon's own army, half-pay if they showed themselves good Catholics, otherwise nothing. For the most part, again, this promise was empty; young royalists were put in their places, the pay of the old guard was reduced, a new noble guard was organized, promotion was refused to those who had received commissions in war, and the asylums established for the orphans of those who had belonged to the Legion of Honor were abolished. So bitter was the outcry that the King dismissed his minister of war, and, not daring to substitute Marmont, who demanded the place, appointed Soult. He too was speedily discredited for harshness to Exelmans, a subordinate who was discovered to have been in correspondence with Napoleon, and by the middle of February, 1815, nearly all the soldiers were at heart Bonapartists, their friends for the most part abetting them.

In less than two months after Louis XVIII took his seat Talleyrand and Fouché were deep in their element of plot and intrigue. They thought of the son of Philippe Egalité as a possible constitutional ruler; they talked of reëstablishing the imperial regency; with Napoleon placed beyond the possibility of returning, the latter course would be safe. During the succeeding months they continued to juggle with this double intrigue, and around their plots clustered minor ones in mass. Fouché's agents were particularly active among the soldiers in the North. Lord Liverpool actually called Wellington to London for fear the duke should be seized, and Marmont put the Paris garrison under arms. On January 21, 1815, the death of Louis XVI was commemorated by the royalists with the wildest talk, and such was the general fury over Exelmans's treatment that Fouché at last stepped forward to give his conspiracy some form. Carnot and Davout were both expected to coöperate, but, although they refused, enough officers of influence were secured to make a plan for raising the country in insurrection entirely feasible. For this Bonapartists, royalists, and Jacobins were willing to unite; it shows how intense the feeling was that no one knew or cared what was to supplant the

existing government—anything was better than paternal anarchy.

How accurate the information was which reached Napoleon at Elba we cannot ascertain, for his feelings were masked and his conduct was non-committal. He had entirely recovered his health, and, though old in experience, he was only forty-five years of age, and he still appeared like one in the prime of life. He was apparently vigorous, being short, thick-necked, and inclined to corpulence. His cheeks were somewhat heavy and sensuous, his brow was high, his hair receded far back on the temples, his limbs were powerful, his hands and feet were delicately formed and noticeably small. His movements were nervous and well controlled, his eye was clear and bright, his passions were strong, his self-control was apparent, and the coördination of his powers was easy. To the Elban peasant he was as gracious and natural as he had ever been to the Corsican mountaineer or the common soldier of the Grand Army; with his subordinates he was dignified; among his many visitors he moved with good humor and tact; his kindness to his mother and sister made them both devoted and happy. The only anxiety he displayed was in regard to assassination and kidnapping; the former he said he could meet like a soldier; of the latter he spoke with anxious foreboding. If he were correctly informed he had reason to fear both. Every week in both France and Italy there was a plot among fanatical royalists and priests to kill him, and the Barbary pirates, though eager to seize him and win a great ransom, were excelled in their zeal both by Mariotte, Talleyrand's agent in Leghorn, and by Bruslart, a bitter and ancient enemy, who had been appointed governor of Corsica for the purpose. For these reasons probably the Emperor of Elba lived as far as possible in seclusion. As time passed he grew less intimate with Campbell, but the Scotch gentleman did not attribute the fact to any discontent on Napoleon's part. Before leaving Elba, on February 16, to reside for a time in Florence and perform the duties of English envoy in that place, he gave it as his fixed opinion that if Napoleon received the pension stipulated for in the treaty he would remain tranquilly where he was.

It is now recalled that as early as July, 1814, the Emperor of Elba remarked to an English visitor that Louis XVIII, being surrounded by those who had betrayed the Empire, would in turn probably be himself betrayed by them. For the ensuing four months, however, the exile gave no sign of any deep purpose; to those who wished to leave him he gave a hearty good-by. In December, however, he remarked to one of his old soldiers, pointedly, as the man thought, «Well, grenadier, you are bored; . . . take the weather as it comes.» Slipping a gold piece into the veteran's hand, he then turned away, humming to a simple air the words, « This will not last forever.» Thereafter he dissuaded all who sought to depart, saying: « Be patient. We 'll pass these few winter days as best we may; then we 'll try to spend the spring in another fashion.» This vague language may possibly have referred to the Italian scheme, but on February 10 he received a clear account of what had happened at Vienna, and on the evening of the 12th Fleury de Chaboulon, a confidential friend of Maret, arrived in the disguise of a sailor, and revealed in the fullest and most authentic way the state of France. When he heard of the plan to reëstablish the regency Napoleon burst out hotly: « A regency! What for? Am I, then, dead?» Two days later, after long conferences, the emissary was despatched to do what he could at Naples, and the Emperor began his preparations. This was soon known on the mainland, and three days later a personage whose identity has never been revealed arrived in the guise of a Marseillaise merchant, declaring that, except the rich and the emigrants, every human being in France longed for the Emperor's return. If he would but set up his hat on the shores of Provence it would draw all men toward it. When Napoleon turned pseudo-historian he declared in one place that the breaches of the Fontainebleau treaty and his fears of deportation had nothing to do with his return from Elba; in another he states the reverse. Since the legend he was then studiously constructing required the unbroken devotion of the French to the standard-bearer of the Revolution for the sake of consistency, he probably recalled only the feelings awakened by Fleury's report that opportunity was ripe, and that, too, earlier than had been expected. But there were other motives at the time, for Peyrusse, keeper of Napoleon's purse during the Elban sojourn, heard his master asseverate that it would be more dangerous to remain in Porto Ferrajo than to return to France. In any case, so far as France and the world at large were concerned, the contemptuous indifference of Louis and his ministers to their obligations under the treaty powerfully justified Napoleon's course. Even Alexander and Castlereagh had early made an indignant protest to Talleyrand, but the latter, already deep in

conspiracy, turned them off with a flippant rejoinder.

With great adroitness and secrecy Napoleon collected and fitted out his little flotilla, which consisted of the *Inconstant*, a stout brig assigned to him at Fontainebleau, and seven smaller craft. During the preparations the French and English war-vessels patrolling the neighboring waters came and went, but their captains suspected nothing. Campbell's departure created a false rumor among the islanders that England was favoring some expedition or another on which the Emperor was about to embark, thus allaying all suspicion. When, on the 26th, a little army of eleven hundred men found itself afloat, with eighty horses and a number of cannon, no one seemed to realize what had happened; except Drouot, who pleaded against Napoleon's rashness, all were enthusiastic. To avoid suspicion each captain steered his own course, and the various craft dotting the sea at irregular intervals looked no way unlike the other boats which plied those waters. Several men-of-war were sighted, but they kept their course. As one danger after another was averted, the great adventurer's spirits rose until he was exuberant with joy and talked of Austerlitz. It was March 1 when land was finally sighted from the *Inconstant;* as if by magic, the other vessels hove in sight immediately, and by four the men were all ashore on the strand of the Gulf of Jouan. Cambronne, a colonel of the imperial guards, was sent to requisition horses at Cannes, with the strict injunction that not a drop of blood be shed. As the great actor had theatrically said on board his brig, he was «about to produce a great novelty,» and he counted upon dazzling the beholders into an enthusiasm they had ceased to feel for the old plays. The tradition still runs on those shores that among others brought to Napoleon's bivouac that night was the Prince of Monaco, who had been found traveling in a four-horse carriage. «Where are you going?» was the greeting. «I am returning to my domains,» came the reply. «By'r Lady, and I also,» was Napoleon's merry retort.

NAPOLEON THE LIBERATOR OF FRANCE.

RECALLING the mortal agony he had endured on the highway through Aix but a short year before, and its causes; and having been informed how bitter was the anti-royalist feeling in the Dauphiné, Napoleon set his little army in march direct toward Grenoble. At Cannes there was general indifference; at Grasse it was found that the division general in command had fled, and there were a few timid shouts of «Long live the Emperor!» Thence to Digne on the Grenoble highway was a mountain track over a ridge twelve thousand feet above the sea. In twenty hours the slender column marched thirty-five miles. The «growlers» joked about the «little corporal» who trudged at their side, the Alpine hamlets provided abundant rations, and the government officials furnished blank passports which enabled Napoleon to send emissaries both to Grenoble and to Marseilles, where Masséna was in command. The little garrison of Digne was Bonapartist in feeling, but it was not yet ready to join Napoleon, and withdrew; that at Sisteron was kept from meddling by a body of troops which had been despatched as a corps of observation from Marseilles, and the populace shouted heartily for the Emperor. At Gap the officials strove to organize resistance, but they desisted before the menaces of the people. By this time the peasantry were coming in by hundreds. So far Napoleon's enterprise had received but four recruits: two soldiers from Antibes, a tanner from Grasse, and a gendarme. Now he was so confident that he dismissed the peasantry, assuring them that the soldiers in front would join his standards. On March 7 the head of his column reached La Mure, a short day's march from Grenoble. They were received with enthusiasm, and a bucket of the poor native wine was brought for the refreshment of the men. When all had been served Napoleon reached out for the cheap little glass, and swallowed his ration like the rest. There was wild delight among both his men and the onlookers as the «army» set out for Laffray, the next hamlet, where was a small detachment sent from Grenoble to destroy a bridge over the Drac. With inscrutable faces they stood across the highway, lances set and muskets charged, under orders to fire on Napoleon the moment he should appear. At length the critical moment arrived. «There he is! Fire!» cried a royalist officer. The soldiers clutched their arms, their faces blanched, their knees shook, and—they disobeyed. Napoleon, walking slowly, advanced within pistol-shot. He wore the old familiar gray surtout, the well-known cocked hat, and a tricolor cockade. «Soldiers of the 5th,» he said in a strong, calm voice, «behold me!» Then advancing a few paces farther, he threw open his coat and, displaying the familiar uniform, he called: «If there be one soldier among you who wishes to kill his Emperor, he can. I come to offer myself to your assaults.» In an instant the opposing ranks melted into a

mob of sobbing, cheering men, kissing Napoleon's shoes, struggling to touch the skirts of his shabby garments. The surrounding throng crowded near in sympathy. «Soldiers,» cried the magician, «I come with a handful of brave men because I count on you and the people. The throne of the Bourbons is illegitimate because it was not erected by the nation. Your fathers are threatened by a restoration of titles, of privilege, and of feudal rights; is it not so?» «Yes, yes,» shouted the multitude. At that instant appeared a rider arrayed in the uniform of the national guard, but wearing a huge tricolor cockade. Alighting at Napoleon's feet, he said, «Sire, I am Jean Dumoulin, the glove-maker; I bring to your majesty a hundred thousand francs and my arm.» At that instant Napoleon's proclamation denouncing traitors, and promising that under the old standards victory would return like the storm-wind, was passing from hand to hand in the garrison of Grenoble. Labedoyère, the colonel of the 7th of the line, first announced his purpose to support his Emperor, and the royalist officers saw the imperialist feeling spread with dismay. They arranged to evacuate the place next morning. At seven Napoleon summoned the town; the commandant, unable to resist the pressure of soldiers and populace, fled with a few adherents, and at ten the gates were opened. The reception of the returning exile was hearty and impressive. It was with an army of seven thousand men that, after a rest of thirty-six hours, he started for Lyons.

«As far as Grenoble I was an adventurer; at Grenoble I was a prince,» wrote Napoleon at St. Helena. If this were true, at Lyons he was an Emperor in fact as well as in name, that great city receiving him with plaudits as energetic as were the execrations with which they dismissed Artois and Macdonald. Recalling the lessons of his youth, some learned in Corsica, some in the Rhone valley, the returning Emperor carefully felt the pulse of public opinion as he journeyed. He found the longing for peace to be universal, and even before entering Lyons he began to promise peace with honor. But this he quickly found was not enough; it must be peace with liberty as well. The sole task before him, therefore, he declared to be that of protecting the interests and principles of the Revolution against the returning emigrants. France, restored to her glory, was to live in harmony with other European powers as long as they minded their own affairs. Napoleon, the liberator of France! To terrify foreign invaders and intestine foes a great united nation was to speak in trumpet notes. From Lyons, therefore, second city of the Empire, was summoned a popular assembly to revise the Constitution. To convey the impression that Austria was in secret accord with the Emperor's course, three delegates from the eastern capital were summoned to assist at the coronation of the Empress and the King of Rome. Still further, a decree was issued which banished the returned emigrants and swept away the pretensions of the arrogant nobles. Talleyrand, Marmont, Augereau, and Dalberg were attainted, and the noble guard of the king was abolished. Under these influences Bonapartist feeling grew so intense and spread so widely that the army of Soult, which had been assembled in the southeast to oppose Murat, turned imperialist almost to a man. Masséna, who seems to have followed the lead of Fouché, waited to see what was coming and remained neutral. Ney fell in with the general movement, and joined Napoleon at Auxerre. «Embrace me, my dear general,» were the Emperor's words of greeting. «I am glad to see you; and I want neither explanations nor justifications.»

All resistance disappeared before Napoleon's advance as he passed Autun and descended the Yonne valley toward Paris. Everywhere there were dissensions among the populace, but the enthusiasm of the soldiers and their sympathizers triumphed. The troops despatched by the King's government to overpower the «usurper» sooner or later went over to the «usurper's» standards. One morning a placard was found on the railing around the Vendôme column: «Napoleon to Louis XVIII. My good brother, it is useless to send me any more troops; I have enough.» Paris was in a storm of suppressed excitement. The measures of resistance were half-hearted; the King made lavish concessions and the chambers passed excellent laws without attracting any attention or sympathy; volunteers were raised, but there was no energy in their organization. When Napoleon reached Fontainebleau on the 18th the reserves stationed in and near Paris on the south came over to him in a body. On the 19th Louis issued a despairing address to the army, and fled to Lille; on the morning of the 20th the capital found itself without any vestige of government. The streets were thronged with people, but there was no disorder until a band of royalists attacked a half-pay officer wearing the imperial cockade. At once the city guard formed and intervened to quell the disturbance. Thereupon the imperialists endeavored to seize the Tuileries; they too were checked, and a double force, royalist and imperial, was

set to defend that important spot. Over other public buildings the imperial colors waved alone and undisturbed. During the afternoon the former imperial officials quietly resumed their places, even in the palace. At nine in the evening a post-chaise rolled up to the Tuileries gate, Napoleon alighted, and the observers thought his smile was like that of one walking in a dream. At once he was caught in the brawny arms of his admirers, and handed upward from step to step, from landing to landing: so fierce was the affection of his friends that his life seemed to be in danger from their embraces, and it was with relief that he entered his cabinet and closed the door, to find himself among a few of his old stanch and tried servants, with Caulaincourt at their head. This reception had been in sharp contrast to the apathy displayed on the streets, where the people were few in number, unenthusiastic, and indifferent. «They let me come,» said Napoleon to Mollien, «as they let the other go.»

Some portion of Napoleon's leisure in Elba had been devoted to sketching the outline of a treatise intended to prove that his dynasty was quite as legitimate as any other which had ruled over France. His illusions of European empire were dismissed either permanently or temporarily, and for the moment he was the apostle of nationality and popular sovereignty in France. Before laying his head on his pillow in the Tuileries he displayed this fact to the world in the constitution of his cabinet, which would in our day be designated as a cabinet of concentration, representative of various shades of opinion. Maret, Davout, Cambacérès, Gaudin, Mollien, Decrès, Caulaincourt, Fouché, and Carnot accepted the various portfolios; most surprising of all, Benjamin Constant, the constitutional republican, became president of a reconstructed council of state. In connection with the announcement of these names, the nation was informed that the constitution was to be revised, and that the censorship of the press was abolished. In reference to the latter, Napoleon remarked that, since everything possible had been said about him during the past year, he could himself be no worse off than he was, but the editors could still find much to say about his enemies. To Constant he frankly explained what he meant by revision. The common people had welcomed his return because he was one of themselves, and at a signal he could have the nobles murdered. But he wanted no peasants' war, and, as the taste had returned for unrestricted discussion, public trials, emancipated elections, responsible ministers, and all the paraphernalia of constitutional government, why, the public must be gratified. For all this he was ready, and with it peace. But peace he could win only by victory, for, although in his conduct, in the Lyons decrees, and in casual talk, he had hinted at negotiations with foreign powers, those negotiations were purely imaginary.

With a clear comprehension of the situation, the ministers went to work. On April 23 was promulgated the Additional Act, whereby the franchise was extended, the state church abolished, liberty of worship guaranteed, and every wretched remnant of privilege or divine right expunged. The two chambers were retained, many imperial dignitaries being assigned to the House of Peers, Lucien, Joseph, and Jerome among the number. It was, as Chateaubriand sarcastically said, a revised and improved edition of Louis's constitution. The preamble, however, was new; it set forth that Napoleon, having been long engaged in constructing a great European federal system suited to the spirit of the time and favorable to the progress of civilization, had now abandoned it, and would henceforth devote himself to a single aim, the perfect security of public liberty. This specious representation, half true and half false, awakened no enthusiasm in France; it was accepted along with the Additional Act, by a plebiscite, but by only 1,300,000 votes—less than half the number cast for the Consulate and the Empire. This was largely due to a curious apathy, induced by a still more curious but firm conviction that at last France had secured peace with honor. Reference has been made to a military conspiracy fomented by Fouché in the North; before the hostile public feeling thus engendered in that quarter Louis fled to Ghent within five days after Napoleon reached Paris, and, though the royal princes were able to carry on civil war in the South a little longer, it was generally felt that the nation now had a ruler of its own choosing, and that if they attended strictly to their own affairs they would be left in peace. For considerable time there was little news from abroad, and so swift was the rush of internal affairs that no heed was given to what there was. This was suddenly changed in April, when it was brought home to the nation that the specter of war had again been raised, and that the dynasties were finally a unit in their determination to extirpate the Napoleonic régime as a measure of self-defense. Every man with any means saw himself beggared, and every mother felt her son slipping from her arms to swim once more that sea of blood in which for

a generation the hope of the nation had been submerged.

The depression was general and terrible, for the spectacle was appalling. England, entangled in dynastic alliances in order to preserve her prosperity and dignity, had lost most of her serious and trusted leaders, and the few who survived were so panic-stricken as to have little perspicacity. The King's illness having at last removed him from public life, he had been succeeded by the most profligate and frivolous of all the line of English kings, the Prince Regent, who was later George IV. Percival and Liverpool were not merely conservative from principle; they were negative from the love of negatives. Already they had laid the basis, in their mismanagement of domestic affairs, for the social turbulence which within a short time was to compel the most sweeping reforms. Castlereagh had not even an inkling of what the treaty of Chaumont might mean to Great Britain in the end. To destroy Napoleon he was perfectly content that his own free country should support a system of dynastic politics destructive of every principle of liberty. The Congress of Vienna was not a confederation of states, but a league of dynasties posing as nations and banded for mutual self-preservation. To them the permanent restoration of Napoleon could mean only one thing, the recognition of a nation's right to choose its own rulers, and that would be the end of absolutism in Europe. To Great Britain it would mean the destruction of her prosperity, or at least a serious diminution of both power and prestige. The sixth coalition, therefore, was re-cemented without difficulty, but on a basis entirely new. The news of Napoleon's escape reached Vienna on March 6. Within the week Maria Louisa, now entirely under Neipperg's influence, wrote declaring herself a stranger to all Napoleon's schemes, and a few days later the French attendants of the little King of Rome were dismissed; the child's last words to Meneval were a message of affection to his father. At that time negotiations among the powers were progressing famously, each having secured its main object; on March 13 the Congress, under Castlereagh's instigation, publicly denounced Napoleon as the «enemy and disturber of the world's peace,» and proclaimed him an outlaw. The Whigs stigmatized the paper in parliament as provocative of assassination and a disgrace to the English character, but the «Morning Chronicle» alone, of all the important journals, was courageous enough to sustain them, asserting that it was a matter of complete indifference to England whether a Bourbon or a Bonaparte reigned in France. These manly protests were unheeded, and by the 25th all Europe, except Naples, was united against France alone.

(To be concluded in October.)

William M. Sloane.

DEATH.

WHERE meet the Bounded and the Boundless Good,
A weary Soul that earth's deep anguish knew,
Faint in the falling shadows, dimly stood,
And prayed the gates to let him enter through.

A thin, white Hand, scarce visible, with might
Turned the vast hinges, and he walked alone
From Man the Mote to God the Infinite,
Comrade of Truth and heir of the Unknown.

Freeman E. Miller.



A HALT IN THE REGION WHERE DR. LIVINGSTONE DIED.

GLAVE'S JOURNEY TO THE LIVINGSTONE TREE.[1]

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN AFRICA FROM THE JOURNALS OF THE LATE E. J. GLAVE.

KARONGA, LAKE NYASSA, April 27, 1894. Engaged from to-day Selemani and Mkenga at six francs a month and rations.

April 28. Marched from Karonga to Kaporo, 4½ hours on a good trail, with four or five watercourses to cross; can manage without getting wet by straddling a native's neck. It is a splendid, dry, flat country; actually a plain with scrub-bush every hundred yards, and patches of forest occasionally. There is no timber serviceable for building. I slept in a house belonging to the African Lakes Company, a creepy sort of habitation at night. Rats galore raced about the roof, chasing one another, and squealing most piteously. I was awakened in the morning by cocks crowing. There was a hush of night insects; the houses in the dawning light were an indistinct, dull brown; the grass was wet with dew. I heard the shuffling of reed doors slid to one side, or their grating on clay flooring when flung open. A few natives begin to appear, exchange morning greetings, and start to blow up fires; men, women, and children crowd around the fires; the gilded clouds in the east withdraw, the sun peeps on the horizon, fires are soon deserted, and daily work begins.

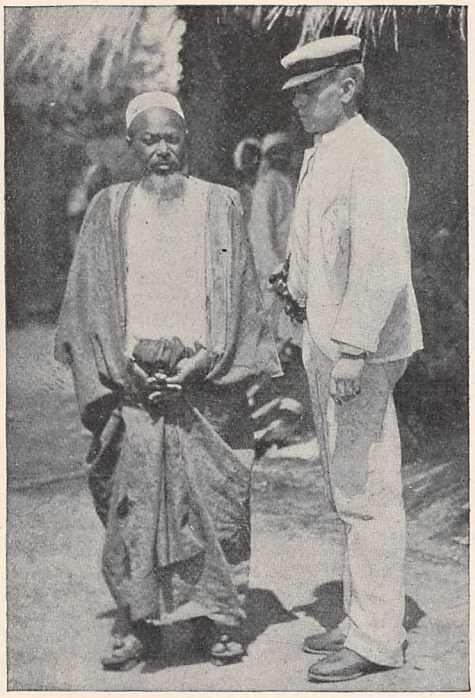
May 7. The men supplied by Mlozi and Kopa-Kopa came in this morning for their loads, and picked them up cheerfully. These men are paid at sixteen yards of cloth a month and rations, and, as we are going through a country abounding in game, there is every prospect of their having plenty of food. They know the white man keeps his word, and altogether they have a comparatively pleasant four months before them. They are all natives, many being slaves.

I wished to proceed the next day, but some of the carriers wanted another day with their families, and to settle any business they had on hand, so I agreed to wait over till the following day.

Mlozi has refined hands and feet; he is very nervous and fidgety, constantly twitching with his fingers at a piece of string or straw. The first time I saw him he hung down his head and played with a hair for two hours.

May 9. At 7:20 Croad and Enisley left for Karonga, and I started for the interior, making an imposing departure; the men in white filed out with the loads, women trotting after them dressed in bright-colored cloth; the roofs of the *tembé* were crowded with people; inquisitive youngsters ran alongside the trail, picking their way in among the stalks of maize. Mlozi, Kapandsam, and Juma Nne, son of Mlozi, went with me for a quarter of a mile to the crossing of the Lukuru River; I there bade all good-by and joined my men, marching through plantations of the Ankondé for about an hour; we then entered the pass of the Stevenson road, and followed it. In places some hard work had been done by the engineers. After three hours' marching we reached the foot of the range over

[1] For an account of Glave's adventures about Lake Nyassa, with the British forces operating against the slave-raiders, see THE CENTURY for last month. All the illustrations to this article are from photographs taken by the author.—EDITOR.



MLOZI AND GLAVE.

which the trail ran, ascent being very gradual. About three quarters of an hour took us to the plateau, then the trail wound about among hilltops. We camped at Makongwa, where Teleka's people had left some hastily built grass huts, which came in handy.

May 10. This morning we left at 6: 30 in a drizzling rain; upon putting down my tent I found a black snake about two feet long in the grass flooring; the natives said it was a good omen, and predicted a prosperous journey. I wish good omens would take a more agreeable manner of expressing themselves.

May 11. Got under way at 6: 30, and passed over a rugged country rising to about five thousand feet. Many slave-sticks were seen on the road. Mlozi and his allies have conducted several expeditions against the Senga. Many slaves were caught. Upon nearing the point on the Stevenson road where the trail from Senga joins it, the chains are taken off the slaves and hidden, and the forks thrown away, many of which we saw, and then small bands are marched into the stockades under safe escort, clothed to resemble the wives and children of the slavers.

May 12. Left camp at 6: 45; marched over an undulating country for two hours through scrubby acacia; then through fine grass-lands between the hills; no game; many deserted gardens securely fenced against wild beasts; owners had fled from the Angoni, who are a curse to the land, and the sooner they are checked the better. On all hands I hear the same story. I find deserted villages and stockades, and learn that the Angoni have been there. I find small bodies of refugees living on miserable sustenance in hovels, surrounded by stockades, hidden away in thick clumps of bush, the men always armed with poisoned weapons, fearing at any moment they will be the victims of Angoni spears, and their wives and children carried away as slaves. Throughout the whole way we are meeting armed Wanyika scouting so as to get warning beforehand of roaming Angoni. Missionaries are settled near Mombera, but their teaching does not seem to have the effect of diminishing Angoni slave-raiding.

My men are doing remarkably well; a little tactful jockeying is having a good effect; yesterday the sons of old Mwewé, who died last year, gave me a young bullock, which was killed to-day, and every one had a good slice of fresh meat, besides which I gave each man a cup and a half of maize flour, and, naturally, the whole caravan is in good humor. As a single white man, I need but little meat, and the only reasonable means of disposing of the remainder is to share it with the men.

May 14. Camped at 10: 45 at the village of Stambuli of the Wanyika. We are now near the head waters of the Loangwa. I think the plateau we have passed over is worth the attention of coffee-growers when it is considered practicable to plant so far away from the sea. (See map, page 772.)

At the villages I camp in the stockades, and am on view all day; so long as there is any daylight men, women, and children are peeping over the slanting roofs and round the tall clay granaries with hard, fixed stare; at first they remain silent, then they begin to exchange among themselves ideas concerning the white arrival; they are keenly observant of every movement I make, but they are ready to bolt the moment I display unusual signs of activity. If I strike a match, or sneeze, or sharpen a pencil, every head disappears, to reappear when assurance is felt that it was a false alarm. The youngsters without such keen sense of danger are generally in the foreground, but when there is a stampede they are caught up and carried off. When it is chilly the people cross their arms over their breasts, and hang a hand over each shoulder. They have never seen a white man before in these districts, but the natives do undoubtedly appreciate a visit from a white man's caravan when they fully

realize that he is friendly, just, and peacefully inclined.

I went out this afternoon, and came upon tracks of a small herd of zebra, and followed them up till I saw my game. I shot a female zebra and her young. I shot the old one for food, not knowing of the existence of the little one at the time. One of the natives accompanied me back to camp to send people to bring in the meat, and he was giggling and laughing to himself the whole way for about one and a half hours. It was a study to watch him, his head ducked, his elbows nipping his sides, his heels spurring the air. Every now and then he slapped his thighs with his hands, and occasionally uttered a faint cry of delight; again he several times stopped short in the trail, and I had to wait a moment or two while he viewed imaginary game, then took aim and fired, and jumped in the air as the imaginary game was hit. When we reached camp he would not return with the men; he said he wished to stay and tell his friends all about the zebra; he gave them an elaborate, exaggerated edition of the performances I had witnessed on the way back.

To-night, at Chifundu's, all the natives have brought their drums to a clear space outside my hut, and are dancing and singing as merrily as crickets. Everybody takes part, my own men, and even the dignified coast men of Mpata, and my two Zanzibaris; three drums are energetically beaten, and about two hundred voices are in the singing. There are always two women in the center moving along by short, quick steps in time to rapid drumbeats; the women hang down their heads and arms very modestly; two men more energetically advance toward and retreat from the women, sometimes holding them tightly by the shoulders, at other times holding them gently by the waist. By and by the two couples retire to the audience, and others take their places; all the time the two pairs are dancing, members of the audience advance from the circle and spring here and there with graceful bounds. Good nature and politeness pervade the whole performance, which began soon after sundown and lasted till 6:30 this morning.

May 24. We reached Kambombo's village at ten, having marched three hours southeast from Mwenya-Kondé. The boma covers about two acres, houses thickly packed. I pitched my tent in an open space near the chief's circular hut with low veranda. Kambombo is a tall fellow about fifty. He was seated on a mat, dressed with the usual loin-cloth, head shaved, but wore a tight-fitting cap of plaited



DRUMMING FOR THE DANCING CIRCLE.



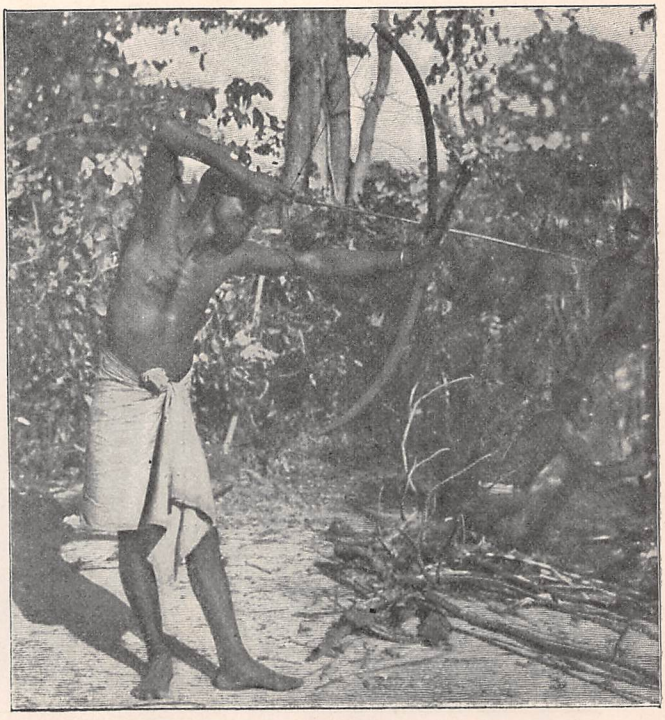
CUTTING UP A ZEBRA.

cord, a bunch of small buckhorns about three inches long sewn to the cap just over his forehead; he had a snuff-box, the beautifully beaten iron of which shone as though it were silver, also an *isanje*, a musical instrument, upon which he played very well. His favorite wife sat near him on the mat, her hair daubed with clay and fat, in which some very nice skewers of copper, iron, and ivory were stuck; she had beaded bracelets, and wore in her upper lip an immense iron-dish ornament holding as much as a champagne glass; her under lip was studded with an ivory peg; she is a hideous creature, but the chief thinks much of her; she had a girl attending her pipe, which she had to smoke out of the corner of her mouth because of the lip-ornament. I noticed that inferior strangers in approaching the chief first squatted, then lay down on the right side in front of the chief as evidence of obeisance, which he acknowledged by a slight grunt and a nod.

Strangers coming to see the chief squat with back toward him, then fall back till their shoulders touch the ground; at the same time the others assembled clap hands. They always sit down to smoke, and I have often seen them remain dazed for several moments before they could regain their feet. They are all great snuff-takers; when a man produces snuff all beg a pinch. I notice some of them look about carefully before taking a pinch to see what sort of demand there is going to be on their private stock.

May 27. Reached Tembué's. The old chief was too drunk to say more than «Jambo sana» («Shake hands»); he riveted his lips to a hubble-bubble pipe and sucked away at that for a moment; then he called his wife to help him lift the big *pombé* jar to his mouth, he having lost a hand; he buried his head in this and had a very prolonged drink. (See portrait page 771.)

Old Tembué lost his hand in this way. Some years ago he became intoxicated on pombé, and at night quarreled with his head wife. After disputing noisily with her for a long time, he snatched up his gun and left the tent in a rage, and passed out of the stockade, saying he would go and sleep at a small village of his at some distance from his



A GUIDE SHOWS GLAVE HOW TO AIM AN ARROW.

main settlement. His head man and adviser Msika rushed after him, and implored him to return, and not run the danger of prowling Angoni or lions. Finding the chief obdurate, Msika attempted to restrain him by grasping his gun, and in the struggle it went off and blew off Tembué's right hand close to the wrist, the gun having been loaded with a big oblong slug. Hearing of the accident and its cause, Msika was seized, and the villagers would have killed him if Tembué had not objected, admitting that it was his own fault. He now always keeps his right hand covered with the folds of a cloth thrown over his shoulder.



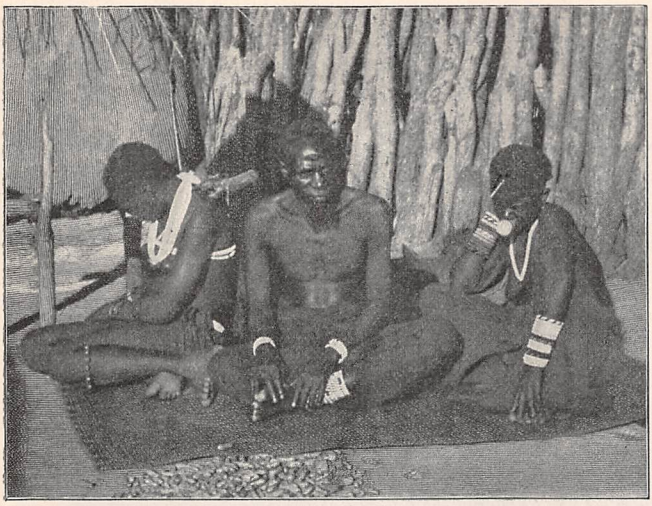
GLAVE'S MEN FORDING THE LOANGWA RIVER NEAR RONDU'S VILLAGE.

The Wangwana element at Mpata and Kawali's warned me against Tembué as thoroughly bad. Upon arriving I was shown a clear space to pitch my tent, people brought water and wood, huts were provided for my men, and any amount of food sold to them. Tembué insisted upon my hoisting the British flag in his village to warn the Angoni that he is the white man's friend.

May 31. Reached Chikwa's. Since leaving the hills we have had generally a slight south-southwest breeze; these plains are not at all stifling. I have been surprised at the temperate air. As a rule we have a clear sky and a dazzling sun all day long, but in spite of this the air does not become oppressive. Chikwa is a very sensible old lady. She promises to give me guides to Kambuidi's. She also is persecuted by the Angoni. A month ago a small party came down, but Chikwa's people drove them off before they could catch any people. The village of Chifunda, a few hours from here, has been persecuted by the Angoni; but rather than endure being all killed off, or carried into slavery, they have voluntarily settled with the Angoni as their slaves.

I note at Chikwa's that the little baby strapped to his mother's back has a rough-and-tumble time of it, but takes it all good-naturedly, and one hears very little crying in the village. The mother goes to the fields with baby on her back, bobs about for hours in the hot sun, weeding, hoeing, and doing general gardening; carries huge jars of water on her head; scrapes him repeatedly as she bends and enters the narrow, low doorways of native huts; gives him a thorough shaking as she vigorously pounds corn with a long wooden pestle; takes him by the wrist, ducks him in the stream till he is nearly suffocated, and then spreads him on a mat to dry.

June 6. Very cold last night; the thermometer must have dropped to near the freezing-point. All the men are suffering from colds; one has a serious chest complaint—spits blood; am afraid I shall lose him. This



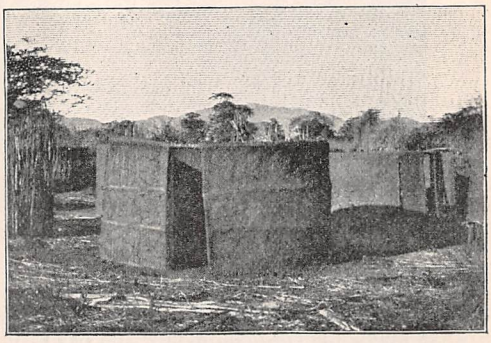
KAMBOMBO AND HIS FAVORITE WIVES.

whole country is a low plateau, and has a temperate climate. On the shores of Nyassa at night I slept with the door of the tent open, and threw just the lightest wrap over me, and felt comfortably warm. Here, however, as soon as the sun goes down it is chilly, and it takes three good thick blankets to keep me warm. It seems as though in this climate a man must have some ailment or other; there is a poison in the air which enters the system and materializes into some malady, generally fever more or less severe. I take my portion in ulcers and boils and twinges of rheumatism.

The sick man's brother is with us also, and although a good worker, is absolutely indifferent to his brother's illness. There is no sympathy for another's pains in the soul of the African. When a chief dies, there is a lot of bellowing and assumed grief; the tears are not real, but only part of the ceremony attending death. Upon the death of a young child, the mother does actually feel grief most keenly, and is for some days inconsolable, refuses meat and drink, rolls on the ground, tears her hair, and lacerates herself in her despair.

June 10. At 7:30 passed the river Katulamenda, flowing from northeast away into the Loangwa, now dry. We came to a very swampy place; a few weeks ago it was the feeding-ground of herds of elephants; everywhere there were trails of the animals; the soft ground was pitted a foot deep with their ponderous feet; trees had been uprooted, and branches torn off; some had been here recently, not more than four days ago. During the wet season they had plowed the ground into pits and sharp ridges; now, hardened by the sun, they make unpleasant walking. As water became scarce and the swamps parched, the elephants moved off, and are now said to be in numbers on the Loangwa; just beyond this swamp was the site of a number of stockaded villages destroyed three years ago by Mombera's people. There were six of them; two were destroyed by the Angoni, who clambered into the stockades and killed or captured every soul.

June 11. Reached Kambuidi's at 9:15. Kambuidi is a very affable man, lean and old, but good-natured; likes the whites, he says. Joseph Thomson gave him a British flag and a letter; the letter was taken away from one of his men by an Arab, and an Arabic letter given in exchange, which I shall endeavor to obtain. The flag was floating over his village near by, and was destroyed by the Angoni. Shall make him another flag. He asked me if Queen Victoria



A CLAY HUT IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION AT KAMBOMBO'S.

was black. Have met here an Arab trader, Buana Sulimani, who is going to the Luapula. Seems a decent old chap, but I suspect he is a cunning rogue, like the rest of them. He is going to the Luapula; so am I. He knows that country; I do not. He promises to give me men as far as Kasembi's.

Soon after you get started on a journey with black followers all your breakable property—cups, saucers, etc.—will be smashed or lost; but the gentle African, notwithstanding, will wear round his ankle a thin thread of beads for three years; he will tear his way through matted grass, and follow a wounded buck through tangled jungle, without injury



TEMBUÉ IN GLAVE'S CHAIR.

to his ornament. It is remarkable how an ornament sticks to a native.

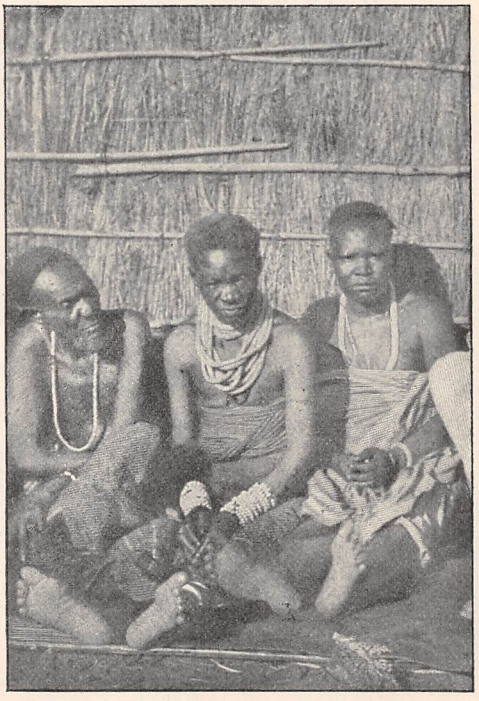
The dancers seen at Kambuidi's were Bisa and Luangeni. There were four drummers, and one old man with rattles, who gave a very picturesque performance; the drummers had small, barrel-shaped drums with tightened skin at either end; the drums were suspended by rope from the left shoulder. The drummers played to any crude, untrained songs in splendid time, and while playing and singing danced about most gracefully, some steps resembling closely the waltz. All wore long loin-cloths of bark, reaching from the waist almost to the ground. They were wonderfully active, dancing and singing vigorously, whirling round on one leg, and spurring the ground with the other foot; they sang, drummed, and danced in perfect time. The old man had two rattles, each composed of five small, round, dried wild fruits with noisy, rattling seeds; these were threaded *en brochette* on thin sticks, one of which the old man held in each hand, and kept time with the others, besides doing his share of the dancing.

Another dancer was also on hand, who played an independent part; for some offense he had had his hands cut off when young; he had bells and rattling things about his waist, also catskins, and two buffalo-tails so tied that they stuck out at right angles to his body; he wore on his head a bunch of feathers; on his legs leggings of small dried fruits as big as tennis-balls. He stamped about, keeping the feathers nodding and the buffalo-tails wagging to the rhythmical sound of the rattles on his legs.

When I sent ahead of my caravan two of my own men to announce to Kambuidi my coming, the men saw several slaves squatting about in slave-sticks, but by the time I had arrived these had entirely disappeared. I have now learned that the slaves had been bought by a party of Wangwana slave-traders here, at present under the leadership of Buana Sulimani.

A drunken old man came to see me to-day; he was full to bursting with pombé, the native drink. He came into my tent, and squatted, breathing hard, and murmuring in a husky voice that he wished to see the white man; had never seen one. He had one hand full of toasted locusts, which he crunched with a crackling sound. He had to be expelled by force from my tent, where he wished to lie down and go to sleep, and uttered loud grunts of indignation as he was dragged out to find another sleeping-place.

In African travel it is always wise to visit the biggest chief in any part of the country.

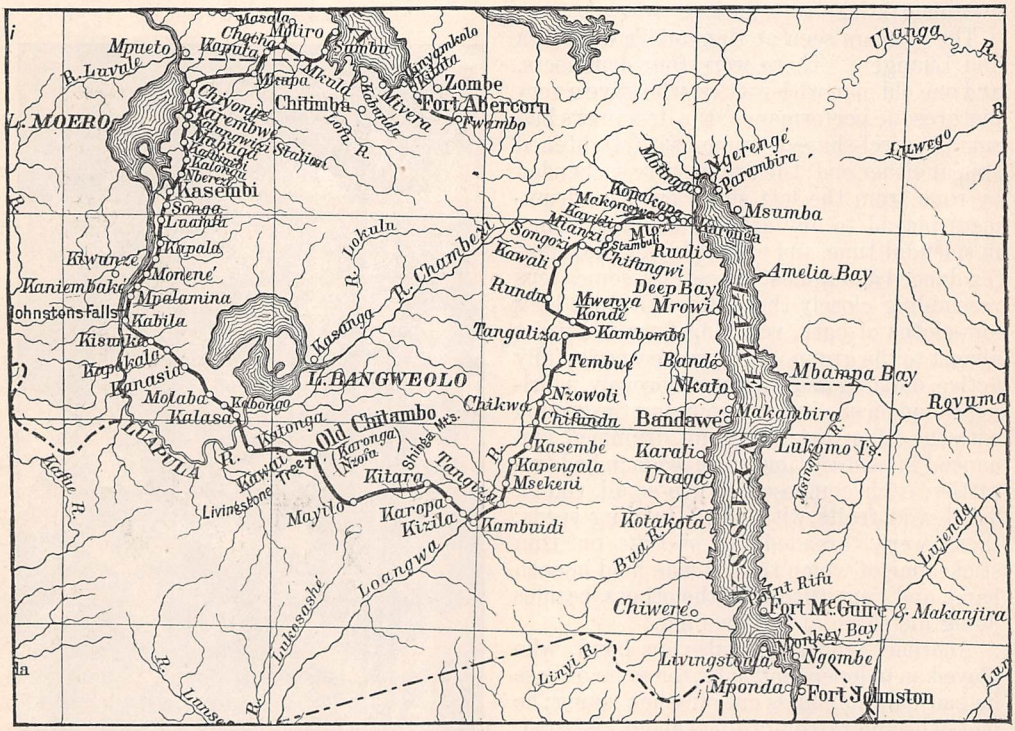


KAMBUIDI AND HIS FAVORITE WIVES.

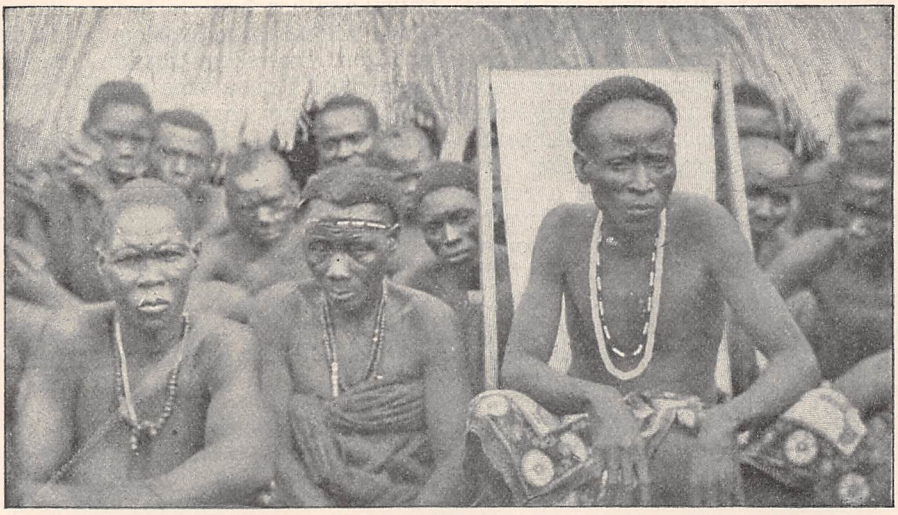
One can always learn from other chiefs at a distance who they are and something of their character. In approaching them, always send word of your coming, and get, if possible, information in advance of the feeling of the chief toward whites. Upon nearing the village, send on ahead to announce your arrival, and wait until your messenger returns with some of the villagers to escort you to their chief. Greet the chief civilly, and ask him to send one of his people to show you a good place for your tent, if you decide to camp in the village, which I have done invariably in this country, though it is not always advisable in every part of Central Africa. When you have rested, the chief will come to see you. Then state to him your business, talk frankly with him, and explain plainly your needs, whether you want guides or to buy food. I seldom stayed in a place more than one day, and generally the first night I called the chief privately into my tent, had a long talk with him, and gave him a present, consisting generally of a good cloth, four yards of Americani, four of wide blue, four of narrow calico, and about an egg-cup full of beads, and sometimes an empty bottle or two. Invariably I received next day the coöperation of the chief in every way, and also a big goat or sheep or bullock, and fifty or sixty pounds of flour. Sometimes I gave a small additional present before leaving. If the chief took a fancy to any particular thing, and I could spare it, I did so. Sometimes one wanted a sheath-knife, and another a hat. Old Kambuidi was determined to have a shirt. He wanted a candle, matches, and needles, which I gave him; and as I had previously given him cloth, I suggested, as a feeble sort of joke, that, as he now had cloth and sewing-materials and light, he might sit up at night and make a shirt. Immediately the old fellow replied: «It is the candle that is interfering with my success. Here, take back the candle, and give me the shirt.» I finally yielded, and gave him a much-patched garment, which satisfied him.

In some parts of Africa you are pestered abominably by begging. Throughout this journey I have not been subject to this. Except to chiefs, I have not given anything for services rendered. The chief will tell off men to show you good hunting-spots or pilot you to another village. I always put them in a contented frame of mind by a small payment, amounting generally to about a yard of calico a day and their food, and a yard of calico to buy food for the return journey.

Yesterday, at Kambuidi's request, I made



GLAVE'S ROUTE FROM NYASSA TO TANGANYIKA.



KIZILA AND TWO OF HIS WIVES.

a British flag, and hoisted it. Buana Sulimani, the Arab trader, who is camped near by, had been drinking pombé, and he and his people got excited, put on their cartridge-belts, and arrived post-haste at Kambuidi's, asking why that flag was hoisted without the Arab's permission. Kambuidi said he had asked the white man to hoist it, and the old chief came rushing to my tent in a very nervous state, and asked my assistance. By the time I reached Kambuidi's village the «enemy» had retired without carrying out their threat of hauling down the flag. I sent immediately to the Arab, told him I was responsible for that flag, and should resist by force any interference with it. I asked his explanation of what had happened. He said, with usual Arab cunning, that it was nothing at all; his men had been hunting, and had just returned; of course he wanted to see the British flag flying everywhere. He said he would on no account do anything to offend the white man. Seeing that he was backing down, I sent word to say that I should stay next day at Kambuidi's to guard that flag and fight any one who interfered with it. Sulimani moves about the country with the ultimate object of taking ivory to the coast, but he buys slaves whenever he has the chance, and barters them for ivory. I accused him of having in his possession a woman with a small child and a boy, both in slave-forks, purchased here. He admitted to one of my men, a coast man, that he did buy slaves, and that he had to protect himself by keeping them in chains or slave-forks. He wished, he said, to travel with me, but knew under these circumstances it was impossible. There appears to be a good deal of slavery going on at Kambuidi's.

June 16. Left Kambuidi's at 6:30, passed through some villages, and reached Kizila's on the Loangwa at 10:30.

June 20. Very cold night and early morning, and does not get warm till the sun is two hours above the horizon. The hills we passed to-day run in immense billows about north and south; they constitute roughly the foot-hills of the Shinga mountains, about fifteen miles ahead of us. I should say the whole land is suitable for coffee. I regret very much I have no thermometer or aneroid. Saw plenty of game-tracks, but no animals; have not seen a beast for two whole days, which is very usual on these trips. Saw what are undoubtedly fossilized trees; at a distance of a few yards they so resemble the ordinary dead tree that you cannot tell the difference. There are many of them lying about, but they have not the marked appearance and delicate coloring of the Arizona production. The trees all seem to have become fossilized as they stood, for they are broken in small sections as if the weight of falling had smashed them up. I saw only one or two whole trees lying fossilized. All were much bigger than anything growing at the present time.

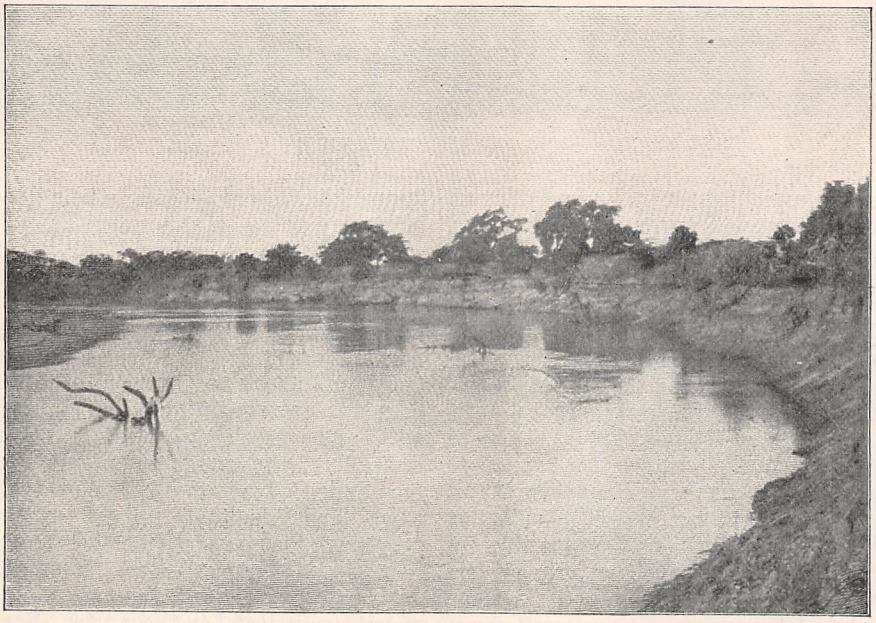
June 21. Left camp on the Kavuntimpa at 6:10. Reached the stockades of Kitara at 9:00; halted twenty minutes. Kitara is a good-tempered-looking chap. Thomson and party left a flag here; Kitara does not allow Arabs in his stockades; they have always camped outside. I obtained two guides from

Kitara, who gave me flour, milk, and a goat. He is the most friendly, good-tempered, sensible chief I have met since leaving home. The natives, I notice, generally have a chum; the pair consists, as a rule, of one strong man with a certain amount of influence; the other a weaker creature, with nothing to say for himself. The latter derives a certain amount of protection and respect from the stronger man's acquaintance, and is content to do what drudgery or hard work falls to the partnership. In engaging guides I notice always one who carries all the belongings; his chum, a stronger man, takes the lead in all things, knows the road; the other acquiesces in everything said or done.

June 25. This afternoon I went hunting; had to cross a deep stream; Mama Yao went first, and found the water up to his neck. He returned, and carried me on his shoulders; my weight pressed him into the soft river-bottom, and for several seconds he moved along pluckily with the water up to his eyes; but he stuck to it, and after a few steps reached a shallow place without pitching me over his head. Frost last night; grass thickly covered. I felt bitterly cold at night, in spite of three blankets. It is very miserable for the blacks.

June 28. A very cold wind, varying from east to southeast, blowing all day and yesterday. Even in the sun it is bitterly cold. Crossed in canoes to a village, a dependency of Mayilo, in charge of his younger brother Chuci; a rather small stockaded village on an island in a lake, and Mayilo enjoys a similar situation. Crossed my caravan in nine small canoes, which made three trips backward and forward. Chuci, the chief, is a young, good-looking man. The village is built on an island for protection, but they have plantations on the mainland, and those who go to work in the gardens are frequently kidnapped. Everywhere one goes it is the same story of persecution; and yet a very little civilized power would check slavery.

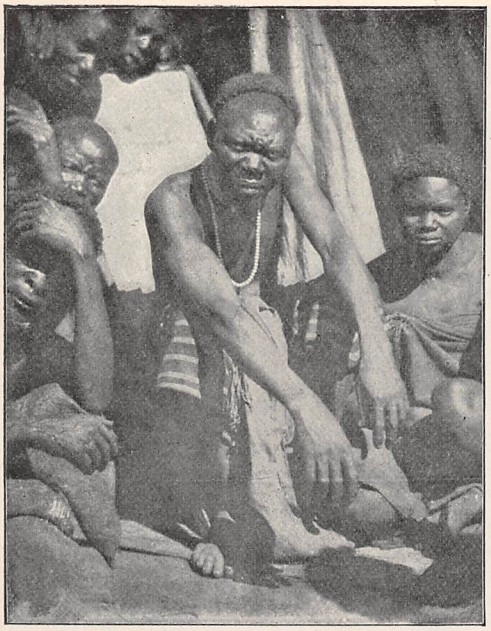
These people of Ilala have the fashion of shaving their hair, leaving only a small patch on the crown of the head, like a woolly skull-cap. They file their teeth to points, like the Senga and Bisa people, and wear nothing but bark-cloth. The Luapula is said to be six days from here; our next stopping-place will be the village of Karonga Nzofu. The swamps we have passed are the identical sponges mentioned by Dr. Livingstone.



THE LOANGWA RIVER AT KIZILA'S.

At Msekeni two of my men, who were in the rear of our party looking after the sick man, were taken for Angoni, and might have suffered; all the drums were sounded, and the natives outside the stockades rushed back helter-skelter for defense.

June 30. The village of Mayilo is surrounded by a boma of stakes, clayed four feet up; the three gates are firmly closed at night. The natives do not venture outside at night for any purpose, and this gives the



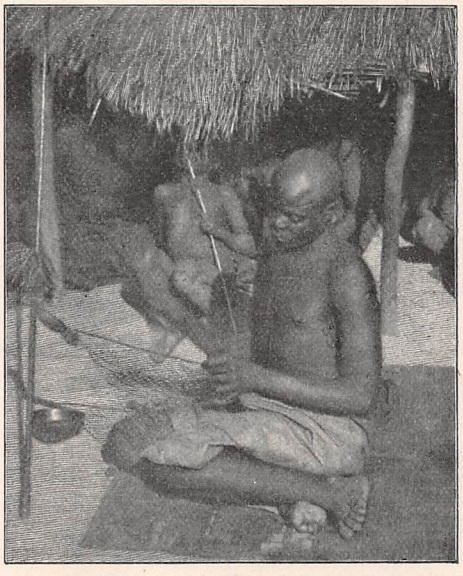
KITARA.

village a very pretty aspect. The place is horribly infested with the burrowing flea, «the jigger,» the pest of men, women, and children, who are a mass of horrid sores. Through lack of washing, and removing the jigger when he first enters, big sores are found all over the feet. I felt very sorry for the children, who were all more or less lame, and many stumping about on their heels, unable to put foot to ground, owing to swollen toes. The moaning of women at night, and the bellowing of youngsters, were most distressing to hear. I tried to impress on them that constant washing and attention to their feet and occasional flooding of the low, clayey ground in hut and street would cure the evil; but it was too much like hard work to be adopted. The flooding could be done without the slightest injury to property, as the streets are quite level, and the clay floorings of grass brick are raised about a foot above the ground; but no precautions are taken, and even the babies are permitted to squat on the bare ground as though the jigger did not exist.

July 3. Shot a puff-adder to-day three and a half feet long; it was on a bare patch of sandy ground, and right on the trail; a native had gone before me, and must have stepped in the immediate vicinity of the reptile. It was evidently dozing in the sun; I was but a foot away when I noticed it. I immediately stepped back a pace or two, and called to one of my boys to hand me my shot-gun. The snake was now awake, and by the time I had the weapon in my hands he was making toward me in the most defiant manner, with head raised a foot from the ground, and the little black sacs each side of his head, and reaching down his sides five or six inches, filled. The skin was spoiled by the charge of shot, which cut him in two pieces about seven inches from the head; both parts continued to wriggle in the most lifelike manner; the stump of the body continued to pop about till it reached a hole, and then disappeared. I imagine the wriggling was merely nervousness; one of my men, seeing the exit, remarked that I had better take far away the part of the body with the head, as the cunning beast would come back by and by, fix himself together, and be as good as ever.

There is no definite trail between Mayilo's and Karonga Nzofu, owing to the bands of thieving, murderous Awemba Chiquanda. Natives passing between the two villages just strike through the woods and over plains, taking their bearings as they from time to time reach well-known points, mountains, streams, and swamps.

We are camped to-night in a batch of rude huts, about twenty-five in number, used by a party of Awemba raiders on their trip a few months ago to the Ilala villages to kidnap; they did not, however, break into any of the stockades; the natives stood to their posts and beat them off. Chiquanda, the Awemba chief on the Chambezi, is the main offender;



KNITTING A FISH-NET AT KITARA'S.



SCENE IN MAYILO'S VILLAGE—WOMAN MAKING FLOUR, NEAR A GRANARY.

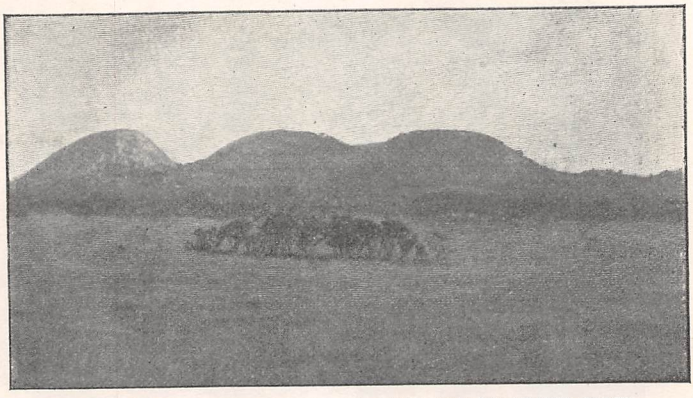
he sells slaves and ivory to the Wangwana traders, some of whom are always in his village. Two caravans left for Chiquanda's from Mlozi's stockades, or rather tembé, at Kawali's while we were there. They both had cloth, guns, powder, and cattle, and said they were going solely for slaves. There is always a market for them, especially young girls. There is no doubt that these people, Wabala, Wasenga, Wabisa, Watshera, are dreadfully persecuted, and need aid. The following posts are necessary: One near the head waters of the Loangwa, at the pass over the mountains, to protect the Wanyika villages scattered on the hills. One at Kawali's, to check the slave-trade, and entry of guns and ammunition into the tembé of Mlozi. Another at Kambombo's or Tembué's: these to hold in check the Wangwana and the Angoni of Mombera, and the other chiefs west of Bandwé. Then a post at Kambuidi's, or ten miles west, at the crossing of the Loangwa at Kizila's, to control caravans from Kota-Kota and from the west of Chinama's and Karonga; also to hold in check Mpeseni, the Wawemba, and Chikunda of Matakenia. Still another here in the vicinity of Mayilo's. With two white men at each, and a garrison of fifty men, and an additional one hundred and fifty to be trained as soldiers by the whites, the country could be placed under humane government, and the population saved from utter annihilation, the inevitable ending if aid does not arrive. The amount of timber-cleared country everywhere seen is evidence of the big population once living here. Murder and the slave-chains have left but a few stockaded villages, where the people are heroically standing by their homes. It is at present an uneven contest: the Walala have but a few old flintlocks; the Awemba unlimited supplies of guns and ammunition. The Walala, however, build good stockades of stout poles, with clay banking, and the ground outside is cleared of all shrubs, stones, and grass which would shelter an enemy. Thirty years ago, nearly, Livingstone found this country suffering the vilest persecution at the hands of slavers; the extent of the traffic has abated only because there is a scarcity of population, and the few remaining natives take better precautions for their defense.

The Ilala are a nation of blacksmiths; all the hoes in this part of the country were

made by them; but that industry has now been forsaken, owing to troublous times.

July 5. Camped on the river Molembo, which collects all the small streams in this part of the country, and flows into the Luapula. It was bitterly cold last night; the grass was covered with thick frost this morning, which remained till the sun appeared above the hills and tree-tops. The native guides started off quite jauntily at 6:30, and our way led through a thin forest-country; then we came to a sheltered dale in which the grass was still thick with frost; this emphasized the fact to the native mind that it was very cold in this part of the world, and when we got on clearer ground, although we were then in the sun, the imagination of the natives was so affected by the frost-covered grass that they wanted to build a fire and squat down and warm themselves, and I have no doubt they thought I was very harsh because I ordered them to keep the trail, and be content with what warmth the sun and exercise would provide. One of my guides, an old stager named Kapumba, says he has often seen the Luzi Bazi Lake at Mayilo's covered with thin ice.

The forests in this part of the world are very sparsely timbered; you do not have to cut your way through them. Often we have had no native trail to follow, but have kept on our way without difficulty; the leaves form a delightful shelter from the sun, the stems are far apart, and you can often walk two hundred yards in a straight line without obstruction. A native, examining the tracks left by a party of natives, tells fairly accurately the number and business; he notes the tracks of men, women, and children, examines the ground about a tree, sees where the weapons were leaning, and notes the number of guns, spears, and marks of bows and arrows on the ground.



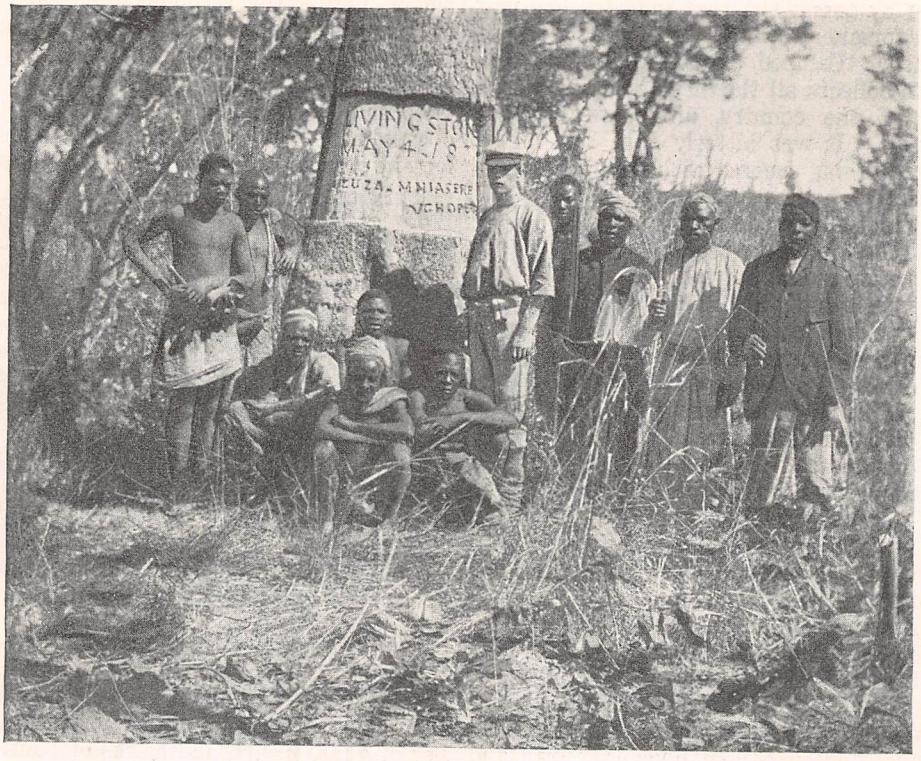
VIEW OF THE SHINGA MOUNTAINS NEAR THE IMPAMANZI RIVER.

I reached the Rukuru River at 1:30, crowded into six small canoes; gave each canoe-owner one fathom of white cloth. Karonga Nzofu's stockade is just on the other side of the Rukuru. The swamp we slept in last night was the Ilamba River; it runs north-northeast to join the Rukuru.

July 8. This is a red-letter day in my career. I have visited the place where Dr. Livingstone's heart is buried beneath a big tree, called *mowula*, and by the Ilala *mpundu*. Although done twenty years ago, the inscription is in a splendid state of preservation. The tree shows no disfigurement, and, moreover, the carving is not on the bark, but on the grain of the tree itself. It is a hardwood tree, three feet in diameter at the base; at thirty feet it throws out large branches; its top is a thick mass of foliage. When Livingstone died the heart and other viscera were buried beneath this tree, and the bark was cleared off for a space of two and a half feet square; in



MAYILO AND HIS FAVORITE WIVES.



GLAVE AND A GROUP OF HIS MEN AT THE LIVINGSTONE TREE.

this space Jacob Wainwright (whose account my discovery verifies to the letter) carved the inscription with no dunce's hand, the letters being well shaped and bold.[1] The tree is situated at the edge of the grass plain, and is very conspicuous, being the largest tree in the neighborhood. It is about five miles south-southwest from the present site of the village of Karonga Nzofu, an important Bisa chief, whose father was a friend of Livingstone. Chitambo's is now ten miles away. It was originally near the tree; in fact, Livingstone died a few minutes' walk from the old village of Chitambo. About ten years ago Chitambo was so harassed by the Awemba raiders of Chiquanda that he left his village. The sacred tree has often heard the fierce yell of the man-hunters, and the screams of women and children and wounded men. Livingstone's long prayers for Africa's deliverance have not yet received fair response. Since his death new raiders have appeared in the shape of Awemba from the north. There is now no vestige of Chitambo's old village standing—merely a big space covered with young timber. The Livingstone tree looks sturdy and healthy, and likely to last many years. I do not see how I can contribute to the future recognition of the place; metal, if I had it, would be stolen. There are no stones in the district to make a cairn. The tree will outlive any wooden cross I might erect. Several of the older men at Karonga Nzofu's remember Dr. Livingstone, and describe his appearance very well indeed; they mention the cap he always wore.

July 9. To-day I revisited the tree where Livingstone died, and in order to guide others to the exact spot, in case this tree should disappear from any cause, I selected another big tree likely to last many years, cleared away two and a half square feet of its bark, and in the space marked as follows: «This tree is magnetic southwest of the tree where Livingstone's remains are buried, and is forty-five paces from it.» I brought away a

[1] In September, 1894, Glave forwarded from Lake Tanganyika, by way of the east coast, a brief statement of his discovery, and pictures of the tree, which were printed in THE CENTURY for May, 1895. In that article it was stated that «Jacob Wainwright—the Nassick boy, who read the burial service—chiseled on the tree the words: ‹Dr. Livingstone, May 4, 1873. Yazuza, Mniasere, Vchopere.› The body, after such embalming as the natives could give it, was inclosed in canvas, lashed to a pole and thus carried to Bagamoyo, on the coast opposite Zanzibar. It was buried in the center of the nave of Westminster Abbey on April 18, 1874.»—EDITOR.

bit of the bark of the memorable tree—a dead part, so as not to be guilty of vandalism.

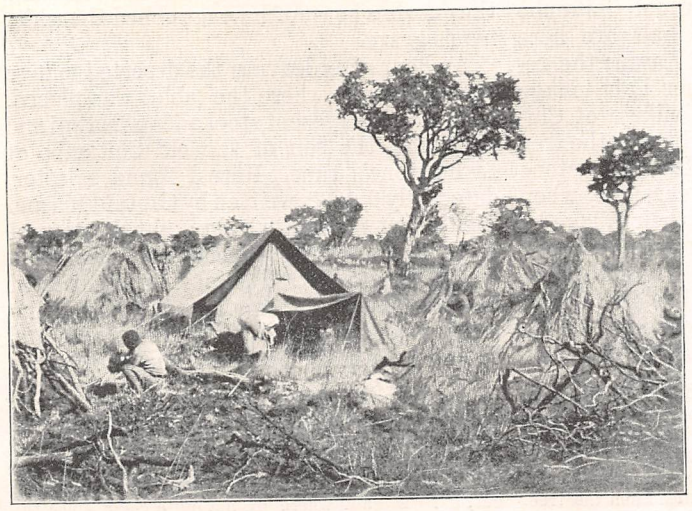
Livingstone's grave is in a quiet nook, such as he himself desired, in the outskirts of a forest bordering on a grass plain where the roan buck and eland roam in safety. When I visited the place turtle-doves were cooing in the tree-tops, and a litter of young hyenas had been playing near by; in the low ground outside the hole leading to the cave were their recent tracks; they had scampered into safety at our approach.

July 10. As Karonga Nzofu has sent in word that he is coming to see me from his other village, I feel bound to stay till his arrival, although this detention is very irksome. My time is running short, I am still a long way from Kasembi's, and my stock of cloth and provisions is getting miserably small; but I am confident of getting there by some means or other. I believe the people we shall meet ahead will not be so docile and friendly; it is only my opinion. In case of a row, I don't know how my men will act; some of them have already put down their loads and sought the shelter of trees because they mistook a stampede of zebras in the distance for some hostile demonstration, and I sincerely hope they will not be called upon to show their fighting powers.

July 11. I am a very lean individual; I never was symbolic of an alderman, but I could not fill out any of the clothes made for me during the last twenty years. It is the constant walking, the general responsibility, and all its worries; to pilot fifty natives is hard work. The holding of them in check, the feeding of them, commanding such discipline as compels them to respect native rights, the dealing with natives, handling the chiefs properly, so as to obtain food and guides and information, and the constant anxiety of meeting slave caravans or parties of raiders, keep a man's mind very busy thinking what is going to happen next.

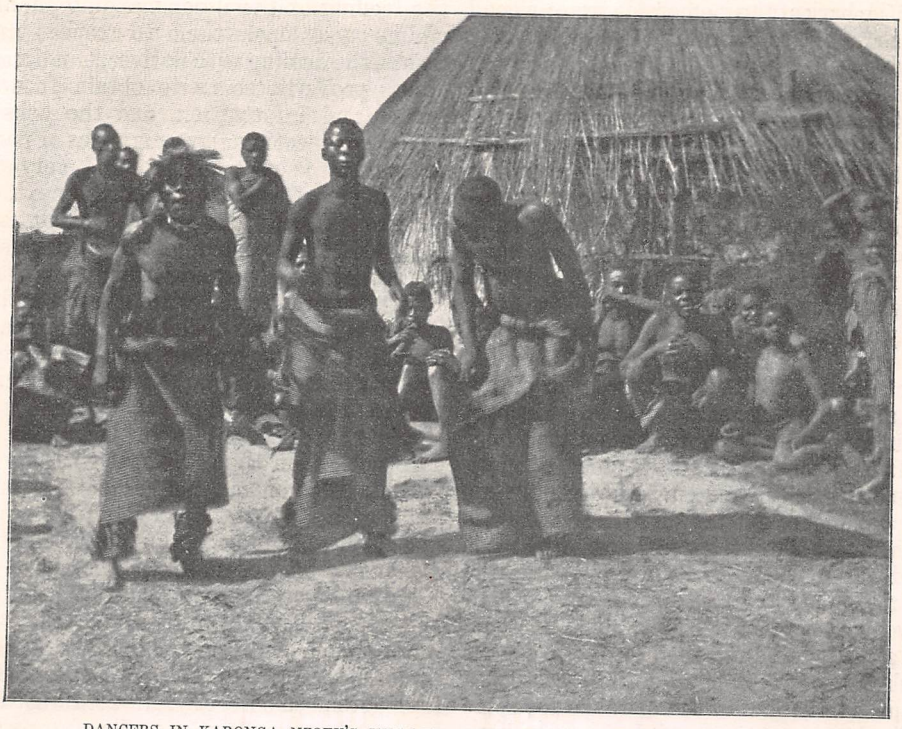
Karonga Nzofu came in last evening; was heralded by the proper beating of drums and the screaming of women. A big party of stalwart warriors, armed with a few guns, but mostly with spears and bows, accompanied him. He is a young man, not more than twenty-two or twenty-three, but has all to say in the village. He is the rightful heir on his mother's side; his own father is nobody, and dare not sit on the same mat with his son. Parentage commands no respect. It is the same with Mayilo at Luzi Bazi; his mother was sister of Mguempe, the former chief; his father is a man of no importance.

July 12. Left Karonga Nzofu at 11. Camped at 12:30 on account of the reported want of water ahead. The streams hereabout are the same ill-conducted waterways described by Livingstone so correctly. In the forest there is a broad space, about one mile of grass land, at a distance looking perfectly dry; each side drops in gradually till you reach black bog, spongy and of bad odor; you sink into this sometimes up to your waist; as you withdraw your foot the place refills; in the extreme bottom of the sag you often lose this bog, and find sandy bottom. The whole land is under water during the rainy season, and the natives go out into the plantations in canoes, and catch fish.



GLAVE'S TENT PITCHED AMONG GRASS HUTS LEFT BY A SLAVE CARAVAN, NEAR LAKE BANGWEOLO

Had to shoot a small bullock to-day, which was a present from Karonga Nzofu. I was loath to kill the brute, which was not yet half grown, but it refused to be led, and when ropes were made fast to it, it started off at a gallop, and dragged the men all over the place, turned, and charged its would-be leaders, knocking down a few; then it took thorough charge of matters, and made straight for a big group of natives, scattering them right and left. Then the animal freed itself, and made off across a grass plain. I had



DANCERS IN KARONGA NZOFU'S VILLAGE. FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH.

already wasted about two hours catching and leading it, and there was no telling what might happen in an attempt to get it across the Lulimala; so I bowled it over with a bullet, and shared it out among the men.

July 13. Reached the village of Kawai, on the Lulimala; quite a small stockade of Walala, with about fifty huts, the population composed of remnants of the villages raided by Chiquanda. After old Chitambo died, the villagers divided; half are here mixed up with the people of Kawai; the remainder have gone to another Ilala village ahead called Katonga. The village of Chitambo was, of course, formerly near the tree beneath which the heart of Dr. Livingstone was buried. Ten or twelve years ago, when the people were driven from their village by the Awemba, they moved toward the Luapula, and made a small stockade. Here Bia and Franqui put up the bronze tablet in memory of Livingstone.[1] It has been carried away by the caravan in charge of Kasaki and Mz'e Karuma. These are coast men, Waswahili slave-traders and -raiders. They are said to have a stockade somewhere between Lake Bangweolo and the Luapula. The two have gone to Nyungwe, near the junction of the Loangwa and Zambesi, with a large caravan of slaves and ivory. The chiefs of this caravan knew of the robbery, and to some natives whom they met at Karonga's on the Lulimala they made a boast of having robbed the white man's grave.

An hour after leaving the deserted village called Mwenje, where the tablet was placed, I reached the present stockades of Kawai and Chitambo, the son of the old Chitambo of Livingstone's time. Here I found a letter, dated July 6, 1892, written by Captain Bia and Lieutenant Franqui, who brought the present from the Royal Geographical Society, London, and also the tablet. The tablet was put up at least eight miles from the spot where Livingstone died. The letter, signed by Bia and Franqui, states their mission, and enumerates

[1] In THE CENTURY for May, 1895, the following statement was made, gleaned from Glave's letter: «Mrs. Bruce—the daughter of Livingstone—and her husband sent out a tablet commemorative of the explorer's death, which the Belgian officers to whom it was consigned put up about eight miles from the tree. Eighteen months before Mr. Glave's visit, the tablet was carried off by the chief of a slave caravan. Three years before Mr. Glave's visit, an English explorer visited the region, and at a point supposed to be twenty miles from the tree despatched a ‹trusted follower› with native guides to visit it. He returned with a strip of bark in which an inscription had been cut; but when and where are not quite clear, since the lettering on the tree found by Mr. Glave was clearly cut in the wood after the bark had been removed.»—EDITOR.

the different articles of the big present Chitambo's successor received. Upon my arrival, the letter was brought to me, and the theft by Kasaki explained. They did not know of the robbery till after its perpetration, but anyhow they would have been powerless to resist the coast men's force. The village in which the tablet was raised had to be abandoned on account of the Wawemba slave-raiders. A party of slave-raiders and -traders then stole the tablet raised in honor of Livingstone.

This does not look as though slavery had had its death-blow; it should remind the world of its yet unfinished task.

The following inscription was on the tablet stolen by Kasaki: «David Livingstone died here May 1, 1873.»

There are two flags in the village of Kawai, one a small white one, with union crosses in red; the other a white ground, with bold lettering in red. A tree about the middle of the village had been lopped of its branches, and on the remaining stump the two flags had been lashed, put there, I presume, by Joseph Thomson, and still in a good state of preservation. I have now seen all that is to be seen connected with Livingstone's death.

E. J. Glave.

SONNY'S DIPLOMA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «SONNY'S SCHOOLIN'.»

YAS, sir; this is it. This here 's Sonny's diplomy thet you 've heerd so much about—sheepskin they call it, though it ain't no mo' sheepskin 'n what I am. I 've skinned too many not to know. Thess to think o' little Sonny bein' a gradj'ate—an' all by his own efforts, too!

It 's a plain-lookin' picture, ez you say, to be framed up in sech a fine gilt frame; but it 's wuth it, an' I don't begrudge it to him. He picked out that red plush around the inside o' the frame hisself. He 's got mighty fine taste for a country-raised child, Sonny has.

Seem like the oftener I come here an' stan' before it, the prouder I feel, an' the mo' I can't reelize thet he done it.

I 'd 'a' been proud enough to 've had him go through the reg'lar co'se o' study, an' be awarded this diplomy, but to 've seen 'im thess walk in an' demand it, the way he done, an' to prove his right in a fair fight—why, it tickles me so thet I thess seem to get a spell o' the giggles eve'y time I think about it.

Sir? How did he do it? Why, I thought eve'ybody in the State o' Arkansas knowed how Sonny walked over the boa'd o' school directors, an' took a diplomy in the face o' Providence, at the last anniversary.

I don't know thet I ought to say that either, for they never was a thing done mo' friendly an' amiable on earth, on his part, than the takin' of this dockiment. Sir? Why, no; of co'se he was n't goin' to that school—cert'n'y not. Ef he had b'longed to that school, they would n't 'a' been no question about it. He 'd 'a' thess gradj'ated with the others. An' when he went there with his ma an' me, why, he 'll tell you hisself thet he had n't no mo' idee of gradj'atin' 'n what I have this minute.

An' when he riz up in his seat, an' announced his intention, why, you could 'a' knocked me down with a feather. You see, it took me so sudden, an' I did n't see thess how he was goin' to work it, never havin' been to that school.

Of co'se eve'ybody in the county goes to the gradj'atin', an' we was all three settin' there watchin' the performances, not thinkin' of any special excitement, when Sonny took this idee.

It seems thet seein' all the other boys gradj'ate put him in the notion, an' he felt like ez ef he ought to be a-gradj'atin', too.

You see, he had went to school mo' or less with all them fellers, an' he knowed thet they did n't, none of 'em, know half ez much ez what he did,—though, to tell the truth, he ain't never said sech a word, not even to her or me,—an', seein' how easy they was bein' turned out, why, he thess reelized his own rights an' demanded 'em then an' there.

Of co'se we know thet they is folks in town thet says thet he ain't got no right to this here diplomy; but what else could you expect in a jealous community where eve'ybody is mo' or less kin?

The way I look at it, they never was a diplomy earned quite so upright ez this—never. Ef it was n't, why, I would n't allow

him to have it, no matter how much pride I would 'a' took, an' do take, in it. But for a boy o' Sonny's age to 've had the courage to face all them people, an' ask to be examined then an' there, an' to come out ahead, the way he done, why, it does me proud, that it does.

You see, for a boy to set there seein' all them know-nothin' boys gradj'ate, one after another, offhand, the way they was doin', was mighty provokin', an' when Sonny is struck with a sense of injestice, why, he ain't never been known to bear it in silence. He taken that from *her* side o' the house.

I noticed, ez he set there that day, thet he begin to look toler'ble solemn, for a festival, but it never crossed my mind what he was a-projeckin' to do. Ef I had 'a' suspicioned it, I 'm afeered I would of opposed it, I 'd 'a' been so skeert he would n't come out all right; an' ez I said, I did n't see, for the life o' me, how he was goin' to work it.

That is the only school in the county thet he ain't never been to, 'cause it was started after he had settled down to Miss Clark's school. He would n't hardly 've went to it, nohow, though—less'n, of co'se, he 'd 'a' took a notion. Th' ain't no 'casion to send him to a county school when he 's the only one we 've got to edjercate. They ain't been a thing I 've enjoyed ez much in my life ez my sackerfices on account o' Sonny's edjercation—not a one. Th' ain't a patch on any ol' coat I 've got but seems to me to stand for some advantage to him.

Well, sir, it was thess like I 'm a-tellin' you. He set still ez long ez he could, an' then he riz an' spoke. Says he, «I have decided thet I 'd like to do a little gradj'atin' this evenin' myself,» thess that a-way.

Well, sir, when he spoke them words, for about a minute you could 'a' heerd a pin drop; an' then eve'ybody begin a-screechin' with laughter. A person would think thet they 'd 'a' had some consideration for a child standin' up in the midst o' sech a getherin', tryin' to take his own part; but they did n't. They thess laughed immod'rate. But they did n't faze him. He had took his station on the flo', an' he helt his ground.

Thess ez soon ez he could git a heerin', why, he says, says he: «I don't want anybody to think thet I want to take any advantage. I don't expec' to gradj'ate without passin' my examination. An', mo' 'n that,» says he, «I am ready to pass it now.» An' then he went on to explain thet he would like to have anybody present *thet was competent to do it* to step forward an' examine him—then an' there. An' he said thet ef he was examined fair an' square, to the satisfaction of eve'ybody—*an' did n't pass*—why, he 'd give up the p'int. An' he wanted to be examined oral—in eve'ybody's hearin'—free-handed an' outspoke.

Well, sir, seem like folks begin to see a little fun ahead in lettin' him try it—which I don't see thess how they could 'a' hindered him, an' it a free school, an' me a taxpayer. But they all seemed to be in a pretty good humor by this time, an' when Sonny put it to vote, why, they voted unanymous to let him try it—eve'y last one of 'em expectin' to see him whipped out at the first question. Tell the truth, I mo' 'n half expected to see it myself. I was that skeert I was fairly all of a trimble.

Well, when they had done votin', Sonny, after first thankin' 'em,—which I think was a mighty polite thing to do, an' they full o' the giggles at his little expense that minute,—why, he went on to say thet he requi'ed 'em to make *thess one condition*, an' that was thet any question he missed was to be passed on to them thet had been a-gradj'atin' so fast, an' ef they missed it, it was n't to be counted ag'inst him.

Well, when he come out with that, which, to my mind, could n't be beat for fairness, why, some o' the mothers they commenced to look purty serious, an' seem like ez ef they did n't find it quite so funny ez it had been. You see, they *say* thet them boys had eve'y one had reg'lar questions give' out to 'em, an' eve'y last one had studied his own word; an' ef they was to be questioned hit an' miss, why they would n't 'a' stood no chance on earth.

Of co'se they could n't give Sonny the same questions thet had *been* give' out, because he had heerd the answers, an' it would n't a' been fair. So Sonny he told 'em to thess set down, an' make out a list of questions thet they 'd all agree was about of a' equal hardness to them thet had been asked, an' was of thess the kind of learnin' thet all the reg'lar gradj'ates' minds was sto'ed with, an' thet either he knowed 'em or he did n't, one.

It don't seem so excitin', somehow, when I tell about it now; but I tell you for about a minute or so, whilst they was waitin' to see who would undertake the job of examinin' him, why, it seemed thet eve'y minute would be the next, ez my ol' daddy used to say. The only person present that seemed to take things anyway ca'm was Miss Clark, Sonny's teacher. She has been teachin' him reg'lar for over two years now, an' ef she had a

right to give diplomies, why, Sonny would 'a' thess took out one from her; but she ain't got no license to gradj'ate nobody. But she knowed what Sonny knowed, an' she knowed thet ef he had a fair show, he 'd come thoo creditable to all hands. She loves Sonny thess about ez much ez we do, I believe, take it all round. Th' ain't never been but one time in these two years thet she has, to say, got me out o' temper, an' that was the day she says to me thet her sure belief was thet Sonny was goin' to *make somethin' some day*—like ez ef he had n't already made mo' than could be expected of a boy of his age. Tell the truth, I never in my life come so near sayin' somethin' I 'd 'a' been shore to regret ez I did on that occasion. But of co'se I know she did n't mean it. All she meant was thet he would turn out even mo' than he was now, which would be on'y nachel, with his growth.

Everybody knows thet it was her that got him started with his collections an' his libr'y. Oh, yes; he 's got the best lib'ry in the county, 'cep'n', of co'se, the doctor's an' the preacher's—everybody round about here knows about that. He 's got about a hund'ed books an' over. Well, sir, when he made that remark, thet any question thet he missed was to be give' to the class, why, the whole atmosp'ere took on a change o' temp'a-ture. Even the teacher was for backin' out o' the whole business square; but he did n't thess seem to dare to say so. You see, after him a-favorin' it, it would 'a' been a dead give away.

Eve'ybody there had saw him step over an' whisper to Brother Binney when it was decided to give Sonny a chance, an' they knowed thet he had asked *him* to examine him. But now, instid o' him callin' on Brother Binney, why, he thess said, says he: «I suppose I ought not to shirk this duty. Ef it 's to be did,» says he, «I suppose I ought to do it—an' do it I will.» You see, he dares n't allow Brother Binney to put questions, for fear he 'd call out some thet his smarty gradj'ates could n't answer.

So he thess claired his th'oat, an' set down a minute to consider. An' then he riz from his seat, an' remarked thet of co'se everybody knowed thet Sonny Jones had had unusual advantages in some respec's, but thet it was one thing for a boy to spend his time a-picnickin' in the woods, getherin' all sorts of natural curiosities, but it was quite another to be a scholar accordin' to books, so 's to be able to pass sech a' examination ez would be a credit to a State institution of learnin', sech ez the one over which he was proud to preside. That word struck me partic'lar, «proud to preside,» which, in all this, of co'se, I see he was castin' a slur on Sonny's collections of birds' eggs, an' his wild flowers, an' wood specimens an' min'rals. He even went so far ez to say thet ol' Proph', the half-crazy nigger thet tells fortunes, an' gethers herbs out o' the woods, an' talks to hisself, likely knew more about a good many things than anybody present, but thet, bein' ez he did n't know *b* from a bull's foot, why, it would n't hardly do to gradj'ate him—not castin' no slurs on Master Sonny Jones, nor makin' no invijus comparisons, of co'se.

Well, sir, there was some folks there thet seemed to think this sort o' talk was mighty funny an' smart. Some o' the mothers achilly giggled over it out loud, they was so might'ly tickled. But Sonny he thess stood his ground an' waited. Most any boy o' his age would 'a' got flustered, but he did n't. He thess glanced around unconcerned at all the people a-settin' around him, thess ez ef they might 'a' been askin' him to a picnic instid o' him provokin' a whole school committee to wrath.

Well, sir, it took that school-teacher about a half-hour to pick out the first question, an' he did n't pick it out *then*. He 'd stop, an' he 'd look at the book, an' then he 'd look at Sonny, an' then he 'd look at the class, —an' then he 'd turn a page, like ez ef he could n't make up his mind, an' was afeerd to resk it, less'n it might be missed, an' be referred to the class. I never did see a man so overwrought over a little thing in my life —never. They do say, though, thet school-teachers feels mighty bad when their scholars misses any p'int in public.

Well, sir, he took so long thet d'reckly everybody begin to git wo'e out, an' at last Sonny, why, he got tired, too, an' he up an' says, says he, «Ef you can't make up your mind what to ask me, teacher, why 'n't you let me ask myself questions? An' ef my questions seem too easy, why, I 'll put 'em to the class.»

An', sir, with that he thess turns round, an' he says, says he, «Sonny Jones,» says he, addressin' hisself, «what 's the cause of total eclipses of the sun?» Thess that a-way he said it; an' then he turned around, an' he says, says he:

«Is that a hard enough question?»

«Very good,» says teacher.

An', with that, Sonny he up an' picked up a' orange an' a' apple off the teacher's desk, an' says he, «This orange is the earth, an' the apple is the sun.» An', with that, he explained

all they is *to* total eclipses. I can't begin to tell you thess how he expressed it, because I ain't highly edjercated myself, an' I don't know the specifactions. But when he had got thoo he turned to the teacher, an' says he, «Is they anything else thet you 'd like to know about total eclipses?» An' teacher says, says he, «Oh, no; not at all.»

They do say thet them gradj'ates had n't never went so far *ez* total eclipses, an' teacher would n't 'a' had the subject mentioned to 'em for nothin'; but I don't say that 's so.

Well, then, Sonny he turned around, an' looked at the company, an' he says, «Is everybody satisfied?» An' all the mothers an' fathers nodded their heads yes.

An' then he waited thess a minute, an' he says, says he, «Well, now I 'll put the next question:

«Sonny Jones,» says he, «what is the difference between dew an' rain an' fog an' hail an' sleet an' snow? Is that a hard enough question?»

Well, from that he started in, an' he did n't stop tell he had expounded every kind of dampness thet ever descended from heaven or rose from the earth. An' after that, why, he went on a-givin' out one question after another, an' answerin' 'em, tell everybody had declared theirselves entirely satisfied thet he was fully equipped to gradj'ate—an', tell the truth, I don't doubt thet a heap of 'em felt their minds considerably relieved to have it safe over with without puttin' their gradj'ates to shame, when what does he do but say, «Well, ef you 're satisfied, why, I am—an' yet,» says he, «I think I would like to ask myself one or two hard questions more, thess to make shore.» An' befo' anybody could stop him he had said:

«Sonny Jones, what is the reason thet a bird has feathers an' a dog has hair?» An' then he turned around deliberate, an' answered: «I don't know. Teacher, please put that question to the class.»

Teacher had kep' his temper purty well up to this time, but I see he was mad now, an' he riz from his chair, an' says he: «This examination has been declared finished, an' I think we have spent ez much time on it ez we can spare.» An' all the mothers they nodded their heads, an' started a-whisperin'—most impolite.

An' at that, Sonny, why, he thess set down ez modest an' peaceable ez anything; but ez he was settin' he remarked thet he was in hopes thet some o' the reg'lars would 'a' took time to answer a few questions thet had bothered his mind f'om time to time—an' of co'se they must know; which, to my mind, was the modes'est remark a boy ever did make.

Well, sir, that 's the way this diplomy was earned—by a good, hard struggle, in open daylight, by unanymous vote of all concerned—or unconcerned, for that matter. An' my opinion is thet ef they are those who have any private opinions about it, an' they did n't express 'em that day, why they ain't got no right to do it underhanded, ez I 'm sorry to say has been done.

But it 's *his* diplomy, an' it 's handsomer fixed up than any in town, an' I doubt ef they ever was one *anywhere* thet was took more paternal pride in.

Wife she ain't got so yet thet she can look at it without sort o' cryin'—thess the look of it seems to bring back the figure o' the little feller, ez he helt his ground, single-handed, at that gradj'atin' that day.

Well, sir, we was so pleased to have him turned out a full gradj'ate thet, after it was all over, why, I riz up then and there, though I could n't hardly speak for the lump in my th'oat, an' I said thet I wanted to announce thet Sonny was goin' to have a gradj'atin' party out at our farm that day week, an' thet the present company was all invited.

An' he did have it, too; an' they all come, every mother's son of 'em—from *a* to *izzard*—even to them thet has expressed secret dissatisfactions; which they was all welcome, though it does seem to me thet, ef I 'd been in their places, I 'd 'a' hardly had the face to come an' talk, too.

I 'm this kind of a disposition myself: ef I was ever to go to any kind of a collation thet I felt secret disapproval of, why, the supper could n't be good enough not to choke me. An' Sonny, why, he 's constructed on the same plan. We ain't never told him of any o' the remarks thet has been passed. They might git his little feelin's hurted, an' 't would n't do no good, though some few has been made to his face by one or two smarty, ill-raised boys.

Well, sir, we give 'em a fine party, ef I do say it myself, an' they all had a good time. Wife she whipped up eggs an' sugar for a week befo'hand, an' we set the table out under the mulberries. It took eleven little niggers to wait on 'em, not countin' them thet worked the fly-fans. An' Sonny ast the blessin'.

Then, after they 'd all e't, Sonny he had a' exhibition of his little specimens. He showed 'em his bird eggs, an' his wood samples, an' his stamp album, an' his scroll-sawed things,

an' his clay-moldin's, an' all his little menagerie of animals an' things. I ruther think teacher was struck when he found thet Sonny knowed the botanical names of every one o' the animals he 's ever tamed, an' every bird. Miss Clark did n't come to the front much. She stayed along with wife, an' helped 'tend to the company, but I could see she looked on with pride; an' I don't want nothin' said about it, but the boa'd of school directors was so took with the things she had taught Sonny thet, when the evenin' was over, they ast her to accept a situation in the academy next year, an' she 's goin' to take it.

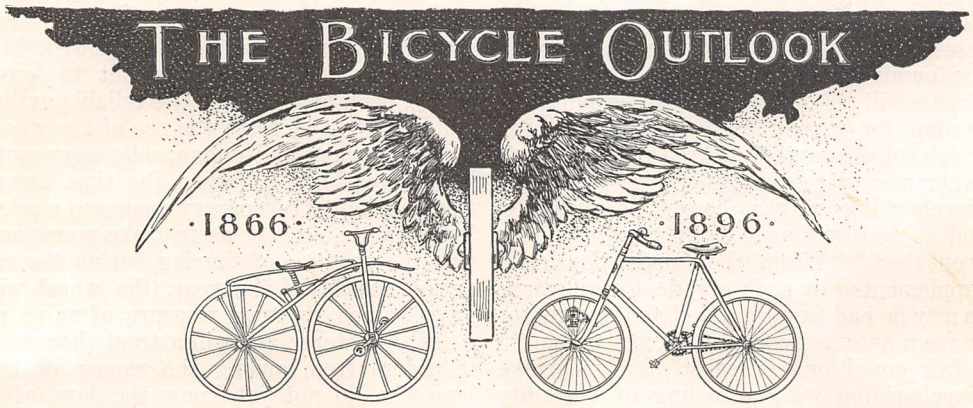
An' she says thet ef Sonny will take a private co'se of instruction in nachel sciences, an' go to a few lectures, why, th' ain't nobody on earth that she 'd ruther see come into that academy ez teacher,—that is, of co'se, in time,— but I doubt ef he 'd ever keer for it.

I 've always thought thet school-teachin', to be a success, has to run in families, same ez anything else—yet, th' ain't no tellin'.

I don't keer what he settles on when he 's grown; I expect to take pride in *the way he 'll do it*—an' that 's the principal thing, after all.

It 's the «Well done» we 're all a-hopin' to hear at the last day; an' the po' laborer thet digs a' good ditch 'll have thess ez good a chance to hear it ez the man thet owns the farm.

Ruth McEnery Stuart.



BY THE CHIEF CONSUL OF THE NEW YORK DIVISION, LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN.

SEVENTEEN years ago Mr. Charles E. Pratt of Boston, one of the earliest and most authentic of American pioneer cyclists, wrote a little book of about two hundred pages, called «The American Bicycler,» in which he recommended that bicycle clubs should adopt a form of constitution in which it is declared to be an object of the club to promote, by force of example, «the use of the bicycle as a practicable and enjoyable aid to locomotion by the general public.» Most of our street pavements were then a wilderness of cobblestones, and the only form of bicycle in use was the old-fashioned «ordinary,» in which the rider sat astride the big wheel, varying in diameter from forty-six to sixty-four inches, according to the anatomical gear of the rider. Under such conditions the «general public» needed most generous encouragement. Bicycling was looked upon by most people as the peculiar accomplishment of an athlete, and its difficulties and dangers were commonly imagined to be about the same as those which beset the professional tight-rope walker. Of course this was all due to a misunderstanding; but people were not anxious to understand, and though the bicycle gained little by little in the affections of the multitude, it never reached the point of assured popularity until the «safety» was invented and came into common use. In this year of 1896 all the world goes awheel —or would like to. New conditions have been rapidly created, and, from the increase of cycling, questions are every day presenting themselves which demand a popular solution. The wheels of the bicycle have changed the ways of society, in the wording and application of the law, in the doctrines of some of the learned professions, in the conduct of business, in methods of travel, and in not a few of the conditions of manufacture and commerce. Many of these changes were inevitable, and, happily, most of them are beneficial.

BICYCLING FOR WOMEN.

AFTER a close study of the question for five years, I am ready to express my belief that the use of the bicycle will do more to improve the physical condition of American women, and therefore of the American people, than any other agency yet devised. Argument on this point has given way to demonstration. Women are riding the wheel in all parts of the country, and their increasing numbers testify to its benefits and its popularity. The average woman loves to be out of doors; she enjoys the change of scene, the gentle exercise, the delightful companionship of congenial friends, and the exhilarating benefits of contact with the pure air and bright sunlight, which the knowledge of cycling brings within her reach. To the woman, as to the man, these features, possessed by no other form of sport, comprise the foundation on which the popularity of the bicycle will rest. The only possible danger in cycling for woman lies in the fascination which sometimes tempts her to undue effort. In common with every other form of exercise, bicycle-riding may of course be overdone, and as well by women as by men; but under proper advice from the family physician, supplemented by such practical suggestions as may be had from an intelligent instructor or from an experienced rider, any woman in a fair condition of health may undertake bicycle-riding with a feeling of certainty that the result will be delightful and helpful in a measure that was never anticipated.

A mistake commonly made by women riders, and indeed by new riders of both sexes, is that of undertaking too much at first. Overexertion induces discouragement, and the recollection of a tiresome ride has been known to deter new riders from repeating the attempt. The real pleasure of bicycle-riding can be had only by keeping in mind this little truth. No new rider should continue the first trip to such a point as to feel weariness. A half-hour is in most cases ample for the first road ride, and it should not be continued beyond that time, except by the strongest and most capable rider. The tyro exerts more power than the expert, and in consequence becomes more rapidly tired. He pushes the pedals with undue force, fails to sit erect, fails to sit still, and tends to follow what seems to him to be an erratic motion of the wheel by a swinging and wobbling of the body which not only tends to increase and make real what was only an imaginary difficulty, but insures also the quick coming of fatigue, that might otherwise have been avoided. The new rider should learn to sit erect and to sit still, and in the early stages of his road practice avoid long rides, remembering that the exertion which he puts forth in his first efforts will be more than sufficient, as soon as a little skill has been acquired, to propel his wheel many miles farther than was covered by his first trip. If the first ride is wearisome, it should not be repeated on the next following day, but rather upon alternate days, until such skill is acquired as will enable the new rider to enjoy his outing without suffering too much fatigue.

Bicycling for women has received the indorsement of our leading women and our best physicians. The bicycle-dealers of most of our large towns state that the number of bicycles sold to women is daily increasing, and that the established popularity of bicycling among the gentle sex is assured. The tendency of the bicycle market to lower prices, even of wheels of the reliable grade, will doubtless increase the use of the wheel among women, and enhance its aggregate benefit to the sex. When the time comes that the delightful country roads and shaded lanes can be so kept as to make more general the practice of touring during the vacation season of the year, the wheel will have gained its true measure of value as a health restorer, and will attract thousands of riders from among the women of the land who do not yet know the joys of a hearty appetite and of refreshment induced by sound sleep.

BICYCLE-PATHS.

A CYCLE-PATH is a protest against bad roads. We are not a nation of road-makers, and every year, for weeks at a time, our country traffic and travel are paralyzed by the presence of a simple mixture of dirt and water. Our country roads have cost us thousands of millions of dollars in labor and money, very little of which has been spent in a sensible way. Skilful road work is planned in the brain, wrought by skill, and finished by rule and reason. Every cyclist knows how unfit for human travel are the miserable streaks of rooted soil that run for hundreds of miles through our most populous counties, and all the horses and all the mules know it.

The undoubted duty of every road officer to keep the public highway in a condition fit for the use of every vehicle having the lawful right to travel is not well understood. Cycling has come upon us apace, and the

country road-maker, whose official tenure is often short-lived and capricious, and whose ambition is likely to be restrained by a short-sighted and parsimonious constituency, may scarcely be condemned if he fails at times to provide for the old conditions or to anticipate the new. The cyclist and the road commissioner are fast getting more closely in touch with each other, and the wheelman's influence at the State capital is certain, in the end, to secure the aid and supervision of the State in the making and maintaining of good country roads. Pending the time when this shall be accomplished, I believe that the making of cycling-paths along lines of popular road travel should be encouraged. In the State of New York the legislature has made special provision for the construction of cycle-paths in several of the interior counties; and the local subdivisions of the League of American Wheelmen will doubtless combine to push the work of cycle-path building, so as to lighten and brighten the journey of the cycling tourist between points where the common roads are in bad condition. We may look for a time in the near future when a cycling route from the Atlantic to the Pacific will be made and mapped, and when good roads and good cycle-paths will be so connected in a continuous chain between the two great oceans that a cross-continent journey awheel will be the popular ten weeks' tour of every cyclist whose time and purse will permit.

As commonly made, cycle-paths are not expensive, and, the cost being generally contributed by the wheelmen themselves, no tax for this purpose is placed upon the public at large. Whether this should be so is a question that will stand some discussion; but thus far the cyclists have sought only to impose a small assessment upon actual users of the wheel when money has been needed to construct cycle-paths. Two years ago Mr. Charles T. Raymond of Lockport, New York, one of the pioneers in cycle-path construction, declared that «what is used by all, and needed by all, should be paid for by all,» and this rule has commanded approval among wheelmen who have taken up the work of cycle-path making. Under favoring conditions, cycle-paths cost from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty dollars per mile. The surface width of the path should not be less than four feet, and need not be more than seven feet, except in rare cases. The paths are generally laid out on the grass-grown roadside, parallel with the wagonway. The grass is first cut close to the ground, after which the material (soft coal, cinders, or screened gravel) is put on in a thin layer, and so shaped and packed as to slope downward from the center to each side. The grade in most cases follows closely the original surface of the ground. Material may generally be had at lower cost, and hauled at less expense, during the winter months; and this is an important point to bear in mind, since the item of haulage alone is likely to constitute more than half the expense of construction.

THE MECHANICAL LIMITATIONS OF THE WHEEL.

HERE we reach the domain of speculation. The bicycle has changed many times in its form, and always for the better; each form has taken on its multitude of improvements, and no part of the modern wheel has escaped the ingenuity of the mechanic in his aim to secure better material, stronger connections, lighter weight, greater speed, grace of design, and comfort to the rider. Every day is a day of new records and of the revealment of new possibilities. Four hundred and odd miles for a single day; thirty miles in an hour; a hundred miles in three hours and forty-seven minutes; a single mile in one minute, and— but a statement of the seconds here would be true only for the week in which it was written. Six years ago one of the best-informed and most progressive of our cycling authorities, Mr. F. P. Prial, editor of «The Wheel,» writing of the safety bicycle of that day, mentioned the drawbacks of the pneumatic tire as being «its large size, and the necessity of replenishing the air to keep it properly distended.» He advised that the ideal safety should not be geared too high, but only to fifty-four or fifty-seven inches, «except in the case of strong riders.» The gearing of the man's wheel of 1896 is from sixty-three inches upward, a gearing of seventy inches being about the average, and eighty not at all uncommon; while the woman's wheel of to-day, when geared at sixty, is easily propelled by new and inexperienced riders. Saddles, tires, frames, bearings, handle-bars, cranks, spokes, and rims have been lightened, simplified, improved, and from year to year made to displace the cruder product of the year before. Where is the limit? No man can tell; but so far as it relates to the common pedomotive bicycle of to-day, the practical limit would seem to be not far distant. A year or two hence will probably witness the introduction of a prac-

tical motor bicycle, and the more general adoption of motor carriages in certain parts of the country where the roads have been improved. Meanwhile the bicycle now in common use will hold its way, with such improvements in detail, and perhaps in form, as will add to its usefulness, and to the comfort, convenience, and security of the rider.

BICYCLES AS RAILWAY BAGGAGE.

«THE bicycle is a vehicle,» say the railway lawyers, «and cannot therefore be baggage.» This somewhat captivating but superficial form of argument is having its brief day. The contest over the passage of the Armstrong Law, compelling New York railways to carry bicycles as baggage, might well have been avoided. It began in November, 1895, when the chief consul of the New York State division of the League of American Wheelmen wrote a letter to the Trunk-line Association of Railways, and invited a friendly conference for the purpose of establishing some common and equitable rule that should govern the transportation of cyclists and their wheels. This request was denied, and the wheelmen made the most of their alternative in procuring the enactment of the new law, which is working smoothly and equitably.

Radical as this new statute may have appeared, it is doubtful if any substantial right is thereby secured which was not already guaranteed to the traveling cyclist by a fair interpretation of the common law. Many years ago, in England, Lord Chief Justice Cockburn reviewed with great care the question of what might and might not be properly and lawfully taken by a passenger as luggage on his journey by rail, and laid down a rule which has since been many times quoted with approval by the courts of England and America. It is this:

> Whatever the passenger takes with him for his personal use or convenience, according to the habits or wants of the particular class to which he belongs, either with reference to the immediate necessities or the ultimate purpose of the journey, must be considered personal luggage.
>
> This would include not only all articles of apparel, whether for use or ornament, but also the gun-case or fishing apparatus of the sportsman, the easel of the artist on a sketching tour, or the books of the student, and other articles of an analogous character, the use of which is personal to the traveler, and the taking of which has arisen from the fact of his journeying.

In discussing the law of this case, counsel for the railway company (Mr. Digby) made use of the following declaration, the correctness of which most wheelmen are quite willing to concede:

> It is difficult to define passengers' luggage, but the articles a man takes with him as his personal luggage must be such articles as are connected with locomotion, and not merely those which he wants to transport from one place to another. All such things as are required and are necessary for the personal use of the passenger in the course of his journey, without regard to the object for which the journey was undertaken, would be ordinary luggage.

The New York Court of Appeals, in the case of Merrill *versus* Grinnell (30 New York, 594), has declared its judgment to be exactly in accord with that expressed in the English cases. In the case just cited the court said:

> Baggage is defined by Webster to mean «the clothing and other conveniences which a traveler carries with him on a journey.» It is, of course, impossible to enumerate the articles that constitute what is called in the definition «clothing,» and it is still more difficult to specify what shall pass under the name of «other conveniences.» . . . Again, the baggage must be such as is necessary for the particular journey that the passenger is, at the time of the employment of the carrier, actually making; . . . the articles that will pass under the denomination of «other conveniences» are as various as the tastes, occupations, and habits of travelers. The sportsman who sets out on an excursion for amusement in his department of pleasure needs, in addition to his clothing, his gun and fishing apparatus; the musician, his favorite instrument; the man of letters, his books; the mechanic, his tools. In all these cases, and in a vast number of others unnecessary to enumerate, the articles carried are necessary in one sense to the use of the passenger. He cannot attain the object he is in pursuit of without them, and the object of his journey would be lost unless he was permitted to carry them with him.

The language and intent of these decisions would seem to be unmistakable. They clearly, and in the most direct terms, point out the propriety of including in the term «baggage» the bicycle, which the touring cyclist takes with him as a part of his personal property essential to his journey.

But from the railway standpoint the most encouraging and satisfactory reason for carrying bicycles as baggage is found in the fact, every day more apparent, that the practice is not only lawful, but profitable. All wheelmen know this, and many railway companies are fast finding it out. More than one hundred and forty American railways are to-day carrying bicycles as baggage, without extra

charge; and the concurrent testimony of all railway officials who have studied the subject shows that true business policy will encourage the rule. Thousands of wheelmen ride into the country from populous centers on Sundays and public holidays, and with many of these the matter of expense is sure to be considered. It is often a question between an eighty-mile trip and home by rail, or a forty-mile trip and return by wheel. Thousands of wheelmen travel in all directions to attend meets, conventions, and assemblies at all times of the year, and by a rule of their own they favor the railways which are known to be friendly. Thousands of others, in their business as merchants, manufacturers, shippers, and commercial travelers, are constantly directing the shipment of goods in such manner as to give preference to lines whose policy toward the wheelmen is known to be equitable. As between two prominent railways running westward from New York city, it is estimated that in the year 1895 upward of $100,000 was, in this manner, added to the income of the one whose friendly attitude toward cyclists is well known, while the tendency of wheelmen to avoid at all times the road pursuing the opposite policy is growing from day to day. It may be said that this practice of discrimination is not altogether right, but argument will not change it. When people have money to spend, they are likely to be a trifle independent in selecting the objects of their patronage, and in their minds a wholesome grudge will give no place to ethics. To the railroad companies the fact alone would seem to be the important thing, and if the reason for it should appear obnoxious, it is quite within their own power to change the conditions for which they are themselves mainly responsible. There are probably 2,500,000 bicycle-riders in the United States, and it is estimated that a million wheels will be sold during the present year. Take into account 250 bicycle-factories, 24 tire-makers, and 600 concerns dealing in bicycle sundries, all representing a combined investment of $75,000,000, and the bicycle question seems to gain proportions. Add the number and value of repair-shops, race-tracks, and club-houses, and the aggregate leaps again. Consider the fact that this country contains about 30,000 retail bicycle-dealers and about 60,000 persons employed in the «sundry» factories, and that these numbers are every day growing apace, and the importance of the bicycle business to the common carrier becomes suggestive—so suggestive, indeed, that no prudent or progressive railroad manager need be told that bread is usually buttered only on one side.

WILL CYCLING REVIVE THE OLD STAGE-COACH INN?

THAT the bicycle, and the horseless carriage of the larger patterns, will inevitably change and quicken our methods of common road travel is now generally conceded.

A few days ago Mr. Edison was quoted in a daily newspaper as saying that within the next decade horseless carriages will be the rule. It may be, therefore, that, with the general improvement in road vehicles, and the general improvement of the public roads, without which no vehicle can become really efficient, the volume of road travel will be so increased as to bring to life the old inn of early days, but not, I think, the primitive and picturesque type that marked the stopping-places of the old stage-coach which, in the years following the Revolution, used to make the distance between Boston and New York in six days. Nor will the rejuvenated inn bring back the old-time back-log festivals at which the Knickerbockers and Quakers so often came together when the fast coach known as the «Flying Machine» whirled its passengers between New York and Philadelphia in the astonishing space of two full days. The railway has largely superseded common road travel, and our swift business methods will give the preference to railway travel until a swifter means shall take its place. But though the great majority will travel by rail, it must be borne in mind that the great and growing body of cyclists who travel by road is not greatly less in point of numbers than the entire population of the colonies when the old inns were in vogue; and the marked effort on the part of hotel proprietors to secure the patronage of the wheelmen shows how fully the value of this new element is being appreciated. About 7000 official League hotels have been selected and granted official certificates by the League of American Wheelmen within the last five years. The proprietor of each of these hotels is required to sign a contract in which he undertakes to supply good food and clean, comfortable lodgings to all travelers, and to accord a certain percentage of discount or rebate from regular prices to all members of the League of American Wheelmen on presentation of membership tickets for the current year. In exchange for this concession, the League publishes a list of all official hotels in the road books, tour books, and hotel books issued for the use of wheel-

men; and in this manner the patronage of the hotels is encouraged, the wheelmen are brought together at common stopping-places, and a direct benefit is secured to the organization. Wheelmen are quick to discern and to appreciate the comfort of a well-kept inn, and are not slow to condemn the slovenly attempts of an incompetent host. And so it is that the fittest will survive, and badly kept hotels will inevitably lose the cyclists' patronage. From day to day appointments of official hotels by the League of American Wheelmen are canceled, and new contracts made in accordance with new information and to fit new conditions. Within a radius of fifty miles about each of the large cities will be found, on any pleasant afternoon in summer, groups of wheelmen sitting beneath the shade-trees and awnings of favorite country inns; and among the wheel clubs the rule has become general to add to the announcement of weekly «runs» the names of certain hotels which are known to supply a good quality of rest and refreshment.

THE EFFECT OF CYCLING ON OTHER BRANCHES OF TRADE.

MILLIONS of dollars are annually invested in bicycles and in the purchase of sundries appurtenant to the sport. The diverting of this money into a new channel must necessarily affect expenditure in other directions. The enthusiastic cyclist must often economize in his all-round disbursements in order to gratify his special taste, and the great number of wheels sold on the instalment plan is perhaps the best evidence of the tendency of people of moderate means to spend their money for cycling, to the exclusion of things which might otherwise make drafts upon the purse. Perhaps the carriage trade, more than any other, has suffered by the increase of cycling. During the last two years complaints to this effect have been numerous in the columns of the carriage-trade journals, and their advertising columns reveal the fact that many of the carriage-dealers and -manufacturers are trying to avail themselves of the new conditions by making and selling wheels as an adjunct to their established business. Liverymen in all the cities and towns complain bitterly of the great falling off in the number of customers who formerly indulged in carriage-rides on Sundays and holidays, and in many cases livery stables have been sold out or closed by discouraged proprietors. Tailors, hatters, and jewelers are likewise affected, though perhaps in a less degree; and some of the labor societies and trades-unions have declared against the bicycle because of the evident falling off in the demand for work and materials in their particular lines which the use of the wheel is supposed to have induced. Of course these trade conditions will adjust themselves in due time, and they have a consoling feature in the fact that what is lost in one direction is gained in another, by the increased demand for labor in all branches of industry connected with the manufacture and sale of bicycles and cycling goods and materials.

THE TAXATION OF BICYCLES.

IN New York, Philadelphia, Rochester, and Chicago certain city officials have lately proposed, in apparent good faith, that bicycles should be made the subject of a special tax. The enormous number of bicycles in the country, and the millions of value which they represent, suggest with some force a subject for taxation which is not likely to be overlooked by the scrupulous assessor. The sound principle that all property should contribute to the support of the State that defends it should, of course, apply to bicycles, as to other forms of personal property; and our present tax laws provide so clearly for such taxation that the justice of a second levy which this proposed special tax would entail may well be inquired into. The bicycle is noiseless, clean, and a non-consumer. It does not herald its own approach by a nerve-wearing ding-dong on the hard stone pavement, nor does it wear out or soil the streets, or occupy an undue amount of space in the thoroughfare. Just why it should be made the subject of a special tax, from the operation of which other forms of vehicles are exempt, is a question which no one has yet attempted to answer. Such a tax would certainly be unpopular, and would probably be illegal as well. That it would be unjust goes without saying. The cycling citizens of the United States are already heavy taxpayers, and under our general laws are exempt from no species of tax to which other citizens are compelled to respond. It would be quite as wise, and fully as equitable, to declare a special assessment on sewing-machines and type-writers as upon bicycles, or upon any other useful thing in which citizens generally have acquired an ownership. The bicycle tax as a specialty will, I think, never become a fixture in the tax laws of this country.

Isaac B. Potter.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Services of Art to the Public.

NO one in touch with the progress of art in the United States can fail to note the evidences of a new and widespread movement of late, which recognizes the good influence of art as an offset to the materializing tendencies of the age. When Mr. Millet, as chief of decoration at the World's Fair, in 1893, obtained from the board of directors commissions for pictorial decoration in some of the principal buildings at the great exhibition, and visitors saw how capable our painters are in this field when an opportunity is given them, the plainest proof of the ability of native talent was afforded. Taken together with the excellent sculptural work and the architectural triumphs at the exhibition, it was seen that, unknown to the general public, certain American artists had attained to a high degree of proficiency in decorative work, and only required such a chance as was offered at Chicago to convince the layman of the expediency of spending money for purely esthetic purposes. Private enterprise quickly recognized it, and various hotels and residences recently erected in New York and elsewhere exhibit on their walls and ceilings further evidences of the merit and capability of the American artist as a decorator in the true sense of the word. The organization of the Municipal Art Society of New York, in the spring of 1893, the object of which is to provide adequate sculptural and pictorial decoration for the public buildings and parks of the city, by devoting the funds obtained from its membership fees to the execution of artistic projects determined by competition or direct commission, owes its origin in part to the «revelation» at Chicago. This society has already presented to the city, as custodian for the State, the beautiful decorations by Edward Simmons, in the room occupied by the criminal branch of the Supreme Court, and has other work in hand. The architects of the Boston Public Library, acting with the public-spirited trustees of that institution, have succeeded in obtaining for their noble building mural decoration by such artists as Puvis de Chavannes, John S. Sargent, and Edwin A. Abbey, and sculpture by Augustus and Louis St. Gaudens. Finally, as the most conspicuous instance, the United States government has given commissions to two score or more of our best-known artists, both painters and sculptors, to decorate the new Congressional Library at Washington. These works are now well under way, and at the present time there is a feeling which amounts to conviction that we are not far from such general recognition of the value of art as a factor in our civilization as has existed for centuries in Europe, and finds its best expression in our day in the liberal provisions made by the French governmental authorities, not only for the artistic embellishment of France's splendid capital, but for all its historic towns and industrial centers.

The bill recently introduced in Congress, under the auspices of the Public Art League of the United States, creating a United States Commission, which shall pass upon the artistic merits of all plans for important public buildings and of all works of art that the government may propose to purchase or order, marks another step in the right direction. How far the good intentions of the bill, if it becomes a law, may be thwarted by the machinations of «practical politics» remains to be seen.

The conclusion must not be drawn that it is all plain sailing ahead for those who wish to see art occupy its proper place among us, and none but capable men intrusted with the duty of giving it in its best forms to the world. One has to note in New York City alone the contest between its citizens and the then Board of Park Commissioners over the Harlem River speedway; the indefensible decision of a better board, who succeeded them, in the matter of a site for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, directly contrary to the recommendations contained in an excellent and thoughtfully considered report on the question submitted by the Fine Arts Federation, which spoke for all the societies of painters, sculptors, and architects of the city; and the determination of certain excellent citizens, through the Board of Aldermen, to force upon the city an unsatisfactory work in the shape of the Heine Memorial Fountain. However, the obstinate procedure in the last instance brought forth the enactment of a law providing for a competent commission, the approval of which is necessary before a work of art can be accepted for the city by the Board of Aldermen, or anybody else. The evils of the apparently fair, open-competition system meantime are still with us.

In the National domain an obstacle to artistic progress has been found in the results of the Sherman Statue competition. But such mistakes are merely obstacles on the upward path. The good influences will ultimately outweigh the bad, and the American people may be congratulated on the prospect before them in the near future, when public taste, and the standard of public criticism, will be lifted by the presence of good art in public places.

The Defacement of Natural Scenery.

CARLYLE'S famous explosion, in «Sartor Resartus,» against what he called «view-hunting,» meaning the delight in nature for its own sake, like a good many more of his utterances, represented nothing but a temporary irritation. At Craigenputtoch he had plenty of «scenery,» but he lacked other things that he seemed to require more. Having nothing but the «mountain solitudes» and the state of his digestion to take the place of society, it is no wonder that he should have issued his «Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous

Regiment» of the Picturesque. It is satisfactory to remark that, later in life, even he attained a saner view. The pages of the «Reminiscences» that may be read with the least mixed pleasure are those in which he paints the scenery of which, in his early days, he became so impatient.

Whether Carlyle was right or not in attributing the revival of «view-hunting» to the influence of Goethe in particular, there can be no question that it was contemporaneous with the Romantic movement in literature, to which Walter Scott and Wordsworth, in their several ways, so powerfully contributed. The Romantic movement was in itself a return to nature, and it was inevitable that there should attend it an increase of interest in the external aspects of nature.

At any rate, there is no need now of arguing in favor of the love of nature. We all know that it is one of the greatest helps, if not to what used to be called «grace,» to what is now called culture, denoting spirituality as well as refinement. An indifference to natural scenery all cultivated persons look upon as a pitiable or blamable insensibility, and the wanton defacement of it as a misdemeanor. Our urban parks, simulating wild or cultivated nature, are the most cherished of our municipal possessions, and show that a democracy may be trusted to supply itself with this kind of public possession, as well as the aristocracy, the maintenance of whose own «seats,» in part for the public benefit, is in older countries justly regarded as one of its most valuable functions.

With respect to rural scenery, it must be owned that the case is somewhat different. Scarcely any American can fail to recall some rural scene which he might desire to see under the control of a benevolent despot, or, in less majestic language, owned by some rich and refined person, who should have the power and the will to bring out its latent beauty, or at least to protect its patent beauty from defacement. In fact, we, too, have instances to show of the private acquisition for the public benefit of scenes that need to have their natural advantages either developed or protected. There is one fashionable seaside resort at which it is brought to the attention of the visitor, that the smaller cottagers hold that the largest and richest cottager «ought» to acquire an island of manifest picturesque possibilities, and even that there is «feeling» because he does not both literally and figuratively «meet the views» of the smaller cottagers and the more numerous boarders. This is, perhaps, an extreme instance of a tendency of which everybody has observed instances less striking.

The sentiment has been embodied in the establishment by law of the reservations at Niagara and in the Adirondacks, great as may be the need of an extension of the law in the latter case, and there is a movement to save the Palisades through the intervention of the general government. To preserve all that we have in the way of natural beauty or sublimity from destruction or defacement is a worthy work for legislators, whether the preservation requires an absolute prohibition of the advertisements which now disfigure so many noble landmarks, or whether it can be attained, as has been suggested, by a tax on such advertisements in such places. The defacements that are still allowed to vulgarize sublime or beautiful scenes are, however, more and more the result of an open and conscious defiance of public sentiment. To extend and intensify this sentiment, and to apply it to the cases that come under one's own observation, is a worthy and humanizing work. It is a work in which every farmer, and every farmer's family, and every villager, and every summer sojourner among the rural beauties of our country can be a useful missionary.

In his «Democracy and Liberty,» vol. i, p. 167, Mr. Lecky has a suggestive passage which, though addressed primarily to English readers, applies, also, to our own country:

> The State cannot undertake to guarantee the morals of its citizens, but it ought at least to enable them to pass through the streets without being scandalised, tempted, or molested. The same rule . . . . applies also to some things which have no connection with morals: to unnecessary street noises which are the occasion of acute annoyance to numbers; to buildings which destroy the symmetry and deface the beauty of a quarter or darken the atmosphere by floods of unconsumed smoke; to the gigantic advertisements by which private firms and vendors of quack remedies are now suffered to disfigure our public buildings, to destroy the beauty both of town and country, and to pursue the traveller with a hideous eyesore for hundreds of miles from the metropolis. This great evil has vastly increased in our day, and it urgently requires the interposition of the Legislature.

«The Crime of 1873.»

No assertion in regard to silver has been made more persistently during the past few years than that a «crime» of some kind was committed in 1873 when Congress passed the act discontinuing the coinage of the silver dollar piece as a unit of value, and establishing the gold dollar as the sole unit of value. When first made the charge was that the passage of the act was the work of a «conspiracy» by some English and other foreign bankers, who sent an agent to this country with half a million dollars with which to bribe members of Congress. This was soon abandoned, and in its place was started the charge that the act of 1873 had been passed «by stealth.» One silver writer said it went through Congress «like the stealthy tread of a cat.» Another said it was passed «surreptitiously,» and a hundred silver advocates echoed the charge. One silver advocate, who is a writer of history, put it into one of his books as a historical fact, that the silver dollar was «silently demonetized.» Others added «secretly» to «silently,» or «surreptitiously,» and all accompanied the charge with the assertions that the passage of the act took one half of our money out of circulation, and that remonetization would restore the lost half.

One would think, from reading this charge, that the act in question was before Congress for a very brief time, and that it passed without its meaning and effect being known to more than a few members. That is the only way in which a bill can pass «silently» or «by stealth.» Now, what are the facts? The bill was first introduced in April, 1870; was urged upon Congress by the Secretary of the Treasury in a special communication recommending its passage; was subsequently urged by the Secretary in three annual reports—those of 1871, 1872, and 1873; was before Congress for nearly three years, and for five successive sessions; was printed by order thirteen different times; the debates upon it in the

Senate fill sixty-six closely printed columns of the «Congressional Globe,» and those in the House seventy-eight columns. If that be «secrecy» and «stealth,» what would constitute publicity?

There is abundant testimony also that the meaning of the bill was at no time concealed, or sought to be concealed. Mr. John J. Knox, who was then deputy-comptroller of the currency, prepared the bill and accompanied it with a communication, which stated distinctly three times that its provisions discontinued the coinage of the silver dollar piece. He had previously submitted the bill to boards of trade, chambers of commerce, professors in colleges, mint officials, and other experts, and persons best competent to pass judgment upon it, and the replies of these authorities were included in the communication to Congress. Mr. Knox said subsequently, in regard to the charge of «stealth,» that it «has no foundation in fact,» that «it is not probable that any act passed by any Congress ever received more care in its preparation, or was ever submitted to the criticism of a greater number of practical and scientific experts.» Ex-Senator Edmunds, who was a member of the Senate during the three years in question, said many years later, when asked if it was generally understood at the time that the bill put the country upon the single gold standard:

> Certainly. All the nations with which we did business—or the most of them—were going to the gold standard alone; and the tendency of all trade pointed to that as the inevitable basis of values.

But the strongest evidence against the stealth charge is to be found in the speeches made in both Houses while the bill was under consideration. In January, 1872, the bill was before the House, and was debated for nearly two whole days. Congressman Kelley, of Pennsylvania, made a long speech in explanation of its provisions, giving a detailed account of the authorities to whom it had been submitted for opinion, saying that its only object was to provide for the «integrity of the coinage,» and adding:

> I would like to follow the example of England and make a wide difference between our gold and silver coins, and make the gold dollar uniform with the French system of weights, taking the grain as the unit.

Congressman Hooper, of Massachusetts, when the bill was again before the House in February, 1872, explained the coinage and other sections of the bill in a speech which fills ten columns of the «Globe,» and in the course of which he said of the silver dollar which the bill discontinued:

> The silver dollar of 412½ grains, by reason of its bullion or intrinsic value being greater than its nominal value, long since ceased to be a coin of circulation, and is melted by manufacturers of silverware.

Congressman Potter, of New York, who opposed the bill, said:

> This bill provides for the making of changes in the legal tender coin of the country, and for substituting as legal tender coin of only one metal, instead, as heretofore, of two.

Mr. Potter opposed the bill, not because he objected to its effect, but because, as the country had not at that time resumed specie payment, it was premature legislation. In replying to him, Mr. Kelley spoke of the bill in terms which leave no doubt that its meaning was perfectly well known by those who were considering it. Speaking of the «impossibility of retaining the double standard,» he said:

> The values of gold and silver continually fluctuate. You cannot determine this year what will be the relative value of gold and silver next year. Hence all experience has shown that you must have one standard coin which shall be a legal tender for all others, and then you may promote your domestic convenience by having a subsidiary coinage of silver which shall circulate as legal tender for a limited amount, and be redeemable at its face value by the government.

The bill passed the House in May, 1872, and was sent back to the Senate, which had passed it in 1871, with certain amendments. It came up again for final passage, or concurrence in the amendments, in the Senate in January, 1873, and was passed without a division. In his speech explaining its provisions, Senator Sherman said:

> The bill proposes a silver coinage exactly the same as the French and what are called the associated nations of Europe, who have adopted the international standard of silver coinage; that is, the dollar (two half dollars) provided for in this bill is the precise equivalent of a 5-franc piece.

The final debate in the Senate on the bill filled nineteen columns of the «Globe.»

At the time the law was passed, the silver dollar was an obsolete coin. Senator Edmunds said, in a published interview from which we have quoted above:

> For many years silver, save as a subsidiary currency, had been practically unknown, when the act of 1873 was passed. After 1845, or thereabouts, the silver dollar disappeared, and was an unknown quantity.

The reason was that it was worth three or four cents more than the gold dollar, and hence refused to circulate. Instead of being demonetized by the act of 1873, it had demonetized itself about 1845, or a quarter of a century earlier. Instead of the passage of that act taking half of our currency out of circulation, it actually increased the volume of it very largely. The total silver coinage for the first five years after the passage of the act was over $31,751,000 against $7,600,000 for the previous ten years. In 1873 began the enormous increase in the product of silver, which has been going on ever since. In 1870 this product was $51,575,000. It increased gradually till in 1873 it reached $81,800,000, a gain of 60 per cent. within three years. It fluctuated a little during the next few years, but at no time fell below $81,000,000, and in 1881 it reached $102,000,000. From that time it advanced several millions every year till in 1893 it exceeded $209,000,000, a gain of 145 per cent. within twenty years.

It is very clear from these facts and figures that it was not the passage of the act of 1873 which either demonetized silver or reduced it one half in value. In both cases, the moving forces have been the eternal laws of nature, and if any «crime» has been committed against silver, nature is the culprit.

The Wage-earner's Interest in Improved Housing.

ONE day a wandering cynic chanced to visit a humble tenement lodging, and found the bath-tub full of coal. He did not stop to inquire what he himself would do if

he lived in quarters so restricted that there was no other means of storage, but straightway formed the opinion that improving the homes of working people was a fruitless task because of their misuse of such improvements.

Though the tale may represent reality in isolated instances, as a generalization it is absolutely untrue. Even the dullest and lowest intelligence will, in time, respond to an ameliorated environment.

This is not a mere thesis. There is plenty of evidence to sustain it. Lord Shaftsbury, who practically interested himself for more than sixty years in improving the homes of the masses, said time and again that many of the people who were in a filthy and deplorable condition had been made so by their surroundings, and that where their homes had been improved, they had been rescued from such conditions. Human nature is imitative; the force of good example is catching. Lack of opportunity to lead a more civilized existence, not the inclination to remain as they are, largely explains the situation of the poorer elements amongst city dwellers. Sir Sydney Waterlow cites the punctuality with which the rents are paid to his corporation as evidence that people having good rooms are anxious to keep them. He believes that there is a growing desire for comfortable homes.

Perhaps the most eloquent testimony to the desire of wage-earners for a decent living environment is the prosperity attending model housing enterprises wherever they have been established. An exhaustive study made by Prof. E. R. L. Gould, covering all model enterprises in existence in the larger cities of Europe and the United States, shows that eighty-eight per cent. of them are earning dividends equal to or in excess of normal commercial rates. Upwards of 160,000 people find shelter in the improved tenements of London. The owners reap solid financial returns.

Prof. Gould's experience, based on more than three years' study and investigation of this matter, has established the firm conviction that wage-earners feel a positive interest in improved housing, and will cheerfully take advantage of it whenever it is provided.

What are the wage-earner's special interests in improved housing? In the first place, this class is vitally interested in the conservation of health. Good health means earning power, and as working-men lead more or less of a hand-to-mouth existence, any loss of earning power is a serious matter. Lord Beaconsfield aptly voiced this truth in an address delivered at the opening of some new blocks of improved tenements in London. He said «the health of the people is really the foundation upon which all their happiness and their power depends.» Few realize the loss of productive energy through sickness brought about by bad living environments. Sir James Paget, the distinguished English physician, estimates that the whole population of England between fifteen and sixty-five years old works in each year twenty millions of weeks less than they might if it were not for sickness. He puts down the loss inflicted on wage-earners at nearly fifteen millions of dollars annually. He refers simply to a purely preventable loss. Some years ago, the London health authorities instituted inquiries in certain low neighborhoods to estimate the value of labor lost in a year, not by sickness, but from sheer exhaustion induced by unfavorable surroundings. It was found that, upon the lowest average, every worker lost about twenty days in the year from this cause. One might go on multiplying such instances, but it is not necessary to enforce the argument by cumulative citation.

Wage-earners are vitally interested in the passage and enforcement of wise sanitary laws. Bad sanitation entails proportionally worse economic consequences to them than to the more highly favored. They are also more often the victims of sickness and epidemics, fostered by insanitary neighborhoods. The workingman has a positive interest in using whatever political power he possesses to secure legal remedies against uninhabitable houses through expropriation laws such as those current in England, and the measure recently put into operation by the Board of Health of New York City under the Tenement House law of 1895. Who, if not wage-earners, are interested in the obliteration of rookeries where the death rate equals seventy-three in a thousand? Whatever promotes better living conditions, no matter whether it comes from legal enactment or private effort, will find support from wage-earners who appreciate their true interests.

Important as are the physical and economic aspects of this question, they are not the sole, perhaps they are not even the chief, considerations. Ethical issues have greater ultimate significance. Many of our moral and social ills are more nearly connected with bad housing than appears upon the surface. Take for example drunkenness. How absurd to suppose that immoderate liquor-drinking can be suppressed so long as people are left to live in houses where lack of elementary sanitation saps vitality, while noisomeness and unattractiveness impel a search for outside relief. It is entirely unjust to suppose that only a low impulse to debauch or a reckless disregard of family duties leads wage-earners to contract the «saloon habit.» The utter dullness, the lack of individuality in tenement-house existence, often lie back of the fatal temptation.

Promiscuity in human bee-hives, rendering independence and isolation impossible to the family, is a serious drawback. What may we legitimately expect from such conditions? Not only can there be no development of domestic life, which in the words of Cardinal Manning «creates a nation,» but every member from earliest childhood is a prey to those forces which drag down,—a stranger to those which uplift. Unwholesome sights and sounds fix themselves in the memories of children ere infancy is really past. The exuberance of youth, finding no possibility of expression inside the home, is poisoned by the philosophy of the streets. Boys, while yet of tender age, are introduced to viciousness and petty crime. Young girls from their earliest teens engage in a struggle for moral preservation. Mothers, instead of finding wifehood and motherhood the sweetest of all human relations, are oppressed to hopelessness, soured into ill-feeling or brutalized into a state of callous indifference. There is everywhere a distinct lowering, if not an entire loss, of moral tone.

With prospects of this sort, varying of course in degree according to circumstances, can one say that wage-earners, even of the lowest class, regard the out-

come with equanimity? Are these fathers and mothers so entirely different from the heads of more fortunately circumstanced homes?

It is a most gratifying fact that along with the destruction of the worst tenements in New York by the opening of the new small parks, and by the condemnation proceedings above referred to, an extensive movement has been started looking to the building of model tenements. Under the new tenement-house laws every new tenement must be better built than formerly,— with more light and air and safety from fire,— but the building on the voluntary principle (and not as in England by the local government) of additional model tenements will help to make a new and better city; better, we believe, both in health, morals, and the enjoyment of life. The principal agency now at work in this direction is the City and Suburban Homes Company, of which Prof. Gould, of Johns Hopkins, is the President, and Mr. A. W. Milbury the Secretary, Mr. R. Fulton Cutting being the Chairman of the Board of Builders. This Company proposes to accomplish its philanthropy in a business-like way, which is, we believe, the best way for the permanent success — the permanent good influence — of the enterprise. The example will surely be followed not only in New York, but in other crowded cities of America.

OPEN LETTERS

Training Schools for Domestic Servants.

IT is too late in the day to discuss the need of better domestic service in the United States. It is the one crying evil that besets society, and makes life a series of makeshifts from the effects of which even the rich are not exempt, while at some time or other, and in most families continually, every man, woman and child suffers more or less. Some day the American people will realize what an intimate bearing this question has upon the national character as well as upon domestic happiness. Systematic study of the subject will follow, and some of the vast energy that now goes into remedial charities will be directed to the solution of this fundamental problem. For the present there seems to be only one remedy for the general situation, the Training School for Domestic Servants. It is the purpose of this article to make suggestions as to its range and character.

Such a school should be well organized and equipped for the thorough training of servants in all branches of household work. In the first place it should have facilities for teaching pupils how to bathe properly, to care for their own bodies and for their own clothes. It should have different departments of training, one for laundresses, another for chambermaids, another for waitresses, another for cooks, and another for general housework servants, the last, of course, requiring a special condensed course. On entrance, young women or girls should be classified as far as possible, according to their general intelligence and ability as well as the employment for which they wish to be fitted. The first work given should be the washing of the kitchenware, the sweeping of the kitchen, and the scrubbing of the floor and tables—in short, every pupil should be taught the work of a kitchen-maid. After that, even though she intends to fit herself for a special department, she should be taught to sweep and dust carpeted rooms, and next to do plain washing and ironing, these being among the things which every domestic should know how to do well.

An ordinary dwelling-house might be utilized for the school. The basement, which should be well lighted, could be fitted up as a laundry, capable of accommodating a large number of women, to be classified as they advance in skill in the department. There must be a head laundress to look after those under her, and inspectors to decide when a woman is capable of promotion. In a city of 5000 inhabitants, such a laundry might easily be made self-supporting.

The first floor of the Training School could be devoted to the cooking department. It should have several kitchens where the women in different stages of advancement could work, under an expert leader. The different departments in cookery could be made self-supporting by having lunch-counters where men could go in with their dinner pails and have served to them from the kitchens of the less skilled pupils hot soup, tea, coffee, and other plain food, while a restaurant of a better class might be sustained from the work of those who were more thoroughly trained. Another source of income might be secured by filling orders for special dishes, or for whole meals. Setting a table, waiting, washing fine china and glass, and polishing silver, could be taught in connection with the restaurant.

The upper floors should consist of a parlor, and various apartments, where servants could be trained in cleaning, dusting, window-washing, care of lamps, and all kinds of second work. From this department servants could be sent out by the hour or day to sweep, dust, or act as housemaids.

With the training given in this way a thoroughly competent laundress, if she were a fairly industrious and intelligent worker, should be graduated in perhaps six months. After the first month she might be paid a small sum for her services. The cooks might also begin to have small wages after the first month. At least two years would probably be required for a cook to be thoroughly trained in every branch of her work, from caring for her range to doing fine cookery. Those who show special capacity should be trained to take the whole responsibility of planning and cooking elabo-

rate luncheons and dinners, as well as in the mastery of economical and healthful cookery for every-day life. Wages should increase with gain in skill. The cook would find compensation for the longer course in the high wages which her certificate would enable her to demand. The time required for training in any department would depend upon intelligence and adaptability.

The certificates given by the Training School should be proof of skill, competence, and integrity; they should state exactly what the servant is fitted to do, and they should be so conscientiously given that a housekeeper might rest assured that she knew exactly the capabilities of the servant. Throughout the course earnest effort should be made to impress upon the pupils the idea of moral obligation. Servants should be made to realize the dignity of their work, and the important part its faithful performance plays in the happiness and health of the home, and so of the nation. They should be taught that their work is as essential to the moral and physical well-being of humanity as that of the teacher, the doctor, or the minister, and that it demands just as much unselfishness and conscientiousness. In this connection it might be well to establish a training school for mistresses and other members of the family, that the idea of moral obligation might not be all on one side.

The cooking schools and classes have done a great deal of good, but they do not seem to have reached the root of the trouble. They have not perceptibly improved servants as a class. We need not simply schools of cookery, but schools where everything a servant ought to know is taught.

Doubtless it would take several years for such a school to become self-supporting, but there is no doubt it would be so in time. This may perhaps seem a visionary scheme, but the Training Schools for Nurses were regarded in the same light. The wages of these nurses are from twelve to twenty-five dollars a week, and yet the demand is steadily increasing, and the result is that intelligent girls are constantly fitting themselves for this profession. Shall we not have trained servants when their work demands a like degree of excellence, and they are offered the same inducements? The prevalent opinion is that the work of trained nurses and of trained servants is not to be compared, but the more one thinks about the matter, the more it is seen that there is but little, if any, difference in their importance. There is no doubt, if more attention were paid to the proper preparation of our food, there would be less need of doctors and drugs. Of course with these higher wages many could not afford to employ trained servants, but neither can they afford trained nurses or dressmakers, yet this is never used as an argument against the training of nurses and dressmakers. When the era of the trained servant arrives, a great advantage will be gained for people who cannot afford to pay even the wages now demanded, because untrained servants will have to work more cheaply when they find that a certificate from a Domestic Training School is necessary to procure high wages. The increase of wages will probably not greatly add to the expense of living, as the intelligence of the trained servant will teach her economy of materials and labor, and in many cases one well-trained domestic will be able to do the work of two who are untrained. It is doubtful whether middle-aged women, with their fixed habits, could be made into trained servants. We must depend upon the younger girls, and even they will probably respond slowly to the demand, so that it will be the rising generation that will reap the benefit of the purposed Training School.

One of the greatest difficulties in this matter is created by the great mass of raw material which is daily dumped upon our shores. Each one of these ignorant, stupid women expects to find a «place» with good wages. To meet this difficulty the coöperation of mistresses is absolutely necessary; they must combine and positively refuse to pay high wages to ignorant servants. If these girls cannot afford to fit themselves for service in the Training School, they should not receive wages for at least three months, or possibly the slight remuneration of one dollar a week might be offered. Housekeepers must make these untrained ignorant women understand that they are receiving a favor in thus being taught. The line should be as closely drawn in domestic service as in other departments of skilled labor. Until mistresses have such a sense of moral obligation as will make them refuse recommendations to undeserving and untrained servants there will be difficulty in carrying out this system. In short, this business of hiring servants must be managed like any other business, and the scale of prices must be arranged according to merit. In this result the Training School will be an important factor.

In one other important particular mistresses must mend their ways before a system of trained servants can be made successful. Every woman should inform herself sufficiently to be able to know when every kind of housework is properly done, and then she should insist that it shall be properly done. It may be suggested that this training, education, and granting of certificates, would make a class already difficult to deal with still more difficult, and that servants would assume such airs that the house would not contain them. Even if this were true, would a disagreeable trained servant be any harder to contend with than a disagreeable untrained servant? A writer who has given the matter a great deal of thought says that the effect would be just the reverse. A sensible and liberal education would teach women not only what is due to themselves, but what is due to others, and the feeling of independence which the thorough knowledge of her business gives to every worker in every craft would make servants invaluable. When we show the daughters of the less favored American families that brains are required in the kitchen, that ability in that department will be as well rewarded as in the positions of stenographer, bookkeeper, or trained nurse, and that, in short, servants will be as much respected for excellence as those who excel in other departments we shall find that the Domestic Servant Problem will solve itself.

Carrie Niles Whitcomb.

United States History in Secondary Schools.

A COMMENT in the January number of THE CENTURY, to the effect that «a Yale or Harvard freshman may know

the history of Greece superficially, but he knows it better than the history of England or the United States,» leads me to believe that the decided revolution in the relative position of English and United States history to Greek and Roman history is not appreciated by the large majority of people. In the last ten years the history of the United States has changed its place in the curricula of colleges and secondary schools. It occupied formerly an unimportant position, while such studies as Greek and Roman history, algebra, geometry, etc., held undisputed sway. But now these studies no longer exclude English and American history from their proper place. Somehow the interest, unity, inspiration, and economic teachings of United States history have been recognized. The vast field of economic and historic problems and solutions depicted in the career of this country has not appealed in vain to teachers. Even in the graded schools more attention has been given to the subject than ever before. So that, taken all in all, the young man or woman who enters our colleges in the next five years will know something about the history of this country, and know it well.

There has been a marked advance in the method of study and manner of presentation. History, especially that of the United States, used to be presented as a series of wars, with periodical elections of presidents; but now it is regarded as the development of a society, not as a mere political organization, but as an advancing industrial organization, the social pressure of which demands constantly increasing discipline and more and more limitations of liberty. It is, in fact, the history of a people developing in a way never known before; not, as in Europe, from non-liberty to greater freedom and democracy, but from liberty to greater and greater limitations on that liberty.

This change of view in regard to the presentation and importance of the subject is due chiefly to the influence of a few of the colleges in this country. Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, and a few others offer courses in United States history which go to the bottom of the material. On the results of their investigation new views of our history have made themselves manifest. At the present time the undergraduate at Yale is drilled in Bryce's «American Commonwealth» and the history of the United States. In the graduate department of the same university a two years' course in United States history is offered. The subject-matter is taken from the original sources, so that a student pursuing it gets a thorough knowledge of the subject. Many students in the universities doing this kind of work have gone out to schools and colleges as instructors and professors.

The candidates for admission to the various colleges and universities in the near future will be prepared to take up in an appreciative spirit the economic studies now offered. The ultimate meaning is better citizenship.

Teachers' College,
New York City. *Frank L. McVey.*

Who was the Man?

On April 14, 1865, three young ladies in the employ of the United States Christian Commission stopped overnight at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. They were Miss Libbie Cunningham of Cleveland, Ohio, Miss Mary Shelton (now Mrs. Huston) of Burlington, Iowa, and the writer of this note. We were on our way from the hospitals in Nashville, Tennessee, to Wilmington, North Carolina, in answer to a call for volunteers who were willing to take their lives in their hands, and, braving the perils of swamp fevers, help to care for the Andersonville prisoners who had been, or were about to be, transferred to that place.

We had taken a train that stopped at Harrisburg rather than the through train, so that we might cross the mountains in the day-time. The train for Washington passed through Harrisburg at three o'clock in the morning. A few minutes before that hour we entered the hotel parlor and were greeted in a most excited manner by a lady who had traveled in the same car with us the day before. She had not taken a room, but, with her little boy, had remained in the parlor all night.

«I have had a frightful night!» she whispered. «There is a crazy man lying on the sofa behind the door, and he has acted so strangely and talked so wildly that I have been in terror!»

Our inquiries brought out the fact that in the early part of the night he had kept running to the telegraph office every few minutes, saying that he expected great news. Finally he had come in, saying that it had come. Lincoln and all his cabinet had been assassinated, and he was rejoiced. Observing that the man was awake and looked sane enough, we inquired of him concerning the shocking report he had made to our fellow-traveler, «Yes, it is all true! Lincoln and his cabinet have been assassinated, and I am glad of it!» he replied.

Unspeakably shocked at the man's insanity or depravity, yet entirely unbelieving, we all left the hotel at the same time. We observed that he climbed upon the platform of the coach in the rear of the one which we entered. The cars were very much crowded, but our Christian Commission badges secured for us everywhere courteous recognition. We made inquiry as to whether any hint of the great calamity had been communicated to the people on the train at any station on the road. Not a word of such import had met them anywhere, and we were laughingly told not to be frightened, that such absurd rumors could not possibly be true.

Lest we might have some lingering fears, one of the gentlemen kindly proposed to make inquiries at the telegraph office in York, Pennsylvania. His ghastly face and tearful eyes told a part at least of his dreadful story before his trembling lips could utter a word. Passengers gathered about us in the wildest excitement. Every car was searched in vain for the man who had been waiting impatiently in Harrisburg for news of the tragedy which he evidently knew was to be enacted in Washington.

Whether he had stepped again from the car at Harrisburg or had left at some other point we shall never know; but after the lapse of thirty years the remembrance of his fierce joy at the sad tidings, and the glad ring of his voice as he gave to us the first information of that which proved to be the nation's sorrow, are as clear as though it took place only last year.

Mrs. S. F. Stewart.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Cardinal.

FROM out the wood to where I lie
There comes a clear and loud good-by:
« Good-*by*—good-*by*—good-*by* ! »
A clear and strong
Vibrating strain,
As if low song
Had loud refrain,
And voicing filled the green retreat
With words to music wild and sweet,
Now low, now high—
« Good-*by*—good-*by*—good-*by* ! »

A flash of flame betrays the bird
That gives this summer parting word,
« Good-*by*—good-*by*—good-*by* ! »
I see it float
The trees between,
A scarlet boat
On seas of green;
And know it as the springtime friend
Who sang to signal winter's end,
While leaves were dry:
« Good-*by*—good-*by*—good-*by* ! »

Ah, yes! 't was he in budding spring
Who came to speed the cold and sing:
« Good-*by*—good-*by*—good-*by* ! »
And now to heat
He sings the same,
And makes retreat
In coat of flame.
His spring and summer days are past,
And autumn leaves are turning fast,
And winter nigh—
« Good-*by*—good-*by*—good-*by* ! »

Thus to the seasons as they go
He sets his music-stream aflow:
« Good-*by*—good-*by*—good-*by* ! »
To snow and sun
His whole life long
He sings the one
Brief parting song.
I, therefore, wonder not to hear
His autumn voice so loud and clear,
From where I lie—
« Good-*by*—good-*by*—good-*by* ! »

Henry T. Stanton.



DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

SUMMER ON THE PLAINS.

STRANGER: Can you tell me how high the mercury goes in this place?
NATIVE: It goes to 110° in the shade, and there ain't no shade.

An Autumn Night.

SOME things are good on autumn nights,
When with the storm the forest fights,
And in the room the heaped hearth lights
Old-fashioned press and rafter:
Plump chestnuts hissing in the heat,
A mug of cider, sharp and sweet,
And at your side a face petite
With lips of laughter.

Upon the roof the rolling rain,
And, tapping at the window-pane,
The wind, that seems a witch's cane
That summons spells together;
A hand within your own awhile,
A mouth reflecting back your smile,
And eyes, two stars, whose beams exile
All thoughts of weather.

And, while the wind lulls, still to sit
And watch her fire-lit needles flit
A-knitting, and to feel her knit
Your very heartstrings in it;
Then, when the old clock ticks *'t is late,*
To rise, and at the door to wait
Three words, or at the garden gate
A kissing minute.

Madison Cawein.

The Healing of Meechum.

(OLD INHABITANT LOQUITUR.)

JIM MEECHUM, ornery Jim, they used to call him, was the no-'countest man I ever knowed, I think,—that is, before he took the trip to Pike's Peak overland, with a lot of us fellows, in an early day. He 's been improved a heap since then. Major Harris learnt him a lesson on that trip that I reckon did Jim more good than all the preachin' he ever heard, although Jim 's a powerful hand to go to meetin', and I 've seen him git converted several times. Fact is, Jim was a better hand at gittin' converted than he was at stayin'. Trouble with him was, he was just an overgrown baby.

Well, as I was sayin', a party of us we concluded we 'd go out to Pike's Peak; and so we bundled up our traps, and got some wagons, and went it overland. We had n't been out very long before Jim began to get weak in the gills. He sort of lost his nerve, and thought he was goin' to die, and kept complainin' about everything. The water did n't agree with him, and he felt his rheumatism comin' back, and everything,—he was gruntin' all the time. When we got out from St. Joe a ways, he begun to weaken. He was afraid of the Indians, and afraid of bushwhackers, and spent his time between layin' in the wagon and prayin' and walkin' around like a ghost.

Well, the boys they got mighty tired of his carryin's on. They 'd run him about it, and joke him, and try to rally him up, but it did n't do no good. He just moped and sulked, and it looked like he 'd peter out sure. You know, it don't do for a man to lose his grip when he 's crossin' the plains. And we was all sorry for him, too; we knowed if he did n't brace up he 'd really die, but it seemed like we could n't git no hold on him.

So one day Major Harris says, «I 'm going to cure Jim Meechum,» says he. «I 'm going to cure Jim Meechum. You fellers just watch me,» says he.

Major Harris was n't no hand to talk; he was a quiet-spoken man; but he was clean grit, and I never see him flustered in my life. He was sociable, too, though he 'd never talk much, but just sit with us around the campfire and chaw; and every once in a while he 'd put in a word, and when he said somethin' it was worth while.

«Well,» says the major, «I 'm going to cure Jim Meechum»; and then we all knowed some fun or another was up. So we laid low and waited.

One day, when Jim was feelin' specially downcey, and a-droopin' around the camp like a chicken with the gapes, Major says to him, says he, «Jim,» says he, «come on; let 's walk over yonder behind them willers to the spring. They 's a spring there that 's got mineral in it, and a drink of it will do you good,» says he. Jim allowed it was n't no use, that nothin' would ever do him any good, but by and by he went along; and when we saw them two go behind them willers we wunk at each other, and kind of smiled, because we knowed somethin' was up, and it was n't spring water that Jim was goin' to git.

When Jim Meechum come back from that little season with Major Harris, he was a changed man. He picked right up, never complained no more, eat his side meat like the rest of us, and made a full hand all around. No, sir; we never heard a chipper from Jim after that. We told Maje that he 'd ought to take out a license to preach, because Jim had got somethin' on that occasion, whether religion or not, that stuck to his ribs better than any convertin' he 'd ever had before. And Maje he 'd kind of smile, and say nothin'. He never give Jim away till long afterward, and then, one day, he told us all about it, after we 'd all come back to the States.

«Well,» said Major Harris, when we finally asked him to let us into the thing, now that it could n't hurt Jim's feelin's. «Well,» says he, «I saw Jim was just a-goin' down like a sick runt, and I knowed there was n't nothin' the matter with him, but he 'd lost his grit, and that will kill a man same as disease, unless he can git cured. So I made up my mind I 'd cure him. I always liked Jim. He was a good feller, and they was n't no harm in him. So I toled him off down behind the willers, and then I says to him, when we got out of range of you fellers, I says, says I:

«‹Jim, ain't you feelin' no better?›

«‹No,› he says; ‹I got them same pains in my back. I believe I got a floatin' kidney. My wife's father had one, and my symptoms are just like hisn.›

«‹But don't you think you 'll get over it?› says I.

«‹No,› says he; ‹it 's only a question of time. I 'm sorry I come along, for I hate to be a bother; but I can't hold out much longer.›

«‹You 're sure of that, Jim, are you?› says I.

«‹Yes,› he says; and he hove a sigh, and walled his eyes like a sick calf, and then he went on talkin' about his family, and a-workin' himself up meller, like you know he used to keep doin'.

«I let him run on awhile, and finally I says, ‹Well, Jim, me and the boys have talked it over, and we 've come to the conclusion that you 're right. You are a-dyin' by inches; it 's only a question of a week or so. You 're gittin' weaker and weaker, and, Jim, it 's an awful thing to die of disease out in this here God-forsaken prairie. They ain't no way to take care of a sick man in an outfit like ourn. They ain't no women folks, nor nothin',—only us men. And so we 've talked it over,

and we 've decided that if you 've got to die, Jim, you had ought to die all to once, and not peter out in a long sufferin'. So we drawed straws to see who 'd undertake the job, and I 'm sorry to say that I was the one elected to this office, and a blamed disagreeable one it is. But I 'll do my duty, Jim; I ain't a-goin' to let no squeamishness keep me from doin' a kindness to a pardner in distress'; and with that I pulled out my old horse-pistol.



DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

"'JIM, THINK OF YOUR TROUBLES.'"

"Well, sir, you 'd ought to see Jim wilt when he saw that gun. He turned white around the mouth, and says:

"'You ain't a-goin' to shoot me, Major?' he says.

"'Jim,' says I, 'that ain't fair to put it that way. You know yourself you can't last long. It 's a mercy and a kindness to do it.'

"'But,' says he, 'you ain't goin' to shoot me right down like a' old horse that 's broke its leg, are you?' he says.

"'Jim,' says I, 'you was always a fair-minded man; and I put it to you,' I says—'I put it to you, if you are not kind of hard on me? Here I am, with the best of intentions; I simply want to help my feller-man, and save him from a heap of sufferin'.'

"Well, we argued back and forth quite a spell, Jim a-gittin' scareder and scareder as he saw I meant business. Finally, down he goes on his knees, and begs and prays me not to shoot him.

"'But,' I says, 'Jim, think of your troubles. There 's that floatin' kidney, and that 's certain death.'

"'I think it 's some better,' he says.

"'And then,' says I, 'your wife and folks ain't here.'

"'I don't mind that,' says Jim; 'I don't mind that at all. Nance will be all the gladder to see me when I git back.'

"'But,' says I, still strokin' my gun, 'there 's them bowel troubles: they can't stand this alkali water.'

"'Oh,' he says, 'I 'm gittin' used to it. I rather like the water now.'

"'And then,' I goes on—'and then, the rheumatism This thing of layin' out of nights in a wagon is bound to make that worse. It 's goin' to your heart, you said.'

"'Now, Major,' says Jim, 'don't you remember how old Doc Meserve said they was n't nothin' so good for sore joints as plenty of open air? My arm 's a heap better. I can wallop it around every which way now. It 's got better recent,' he says; and it was all I could do to hold in when he sawed his arm around through the air, showin' me how supple he was.

"'Jim,' says I, 'you 're all prepared now. You 've been sayin' your prayers constant for a week, and you never will be readier to pass over. If you wait till the summons comes in a more regular way, you may not be ready.'

"'Oh, but,' he says, and he got up and laid his hand on my arm, caressin' like—'oh, but I ain't ready, Major; I don't feel the witness as I once did. Sure I don't,' he says.

"We jawed on to and fro for some time, Jim a-feelin' more and more improved as our remarks proceeded, and gittin' more worldly and unprepared to brush the dews on Jordan's banks, as he had been allowin' he was about to do for some time back; and finally I says, says I, kind of slow like:

"'Well, Jim,' says I, 'if your kidney ain't a-floatin' no more—'

"'Oh, she ain't,' says Jim; 'she 's stuck now; I feel it,' and he thumped his back a good, healthy welt.

"'And if your rheumatism is improvin' in the open air—'

"'Rheumatism? Pshaw!' says Jim; and he fetched a caper with his game leg equal to one of them variety-theater actresses.

"'And if you can stand it to be away from your wife—'

"'Oh, I don't care,' he says. 'Fact is, Maje, Nance is kind of worrisome sometimes, and I really enjoy a little vacation.'

"'And if you ain't quite wholly sanctified and ready to go—'

"'Be dog-goned if I am,' says Jim, just to show me he could cuss a little.

"'And if,' I says, slippin' my gun into my belt, and extendin' the right hand of fellowship to him—'and if you 've made up your mind, Jim, to quit bein' an all-fired baby, and be a man, why put her there, and we 'll say nothin' to the boys about it.'

"The tears come into Jim's eyes, and he grabbed my hand, and he says, 'Don't the boys know?'

"'No,' says I; 'and if you behave yourself I won't tell.'"

So that 's how Jim Meechum was cured.

Frank Crane.

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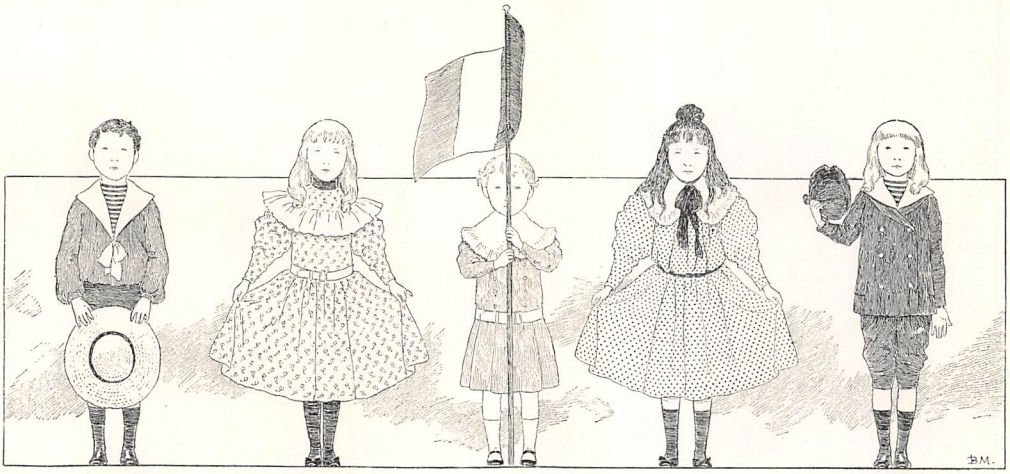


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ABOUT FRENCH CHILDREN.

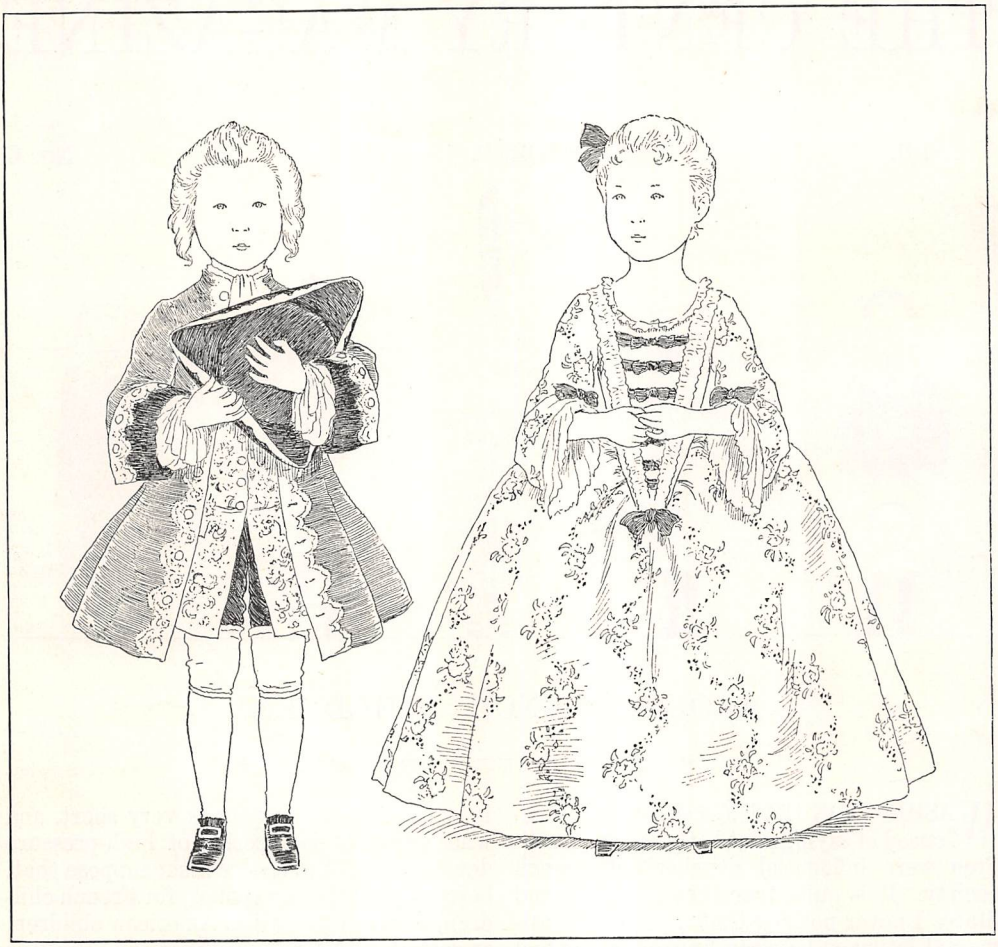
WITH PICTURES BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.[1]

WASHINGTON IRVING has often been accused of saying that little dogs and children were influential members of French society. It is quite true that in the United States I never noticed that close and sentimental intimacy between human beings and quadrupeds so frequently seen in France. American life is so active, so desperately crowded, either usefully or socially, that perhaps it does not permit the loss of time inevitably brought about by friendly intercourse with a dog. As for children, I believe that their importance is equally great in all countries; but it asserts itself in a more noisy manner in America than anywhere else. Everything is sacrificed to them, for they represent the future, which is all that counts in a country whose past is very short, and whose present is a period of high-pressure development. Yet no one must suppose that, before presenting an apology for French children, I intend to malign American children, as certain travelers have taken the liberty of doing very thoughtlessly, although they had met them only on steamships, cars, or at hotels, enjoying a holiday with that buoyancy which is the characteristic mark of the whole race. I have known some who were very well brought up, even from our point of view, and among those who were not I have admired precocious sense, vivacity of mind, quiet determination, and capacity for self-government, qualities which I should wish for all ours.

[1] For a biographical and critical paper by Will H. Low on Maurice Boutet de Monvel, see THE CENTURY for June, 1894. This artist is distinguished not only for his masterly portrayal of children, on their humor-

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I would now beg you to consider the less pronounced persons of our little boys and girls, who are required, above all else, to be *aimable* in the sense the word has in France, where it means lovable, having nothing of the lukewarm and hollow meaning of the English word «amiable.» The aim of their education differs in the two countries. In America good parents have but one thing in view—the rational development of individuality and of responsibility; while this, in the girls' case as well as in the boys', is the constant labor of parents in France—to keep their children in tutelage, to prevent them from seeing what is going on outside, and to give discipline and complete submission the first place. In fact, their children are being more specially trained for the exigencies and the accomplishments of a social life whose machinery has been running on for centuries, while Americans are being prepared for individual struggles such as they must necessarily make in a new country.



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

COSTUME OF FRENCH CHILDREN IN THE 18TH CENTURY.

In France every young mother, to whatever class she belongs, may say, in speaking of her baby's outfit:

> Au poids des écheveaux usés
> J'avais mesuré ma pensée
> Sereine entre les fils brisés
> Et chaque fois recommencée.[1]

ous side, as in «Nos Enfants,» etc., but he has shown himself to be a strong and original portrait-painter, and a faithful and masterly depicter of the charm and pathos of peasant life, in his illustrations for «Xavière,» and in his forthcoming illustrations of the life of Jeanne d'Arc. The next number of THE CENTURY will contain examples of Boutet de Monvel's treatment of the principal scenes in the life of the Maid of Orleans.—EDITOR.

[1] And by the weight of all the skeins I wrought
I kept the measure of my loving thought;
Among the broken threads serene it ran
And, interrupted oft, anew began.

I know nothing more perfectly French than this little piece of humble and exquisite poetry, showing the stitches that keep a dream imprisoned so purely in snowy linen; nothing more motherly than the last wish of the careful embroiderer, who bids a bird building its nest pick up bits fallen from the finished work, and mix them with its own materials, so as to keep and protect the impatient wing that is growing. That growing wing is threatened with many an embroidered and beribboned bond both in the present and in the future, yet less hedged in than in the past, since people have begun to bring up their children more according to English notions. The swaddling-clothes are no longer as tight-fitting as a sheath; the cap which covered the bald little head, and framed it so prettily with its ruche, has been given up; the lace pillow for the lolling head to rest on has been banished: yet, in spite of all this, the infant in the early stages of its life is a sort of bundle, very much like a bolster, from which two arms and a wrinkled little face protrude. The advantage of this system is that the child is very easy to handle; but it has its critics, who maintain that the natural condition of the spinal column is not a straight and stiff line. Paris has made many



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

COSTUME OF FRENCH CHILDREN IN 1810.



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

CHILD WITH PADDED CAP IN A PERAMBULATOR.

concessions, and the swaddling is less rigid; but the provinces have not followed suit, while in the country everywhere new-born infants are tied up as hard and fast as ever. In the south of France they go to the length of putting this papoose in the bottom of a basket, where it is kept in place by strong bands passed zigzag from head to foot. This is how we prepare our sons for making use of their liberty. However, leading-strings have been given up; that is one step toward progress. Twenty years ago they were still considered indispensable,—at least, country people thought so,—and there was no end to their intricacies.

It is quite remarkable that swaddling-cases, bands, and various other fetters are the only essentially French contributions that have ever been made to a baby's equipment. Although fashions in general have for centuries been promulgated in France, clothing every one *à la Française*, yet the fertile imagination which could do this stopped short at children's clothes. Look at the paintings and engravings of the seventeenth and eighteenth



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

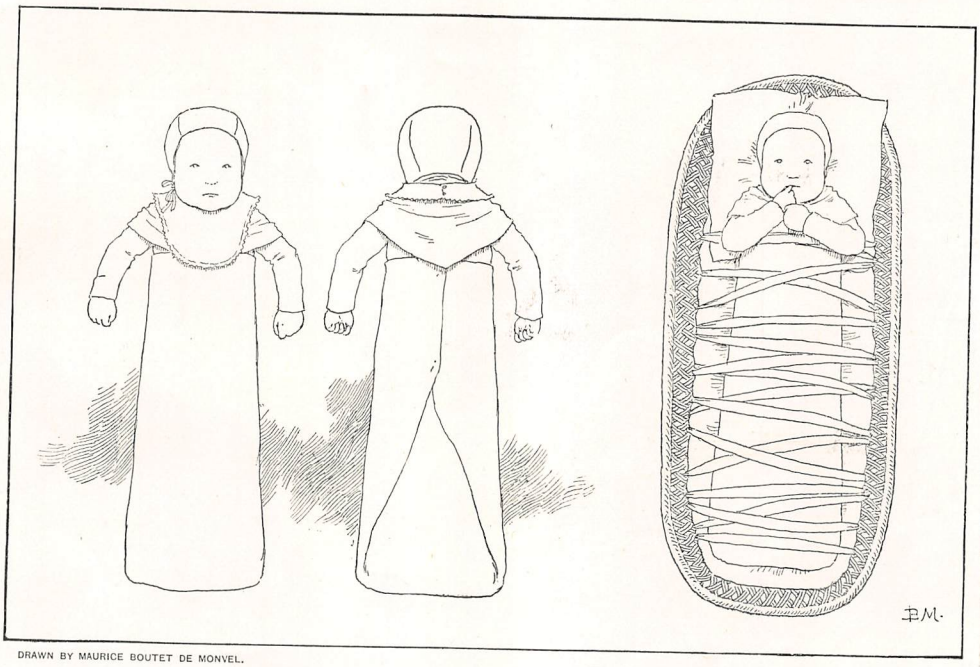
COSTUME OF FRENCH CHILDREN IN 1835.

centuries, and see the little creatures who, as soon as they gave up their plumed *bourrelets*[1] and long tulle aprons over a blue or pink dress, against which a jewel hung instead of a teething-ring, had to wear uncomfortable costumes, the miniature reproductions of their parents' clothes. Little girls, particularly, were put into whaleboned bodices and sumptuous robes, which necessitated lessons in deportment to be properly worn, and consequently the dancing-master was one of the first professors employed. It needed the revolution of simplicity brought about by the influence of Jean Jacques Rousseau before children could be comfortably clothed—girls in muslin slips and heelless shoes, boys in short jackets borrowed from English styles. Ever since then we have followed English fashions for our children, and now America lays down the law, with its blouses; its quilted, somewhat oldish winter coats reaching to the ankles; its pretty Puritan caps trimmed with fur, a thousand times preferable to the immense, caricature-like bonnets copied after Kate Greenaway. But I am anticipating; we are still at the swaddled infant's long cloak. In every Catholic family infants are consecrated to wear white; that is to say, placed under the protection of the Holy Virgin by a vow which does not permit the child to wear any colors but blue and white, those of the patron saint, for a fixed period, usually a year or two, sometimes longer in the case of a girl. This must be some remnant of chivalrous times, of service professed by a knight for his lady when he wore her colors, for it is not, properly speaking, a religious tradition.

The birth of a new citizen in France at once gives rise to countless formalities, and an avalanche of legal scribblings, which would teach him, could he but understand, that his country is *par excellence* the home of legal ceremony and administration. Within the first twenty-four hours notice of the birth must be sent to the mayor's office (there is such an office in every village in France), so that the official physician may call and make the necessary legal statement. I suppose he wants to convince himself that the declaration already made was correct, and that the family, when it announced the birth of a girl, was not trying to screen a future soldier from his compulsory service. Then the father, accompanied by two witnesses, goes to fill out the birth certificate, and give his child its legitimate, documented position, to which he or she will be obliged to have recourse in all the great, and frequently in the minor, circumstances of life, from one end of it to the other. Without it the child could not enter a school, nor draw lots on entering the army, nor get married, nor be buried. The least

[1] Padded head-protectors for infants.

mistake of form would have most serious consequences; the baptismal names declared must always be placed in the same order on all future deeds. These are usually saints' names. I recall the amusing anger of a young American father of my acquaintance, who wished to give his son born in Paris the name of the great sailor Duquesne, in remembrance of the avenue where the baby had seen the light of day, and in addition the family name of one of his friends, which no Frenchman could pronounce. All this seemed so shocking and incongruous to the registrar that the certificate was made out only after an interminable discussion.



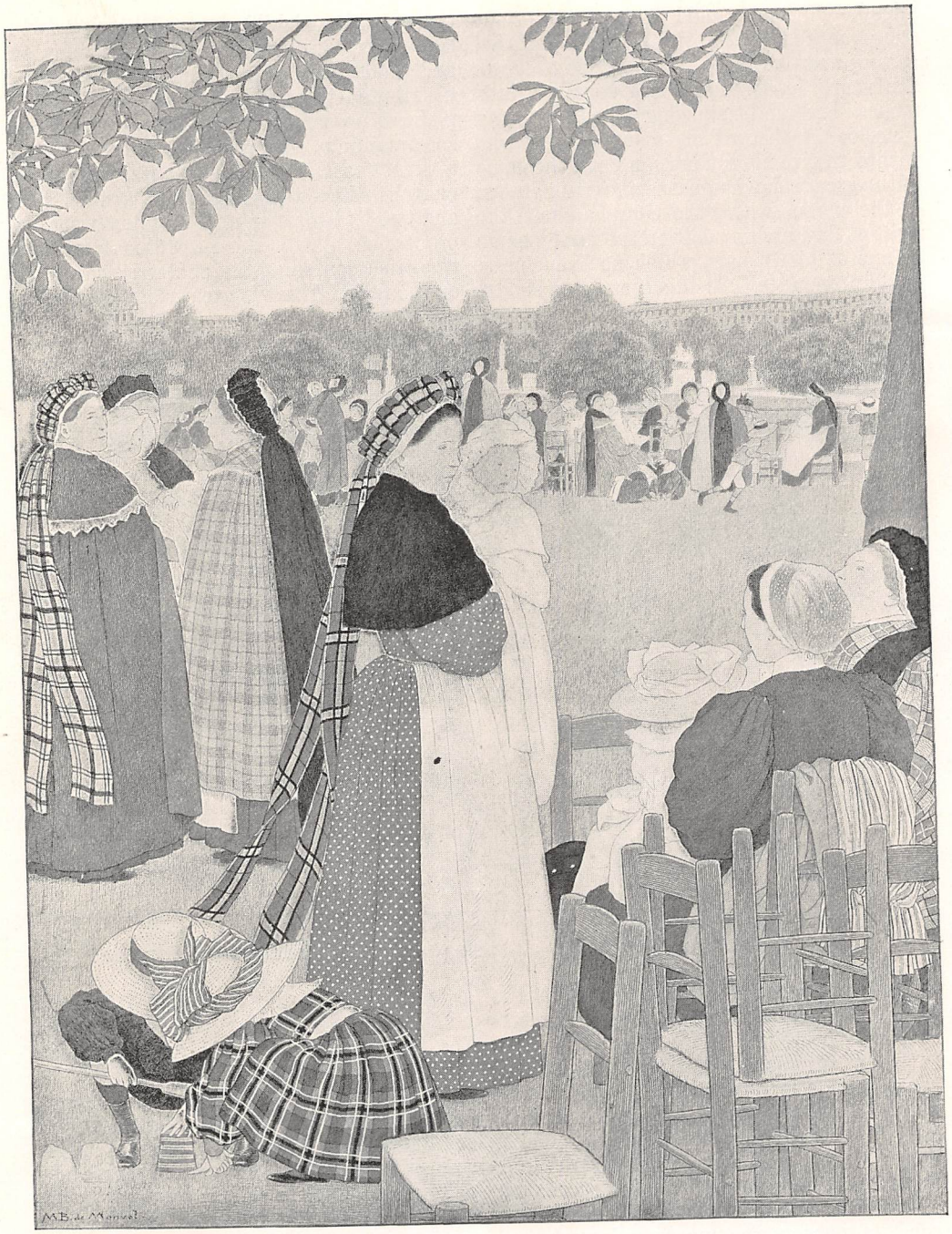
DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

1 AND 2—A CHILD IN LONG CLOTHES. 3—A CHILD OF SOUTHERN FRANCE TIED IN ITS BASKET.

At last our bantling is labeled, registered, catalogued, classed in its place in that closed and guarded society where each one of us stands on his square like a figure on a chessboard. It has not yet breathed the fresh air; its first outing is usually for the sacrament of baptism. Carried to church in sumptuous robe, its sponsors renounce Satan's works and pomps in its name, while its forehead is all wrinkled by crying as the holy water trickles on it, and its little face all screwed awry by the salt laid on its tongue. This ceremony, performed before the assembled family, is a very simple one in Paris and all large cities. The godfather gives the godmother a present, another to the young mother, and invariably presents his godchild with a silver mug, fork, and spoon. Sugared almonds in ornamented and gilded boxes bearing the child's name are distributed to friends, but that is all. The plainest peasant baptism has a much more solemn stamp. It never takes place without a great feast; the file of guests walking to church behind the godparents, arm in arm and two by two, is as imposing as a wedding procession. And in this respect matters take the same course at the château as they do on the farm. There is great ringing of bells, a feast, and showers of sugared almonds mingled with pennies for the village urchins. The baby's nurse, overwhelmed with gifts that day, is the heroine of the festival.

There is nothing more aristocratic, and at bottom more inhuman, than the institution of the hired wet-nurse. Institution is the correct word, as the office for nurses is under official management, and controlled by the Board of Public Charities; but this does not prevent private undertakings of the same nature. The peasant woman who wishes to make a business of nursing comes to town with her infant, and goes to one of these offices. Her employer pays for the forsaken baby's journey home.

As to what becomes of the nurse's family during her absence,—in order to appreciate it, one must visit the poorest part of



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

NURSES IN THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES.

Morvan,[1] where this peculiar profession is principally carried on. When one sees the squads of superb, buxom Burgundian peasants on the Champs Élysées, adorned with dazzling white aprons, crowned with brilliant ribbons, dragging their long cloaks in the dust, one little dreams what they have left behind them: a sordid hovel, where, while the father drinks more and more in the public house to forget his loneliness, the neglected children crawl about, not only dirty and un-

[1] A part of Nivernais, near Burgundy.



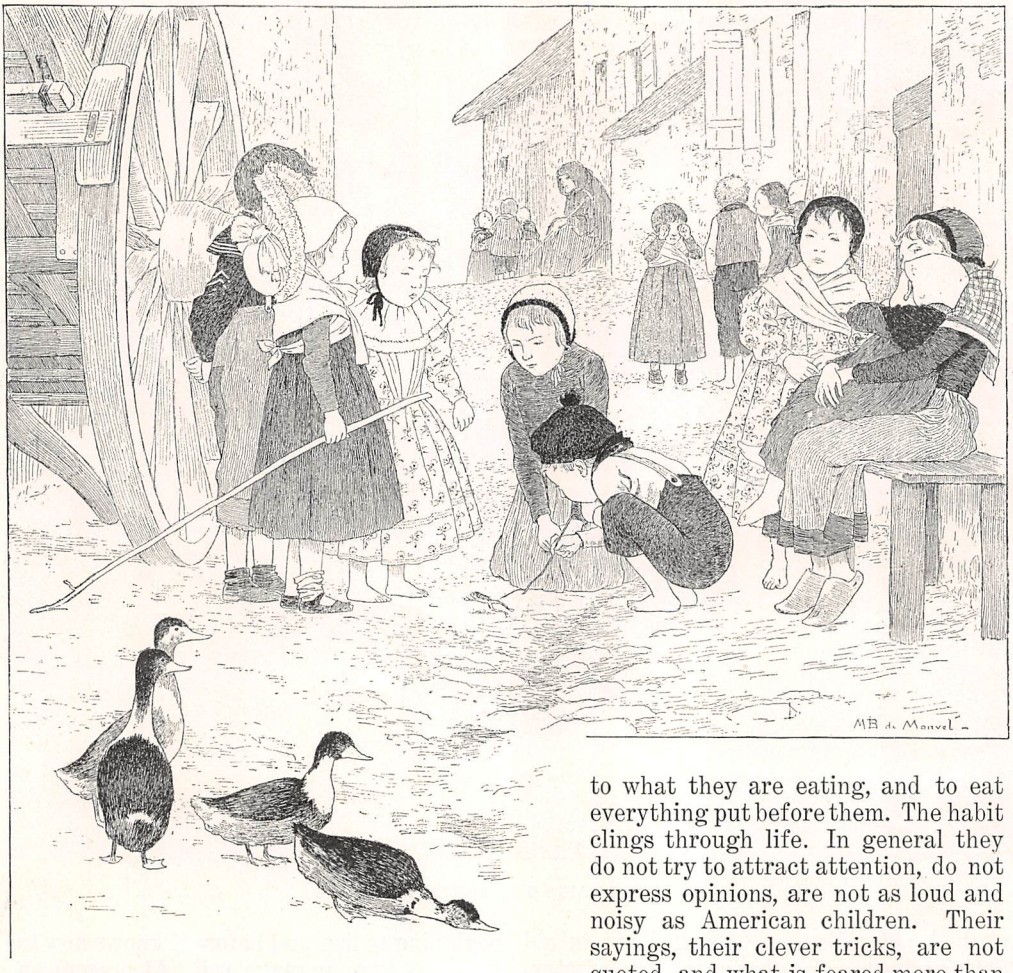
DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

A BAPTISM IN BRITTANY.

washed, but ridiculously tricked out in old Parisian finery, belonging once to their foster-brothers (*frères de lait*), and which they wear even in tatters, hind side before, and upside down, the «looped and windowed raggedness» of former magnificence—the worst of all!

Formerly children of the best families were sent out to nurse, as shopkeepers' children are now. The sons of country landowners, nursed on their own estates by farmers' wives, often stayed on a year or two after they were weaned, sharing the rough life around them, which if they could bear it made them very vigorous. I form my opinion of this by the samples I saw in my youth of men born before the Revolution. Once the child returned from the country to its family, it was placed, according to its sex, in the hands of either a governess or an abbé, such as are still found in the old families of the Faubourg St. Germain. More frequently then than nowadays little girls began to study Latin with their brothers. Now we have the foreign nursemaid, who takes the child when it is just beginning to lisp, and before it knows how to speak its own language well. At present an English or German nursemaid is to be found in every well-to-do family.

Physically the French baby resembles the American much more than the English baby. Ours are not magnificent lumps of pink-and-white flesh dimpled all over; being agile, wide-awake, and mischievous, they are not as shy as English children; still, they lack the precocious assurance of the American child, who is afraid of nothing. No one goes into ecstasies over them, although, in fact, they are adored; they do not feel that they are the rulers of the household. They soon learn to keep their place, and seem to understand that though their mama may give herself up to them entirely, they are not equally interesting to the remainder of the world. If called to the drawing-room, they come in washed and combed, bow politely, and leave before becoming tiresome. They are not allowed to come to the table, even in the strictest intimacy, until they can behave properly,



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

THE DESERTED CHILDREN OF THE NURSES «RIDICULOUSLY TRICKED OUT IN OLD PARISIAN FINERY.»

be silent, and commit no awkward blunders. They are forbidden to ask for anything, but this does not prevent them from getting whatever they want.

It is needless to say that we teach our children not to sop up their sauce with bits of bread, not to gulp down their soup audibly, and not to eat with their knife; but we specially require that they should not leave anything on their plate after having accepted it from the dish. It is not the waste alone; it is the absolute impoliteness of the act, which consists in a guest leaving half of what he has been helped to untouched, under the anxious gaze of the hostess, who naturally supposes that nothing is to his taste. From the moment our children know how to handle a knife and fork they are told never to express an opinion, favorable or the reverse, as to what they are eating, and to eat everything put before them. The habit clings through life. In general they do not try to attract attention, do not express opinions, are not as loud and noisy as American children. Their sayings, their clever tricks, are not quoted, and what is feared more than all is to make them consider themselves important. Although their health is carefully watched, yet their guardians do not constantly experiment upon them with the newest hygienic methods. Instead of trying to develop the principles of causality as early as possible, we usually advise them not to be asking questions perpetually. Passive obedience is indispensable, without questioning the command, and extreme politeness toward servants is strictly enforced. Needless to say, there are many breaches of the law, but there are also many punishments, which, I must admit, they sometimes take with a certain amount of cynicism. Here is a quite recent example. A young gentleman of five followed his mother, who was looking at an apartment with the view of hiring it. «I think,» said the lady, after her examination, «that this will suit me.» «Oh, no, mama,» said the little boy, breaking in, «it 's impossible; there 's no dark

closet! Where could you put me when I 'm naughty?»

If I wanted to show off an assemblage of French children to their greatest advantage, it would be neither at one of those fancy-dress balls where, once a year, during carnival week, the favored ones make the most of their dancing-lessons, nor at a Christmas or New Year's gathering, to which they bring that frank but prettily disciplined gaiety, preferred by us to overflowing animal spirits, which, indeed, do not form a part of our national character at any age. I would rather have them seen on some fine, balmy spring day in the Champs Élysées, in front of Guignol's booth.

It is rare for little boys and girls, even when they have been taught together, to continue associated after they are eight or ten years old, and this period is often shorter. The former play with soldiers, the latter with dolls; the various rights and duties of the two sexes begin to assert themselves. After the first communion, when girls are eleven, boys twelve years old, the separation grows wider day by day. This is the time when religious fervor begins to dominate a young girl's life, while with boys it frequently begins to lessen under the influence of secular instruction, and, above all, by the father's example, so often most unconsciously set.

Innocence, meaning absolute ignorance, is preserved in children as long as possible. As for myself, I believe that the veil of mystery systematically thrown over too many natural things serves only to stimulate curiosity, just as lessons in modesty and propriety in speech at an age when the very knowledge of evil does not as yet exist are often dangerous. We wish our children to have eyes and not see, to have ears and not hear; we forget that the very precautions we are constantly taking as regards them, by means of smiles and implied meanings, may teach them much, and in an unfavorable way, by making them think that certain secrets most important for them to discover are hidden under the falsehoods we tell them, whose absurdity they perceive much sooner than we suppose.

Reading the Bible seems to me, in many ways, a very happy initiation for Protestant children; they gain by learning the Old Testament directly, instead of the rather childish narration given in the greater number of our abridgments of sacred history. In the Bible, by means of elevated poetry whose austere candor enlightens without exciting their



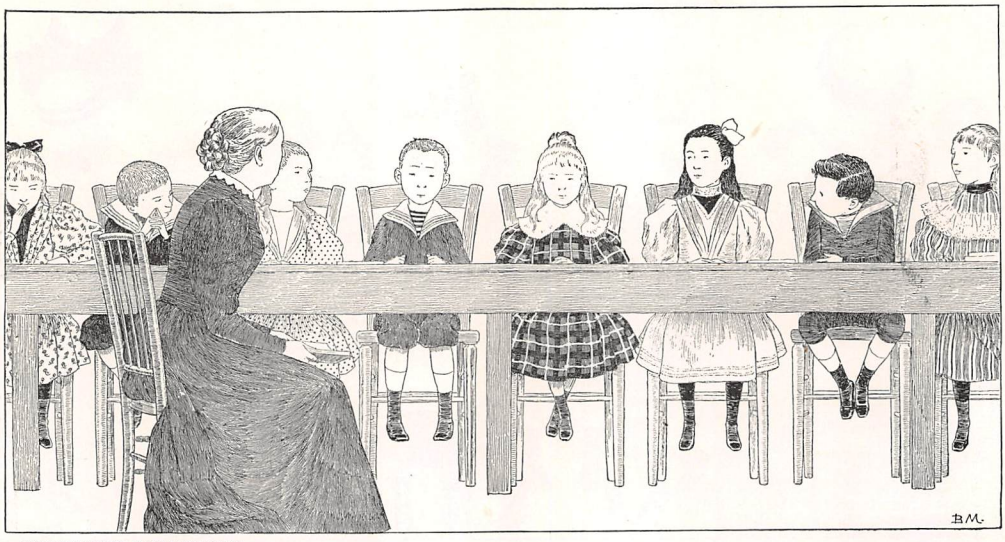
DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

GUIGNOL'S BOOTH—THE FRENCH PUNCH AND JUDY.

imagination, God is forever present between them and the facts that from all times have represented life.

However innocent she may be, a little French girl is much more of a little woman than a child of any other nationality. She does not romp; she is demure and quiet in her games, which are often imitations of a grown person's life. She is trying to learn how to be the mistress of her house by means of her dolls, furniture, kitchen, and dishes. Feminine arts are still a part of every well-arranged French education. Men really care more for these accomplishments than for others, as they make stay-at-home wives who look after their households; and as a Frenchwoman's principal aim is to please her future husband, every mother prepares her daughter for this end. This is why she does not permit too close an intimacy with little boy-cousins, because ten years later a jealous husband would take a dislike to these friendly cousins; nor would he like his wife's bosom friends, in whom she confides, and who never leave her any better. Mothers, therefore, permit few if any intimacies, and these are all winnowed and selected with the greatest care. One advantage of this system is that the name of friend is not carelessly bestowed right and left; it takes time and good reasons for simple acquaintances to rise to that rank. The mother not only wards off little boy-cousins and intimate girl-friends, but she discourages the little girl in showing off her knowledge out of the class-room, for she is fully aware that nothing could be less attractive in the eyes of the expected lord and master than a blue-stocking. A bright little girl I could name had, by chance, picked up some astronomical scraps, together with other scientific facts, which allowed her to shine now and then. One evening, while playing in the garden, she heard a friend of her father's exclaim, «What a dazzling star!» «That is not a star, sir,» she said; «it is a planet.» Her mother was in despair, for she would rather a hundred times have found her ignorant than have seen her «show off,» or capable of committing the enormity of contradicting an older person. «I hope,» she said jestingly, as a sort of excuse, «that when she is eighteen the poor little thing will have forgotten a great part of what she knows to-day!»

Among us it is not only a woman's duty to please: she does it by instinct; the tiniest girls do it unconsciously. Just watch them as they walk in the avenues of our public parks; they have all the unstudied grace and ease of real ladies, and, indeed, they fully suspect that approving eyes watch them as they skip the rope; for coquetry, which is much more subtle and more delicate than flirtation, less direct, too, in its aim, is innate with them. They are not ambitious of winning the admiration of boys of their own age; they look down with disdain on such admirers; they aspire to please big people. In their intercourse with little playmates there is a great deal of ceremony. Nothing could be more amusing than the manner of a little girl who, having come to the conclusion by



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

A MIXED PRIMARY CLASS.



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

COUNTRY CHILDREN GOING TO SCHOOL.

the general appearance of another little girl that she is worthy of the honor she is about to confer on her, finally asks her to play at hide-and-seek. If some brave young person walks up to a group of players with the time-honored phrase, «Mademoiselle, will you allow me to play with you?» a sharp and comprehensive glance at once decides either the reserve or the warmth of the reply. Matters would hardly take a different form in a

drawing-room in the case of a more serious introduction. The gestures, the bows, the little looks, the smiles, are copies of their mama's; and yet they are all perfectly natural in the sense that they are merely following their own nature, without a trace of that self-consciousness that « puts on airs » of any kind. This Anglo-Saxon quality of self-consciousness, in both its good and bad points, is incompatible with the French temperament.

Our boys do not take the social polish until much later. I have heard Americans express surprise at the childishness of big boys whom they saw playing at marbles or with tops at an age when their boys play foot-ball. It is because these boys allow themselves to be watched, restrained, and reprimanded by timid mothers much longer than theirs, and the boys themselves are not generally inclined to the daring undertakings that tempt young Americans. Their affection for Robinson Crusoe is very Platonic; they do not long to run away to sea, nor even to get on the roof to learn their lessons, like a little fellow I met in the country out West while visiting his parents, and who, when I expressed my surprise at his perch, said, « Well, if I slip, I can hold on to the chimney by my legs! » And saying this, he made the gesture of clasping the big chimney between his bare and extremely short legs, more scratched than words can tell, under their torn knickerbockers. Our boys are evidently girlish in comparison. On the other hand, a French youth of eighteen is stupefied, on making the acquaintance of English or American youths of his age, to meet with something that seems to him another kind of childishness: I mean that boyishness which, up to a certain point, lasts for life in all Anglo-Saxons. He finds himself much more of a man, because he really has a greater intellectual fund, more general information, a more highly developed critical sense, a riper mind already much refined, and quite enfranchised from the simple instruction given at the *lycée*.

Literature in our country, not having as its aim either instruction or amusement, but the production of works of art, is forbidden to French children. I except fairy-tales. Perrault has written masterpieces; Mme. d'Aulnoy and others have followed him; the fairies of other countries may have been more poetic, but they have never been as witty as the French. Leaving fairy-tales aside, children were obliged for a long time to be satisfied with the very slight collection bequeathed by Berguin, Bouilly, Mme. de Genlis, those clever people who know how to coat a moral lesson with a thin layer of pictures, as bitter pills are coated with sugar. In fact, this is the French parents' very ideal in the matter of story-books, and to please them the lesson must not be too well coated, or hard to find, for the spirit of investigation is not encouraged in young readers.

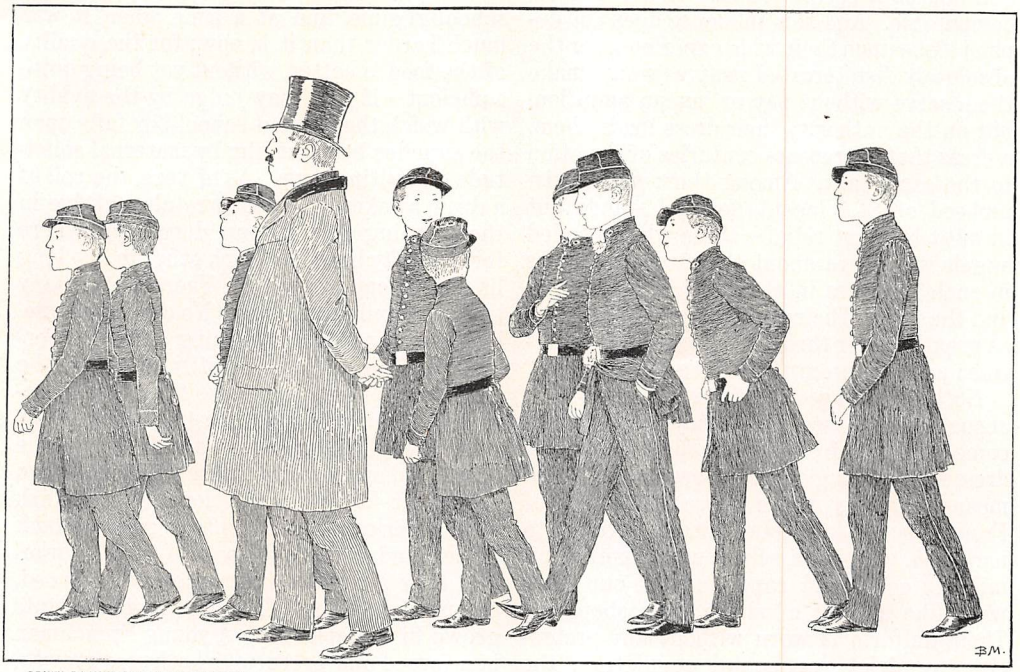
During the past twenty years, however, the meager library at their disposal has grown wonderfully; celebrated pens have contributed toward it; we need but mention Jules Verne, whose scientific fairy-tales have, alas! almost completely dethroned those that appealed to the imagination alone. But neither in his books, nor in those of any of his competitors, will you ever find what both English and American writers currently permit themselves to do, namely, to arraign a relative, as, for instance, the wicked uncle in « Kidnapped, » or to make teachers hateful, or merely ridiculous, as is the case in Dickens's works. This would be an outrage upon the respect due them in the aggregate. For this reason translations are nearly always expurgated. The friendly adoption of poor Laurie by the four girls in « Little Women » would be considered very unseemly. Yet, for all that, they were good little New England girls. T. B. Aldrich's « Story of a Bad Boy » was deprived of one of its prettiest chapters, the one about his childish love for a big girl. « It is useless, » they say, « to draw attention to that kind of danger. » Authors and editors are often greatly perplexed before this severe tribunal of French parents. The difference between the books children are allowed to read in France and those sought by their elders, the contrast between the tasteless pap on one side and the infernal spiciness on the other, must greatly astonish both English and American readers, who nearly all accept the same literary diet, young and old, parents and children.

As in all other countries, I suppose, French boys lag a few years behind the girls, at least during childhood, so far as intelligence and industry are concerned. In the mixed primary classes boys and girls meet twice a week before a lady teacher, who gives them elementary instruction. As a rule, the girls carry off all the prizes; this causes their masculine comrades to long, with a vague feeling of humiliation, for the day when they can go to a *lycée*, where there will be no girls, and where they will be led by men, and think and speak and act like men themselves. These classes (*cours*) for little children of both sexes have been in

existence only a few years, and are the nearest approach to co-education that has ever been made in France, at least among people in easy circumstances; for certain poor villages have had, and still have, mixed schools, and even in the villages where there is both a male and a female teacher, one always sees the school children come and go along the roads together; little brothers and sisters, as well as little neighbors, both boys and girls, carrying baskets on their arms, and bowing

As a general thing, however, all our future voters know how to read. In consequence, the picturesqueness of rustic life is fast disappearing, although there is still much left.

There are always a few foundlings among these little country school children. They are sent to farm-houses by the directors of asylums, and they continue to look after them so as to assure them proper treatment. Most frequently these poor little waifs scattered



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

SCHOOL BOYS AND TUTOR OUT FOR A WALK.

politely, even though they do not know you, saying, «Good day, sir,» «Good day, madam.» They often have to go great distances to reach their school, which they must attend until they are twelve years old. Our French peasants would never dream of dotting the country with school-houses, and keeping them up at their own expense, as the farmers do in America. It is even hard enough to get them to do without their children's help during the summer months, when the harvest needs as many arms as possible. As soon as he can walk, the little peasant, armed with a switch, takes care of the geese and turkeys in the fields; next he is advanced to the grade of cowherd, with the result that, even in this era of supposed compulsory instruction, he is not much more learned than his parents, who were never taught anything at all.

through France come to be considered members of the family, and they have had the honor of being immortalized under the old name meaning «forsaken in the fields» by the greatest of pastoral novelists, George Sand. If you care to know them well, read «François le Champi.» This might be the place, if there were room, to show the working of those nurseries where the children of the poor are suckled by an army of wet-nurses, and of the Society for Maternal Charity, which goes back to Marie Antoinette's time. One ought to make a picture of that clean and rosy multitude which crowds the infant asylum from the time the little ones are three days old, and then the infant school to their sixth year, while their mothers, all industrious workers, are earning their day's wages. One ought to mention the orphanages, the best of which in these times

of unwholesome centralization are the agricultural orphan asylums directed for the greater part, as well as those of the cities, by religious brotherhoods and nuns, the latter frequently having the charge even of boys. In spite of the growing emulation of the lay element in the last twenty years, the good sisters still hold the first rank. There can be no better directresses of industrial schools and women's work bureaus, of asylums of all kinds. Their influence in reformatories and houses of correction for the young is incomparable. And this influence does not depend alone upon their wide experience, or the absolutely disinterested motives which make them serve without pay or human ambition, but on the authority their dress lends them, a dress that represents centuries of devotion to the same task. Among them all the sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul stands out in most brilliant relief—those white-hooded angels who move about the streets of Paris in such numbers in the service of the sick and the poor. Their popularity has remained as great as ever through the clash of revolutions and the progress of free-thinking.

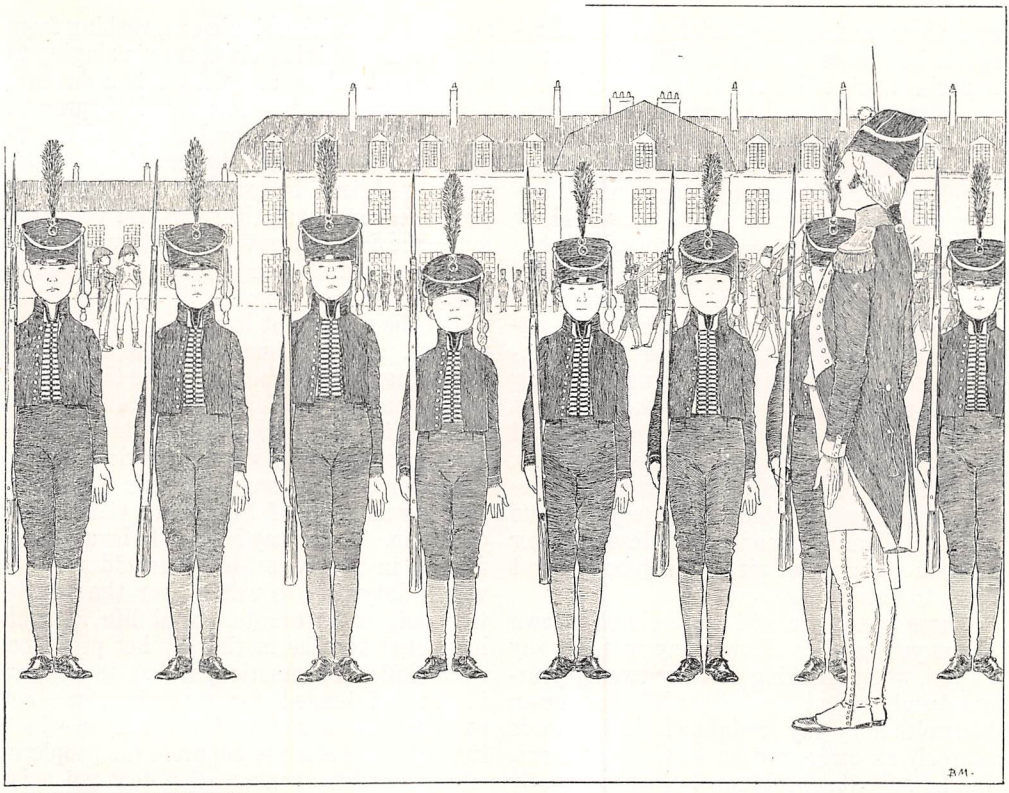
Nothing must seem stranger to Americans, accustomed to see school-boys of all ages come and go freely through the streets, dressed according to their parents' taste and means, than to watch those long lines of French boys, sometimes nearly grown to manhood, wearing a school uniform of semi-military coats and caps, and led out for a walk like a flock of sheep by a shepherd. Their uniform is worn without any pretension to strict regimental regulation; the little fellows look ridiculous, as their brass-buttoned coats are generally too long and ill-fitting. Their sole care seems to be directed toward playing the worst tricks they can on the usher who is leading them. School-boy slang dubs this overseer a *pion*, a chess pawn, and there is no more perfect example of a butt than this subaltern functionary. His tyrannical supervision, his power to inflict punishment for the slightest peccadillo, necessarily make him hated by those whose words and least actions he watches during recess as well as during study hours. If the usher is vulgar or coarse at times, the boys are in general far from having good manners.

These young fellows, varying from eight to eighteen years of age, are shut up all the week in a real barrack, a most rigorously closed one at that—«a great stone box, entered by a single hole, provided with an iron grating and a porter,» as Taine has said. Here Latin, Greek, history, and mathematics are poured into them without respite eleven hours at a stretch, and with very short intervals for recreation in almost treeless yards, darkened by high walls, and affording too little space for their games.

Strangers, when informed of this kind of life, begin to notice a peculiar pallor, and the look that comes to children and plants deprived of sunshine. The greater number of our most powerful men, from the intellectual point of view, were formed under this school régime, and at a time when it was much harder than it is now; for the quality of the food is better, without yet being quite sufficient—if one may judge by the avidity with which the present school-boy falls upon the supplies brought him by maternal solicitude on visiting-days. As of yore, the roll of a drum awakens the poor wretches at five in the morning in the long dormitory, where forty or fifty beds face each other in two long lines from opposite walls. There are as many beds as pupils in a class. No one, of course, has ever thought of warming a French dormitory. The boys dress hastily, shivering the while, and one may suppose that their ablutions are somewhat summary. In our schools little thought is spent on anything but the brain, and one must grant that the seclusion they offer favors its development. English and American youths have more robust bodies, and this gives tone to their character; they are more harmoniously balanced, and much happier. They are vigorous plants grown in the open air. A young Frenchman is a forced and precocious hothouse growth.

The colleges under the control of priests, leaving aside all question of knowledge, have always been celebrated for the care given to hygiene, bodily exercise, and a semi-paternal education. They have gone ahead of the revolution now being slowly brought about in other colleges. The greater part of them are systematically located a little way out of town, so as to obtain the best sanitary conditions. The Jesuits were the first to inaugurate vacation trips for their pupils.

Boys' schools, both secular and religious, differ among themselves, both in spirit and in tendency, far more than they do in the United States, and the stamp each one gives is deeply impressed upon all who receive it. For instance, the pupils of the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, and those of the district schools, are drawn from the lower classes. While the district-school boys assert the principles of equality, with which they are imbued, by their monumental insolence, the



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

AT THE MILITARY SCHOOL, PRYTANÉE DE LA FLÈCHE, UNDER THE FIRST EMPIRE.

others still have a notion of what is meant by deference and respect.

While speaking of disciplined and regimental schools, it would not be quite fair to omit the Prytanée de la Flèche, the only one of the many military schools of the pre-revolutionary period still extant. Here the sons of officers who have died in service, or who are simply poor, are gratuitously prepared for St. Cyr, the military college. They are miniature soldiers, like the children of the troop,[1] with this difference, that they receive a good classical education. I remember the anecdote my stepfather, Count d'Aure, who entered La Flèche [2] before the regulation age of eight, used to tell me. It was the first time he had left his mother, and he was somewhat bewildered by the roughness of his comrades, who affected the airs of old troopers. To make sure that he was not a milksop, one of them, a veteran of twelve, made him lay his hand flat on the ground, stepped on it, and crushed one of his fingers. This tormentor was the future General Baraguay d'Hilliers. The victim, who nearly fainted, bore it bravely, however. «And this was the beginning,» my stepfather used to add, half a century later, when showing his deformed finger, «of a friendship that lasted all our lives.» This happened shortly after the First Empire, when Roman virtues were emulated; but one must not infer from this isolated fact that stoicism flourishes vigorously in the French educational system. During many centuries it was not its aim to prepare either pioneers or those great business men who are more tossed about on the ocean of speculation than a vessel by a tempest. With the exception of the roughness and servitude of barrack life, the sequel of the inflexible discipline of the college, a Frenchman leads the easiest kind of life, one that demands the least amount of effort. Even while quite young our children know, or think they know, that their lot in life will, if they choose, be the same as their father's, who, being the guardian of an inherited fortune, will surely leave them a prearranged position.

This father has full and complete authority

[1] Children of the troop, if they belong to military families, are educated to be good non-commissioned officers at the State's expense.

[2] La Flèche is a pretty, small town in Maine, with the Prytanée for its prominent feature.

over them, and demands strict forms of respect. In France a good son subordinates the important acts of his life to his father's consent, even more than he should in some cases. On the other hand, the blind and tender desire that all parents, without exception, have of keeping their children near them, of not letting their sons wander about the world, or risk the patrimony of their ancestors, has brought about a mania for finding employment in government offices in preference to embracing a liberal career. The whole nation has the same stay-at-home and exclusive tastes. This permits foreigners to bring France all that is worst among them, while it does not send her sons to seek the great and good things there may be in other countries. If a life of perpetual wandering finally becomes useless and sterile, it is equally true that it is debilitating and unwholesome never to have a change of air. Frenchmen do not seem to notice this.

These bonds are still more closely drawn about young girls. How many mothers say to you, when speaking of their twenty-year-old daughters, «I have never left her for an hour either by day or night»? And there is scarcely an exaggeration in the statement. But how about school years? Most frequently nowadays there is no school. The friction of public life, considered so necessary for boys, is in general found harmful for girls. I have already said that in the harmonious and complicated play of French society, men and women have two very distinct parts to play; they are separately introduced to it, the son by his father, the daughter by her mother, who guides her in the path she has pursued herself. The exaltation, I might almost say the exaggeration, of maternal self-sacrifice is especially frequent in the great middle class. In the higher ranks, the Frenchwoman remembers that she has social duties to perform, that she must keep up the reputation of the salons of her country, which the trivial custom of reception-days has so much lessened, and that if she is forever busy directing and correcting her daughter, she runs the risk of being no more than a nursemaid at first, and a governess after that. Besides, it is proved that in all aristocracies, whether of wealth or birth, women are not disposed to give up worldly pleasures, and the governess-mother is obliged to sacrifice these pleasures for the greater part.

When the mother who educates her daughter by means of the private classes (cours) almost universally adopted here has been busy with two or three children of different ages, or even with a single one, rushing from a music to a drawing class, from a singing to a gymnastic class, and thence to a dancing class,—when she has been regularly present at the weekly lectures on history and literature, not to mention the catechism class, where religious instruction is indefinitely prolonged for years after the first communion,—she is worn out with fatigue, and at night, instead of going into society, is quite ready to stay at home with her daughter, whom she would not leave alone under any pretext. And to whom could she trust her? Sometimes there comes to relieve the mother a governess in the form of a perambulating teacher, in whose company the big or little girl goes walking, visits historical monuments and museums, meanwhile gathering some knowledge of English or German on each trip. There may happen to be a grandmother in the house, or some old relative whose duty it is to watch over the daughter; but, at all events, social life is much hampered for the mother by her presence, as it kills conversation, which in France is rarely intended for juvenile ears—not so much on account of the license which it would be better to suppress (as people in whose countries conversation does not exist in an artistic form take pleasure in saying), but for reasons of quite a different kind. The liberty of discussion and thought, the vivacity of repartee which constitutes so much of its merit, presuppose minds at once ripe, enlightened, and alert, and equal to the acceptance of paradoxes—a plane which young girls are not supposed to have reached, and will reach but gradually, things coming to them, as it were, filtered by maternal circumspection. If this mother who molds her daughter in her image is a remarkable woman, the result may be perfect; otherwise it would be preferable to send her to boarding-school. But one must believe that there are many able women in France, for if you succeed in making that almost mute little person who can listen so well talk to you, you will often be surprised to find that, although she has not traveled much, not read everything,—far from it,—not been to the theater, except to see a classical piece or hear some music, she nevertheless has guessed or understood very much. You will be specially apt to notice how few silly things she says. No doubt there is but little method in this style of education; much has been done by fits and starts; but the public lectures at the Sorbonne will crown the edifice and fill up many gaps, as these lectures are of the highest order, and

are well attended. I am willing to grant that even the most complete home education is not the best means for winning a diploma; but diplomas do not dazzle us. Even those who recognize their utility admit that there is another essential point, and that an abiding taste for study is better than all else. Without it a diploma is but vanity and her!» This is indisputably true. «And what of charitable works—public works? What place do they hold in all this? You have told us nothing about the interest taken in philanthropic or sociological questions by this mother and her daughter.» As for charity, it is still taught our children under the simple form of almsgiving.



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

FRENCH MOTHER AND DAUGHTER HASTENING FROM CLASS TO CLASS.

sham. Besides, there are many girls brought up at home or in convents who pass their examinations victoriously, too. In France one is not graduated in one's own college, but at the University, by unknown examiners, who do not ask you where you learned what you know, provided you know it. I hear clamors raised: «But all comradeship is missing! The mother and daughter must become too indispensable to each other by this means! There must be much egoism in the tender dependence of the daughter who is so accustomed to turn to this maternal providence for everything that concerns

To show the transformation that woman's education has undergone in France, and to indicate as clearly as possible what still remains of the old forms, and what new ones the future promises, I ask permission to go back to the last century, when a little girl, far from being her mother's inseparable companion as she is now, was merely brought to her once a day by her governess. When eleven or twelve years old she was taken to a convent, where, we are told, she acquired «the accomplishments necessary to the status of a woman who is to live in society, hold a certain place there, and even manage a household.»

This may seem very extraordinary to those who imagine a convent as a prison or a tomb, but it is certain that the unchanging convent has remained just what it was when Rousseau was both praising and blaming it. The boarding pupils still play many games and have plenty of exercise, and the result is that they are usually in very good health; the calm serenity of the moral atmosphere surrounding them seems to preserve them from all nervous excitement. Besides, the convents—and I refer to the great convents such as the Sacred Heart, the Roule, or Les Oiseaux—are still the places where women are best prepared for appearing well in society. How is this done? By keeping up old traditions, the special formulas of a fortunately vanished period when a young girl left the convent only to be married. She was then at once supposed to ignore no single shade of etiquette, to do nothing awkward, to be armed from head to foot for the grand ceremony of her presentation at court. These may be puerile formulas, but they separated one, once for all, from the common people, and they are still preserved behind those great walls that immure the past. In addition, the nuns who are the guardians of these traditions frequently belong to aristocratic families. This atmosphere of hostility to all progress, this silent protest against both the good and the evil of modern times confounded in the same tacit reproach, are the convent's worst features. It would seem like a scene from the middle ages if an American Protestant could see the parlor of the celebrated convent of the Visitandines, where little girls come to talk on Sundays to their relations behind a double set of narrow gratings. Not all convents are cloistered; there are some where no grating separates parents and children; but there is always a nun walking up and down, discreetly present at all interviews, and all letters sent or received must be read by the superior. Save during the two months of vacation, the separation between mother and daughter is complete, and this is why in the present time, when home education seems to prevail, the convents are less in favor than formerly.

They, however, have numerous partizans in the provinces, which—and one cannot make this too clear—are not at all like Paris, and even in Paris, where nearly all the young girls of the Faubourg St. Germain spend some time *au couvent*, if only for the sake of tradition. I am ashamed to say that in republican France many vain people, who wish grand acquaintances and a certain style for their children, place their daughters in these «nurseries for great ladies» just as they elect to intrust their sons to the Jesuits. To this double category we can add the militant Catholics who consider it their duty to protest against college instruction because it is said to be godless, and the many others who are behind the times, and think that high instruction is for men alone. Let me add that the nuns are now obliged to have their diplomas before they may teach, just as well as simple laywomen.

If I say less about lycées for girls than about convents, it is because they are so much more like the schools in America and England. They are day boarding-schools, where the most skilful professors lead young girls up to taking their degree of B. A., if they choose, the study of dead languages being optional. There is still much prejudice against them, but about thirty years ago there was just as much against the Sorbonne lectures, founded for girls by the great minister of public instruction, Victor Duruy; eighty bishops thundered against them, yet to-day everybody accepts them.

The gravest accusation against girls' lycées by the group of retrograde thinkers is that they are «badly made up.» Good society still holds aloof, but begins to understand that the absence of religious instruction does not by any means imply systematic hostility to faith; for parents, and the church they belong to, are at liberty to develop this, and the necessary time is allowed for it. The war on these recent establishments is, in short, a partizan war. Lycées are destined to take the place of the boarding-schools of former days; for the latter are gradually disappearing or transforming themselves into daily cours (classes), where women absorbed by their social duties, or fortunate enough to be wanted as companions by their husbands, will wisely send their daughters. The day when girls' colleges triumph in France, there will be many more analogies between French and American women than there are now.

There is one establishment which, in spite of all, it will be difficult to make democratic, and that is the once imperial house of the Legion of Honor. I mentioned the Prytanée a while ago; this is also a special school, where the daughters and granddaughters of officers alone have the right of gratuitous admission, to the number of four or five hundred. Napoleon founded it in 1809, when he transferred his military school to the St. Cyr buildings, where in other days, under Mme. de Maintenon's rule, the daughters of



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

VISITING DAY AT THE CONVENT OF THE VISITANDINES.

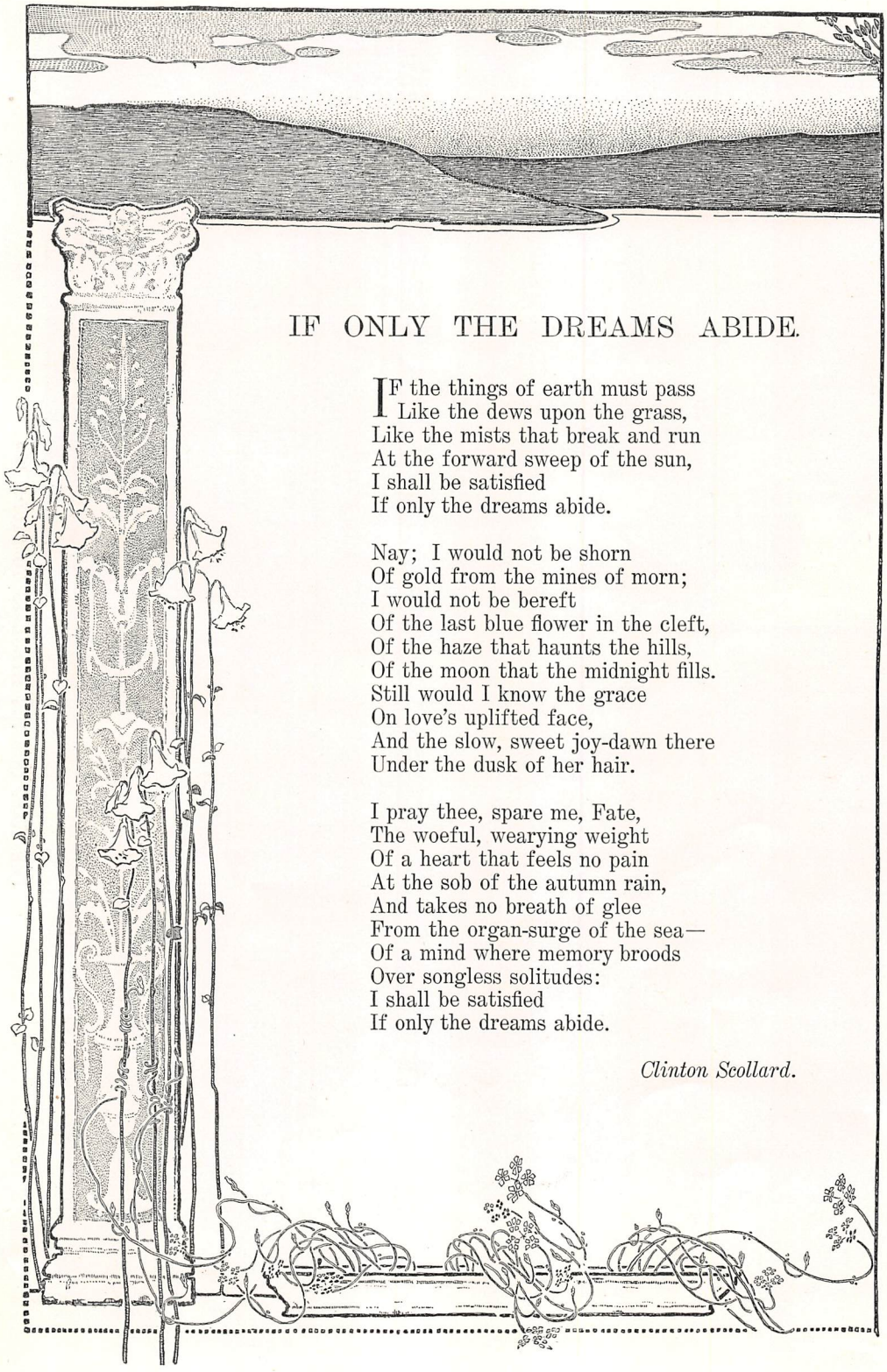
poor noblemen were educated. The Emperor wanted to emulate Louis XIV in securing a good education for the daughters of those of his companions in arms who had fallen on the field of honor. He intrusted the reins of government to Mme. Campan, that honored pedagogue who had educated Queen Hortense, Josephine's daughter. The setting is imposing. The Abbey of St. Denis, the burial-place of the kings of France, one of our principal historical monuments, casts its great shadow on these young creatures. No instruction could be more thorough than that given them, nor could there be more rigorous regulations than those to which they are subjected. The house is strictly closed, and opens its doors only to visitors provided with a pass furnished by the Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, who controls it. The boarding-school has been located in immense, damp, vaulted halls that cannot possibly be warmed, and they are, besides, separated by long cloisters; the regulations are more severe than those of any convent, being almost military; the feeling of honor is inculcated in these children as it would be in all soldiers. All taste in dress is stoically repressed. The hideousness of their black costume is carried to exaggeration; their hair is cut short; they never go out. But how proud they are to form a part of that élite. This feeling begins at the superintendent, who wears the great ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and it extends to the professors called «dames de St. Denis,» all of them former pupils. Although unmarried, they have the right to be addressed as «madam.» This historical and military setting develops most peculiar individualities and characters. A St. Denis pupil is often recognized by her superiority, and not less frequently by her pretensions; but she will never be found commonplace.

It is quite clear that, whether it be for better or for worse, we are gradually approaching an order of things more American than French, in the old sense of the word. As regards children, the prison-like school has opened its doors, boarding lycées seem to be losing favor, and scholars can enjoy all the bodily exercise that tempts schoolboys on the other side of the Atlantic. At the same time, the number of those who finish their course in the «humanities,» that splendid name that nothing else can replace, is growing smaller; some are content to follow merely the so-called modern course. The hurried and curtailed education which permits an early entrance into practical life has numerous partizans.

I trust, however, that we may never lose sight of the fact that education does not consist in a more or less vast and varied instruction, documented and secured by a greater or less number of diplomas, but that it is what was so excellently said by a Frenchman of the good old time, Montaigne, «the moral institution of man.»

Th. Bentzon.





IF ONLY THE DREAMS ABIDE.

IF the things of earth must pass
Like the dews upon the grass,
Like the mists that break and run
At the forward sweep of the sun,
I shall be satisfied
If only the dreams abide.

Nay; I would not be shorn
Of gold from the mines of morn;
I would not be bereft
Of the last blue flower in the cleft,
Of the haze that haunts the hills,
Of the moon that the midnight fills.
Still would I know the grace
On love's uplifted face,
And the slow, sweet joy-dawn there
Under the dusk of her hair.

I pray thee, spare me, Fate,
The woeful, wearying weight
Of a heart that feels no pain
At the sob of the autumn rain,
And takes no breath of glee
From the organ-surge of the sea—
Of a mind where memory broods
Over songless solitudes:
I shall be satisfied
If only the dreams abide.

Clinton Scollard.



DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

«HE TOOK OUT HIS EYEGLASS TO STUDY IT.»

(SEE PAGE 829.)

A LITTLE FOOL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «OUR TOLSTOI CLUB.»

«WHAT, my dear Marian! And do you really and truly mean to say you thought of taking the girl without going to ask her character?»

«There are so many difficulties about it. You see, she lived last with Mrs. Donald Craighead for two years, and that would be quite enough for a character. They all went abroad in a great hurry on account of Mr. Craighead's health, and Mrs. Craighead promised to give her one, but forgot it, and she could n't bear to bother them when they were all in such trouble. I know myself that all that about them is true.»

«So do I; but that does not prove that she ever lived with them. Cannot she refer to any of the family?»

«No; she did nothing but laundry-work there, and never saw any of their friends, I fancy; but she does have a written character from the family she lived with before them, very nice people in South Boston.»

«What 's their name?»

«I don't remember,» said Miss Marian Carter, blushing, «but I have it written down at home.»

«I should certainly go there if I were you.»

«It is so far off, and I never went there in my life.»

«Well, you ought. It sounds very suspicious. Of course there are a few nice people in South Boston; they have to live there because they own factories and things, and have to be near them; but then, again, there are such dreadful neighborhoods there. Most likely she depends on your not taking the trouble, and you will find the number she gave you over some low grog-shop.»

«Oh, I should be so frightened! I really do not think I can go!»

«You surely ought not to risk taking her without, and very likely have her turn out an accomplice of burglars, like that Norah of mine, through whom I lost so much silver.»

«I thought you had a character with her.»

«So I did, or I should not have taken her. I make it a principle not to. It only shows how great the danger is with a character; without one it amounts to a certainty.»

«She was such a nice-looking girl!»

«That makes no difference. I always mistrust maids who look too nice. They are sure to have some story, or scrape, or something, like that Florence of mine, who looked so much of a lady, and turned out to be a clergyman's daughter, and had run away from her husband—a most respectable man. He came to the house after her, and gave no end of trouble.»

«But this girl did not look at all like that; not a bit above her place, but so neatly dressed, and with a plain, sensible way about her; and her name is Drusilla Elms—such a quaint, old-fashioned, American-sounding name, quite refreshing to hear.»

«It sounds very like an assumed name. The very worst woman I ever had was named Bathsheba Fogg; she turned out to have been a chorus girl at some low theater, and must have picked it up from some farce or other.»

«Then you really think I ought to go to South Boston?»

«I should do so in your place,» replied Mrs. William Treadwell.

This gave but scant encouragement, for Marian could not but feel that the result of her friend's going, and that of her own, might be very different; and Mrs. Treadwell, as she watched her visitor off, smiled good-humoredly, but pityingly. «Poor dear Marian! What a little fool she is to swallow everything that she is told in that way! It is a wonder that the Carters ever have a decent servant in their house.»

However much of a wonder it might be, it was still a fact; but it did not occur to Marian, as she bent her way homeward, to revive her feeble self-confidence, crushed flat by her friend's scorn, with any recollection that such fearful tales as she had just heard were without a parallel in her own experience. It is to be feared that she was a little fool, though she kept her mother's house very well and carefully, if, indeed, it were her mother's house. Nobody but the tax-gatherer knew to whom it really belonged, and he forgot between each assessment. It stood on Burroughs street, Jamaica Plain, a neighborhood that still boasts an air of dignified repose. It was

without the charm of a really old-fashioned house, or even such as may be possessed by a modern imitation of one; indeed, it bore the stamp of that unfortunate period which may be called the middle age of American architecture, extending, at a rough estimate, from 1820 to 1865; but it was a well-built house, and looked, as at present inhabited, a pleasant abode enough, of sufficient size to accommodate a numerous female flock—Marian's grandmother and her great-aunt, her mother and her aunt, her widowed sister and two children, a trained nurse who was treated as one of the family, three servants, and Marian herself to make up the round dozen. The grandmother had lost the use of her limbs, and the great-aunt that of her mind; the mother and the trained nurse were devoted to them, and the aunt to philanthropic objects, and the sister to her children; so the housekeeper's duties devolved on Marian, though she was still but a child in her elders' eyes, and were well discharged, as they all allowed, though qualifying their praise with the remark that it was «easy enough to keep a house without a man in it.»

As Marian Carter passed along bustling, suburban Centre street, she looked a very flower of the Western world of feminine liberty; fine and fair, free and fearless, coming and going at her own pleasure, on foot or by the horse-cars, those levelers of privilege; no duenna to track her steps, no yashmak or veil to hide her charms. Yet the fact was that she knew less of men than if she had lived in a harem or a convent. She had no sultan, no father confessor. She could not, like Miss Pole of Cranford memory, claim to know the other sex by virtue of her father having been a man, for Marian's father had died before she was born. Her sister Isabel and she had had friends, and had gone into society in a mild way, and being pretty girls, had met with a little general attention, but nothing ever came of it. The family never entertained, except now and then an old friend to tea, their means and opportunity being small; nor could young men venture to call. The grandmother had been a great invalid before she lost the use of her limbs, and the great-aunt a formidable person before she lost that of her mind, while Aunt Caroline from her youth upward had developed a great distaste for the society of men, even when viewed as objects of philanthropy.

When Isabel was four-and-twenty she went to New York to visit some cousins, and though they lived very quietly, she made the acquaintance of a young civil engineer, at home on a vacation from his work in the United States of Colombia, who had married and borne her off after the briefest possible courtship, never to see her old home again till she came back, ten years after, a widow with two children, to eke out her small means by the shelter of the family abode. I cannot delay the humiliating confession, postponed as long as may be for the sake of the artistic unity of my picture, that the youngest of these children was a boy, if, as his mother was wont to plead, «a very little one.» He was dressed in as unboyish a fashion as possible, and being christened Winthrop, was always called Winnie. He was a quiet, gentle child, kept down by his position; but though thus made the best of, he was felt to be an inconvenience and an encumbrance, if not now, certainly in the future. There was no end to the trouble it would make when Winnie grew older, and required a room to himself, and would be obliged to go to a boys' school, which might even lead up to the direful contingency of his «bringing home other boys.»

After Isabel's departure, Marian, though the prettier of the two, found it dull to go about alone. No one asked her to New York; the cousin had died, and the cousin's husband had married again; and when she grew past the dancing age, perhaps earlier than she need, she went nowhere where she had any chance of meeting any men but the husbands of one or two married friends, and she was such a little fool that she fancied they despised her for being an old maid. She knew she was five-and-thirty on her last birthday, and was foolish enough to be afraid and ashamed of owning to it. She need not have done so, for she did not look a day older than twenty-five; but the memories of her contemporaries were pitiless.

She enjoyed her housekeeping, which gave her life some object, and her intercourse with her butcher, a fine young fellow who admired her hugely, was the nearest approach to a love-affair in which she had ever indulged, so much sentiment did he contrive to throw about the legs of mutton and the Sunday roast. Though honestly thinking herself happy, and her position a fortunate one, she relished a change, which seldom came, and was glad of the prospect of a visit to South Boston, now that she could conscientiously say she ought to go since Emma Treadwell had ordered it. The excitement of going off the beaten track was heightened by the mystery which invested the affair. Marian had not dared to confess to her managing

friend that the «written character» to which she referred had struck her rather oddly when the neat, civil, young, but not too young woman whose appearance had so favorably impressed her had handed it to her with an air which seemed to indicate that nothing more need be said on the subject, although it only said, «Drusilla Elms refers by permission to —— Hayward, City Point, South Boston,» in a great, scrawling, masculine-looking hand. The name was easy enough to read, a painful effort having evidently been made to write thus much legibly; but the title, be it Mr., Mrs., or Miss, was so utterly unreadable that Marian, who dreaded, like most timid people, to put a direct question, ventured upon an indirect one:

«Is—Mr. Hayward a widower?»

«Oh, dear, no, ma'am!» replied Drusilla, emphatically.

«And—they—still live there?»

«Oh, dear, yes, ma'am!»

MARIAN was very glad that the Saturday she chose for her expedition was Aunt Caroline's day for the Women's and Children's Hospital, and that Isabel had taken Minna and Winnie for a holiday trip into town to see the Art Museum, which left fewer people at home to whom to explain her errand, and to whose comments to reply. Mrs. Curtis said it was silly to go so far, and if she could n't be satisfied to take the girl without, she had better find some one near by. The trained nurse, who was slowly but surely getting the whole household under her control, said that Miss Carter's beautiful new spring suit would be ruined going all the way to South Boston in the horse-cars; and Mrs. Carter, who would never have thought of this herself, seconded her. Marian did not argue the point, but she wore the dress nevertheless. She never felt that anything she wore made any impression on any one she knew, but she could not help fancying that if she had the chance she might impress strangers. No one she knew ever called her pretty, and perhaps five-and-thirty was too old to be thought so; and yet, if there was any meaning in the word, it might surely be applied to the soft, shady darkness of her hair and eyes, and the delicate bloom of her cheeks and lips, set off by that silver-gray costume, with its own skilfully blended lights and shades of silk and cashmere, and the purple and white lilacs that were wreathed together on her small bonnet. She made a bad beginning, for while still enjoying the effect of her graceful draperies as she entered the horse-car for Boston, she carelessly caught the handle of her nice gray silk sunshade in the door, and snapped it short in the middle. She could have cried, though the man who always mended their umbrellas assured her, with a bow and smile, that it should be mended, when she called for it on her way back, «so that she would never know it»; but it deprived her costume of the finishing touch, and she really needed it on this warm sunny day; then, it was a bad omen, and she was foolish enough to believe in omens. Her disturbance prevented her from observing much of the route after she had drifted into a car for South Boston, and had assured herself that it was the right one. Perhaps this was as well, as the first part of the way was sufficiently uninviting to have frightened her out of her intention had she looked about her. When at last she did, they were passing along a wide street lined with sufficiently substantial brick buildings, chiefly devoted to business, crossed by narrower ones of small wooden houses more or less respectable in appearance; but surely no housemaid who would suit them could ever have served in one of these. Great rattling drays squeezed past the car, and Chinese laundrymen noiselessly got in and out. The one landmark she had heard of in South Boston, and for aught she knew the reason of its existence, was the Perkins Institution for the Blind, which her Aunt Caroline sometimes visited. But she passed the Institution, and still went on and on. That the world extended so far in that direction was an amazement in itself; she knew there must be something there to fill up, but she had had a vague idea that it might be water, which is so accommodating in filling up the waste spaces of the terrestrial globe. Finally the now nearly empty car came to a full stop at the foot of a hill, the track winding off around it, and the conductor, of whom she had asked her way, approached her with the patronizing deference which men in his position were very apt to assume to her: «Lady, you 'll have to get out here, and walk up the hill. Keep straight ahead, and you can't miss it.»

«And can I take the car here when I come back?» asked Marian, clinging as if to an ark of refuge.

«Oh, yes,» said the man, encouragingly; «we 're along every ten minutes. It ain't far off.»

Marian slowly touched one little foot, and then another, to the unknown and almost foreign soil of South Boston. She looked wistfully after the car till it turned a corner, and left her stranded, before she began slowly

to climb the hill. It was warm, and she missed her sunshade. «I shall be shockingly burned!» she thought. She looked about her, and acknowledged that the street was a pleasant, sunny one, and that its commonplace architecture gained in picturesqueness by its steep ascent. As she neared the top the houses grew larger, scattered among garden grounds, and she at last found the number she looked for on the gate-post of one of the largest. She walked up a brick-paved path to the front door between thick box borders, inclosing beds none too well weeded, but whose bowery shrubs and great clumps of old-fashioned bulbs and perennials had acquired the secure possession of the soil that comes with age. Behind them were grape-vines trained on trellises, over which rose the blossoming heads of tall old cherry-trees, and through the interstices in the flowery wall might be caught glimpses of an old garden where grass and flowers and vegetables mingled at haphazard. It dated from the days when people planted gardens with a view to what they could get out of them, regardless of effect; and the house, in like manner, had been built to live in rather than to look at. No one could say how it had looked before trees had shaded it and creepers enveloped it so completely. The veranda which ran around it was well sheltered from the street, fortunately, thought Marian, for the bamboo chairs and sofas, piled up with rugs and cushions, with which it was crowded, were heaped with newspapers, and hats, and tennis-rackets, and riding-whips, and garden tools, and baskets, tossed carelessly about. On the door-mat lay a large dog, who flopped his tail up and down with languid courtesy as she approached. She was terribly afraid of him, but thought it safer to face him than to turn her back upon him, and edging by him, gave a feeble pull at the door-bell. No one came. She rang again with more energy, and then, after a brief pause, the door was opened by a half-grown boy.

Marian only knew a very few families who aspired to have their doors opened by anything more than a parlor-maid, and these had butlers of unimpeachable respectability. But this young person had a bright, but roguish look, which accorded better with the page of farce than with one of real life. He seemed surprised to see her, though he bowed civilly.

«Is Mrs. Hayward at home?» asked Marian, in the most dulcet of small voices; and as he looked at her with a stare that seemed as if it might develop into a grin, she added, «or any of the ladies of the family? I only wish to see some one of them on business.»

«Walk in, please, ma'am, and I 'll see,» faltered the porter, appearing perplexed; and he opened the door, and ushered Marian across a wide hall with a great, old-fashioned staircase at the further end—a place that would have had no end of capabilities about it in a modern decorator's eyes, but which looked now rather bare and unfurnished, save for pegs loaded with hats and coats, and stands of umbrellas—into a long, low room that looked crowded enough. Low bookcases ran round the walls, and there were a great many tables heaped with books and magazines, and a piano littered with music in a most slovenly condition; a music-stand or two, and a violin and violoncello in their cases clustered about it. The walls over the books were hung with old portraits, which looked as if they might be valuable; among them were squeezed in whips, and long pipes on racks, and calendars, and over them were hung horns and heads of unknown beasts, whose skins lay on the floor. Over the fireplace hung a sword and a pair of pistols in well-worn cases, but they were free from dust, which many of the furnishings were not. The long windows at the side opened on to the veranda, which was even more carelessly strewed with the family possessions than at the front door, and from which steps led down to a tennis-court in faultless trim, the only orderly spot on the premises.

What a poor housekeeper Mrs. Hayward must be! She must let the men of the family do exactly as they pleased, and there must be at least half a dozen of them, while not a trace of feminine occupation was to be seen. No servant from here could hope to suit the Carter household, no matter how good a character she brought. But somehow the intensely masculine air of the place had a wild fascination for Marian herself, in spite of warning remembrances of how much her family would be shocked. There was something delicious in the freedom with which letters and papers were tossed about, and books piled up anywhere, while their proper homes stood vacant, and in the soothing, easy tolerance with which persecuted dust was allowed to find a quiet resting-place. A pungent and pleasing perfume pervaded the premises, which seemed appropriate and agreeable to her delicate senses, even though she supposed it must be tobacco-smoke. She had smelled tobacco only as it exhaled from passers in the street, and surely this fine, ineffable aroma came from a different source than theirs! While she dain-

tily inhaled it as she looked curiously about, her ears became aware of singular sounds—a subdued scuffling and scraping at the door at the further end of the room, and a breathing at its keyhole, which gave her an unpleasant sensation of being watched; and she instantly sat stiffly upright and looked straight before her, her heart beating with wonder and affright lest the situation might prove actually dangerous. The sounds suddenly ceased, and in a moment more a halting step was heard outside, and a gentleman came in at the other door—a tall man, whose hair was thick, but well sprinkled with gray; whose figure, lean and lank, had a certain easy swing about its motions, in spite of a very perceptible limp; and whose face, brown and thin, and marred by a long scar right across the left cheek, had something attractive in its expression as he came forward with a courteous, expectant look. Marian could only bow.

«I beg your pardon; did you wish to see me?» inquired the stranger, in a deep, low voice that sounded as if it might be powerful on occasion.

«Oh, I am very sorry to trouble you! I only wanted to see the mistress of the house, if she is able—»

«I am afraid I am the only person who answers to that description.» There was a good-natured twinkle in his eye, and he had a pleasant smile, but his evident amusement abashed her. «I keep my own house,» he went on.

«Oh, I beg your pardon! I thought there was a Mrs. Hayward!»

«I am sorry to say that there is none. But I am Mr. Hayward, and shall be very glad if I can be of any service to you.»

«I don't want to disturb you,» said Marian, blushing deeply, while Mr. Hayward, with, «Will you allow me?» drew up a chair and sat down, as if to put her more at her ease. «It is only—only—» here she came to a dead stop. «I do not want to take up so much of your time,» she confusedly stammered.

«Not at all; I shall be very happy—» he paused too, not knowing how to fill up the blank, and waited quietly, while Marian sought frantically in her little bag for a paper which was, of course, at the very bottom. «It is only,» she began again—«only to ask you about the character of a chambermaid named Drusilla—yes, Drusilla Elms. I think it must be you she refers to; at least I copied the address from the reference she showed me; here it is,» handing him the slip of paper, and as he took out his eyeglass to study it, «only I could n't tell,—I did n't know,—whether it was Mr., or Mrs., or what it was before the name. I am very sorry.»

«So am I. It has been the great misfortune of my life, I assure you, that I write such a confounded—such an execrable hand. Pray accept my apologies for it.»

«Oh, it was not a bad hand!—not at all! It was my own stupidity! I suppose you really did give her the character, then?»

«In spite of your politeness, I am afraid I too plainly recognize the bewildering effect of my own scrawl. I think I must have given her the reference, though I don't remember doing so.»

«The name is so peculiar—»

«Yes; but the fact is that our old Catherine, who has been cook here for a longer time than I can reckon, generally engages our other maid for us, and she dislikes to change the name, and calls them all Margaret. I think we had a very nice Margaret two years ago, but I will go and ask Catherine; she may recollect.»

«Oh, don't trouble yourself! I have no doubt that you are quite right—none at all!»

«But I have so many doubts, I should like to be a little surer; and if you will excuse me for a moment—well! *What*, in the devil's name, are you up to now?»

It must be explained that by this time he had reached the further door, and that the sudden close of his speech was addressed, not to Marian, but to some invisible person, or rather persons; for the subdued laughter which responded, the very equivalent to a girlish giggle, surely came from more than one pair of boyish lungs. Some stifled speech, too, was heard, to which the master of the house replied, «—— —— ——, then, and be quick about it!» as he closed the door behind him, leaving Marian trembling with apprehension lest he might be mad or drunk. And yet if this were swearing, and she feared it was, there was something gratifying in the sound of a good, round, mouth-filling oath, especially when contrasted with the extreme and punctilious deference of his speech to her. He came back in a moment, and, standing before her with head inclined, said, as if apologizing for some misdeed of his own:

«I am very sorry, but Catherine is out, doing her marketing. She will probably return soon, if you do not mind waiting.»

«Oh, no!» said Marian, shocked with the idea that her presence might be inconvenient; «I could not possibly wait! I am in a very great hurry.»

«Then, if you will, allow me to write what she says. I promise,» he added, with another

humorous twinkle in his eye, «to try and write my very best.»

«Thank you, if it is not too much trouble,» said Marian, rising, and edging toward the door as if she had some hopes of getting off unnoticed. It was confusing to have him follow her with an air of expectation, she could not imagine of what, though she had a consciousness, too, of having forgotten something, which made her linger, trying to recollect it. He slowly turned the handle of the outer door, and, opening it for her exit, seemed waiting for her to say something—what, she racked her brains in vain to discover. He looked amused again, and as if he would have spoken himself; but Marian, with a sudden start, exclaimed, «Oh, dear, it rains!» She had not noticed how dark the sky was growing, but to judge by the looks of the pavement, it had been quietly showering for some time.

«So it does!» said he. «That is a pity. I fear you are not very well protected against it.»

«Oh, it does n't matter!» cried Marian, recklessly; «it is only a step to the horse-cars.»

«Enough for you to get very wet, I am afraid.»

«It is n't of the least consequence. I have nothing on that will hurt—nothing at all!»

Mr. Hayward looked admiringly and incredulously at the lilacs on her bonnet. «I can hardly suppose your flowers are real ones, though certainly they look very much like them; if they are not, I fear a shower will scarcely prove of advantage to them. You must do me the honor of letting me see you to the car.» As he spoke he extracted from the stand an enormous silk umbrella with a big handle, nearly as large as Marian herself.

«I could not think of it!» she cried, and hurried down the wet steps, sweeping them with the dainty plaiting round the edge of her silvery skirt.

«Oh, but you must!» he went on in a tone of lazy good humor, yet as one not accustomed to be refused. There was something paternal in his manner gratifying to her, for as he could not be much over fifty, he must think her much younger than she really was.

«Don't hurry; there is a car every ten minutes, and a very good place to wait in; there—take care of the wet box, please, with your dress, and take my arm, if you don't mind.»

«Oh, no, thank you! Really, I am very well covered!» protested Marian, squeezing herself and her gown into the smallest possible space. The big umbrella was up before she knew it, and he was hobbling along the brick path by her side, in an old pair of yellow leather slippers as ill fitted to keep out the wet as her own shining little shoes.

«I am very sorry you should have been caught in this way,» he said apologetically.

«Don't mention it.»

«I hope you have not far to go.»

«Oh, no, indeed! That is—yes, rather far; but when I get into the car, I am all right, because it meets—I mean, I can take a cab. It is very easy to get about in town, you know.» She turned while he opened the gate, and caught sight of the front windows, thronged, like the gates of Paradise Lost, with faces which might, indeed, have served as models for a very realistic study, in modern style, of cherubim, being those of healthy boys of all ages from twelve to twenty, each wearing a broad grin of delight.

«Confound 'em!» muttered her conductor in a low tone, but Marian caught the words, and the accompanying grimace which he flung back over his shoulder. Could his remarkable house be a boys' school? If so, he was the very oddest teacher, and his discipline the most extraordinary, she had ever heard of; it was too easy of egress, surely, to be a private lunatic asylum, a thought which had already excited her fears.

«Please lower your head a little, Miss—» he paused for the name, but she did not fill up the gap; «the creepers hang so low here,» and he carefully held the umbrella so as best to protect her from the dripping sprays.

«How very pretty your garden is!» she said as he closed the gate.

«It is a sad straggling place; we all run pretty wild here, I am afraid.»

«But it is so picturesque!»

«Picturesque it may be, and we get a good deal of fruit and vegetables out of it; it is n't a show garden, but it is a comfort to have any breathing-place in a city.»

«This seems a very pleasant neighborhood.»

«Hum! well, yes; I think it pleasant enough. It is my old home; near the water, too, and the boys like the boating. It 's out of the way of society, but then, we have no ladies to look after. It is easy enough, you know, for men to come and go anyhow.»

«Coming and going anyhow» rang with a delicious thrill of freedom in Marian's ears, and in the midst of her alarm at possible consequences she reveled in her adventure, such a one as she had never had before, and probably never should again; and there was the car tinkling on its early way. Mr. Hay-

ward signed to it to stop, and waded in his slippers through the wet dust, for it could not be called mud yet, to hand her deferentially in.

«You are sure you can get along now?» he asked, as the car came to a stop.

«Oh, yes, indeed! Thank you so much; I am very sorry—»

«No need of it, I assure you. I am sorry I cannot do more.» He looked at the big umbrella doubtfully, and so did she; but the idea of offering it to her was too absurd, and they both laughed, which Marian feared was improperly free and easy for her. Then, as she turned on the step to bow her farewell, he added, «I beg your pardon; but you have forgotten to leave me your address. I should be very glad to write in case Catherine—»

«Mrs. W. Cracker, 40 Washington street,» stammered Marian, frightened out of her little sense, and rattling off the first words that came into her head, suggested in part by a baker's cart which passed at the moment. She should never dare to give her real address! Anything better than to have those dreadful boys know who she was! He looked puzzled, then laughed; but it was of no use for him to say anything, for the car had started, and swept her safely beyond his reach at once. She could see him looking after it till it turned out of sight, and was thankful he had not followed her, as he might perhaps have done if he had not had on those old slippers.

Marian did not go directly home, but stopped at Mrs. William Treadwell's till the spring shower was over, that she might be able to tell her family that she had been there, and thus avoid over-curious questioning as to where she had been caught in it. She briefly informed them that she could obtain no satisfactory account of Drusilla Elms—the people to whom she referred seemed to have forgotten her—and wrote to the girl that she had made other arrangements. She waited in fear for a few days, lest something might happen to bring her little adventure to light; but nothing did, and her fears subsided, with a few faint wishes as well. What a pleasant world, she wistfully thought, was the world of men—a world where conventionalities and duty calls gave way to a delicious, free, Bohemian existence of boating and running about; where even housekeeping was a thing lightly considered, and where dogs jumped on sofas, and people threw their things around at pleasure—nay, even smoked and swore, regardless of consequences temporal or eternal!

About a fortnight after her wild escapade, the household of Freeman-Robbins-Carter-Dale, to use the collective patronymic of the female dynasty which reigned there, was agitated by the unusual phenomenon of an evening visitor who called himself a man, though but in his freshman year at Harvard University. It was the son of their deceased cousin in New York, whose husband, though married again, retained sufficient sense of kinship to insist that the boy should call on his mother's relatives, which duty the unhappy youth had postponed from week to week, and from month to month, until the awkwardness of introducing himself was doubled. He had struggled through this ordeal, and now sat, the center of an admiring female circle who were trying to hang upon his words. Winnie, whose presence might have given him some support, had been sent to bed; but his sister was privileged to remain up longer, and being a serious child, and wise beyond her years, she fixed him with her solemn gaze, while one great-aunt remarked over and over again on his resemblance to his grandfather, and the other as often inquired who he was, though his name and pedigree were carefully explained each time by the nurse. Mrs. Carter addressed him as «Freddy, dear!» and Miss Caroline asked what he was studying at college, and his cousin Isabel pressed sweet cake upon him. Only his cousin Marian sat silent in the background. He thought her very pretty, and not at all formidable, though so old—not that he had the least idea how old she really was.

«Did you bolt the front door, Marian, when you let Trippet out?» asked her mother. Trippet was the family cat, who had shown symptoms of alarm at the aspect of the unwonted guest.

«I—I think so.»

«You had better go and look,» said her sister. «It would be no joke if Freddy's nice overcoat and hat were to be taken by a sneak-thief. They are very troublesome just now in the suburbs,» she continued; «but we never leave anything of value in our front hall, and we always make it a rule to bolt as well as lock the door as soon as it grows dusk. There is no harm in taking every precaution.»

«Sneak-thieves and second-floor thieves have quite replaced the old-fashioned midnight burglar,» said Miss Caroline.

«They are just as bad,» said Mrs. Dale.

«Women—ladies—are taking to it now,» said Master Frederick. «I heard the funniest story about one the other day.» He paused, and grew red at the drawing upon himself the fire of eight pairs of eyes, but plucked up his

courage and resumed the theme, not insensible to the possible delight of terrifying those before whom he had quailed. «It was in Ned Hayward's family, my classmate; he and his brother Bob—he 's a junior—live in South Boston with their uncle, Colonel Hayward—the celebrated Colonel Hayward, you know, who was so distinguished in the war, and—and everything; perhaps you know him?»

«We have heard of him,» said Mrs. Carter, graciously.

«Well, I 've been out there sometimes with him, and it 's no end of jolly—I mean, it is a pleasant place to visit in. The colonel 's an old bachelor, and brings his nephews up, because, you know, their father 's dead.» He stopped short again, overwhelmed with the sound of so long a speech from himself.

«But about the thief? Oh, do tell us,» murmured the circle, encouragingly.

«Well,» began Fred, seeing his retreat cut off, and gathering courage as the idea struck him that the topic, if skilfully dwelt on, might last out the call, «it happened this way. Bob was at home a few weeks ago to spend Sunday, and took a lot of fellows—I mean a large party of his classmates; and there were some boys there playing tennis with his brothers, —it was on Saturday morning,—and a woman came and asked for the lady of the house; that 's a common dodge of theirs, you know. Well, of course the colonel went in to see her. The boys wanted to see the fun, so they all took turns in looking through the keyhole; and Bob says she was stunning,—I mean very pretty,—and looked like a lady, and dressed up no end; but she seemed very confused and queer, and as if she hardly knew what to say, and she pretended to have come to ask for the character of a servant with the oddest name, I forget what; but most likely she made it up, for none of them could remember it. Well, she hung on ever so long, looking for a chance to hook something, I suppose, and at last, just as she was going, it began to rain, and she seemed to expect him to lend her an umbrella. But he was n't as green as all that comes to; he said he would see her to the car himself; so off he walked with her as polite as you please. Bob says it 's no end of fun to see his uncle with a lady; he does n't see much of them, and when he does he treats 'em like princesses. He took her to the car, and put her in, and just as it started he asked her address, and she told him—» here an irrepressible fit of laughter interrupted his tale—«she told him that it was Mrs. W. Cracker, 40 Washington street. Did you ever hear such stuff? Of course there 's no such person, for the colonel wasted lots of time taking particular pains to find out. Bob says they 're all sure she was a thief, except his uncle, who was awfully smashed on her pretty face, and he sticks to it that she was only a little out of her head. They poke no end of fun at him about it, but it really was no joke for him, for he walked with her down to the car in his old slippers in the wet, and caught cold in the leg where he was wounded; he 's always lame in it, and when he takes cold it brings on his rheumatic gout. He was laid up a fortnight; he 's always so funny when he 's got the gout; he can't bear to have any of the boys come near him, and flings boots at their heads when they do, for of course they have to wait on him some, and he swears so. Bob says he 's sorry for him, for of course it hurts, but he can't help laughing at the queer things he says. He always swears some when he 's well, but when he 's sick it fairly takes your head off.»

«Dear me! dear me!» said Mrs. Carter; «swearing is a sad habit. I hope, Freddy, dear, that you will not catch it. Colonel Hayward is a very distinguished officer, and they have to, I suppose, on the battle-field; but there is no war now, and it is not at all necessary.»

«Oh, he won't let the boys do it! He swears at them like thunder if they do, but they don't mind it. He 's awfully good-natured, and lets them rough him as much as they please, and they 've done it no end about the pretty little housebreaker. Bob has made a song about her to the tune of ‹Little Annie Rooney›—that 's the one his uncle most particularly hates. Phil had a shy at her with his kodak, but what with the rain and the leaves, you can't see much of her.»

«It is a pity,» said Miss Caroline; «it might be shown to the police, who could very likely identify her. I dare say she has been at Sherborne prison, and there we photograph them all. If it were not that Mary Murray is in for a two years' sentence, I should say it answered very well to her description.»

Some more desultory conversation went on, while the hands of the clock ran rapidly on toward eleven. The youthful Minna silently stole away at a sign from her mother, without drawing attention upon herself. Ten o'clock was the latest hour at which these ladies were in the habit of being up; but how hint to a guest that he was staying too long? They guessed that it might not seem late to him, and feared that he was acquiring bad habits in college.

The poor fellow knew perfectly well that

he was making an unconscionably long call; but how break through the circle? And then he was remembering with affright into how much slang he had lapsed in the course of his tale, and was racking his brains for some particularly proper farewell speech which should efface the recollection of it. Suddenly his eyes were caught by Marian's face. Her look of abject misery he could attribute only to her extreme fatigue, and he made a desperate rally:

«I 'm afraid, Miss Dale, I mean Mrs. Robbins, that I 'm making a terribly long call. I am very sorry.»

«Oh, not at all! Not at all! Pray do not hurry! You must come often; we shall be delighted to see you.»

«It seems a very long way,» murmured Freddy, conscious that he was saying something rude, but unable to help himself; and he finally succeeded in escaping, under a fire of the most pressing invitations to «call again,» for, as Mrs. Carter said, «we must show some hospitality to poor Ellen's boy. Marian, you look tired. I hope you did not let him see it. Do go to bed directly. I must confess I feel a little sleepy myself.» But the troubles which Marian bore with her to the small room which she shared with her little niece were of a kind for which bed brought no solace, and she lay awake till almost dawn, only thankful that Minna slumbered undisturbed by her side.

To Marian every private who had fought in the war was an angel, and every officer an archangel *ex officio*. That she should have been the cause of an attack of rheumatic gout to a wounded hero filled her with remorse, especially as this particular hero was the most delightful man she had ever met. She wept bitterly from a variety of emotions,—pity, and shame, too,—for what must he think of her? That last misery, at any rate, she could not and would not endure, and before breakfast she had written the following letter:

BURROUGHS STREET, JAMAICA PLAIN.

DEAR COLONEL HAYWARD,

I was very, very sorry to hear that you had taken cold and been ill in consequence of that unfortunate call of mine on Saturday, three weeks ago. I really came on the errand I said I did; but I don't wonder you thought otherwise, after I had behaved so foolishly. I did not know who you were, nor where I had been, and I gave the wrong name because I was frightened. But I cannot let you think so poorly of me, or believe I had the least intention of giving you so much pain and trouble. I can remember the war [this was a mortifying confession for Marian to make, but she felt that the proper atonement for her fault demanded an unsparing sacrifice of her own feelings], and I know how much gratitude I, and every other woman in our country, owe to you. Begging your pardon most sincerely, I am,

Yours very truly,

May 5th, 1885. MARIAN R. CARTER.

Marian found no time to copy this letter over again before she took it with her on her morning round of errands, to slip into the first post-box, and she would not keep it back for another mail, although she feared by turns that it was improperly forward, and chillingly distant. Posted it was, and she could not get it back. She did not know whether she wanted him to answer it or not. It would be kind and civil in him to do so, but she felt that she could hardly bear the curiosity of the family, as his letter was passed from hand to hand before it was opened to guess whom it could be from, or handed round again to be read. There was no more privacy in the house than there was in an ant-hill.

She had not long to speculate, for the very next afternoon, as the family were all sitting in grandmama's room down-stairs, their common rallying-ground, as it was the pleasantest one in the house, and the old lady, who disliked being left alone, rarely went into the drawing-room till evening, the parlor-maid brought in a card, which went the rounds immediately:

MR. ROBERT HAYWARD,

City Point, South Boston.

«What can he want?» said Mrs. Dale.

«Very likely to see me on business,» said Aunt Caroline.

«It must be Colonel Hayward,» said Isabel, remembering Frederick's tale.

«It was Miss Marian he wanted to see,» said Katy.

«How very strange!» said Miss Caroline. But Mrs. Carter, dimly remembering Marian's South Boston errand, till now forgotten, and bewildered with the endeavor to weave any coherent theory out of her scattered recollections, was silent; and Marian glided speechless out of the room, and up the back stairs to her own for one hasty peep at her looking-glass, and then down the front stairs again.

«Aunt Marian!» shouted Winnie from a front upper window, and she started at his tone, grown loud and boyish in a moment; «the gentleman came on a horse, and tied it to a post, and it is black, and it is stamping on the sidewalk; just hear it!» But Marian, whose pet he was, passed him without a word.

She lingered so little that the colonel had no more time to examine her abode than she had had his, and here the subject was more complex. The room was not very small, but it was very full, and everything in it, so to speak, was smothered. The carpet was covered with large rugs, and those again with small ones, and all the tables with covers, and those with mats. Each window had four different sets of curtains, and every sofa and chair was carefully dressed and draped. The very fireplace was arrayed in brocaded skirts like a lady, precluding all possibility of lighting a fire thereon without causing a conflagration, and, indeed, those carefully placed logs were daily dusted by the parlor-maid. Every available inch of horizontal space was crowded with small objects, and what could not be squeezed on that was hung on the walls. The use of most of them was an enigma to the colonel; he had an idea that they might be designed for ornament, and some, as gift books and booklets and Christmas cards, appealed to a literary taste; but he was a little overwhelmed by them, especially as there were a number of little boxes and bags and baskets about, trimmed and adorned in various fashions, which might contain as many more. There were a great many really pretty things there, if one could have taken them in; but they were utterly swamped, owing to the fatal habit which prevailed in the family of all giving each other presents on every Christmas and birthday.

The colonel felt terribly big and awkward among them. He sat down on a little chair with gilded frame and embroidered back and seat. It cracked beneath him, and he sprang hastily up and took another, from which he could see out of a window, and into a trim little garden where plants were bedded out in small beds neatly cut in shaved green turf. A few flowers were allowed in the drawing-room, discreetly quarantined on a china tray, though there were any number of empty vases, and from above he could hear the cheerful warble of a distant canary-bird, which woke no answering life in the stuffed corpses of his predecessors standing about under glass shades.

The room looked stuffy, but it was not; the air was very sweet and clean and clear, and the colonel felt uncomfortably that he was scenting it with tobacco. There could be no dust beneath those rugs, no spot on the glass behind those curtains. There was a feminine air of neatness, and even of fussiness, that pleased him; everything was so carefully preserved, so exquisitely cared for. It would be nice to have some one to look after one's things like that; he knew that the rubbish at home was always getting beyond him somehow.

And now came blushing in his late visitor, even more daintily pretty than he had thought her before.

The colonel made a long call, as all the family, anxious to see the great man, dropped in one after the other; but the situation was not unpleasing to him, and he even exerted himself to win their liking, which was the easiest thing in the world. He told Mrs. Carter that he had come on behalf of his quondam servant, Drusilla Elms, whose name, he was sorry to say, his cook had forgotten; but now she remembered it, and could give her the very highest character, and he should be sorry if their carelessness had lost the poor girl so excellent a place. He listened to the tale of the grandmother's rheumatism, and even made some confidences in return about his own. He talked about the soldiers' lending libraries with Aunt Caroline, and promised to write to a friend of his in the regulars on the subject. In his imposing presence the great-aunt sat silently attentive. He had met Isabel's late husband, and he took much notice of her children. He said Winnie was a fine little lad, but would be better for a frolic with other boys. Could not he come over and spend a Saturday afternoon with them at South Boston, and his boys would take him on the water. Oh, yes; they were very careful, and quite at home in a boat. Yes, he would go with them himself, if Mrs. Dale would prefer it; and then the invitation was given and accepted—no unmeaning, general one, but a positive promise for Saturday next, and the one after if it rained. Of course, he should be charmed to have some of the ladies come, too. Miss Carter would, perhaps, for she knew the way. He did not take leave till his horse, to Winnie's ecstatic delight, had pawed a large hole in the ground; and a chorus of praise arose behind him from every tongue but Marian's.

Colonel Hayward said nothing about his visit at home; but as he stood after returning from his long ride, for which the boys had observed that he had equipped himself with much more than ordinary care, smoking a meditative cigar before the crackling little fire which the afternoon east wind of a Boston May rendered so comfortable, he was roused by his nephew Bob's voice:

«Really, Uncle Rob, our bachelor housekeeping is getting into a hopeless muddle!» Then, as his uncle said nothing: «I am afraid

—I am really afraid that one of us will have to marry.»

«Marry yourself then, you young scamp, and be hanged to you; you have my full consent if you can find a girl who will be fool enough to take you.»

«Of course, I could not expect *you* to make the sacrifice; but though I am willing, —entirely for your sake, I assure you,—I shall not render it useless by asking some giddy and inexperienced girl. I shall seek some mature female, able and willing to cope with them—»

«Them?»

«The spiders. I have long known that they spun webs of immense size in and about our unfortunate dwelling; but I was not prepared to find that they attached them to our very persons.» As he spoke he drew into sight a fabric hanging to the back of his uncle's coat. It was circular in shape, about the size of a dinner-plate, white in color, and ingeniously woven out of thread in an open pattern with many interstices, by one of which it had fastened itself to the button at the back of the colonel's coat as firmly as if it grew there.

«What the —!» I spare my readers the expletives which, with the offending waif, the colonel hurled at his nephew as the young man and his brothers exploded in laughter.

«I NEVER was so surprised!» cried Mrs. Treadwell.

«I did not think anything in the matrimonial line could surprise you,» cried her husband.

«Not often; but Colonel Hayward and Marian Carter! I could hardly believe it. Mrs. Carter herself seems perfectly amazed, though of course she 's delighted. I suppose she had given up all idea of Marian's marrying.»

«She is a sweet little thing,» said Mr. Treadwell; «I wonder she has not been married long ago.»

«I thought he was a confirmed old bachelor,» said the lady; «I wonder where he met her! I wonder whatever made him think of her! I hope they 'll be happy, but I don't know. Marian is a good girl, but she has so little sense!»

«I should think any man ought to be happy with Miss Carter,» said the gentleman, warmly; «I only hope he 'll make her happy. Hayward 's a very good fellow, but he 'll frighten that little creature to death the first time he swears at her.»

«Colonel Hayward is a *gentleman*, William; he would never swear before a lady.»

«I would n't trust him—when she 's his wife.»

NEVERTHELESS, Mrs. Robert Hayward has not yet been placed in danger of such a catastrophe, not even when her husband has been laid up with rheumatic gout. To be sure, her ministrations on those occasions were more soothing than those of the boys. Perhaps she was even a little disappointed in her craving for excitement, and her new household ran almost too smoothly. The boys gave no trouble, though they were aghast on first hearing that the colonel really contemplated matrimony, and Bob reproached himself in no measured terms for having drawn attention to the «work of Arachne,» and driven his uncle to rush madly upon fate. But Marian made it her particular request that things should go on as before, which pleased her bridegroom, though he had never dreamed of any change; and when they came to know her, she pleased the boys as well.

«It 's easy enough to get on with Aunt Marian,» Bob would say; «she 's such a dear little fool! She swallows everything men tell her, no matter how outrageous, and thinks if we want the moon, we must have it. If only Minna would turn out anything like her! But no; they are ruining all the girls now with their colleges. I doubt if Aunt Marian is n't the last of her day and generation.»

Agnes Blake Poor.

THE SILENT ONES.

IT is not granted all to sing;
Some must be silent and give ear.
The lark links heaven to earth in spring;
The mute trees bless us all the year.

Julie M. Lippmann.

AN OPEN-EYED CONSPIRACY:

AN IDYL OF SARATOGA.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS,
Author of «Their Wedding Journey,» «The Rise of Silas Lapham,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY IRVING R. WILES.

XV.

THERE was to be a hop at the Grand Union that night, and I had got tickets for it in virtue of my relation to «Every Other Week.» I must say the clerk who gave them me was very civil about it; he said they were really only for the hotel guests, but he was glad to give them to outsiders who applied with proper credentials; and he even offered me more tickets than I asked for.

Miss Gage was getting a dress for the hop, and it was to be finished that day. I think women really like the scare of thinking their dresses will not be done for a given occasion, and so arrange to have them at the last moment. Mrs. March went with the girl early in the afternoon to have it tried on for the last time, and they came home reporting that it was a poem. My wife confided to me that it was not half done,—merely begun, in fact,—and would never be finished in time in the world. She also assured Miss Gage that she need not be the least uneasy; that there was not an hour's work on the dress; and that the dressmaker's reputation was at stake, and she would not dare to fail her. I knew she was perfectly sincere in both these declarations, which were, indeed, merely the expression of two mental attitudes, and had no relation to the facts.

She added to me that she was completely worn out with anxiety and worry, and I must not think of her going to the hop. I would have to do the chaperoning for her, and she did hope that I would not forget what I was sent for, or get talking with somebody, and leave Miss Gage altogether to Kendricks. She said that quite likely there might be friends or acquaintances of his at the hop—such a large affair—whom he would want to show some attention, and I must take charge of Miss Gage myself, and try to find her other partners. She drilled me in the duties of my position until I believed that I was letter-perfect, and then she said that she supposed I would commit some terrible blunder that would ruin everything.

I thought that this was very likely, too, but I would not admit it.

The dress came home at nine o'clock, and operated a happy diversion from my imaginable shortcomings; for it appeared from Mrs. March's asides to me that it was a perfect horror in the set, and that everybody could see that it had been simply *slung* together at the last moment, and she would never, as long as the world stood, go to that woman for anything again.

I must say I could not myself see anything wrong about the dress. I thought it exquisite in tint and texture; a delicate, pale-greenish film that clung and floated, and set off the girl's beauty as the leafage of a flower heightens the loveliness of a flower. I did not dare to say this in the face of Mrs. March's private despair, and I was silent while the girl submitted to be twirled about for my inspection like a statue on a revolving pedestal. Kendricks, however, had no such restrictions upon him, and I could see him start with delight in the splendid vision before he spoke.

«*Is n't* it a poem?» demanded Mrs. March. «Is n't it a perfect *lyric?*»

«Why should you have allowed her to be transported altogether into the ideal? Was n't she far enough from us before?» he asked; and I found myself wishing that he would be either less or more articulate. He ought to have been mute with passion, or else he ought to have been frankly voluble about the girl's gown, and gone on about it longer. But he simply left the matter there, and though I kept him carefully under my eye, I could not see that he was concealing any further emotion. She, on her part, neither blushed nor frowned at his compliment; she did nothing by look or gesture to provoke more praise; she took it very much as the beautiful evening might, so undeniably fine, so perfect in its way.

She and the evening were equally fitted for the event to which they seemed equally ded-

icated. The dancing was to be out of doors on a vast planking, or platform, set up in the heart of that bosky court which the hotel incloses. Around this platform drooped the slim, tall Saratogan trees, and over it hung the Saratogan sky, of a nocturnal blue very rare in our latitude, with the stars faint in its depths, and by and by a white moon that permitted itself a modest competition with the electric lights effulgent everywhere. There was a great crowd of people in the portico, the vestibule, and the inner piazzas, and on the lawn around the platform, where «the trodden weed» sent up the sweet scent of bruised grass in the cool night air. My foolish old heart bounded with a pulse of youth at the thought of all the gay and tender possibilities of such a scene.

But the young people under my care seemed in no haste to mingle in it. We oldsters are always fancying youth impatient, but there is no time of life which has so much patience. It behaves as if it had eternity before it, —an eternity of youth, —instead of a few days and years, and then the frosty pow. We who are young no longer think we would do so and so if we were young, as women think they would do so and so if they were men; but if we were really young again, we should not do at all what we think. We should not hurry to experience our emotions; we should not press forward to discharge our duties or repair our mistakes; we should not seize the occasion to make a friend or reconcile an enemy; we should let weeks and months go by in the realization of a passion, and trust all sorts of contingencies and accidents to help us out with its confession. The thoughts of youth are very long, and its conclusions are deliberate and delayed, and often withheld altogether. It is age which is tremulously eager in these matters, and cannot wait with the fine patience of nature in her growing moods.

As soon, even, as I was in the hotel I was impatient to press through to the place where the dancing was, and where I already heard the band playing. I knew very well that when we got there I should have to sit down somewhere on the edge of the platform with the other frumps and fogies, and begin taking cold in my dress-coat, and want to doze off without being able to, while my young people were waltzing together, or else promenading up and down ignoring me, or recognizing me by the offer of a fan, and the question whether I was not simply melting; I have seen how the poor chaperon fares at such times. But they, secure of their fun, were by no means desirous to have it over, or even to have it begin. They dawdled through the thronged hotel office, where other irresponsible pairs were coming and going under the admiring eyes of the hotel loungers, and they wandered up and down the waste parlors, and



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE HOP.

sat on tête-à-têtes just to try them, apparently; and Miss Gage verified in the mirrors the beauty which was reflected in all eyes. They amused themselves with the extent of the richly carpeted and upholstered desolation around them, where only a few lonely and aging women lurked about on sofas and ottomans; and they fell to playing with their compassion for the plebeian spectators at the long veranda windows trying to penetrate with their forbidden eyes to the hop going on in the court far beyond the intermediary desert of the parlors.

When they signified at last that they were ready for me to lead them on to the dance, I would so much rather have gone to bed that there are no words for the comparison. Then, when we got to the place, which I should never have been able to reach in the world if it had not been for the young energy and inspiration of Kendricks, and they had put me in a certain seat with Miss Gage's wraps beside me where they could find me, they went off and danced for hours and hours. For hours and hours? For ages and ages! while I withered away amid moldering mothers, and saw my charges through the dreadful half-dreams of such a state whirling in the waltz, hopping in the polka, sliding in the galop, and then endlessly walking up and down between the dances, and eating and drinking the chill refreshments that it made my teeth chatter to think of. I suppose they decently came to me from time to time, though they seemed to be always dancing, for I could afterward remember Miss Gage taking a wrap from me now and then, and quickly coming back to shed it upon my lap again. I got so chilled that if they had not been unmistakably women's wraps I should have bundled them all about my shoulders, which I could almost hear creak with rheumatism. I must have fallen into a sort of drowse at last; for I was having a dispute with some sort of authority, which turned out to be Mrs. March, and upbraiding her with the fact that there were no women's wraps which would also do for a man, when the young people stood arm in arm before me, and Miss Gage said that she was tired to death now, and they were going.

But it appeared that they were only going as far as the parlors for the present; for when they reëntered the hotel, they turned into them, and sat down there quite as if that had been the understanding. When I arrived with the wraps, I was reminded of something, and I said, «Have you two been dancing together the whole evening?»

They looked at each other as if for the first time they now realized the fact, and Kendricks said, «Why, of course we have! We did n't know anybody.»

«Very well, then,» I said; «you have got me into a scrape.»

«Oh, poor Mr. March!» cried the girl. «How have we done it?»

«Why, Mrs. March said that Mr. Kendricks would be sure to know numbers of people, and I must get you other partners, for it would n't do for you to dance the whole evening together.»

She threw herself back in the chair she had taken, and laughed as if this were the best joke in the world.

He said hardily, «You see it *has* done.»

«And if it would n't do,» she gasped, «why did n't you bring me the other partners?»

«Because I did n't know any,» I said; and this seemed to amuse them both so much that I was afraid they would never get their breath.

She looked by and by at her dancing-card, and as soon as she could wipe the tears from her eyes, she said, «No; there is no other name there»; and this seemed even a better joke than the other, from the way they joined in laughing at it.

«Well, now,» I said, when they were quiet again, «this won't do, my young friends. It 's all very well for you, and you seem to like it; but I am responsible for your having passed a proper evening under my chaperonage, and something has got to be done to prove it.» They saw the reasonableness of this, and they immediately became sober. «Kendricks,» I asked, «can't you think of something?»

No, he said, he could n't; and then he began to laugh again.

I applied to her in the same terms; but she only answered, «Oh, don't ask *me*,» and she went off laughing, too.

«Very well, then,» I said; «I shall have to do something desperate, and I shall expect you both to bear me out in it, and I don't want any miserable subterfuges when it comes to the point with Mrs. March. Will you let me have your dancing-card, Miss Gage?» She detached it, and handed it to me. «It 's very fortunate that Mr. Kendricks wrote his name for the first dance only, and did n't go on and fill it up.»

«Why, we did n't think it was worth while!» she innocently explained.

«And that 's what makes it so perfectly providential, as Mrs. March says. Now then,» I went on, as I wrote in the name of a rising young politician who happened just then to have been announced as arriving in Saratoga

to join some other leaders in arranging the slate of his party for the convention to meet a month later, «we will begin with a good American.»

I handed the card to Kendricks. «Do you happen to remember the name of the young French nobleman who danced the third dance with Miss Gage?»

«No,» he said; «but I think I could invent one.» And he dashed down an extremely probable marquis, while Miss Gage clapped her hands for joy.

«Oh, how glorious! how splendid!»

I asked, «Will you ever give me away the longest day you live?»

«Never,» she promised; and I added the name of a South American doctor—one of those doctors who seem to be always becoming the presidents of their republics, and ordering all their patients of opposite politics to be shot in the plaza.

Kendricks entered a younger son of an English duke, and I contributed the hyphenated surname of a New York swell, and between us we soon had all the dances on Miss Gage's card taken by the most distinguished people. We really studied probability in the forgery, and we were proud of the air of reality it wore in the carefully differenced handwritings, with national traits nicely accented in each.

XVI.

THE fun of it all was that Mrs. March was not deceived for an instant. «Oh, nonsense!» she said, when she glanced at our pretty deception, which we presented with perhaps too perfect seriousness. «Then you danced only the first dance?»

«No, no!» Miss Gage protested. «I danced every dance as long as I stayed.» She laughed with her handkerchief to her mouth and her eyes shining above.

«Yes; I can testify to that, Mrs. March,» said Kendricks, and he laughed wildly, too. I must say their laughter throughout was far beyond the mirthfulness of the facts. They both protested that they had had the best time in the world, and the gayest time; that I had been a mirror of chaperons, and followed them round with my eyes wherever they went like a family portrait; and that they were the most exemplary young couple at the hop in their behavior. Mrs. March asked them all about it, and she joined in their fun with a hilarity which I knew from long experience boded me no good.

When Kendricks had gone away, and Miss Gage had left us for the night, with an embrace, whose fondness I wondered at, from Mrs. March, an awful silence fell upon us in the deserted parlor where she had waited up.

I knew that when she broke the silence she would begin with, «Well, my dear!» and this was what she did. She added, «I hope you 're convinced *now!*»

I did not even pretend not to understand. «You mean that they are in love? I suppose that their we-ing and us-ing so much would indicate something of the kind.»

«It is n't that alone; everything indicates it. She would hardly let go of him with her eyes. I wish,» sighed Mrs. March, and she let her head droop upon her hand a moment, «I could be as sure of him as I am of her.»

«Would n't that double the difficulty?» I ventured to suggest, though till she spoke I had not doubted that it was the case.

«I should make you speak to him if I were sure of him, but as it is I shall speak to her, and the sooner the better.»

«To-night?» I quaked.

«No; I shall let the poor thing have her sleep to-night. But the first thing in the morning I shall speak, and I want you to send her up to me as soon as she 's had her breakfast. Tell her I 'm not well, and shall not be down; I shall not close my eyes the whole night. And now,» she added, «I want you to tell me everything that happened this evening. Don't omit a word, or a look, or a motion. I wish to proceed intelligently.»

I hope I was accurate in the history of the hop which I gave Mrs. March; I am sure I was full. I think my account may be justly described as having a creative truthfulness, if no other merit. I had really no wish to conceal anything except the fact that I had not, in my utter helplessness, even tried to get Miss Gage any other partners. But in the larger interest of the present situation, Mrs. March seemed to have lost the sense of my dereliction in this respect. She merely asked, «And it was after you went back to the parlor, just before you came home, that you wrote those names on her card?»

«Kendricks wrote half of them,» I said.

«I dare say. Well, it was very amusing, and if the circumstances were different I could have entered into the spirit of it too. But you see yourself, Basil, that we can't let this affair go any further without dealing frankly with her. *You* can't speak to her, and *I must.* Don't you see?»

I said that I saw, but I had suddenly a wild wish that it were practicable for me to speak to Miss Gage. I should have liked to have a peep into a girl's heart at just such a moment,

when it must be quivering with the unconfessed sense of love, and the confident hope of being loved, but while as yet nothing was assured, nothing was ascertained. If it would not have been shocking, if it would not have been sacrilegious, it would have been infinitely interesting, and from an esthetic point of view infinitely important. I thought that I should have been willing to undergo all the embarrassment of such an inquiry for the sake of its precious results, if it had been at all possible; but I acquiesced that it would not be possible. I felt that I was getting off pretty lightly not to have it brought home to me again that I was the cause of all this trouble, and that if it had not been for me there would have been, as far as Mrs. March was concerned, no Miss Gage, and no love-affair of hers to deal with. I debated in my mind a moment whether I had better urge her to let me speak to Kendricks after all; but I forbore, and in the morning I waited about in much perturbation, after I had sent Miss Gage to her, until I could know the result of their interview. When I saw the girl come away from her room, which she did rather trippingly, I went to her, and found her by no means the wreck I had expected the ordeal to leave her.

«Did you meet Miss Gage?» she asked.

«Yes,» I returned with tremulous expectation.

«Well, don't you think she looks perfectly divine in that gown? It 's one of Mme. Cody's, and we got it for thirty dollars. It would have been fifty in New York, and it *was here* earlier in the season. I shall always come here for some of my things; as soon as the season 's a little past they simply *fling* them away. Well, my dear!»

«Well, what?»

«I did n't speak to her after all.»

«You did n't! Don't you think she 's in love with him, then?»

«Dead.»

«Well?»

«Well, I could n't somehow seem to approach the subject as I had expected to. She was so happy, and so good, and so perfectly obedient, that I could n't get anything to take hold of. You see, I did n't know but she might be a little rebellious, or resentful of my interference; but in the little gingerly attempts I did make she was so submissive,—don't you understand,—and she was very modest about Mr. Kendricks's attentions, and so self-depreciatory, that, well—»

«Look here, Isabel,» I broke in, «this is pretty shameless of you. You pretend to be in the greatest kind of fidge about this girl; and you make me lie awake all night thinking what you 're going to say to her; and now you as much as tell me you were so fascinated with the modest way she was in love that you could n't say anything to her against being in love on our hands in any sort of way. Do you call this business?»

«Well, I don't care if I *did* encourage her—»

«Oh, you even encouraged her!»

«I *did n't* encourage her. I merely praised Mr. Kendricks, and said how much you thought of him as a writer.»

«Oh! then you gave the subject a literary cast. I see! Do you think Miss Gage was able to follow you?»

«That does n't matter.»

«And what do you propose to do now?»

«I propose to do nothing. I think that I have done all my duty requires, and that now I can leave the whole affair to you. It was your affair in the beginning. I don't see why I should worry myself about it.»

«It seems to me that this is a very strange position for a lady to take who was not going to close an eye last night in view of a situation which has not changed in the least, except for the worse. Don't you think you are rather culpably light-hearted all of a sudden?»

«I am light-hearted, but if there is any culpability, it is yours, Basil.»

I reflected, but I failed to find any novelty in the fact. «Very well, then; what do you propose that *I* should do?»

«I leave that entirely to your own conscience.»

«And if my conscience has no suggestion to make?»

«That 's your affair.»

I reflected again, and then I said, more than anything to make her uncomfortable, I 'm afraid: «I feel perfectly easy in my conscience, personally, but I have a social duty in the matter, and I hope I shall perform it with more fidelity and courage than you have shown. I shall speak to Kendricks.»

She said, «That is just what you ought to do. I 'm quite surprised.» After this touch of irony she added earnestly, «And I do hope, my dear, you will use judgment in speaking to him, and tact. You must n't go at it bluntly. Remember that Mr. Kendricks is not at all to blame. He began to show her attention to oblige us, and if she has fallen in love with him it is our fault.»

«I shall handle him without gloves,» I said. «I shall tell him he had better go away.»

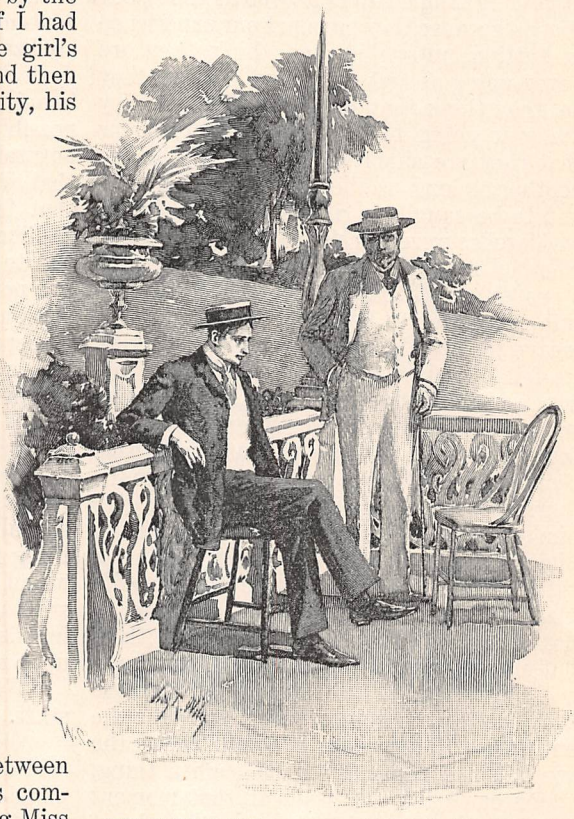
I was joking, but she said seriously, «Yes; he must go away. And I don't envy you having to tell him. I suppose you will bungle it, of course.»

«Well, then, you must advise me,» I said; and we really began to consider the question. We could hardly exaggerate the difficulty and delicacy of the duty before me. We recognized that before I made any explicit demand of him I must first ascertain the nature of the whole ground, and then be governed by the facts. It would be simple enough if I had merely to say that we thought the girl's affections were becoming engaged, and then make an appeal to his eager generosity, his delicate magnanimity; but there were possible complications on his side which must be regarded. I was to ascertain, we concluded, the exact nature of the situation before I ventured to say anything openly. I was to make my approaches by a series of ambushes before I unmasked my purpose, and perhaps I must not unmask it at all. As I set off on my mission, which must begin with finding Kendricks at his hotel, Mrs. March said she pitied me. She called me back to ask whether I thought I had really better do anything. Then, as I showed signs of weakening, she drove me from her with, «Yes, yes! You must! you must!»

XVII.

It was still so early that I had my doubts whether I should find Kendricks up after the last night's revelry, but he met me half-way between our hotel and his. He said he was coming to see how Mrs. March was bearing Miss Gage's immense success at the ball; but perhaps this was not his sole motive. He asked frankly how the young lady was, and whether I thought Mrs. March would consider a lunch at the restaurant by the lake a good notion. When I said I had very little doubt she would, and proposed taking a turn in the park before I went back with him, he looked at his watch, and laughed, and said he supposed it *was* rather early yet, and came very willingly with me.

We had the pretty place almost to ourselves at that hour. There were a half-dozen or so nursemaids, pushing their perambulators about, or standing the vehicles across the walk in front of the benches where they sat, in the simple belief of all people who have to do with babies that the rest of the world may be fitly discommoded in their behalf. But they did not actively molest us, and they scarcely circumscribed our choice of seats. We were by no means driven to the little kiosk in the lake for them, and I should rather say that we were fatefully led there, so apt were the associations of the place to my purpose. Nothing could have been more natural than that I should say as we sat down there, «This



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

IN THE KIOSK.

was where I first saw Miss Gage with her friends»; and it was by a perfectly natural transition that I should go on to speak, in a semi-humorous strain, of the responsibility which Mrs. March and myself had incurred by letting our sympathy for her run away with us. I said I supposed that if we had not been willing from the first to try to realize for her some of the expectations we imagined she had in coming to Saratoga, she never would have fallen to our charge; that people really brought a great many more things upon themselves than they were willing to own; and that fate was perhaps more the fulfilment of our tacit ambitions than our overt

acts. This bit of philosophy, which I confess I thought fine, did not seem to impress Kendricks. He merely said that it must be great fun to have the chance of baffling the malice of circumstance in a case like that, and I perceived that he felt nothing complex in the situation. In fact, I doubt whether youth perceives anything complex in life. To the young life is a very plain case. To be sure, they are much more alarmed than their elders at getting tangled up in its web at times, but that is because they have not our experience in getting untangled, and think they are never going to get out alive. When they do, they think that is the only tangle they are ever going to be in, and do not know that they are simply going on from one to another as long as there is enough of them left to be caught in a mesh. To Kendricks we Marches were merely two amiable people, who had fancied doing a pleasant thing for a beautiful girl that accident had thrown it into our power to befriend, and were by no means the trembling arbiters of her destiny we felt ourselves to be. The difference between his objective sense and my subjective sense was the difference between his twenty-seven years and my fifty-two, and while this remained I saw that it would be useless to try to get on common ground with him, or to give him our point of view. If I were to speak to him at all, it must be with authority, with the right of one who stood in the place of the girl's parents, and had her happiness at heart. That is, it was something like that; but my words say it too bluntly. I found myself beginning, «I have rather had a notion that her father might come on, and take the enterprise off our hands,» though, to tell the truth, I had never imagined such a thing, which came into my head at that moment through an association with the thought of parents.

«Have you any idea what sort of man he is?» asked Kendricks.

«Oh, some little local magnate, president of the village, and president of the village bank; I fancy the chief figure in the place, but probably as ignorant of our world as a Cherokee.»

«Well, I don't know,» said the young fellow. «Do you think that follows because he does n't live in it?» I could see that he did not quite like what I had said. «I suppose ours is rather a small world.»

«The smallest of all worlds,» I answered. «And in the eyes of Papa Gage, if they could once be focused upon it, our world would shrivel to an atom.»

«Do you think,» he asked, with a manifest anxiety, «that it would in hers?»

«No; she is not the American people, and her father is, as I fancy him. I make out from the vague hints that Brother Deering (as Fulkerson would call him) dropped when he talked about him that Papa Gage is a shrewd, practical, home-keeping, business man, with an eye single to the main chance, lavish, but not generous, Philistine to the backbone, blindly devoted to his daughter, and contemptuous of all the myriad mysteries of civilization that he does n't understand. I don't know why I should be authorized to imagine him personally long and lank, with possibly a tobacco habit of some sort. His natural history, upon no better authority, is that of a hard-headed farmer, who found out that farming could never be more than a livelihood, and came into the village, and began to lend money, and get gain, till he was in a position to help found the De Witt Point National Bank, and then, by weight of his moneyed solidity, imposed himself upon the free and independent voters of the village, —a majority of them under mortgage to him,—and became its president. It is n't a pleasant type, but it 's ideally American.»

«Yes,» said Kendricks, ruefully.

«But his daughter,» I continued, «is probably altogether different. There is something fine about her—really fine. Our world would n't shrivel in her eye; it would probably swell up and fill the universe,» I added by an impulse that came from nowhere irresistibly upon me; «that is, if she could see *you* in it.»

«What do you mean?» he asked with a start.

«Oh, now I must tell you what I mean,» I said desperately. «It 's you that have complicated this case so dreadfully for us. Can't you think why?»

«No, I can't,» he said; but he had to say that.

His fine, sensitive face flamed at once so fire-red that it could only turn pale for a change when I plunged on: «I 'm afraid we 've trifled with her happiness»; and this formulation of the case disgusted me so much that I laughed wildly, and added, «unless we 've trifled with yours, too.»

«I don't know why you call it trifling with happiness,» he returned with dignity, but without offense. «If you will leave her out of the question, I will say that you have given me the greatest happiness of my life in introducing me to Miss Gage.»

«Now,» I demanded, «may I ask what *you* mean? You know I would n't if I did n't feel

bound for her sake, and if you had n't said just what you have said. You need n't answer me unless you like! It 's pleasant to know that you 've not been bored, and Mrs. March and I are infinitely obliged to you for helping us out.»

Kendricks made as if he were going to say something, and then he did not. He hung his head lower and lower in the silence which I had to break for him:

«I hope I have n't been intrusive, my dear fellow. This is something I felt bound to speak of. You know we could n't let it go on. Mrs. March and I have blamed ourselves a good deal, and we could n't let it go on. But I 'm afraid I have n't been as delicate with you—»

«Oh! delicate!» He lifted his head and flashed a face of generous self-reproach upon me. «It 's *I* that have n't been delicate with *you*. I 've been monstrously indelicate. But I never meant to be, and—and—I was coming to see you just now when we met—to see you—Miss Gage—and ask her—tell her that we—I—must tell you and Mrs. March— Mr. March, at the hop last night I asked her to be my wife, and as soon as she can hear from her father— But the first thing when I woke this morning, I saw that I must tell Mrs. March and you. And you—you must forgive us—or me, rather; for it was my fault—for not telling you last night—at once—oh, thank you! thank you!»

I had seized his hand, and was wringing it vehemently in expression of my pleasure in what he had told me. In that first moment I felt nothing but pure joy and an immeasurable relief. I drew my breath, a very deep and full one, in a sudden, absolute freedom from anxieties which had been none the less real and constant because so often burlesqued. Afterward considerations presented themselves to alloy my rapture, but for that moment, as I say, it was nothing but rapture. There was no question in it of the lovers' fitness for each other, of their acceptability to their respective families, of their general conduct, or of their especial behavior toward us. All that I could realize was that it was a great escape for both of us, and a great triumph for me. I had been afraid that I should not have the courage to speak to Kendricks of the matter at all, much less ask him to go away; and here I had actually spoken to him, with the splendid result that I need only congratulate him on his engagement to the young lady whose unrequited affections I had been wishing him to spare. I don't remember just the terms I used in doing this, but they seemed satisfactory to Kendricks; probably a repetition of the letters of the alphabet would have been equally acceptable. At last I said, «Well, now I must go and tell the great news to Mrs. March,» and I shook hands with him again; we had been shaking hands at half-minutely intervals ever since the first time.

XVIII.

I SAW Mrs. March waiting for me on the hotel veranda. She wore her bonnet, and she warned me not to approach, and then ran down to meet me.

«Well, my dear,» she said, as she pushed her hand through my arm and began to propel me away from the sight and hearing of people on the piazza, «I hope you did n't make a fool of yourself with Kendricks. They 're engaged!»

She apparently expected me to be prostrated by this stroke. «Yes,» I said, very coolly; «I was just coming to tell you.»

«How did you know it? Who told you? Did Kendricks? I don't believe it!» she cried in an excitement not unmixed with resentment.

«No one told me,» I said. «I simply divined it.»

She did n't mind that for a moment. «Well, I 'm glad he had the grace to do so, and I hope he did it before you asked him any leading questions.» Without waiting to hear whether this was so or not, she went on, with an emphasis on the next word that almost blotted it out of the language, «*She* came back to me almost the instant you were gone, and told me everything. She said she wanted to tell me last night, but she had n't the courage, and this morning, when she saw that I was beginning to hint up to Mr. Kendricks a little, she had n't the courage at all. I sent her straight off to telegraph for her father. She is behaving splendidly. And now, what are *we* going to do?»

«What the rest of the world is—nothing. It seems to me that we are out of the story, my dear. At any rate, I sha'n't attempt to compete with Miss Gage in splendid behavior, and I hope *you* won't. It would be so easy for us. I wonder what Papa Gage is going to be like.»

I felt my thrill of apprehension impart itself to her. «Yes!» she gasped; «what if he should n't like it?»

«Well, then, that 's his affair.» But I did not feel so lightly about it as I spoke, and from time to time during the day I was over-

taken with a cold dismay at the thought of the unknown quantity in the problem.

When we returned to the hotel after a tour of the block, we saw Kendricks in our corner of the veranda with Miss Gage. They were both laughing convulsively, and they ran down to meet us in yet wilder throes of merriment.

«We 've just been comparing notes,» he said, «and at the very moment when I was telling you, Mr. March, Julia was telling Mrs. March.»

«Wonderful case of telepathy,» I mocked. «Give it to the Psychical Research.»

They both seemed a little daunted, and Miss Gage said, «I know Mr. March does n't like the way we 've done.»

«Like it!» cried Mrs. March, contriving to shake me a little with the hand she still had in my arm. «Of course he likes it. He was just saying *you* had behaved splendidly. He said *he* would n't attempt to compete with you. But you must n't regard him in the least.»

I admired the skill with which Isabel saved her conscience in this statement too much to dispute it; and I suppose that whatever she had said, Miss Gage would have been reassured. I cannot particularly praise the wisdom of her behavior during that day, or, for the matter of that, the behavior of Kendricks either. The ideal thing would have been for him to keep away now till her father came, but it seemed to me that he was about under our feet all the while, and that she, so far from making him remain at his own hotel, encouraged him to pass the time at ours.

Without consulting me, Mrs. March asked him to stay to dinner after he had stayed all the forenoon, and he made this a pretext for spending the afternoon in our corner of the veranda. She made me give it up to him and Miss Gage, so that they could be alone together, though I must say they did not seem to mind us a great deal when we were present; he was always leaning on the back of her chair, or sitting next her with his hand dangling over it in a manner that made me sick. I wondered if I was ever such an ass as that, and I quite lost the respect for Kendricks's good sense and good taste which had been the ground of my liking for him.

I felt myself withdrawn from the affair farther and farther in sympathy since it had now passed beyond my control; and I resented the strain of the responsibility which I had thrown off, I found, only for a moment, and must continue to suffer until the girl's father appeared and finally relieved me. The worst was that I had to bear it alone. It was impossible to detach Mrs. March's interest from Miss Gage as a girl who had just been made love to long enough to enable her to realize her as a daughter with filial ties and duties. She did try in a perfunctory way to do it, but I could see that she never gave her mind to it. I could not even make her share my sense of my own culpability, a thing she was only too willing to do in most matters. She admitted that it was absurd for me to have let my fancy play about the girl when I first saw her until we felt that I must do something for her; but I could not get her to own that we had both acted preposterously in letting Mrs. Deering leave Miss Gage in our charge. In the first place, she denied that she had been left in our charge. She had simply been left in the hotel where we were staying, and we should have been perfectly free to do nothing for her. But when Kendricks turned up so unexpectedly, it was quite natural we should ask him to be polite to her. Mrs. March saw nothing strange in all that. What was I worrying about? What she had been afraid of was that he had not been in love with the girl when she was so clearly in love with him. But now!

«And suppose her father does n't like it?»

«Not like Mr. Kendricks!» She stared at me, and I could see how infatuated she was.

I was myself always charmed with the young fellow. He was not only good and generous and handsome, and clever,—I never thought him a first-class talent,—but he was beautifully well bred, and he was very well born, as those things go with us. That is, he came of people who had not done much of anything for a generation, and had acquired merit with themselves for it. They were not very rich, but they had a right to think that he might have done nothing, or done something better than literature; and I wish I could set forth exactly the terms, tacit and explicit, in which his mother and sisters condoned his dereliction to me at a reception where he presented me to them. In virtue of his wish to do something, he had become a human being, and they could not quite follow him; but they were very polite in tolerating me, and trying to make me feel that I was not at all odd, though he was so queer in being proud of writing for my paper, as they called it. He was so unlike them all that I liked him more than ever after meeting them. Still, I could imagine a fond father, as I imagined Miss Gage's father to be, objecting to him, on some grounds at least, till

he knew him, and Mrs. March apparently could not imagine even this.

I do not know why I should have prefigured Miss Gage's father as tall and lank. She was not herself so very tall, though she was rather tall than short, and though she was rather of the Diana or girlish type of goddess, she was by no means lank. Yet it was in this shape that I had always thought of him, perhaps through an obscure association with his fellow-villager, Deering. I had fancied him saturnine of spirit, slovenly of dress, and lounging of habit, upon no authority that I could allege, and I was wholly unprepared for the neat, small figure of a man, very precise of manner and scrupulous of aspect, who said, «How do you do, sir? I hope I see you well, sir,» when his daughter presented us to each other, the morning after the eventful day described, and he shook my hand with his very small, dry hand.

I could not make out from their manner with each other whether they had been speaking of the great matter in hand or not. I am rather at a loss about people of that Philistine make as to what their procedure will be in circumstances where I know just what people of my own sort of sophistication would do. These would come straight at the trouble, but I fancy that with the other sort the convention is a preliminary reserve. I found Mr. Gage disposed to prolong, with me at least, a discussion of the weather and the aspects of Saratoga, the events of his journey from De Witt Point, and the hardship of having to ride all the way to Mooer's Junction in a stage-coach. I felt more and more, while we bandied these futilities, as if Mr. Gage had an overdue note of mine, and was waiting for me, since I could not pay it, to make some proposition toward its renewal; and he did really tire me out at last, so that I said, «Well, Mr. Gage, I suppose Miss Gage has told you something of the tremendous situation that has developed itself here?»

I thought I had better give the affair such smiling character as a jocose treatment might impart, and the dry little man twinkled up responsively so far as manner was concerned. «Well, yes, yes. There has been some talk of it between us,» and again he left the word to me.

«Mrs. March urged your daughter to send for you at once because that was the right and fit thing to do, and because we felt that the affair had now quite transcended our powers, such as they were, and nobody could really cope with it but yourself. I hope you were not unduly alarmed by the summons?»

«Not at all. She said in the despatch that she was not sick. I had been anticipating a short visit to Saratoga for some days, and my business was in a shape so that I could leave.»

«Oh!» I said vaguely, «I am very glad. Mrs. March felt, as I did, that circumstances had given us a certain obligation in regard to



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

THE MEETING OF MR. GAGE AND MR. MARCH.

Miss Gage, and we were anxious to discharge it faithfully and to the utmost. We should have written to you, summoned you, before if we could have supposed—or been sure; but you know these things go on so obscurely, and we acted at the very first possible moment, I wish you to understand that. We talked it over a great deal, and I hope you will believe that we studied throughout—that we were most solicitous from beginning to end for Miss Gage's happiness, and that if we could have foreseen or imagined—if we could have taken any steps—I trust you will believe—» I was furious at myself for being so confoundedly apologetic, for I was thinking all the time of the bother and affliction we had had with the girl; and there sat that little wooden image accepting my self-inculpations, and

apparently demanding more of me; but I could not help going on in the same strain: «We felt especially bound in the matter, from the fact that Mr. Kendricks was a personal friend of ours, whom we are very fond of, and we both are very anxious that you should not suppose that we promoted, or that we were not most vigilant—that we were for a moment forgetful of your rights in such an affair—»

I stopped, and Mr. Gage passed his hand across his little meager, smiling mouth.

«Then he is not a connection of yours, Mr. March?»

«Bless me, no!» I said in great relief; «we are not so swell as that.» And I tried to give him some notion of Kendricks's local quality, repeating a list of agglutinated New York surnames to which his was more or less affiliated. They always amuse me, those names, which more than any in the world give the notion of social straining; but I doubt if they affected the imagination of Mr. Gage, either in this way, or in the way I meanly meant them to affect him.

«And what did you say his business was?» he asked, with that implication of a previous statement on your part which some people think it so clever to make when they question you.

I always hate it, and I avenged myself by answering simply, «Bless my soul, he has no business!» and letting him take up the word now or not, as he liked.

«Then he is a man of independent means?»

I could not resist answering, «Independent means? Kendricks has no means whatever.» But having dealt this blow, I could add, «I believe his mother has some money. They are people who seem to live comfortably.»

«Then he has no profession?» asked Mr. Gage, with a little more stringency in his smile.

«I don't know whether you will call it a profession. He is a writer.»

«Ah!» Mr. Gage softly breathed. «Does he write for your—paper?»

I noted that as to the literary technicalities he seemed not to be much more ignorant than Kendricks's own family, and I said tolerantly, «Yes; he writes for our magazine.»

«Magazine—yes; I beg your pardon,» he interrupted.

«And for any others where he can place his material.»

This apparently did not convey any very luminous idea to Mr. Gage's mind, and he asked, after a moment, «What kind of things does he write?»

«Oh, stories, sketches, poems, reviews, essays—almost anything, in fact.»

The light left his face, and I perceived that I had carried my revenge too far, at least for Kendricks's advantage, and I determined to take a new departure at the first chance. The chance did not come immediately.

«And can a man support a wife by that kind of writing?» asked Mr. Gage.

I laughed uneasily. «Some people do. It depends upon how much of it he can sell. It depends upon how handsomely a wife wishes to be supported. The result is n't usually beyond the dreams of avarice,» I said with a desperate levity.

«Excuse me,» returned the little man. «Do you live in that way? By your writings?»

«No,» I said with some state, which I tried to subdue; «I am the editor of ‹Every Other Week,› and part owner. Mr. Kendricks is merely a contributor.»

«Ah,» he breathed again. «And if he were successful in selling his writings, how much could he probably make in a year?»

«In a year?» I repeated to gain time. «Mr. Kendricks is comparatively a beginner. Say fifteen hundred—two thousand—twenty-five hundred.»

«And that would not go very far in New York?»

«No; that would not go far in New York.» I was beginning to find a certain pleasure in dealing so frankly with this hard little man. I liked to see him suffer, and I could see that he did suffer; he suffered as a father must who learns that from a pecuniary point of view his daughter is imprudently in love. Why should we always regard such a sufferer as a comic figure? He is, if we think of it rightly, a most serious, even tragical figure, and at all events a most respectable figure. He loves her, and his heart is torn between the wish to indulge her, and the wish to do what will be finally best for her. Why should our sympathies, in such a case, be all for the foolish young lovers? They ought in great measure to be for the father, too. Something like a sense of this smote me, and I was ashamed in my pleasure.

«Then I should say, Mr. March, that this seems a most undesirable engagement for my daughter. What should you say? I ask you to make the case your own.»

«Excuse me,» I answered; «I would much rather not make the case my own, Mr. Gage, and I must decline to have you consult me. I think that in this matter I have done all that I was called upon to do. I have told you what I know of Mr. Kendricks's circumstances

and connections. As to his character, I can truly say that he is one of the best men I ever knew. I believe in his absolute purity of heart, and he is the most unselfish, the most generous—»

Mr. Gage waved the facts aside with his hand. «I don't undervalue those things. If I could be master, no one should have my girl without them. But they do not constitute a livelihood. From what you tell me of Mr. Kendricks's prospects, I am not prepared to say that I think the outlook is brilliant. If he has counted upon my supplying a deficiency—»

«Oh, excuse me, Mr. Gage! Your insinuation—»

«Excuse *me!*» he retorted. «I am making no insinuation. I merely wish to say that, while my means are such as to enable me to live in comfort at De Witt Point, I am well aware that much more would be needed in New York to enable my daughter to live in the same comfort. I 'm not willing she should live in less. I think it is my duty to say that I am not at all a rich man, and if there has been any supposition that I am so, it is a mistake which cannot be corrected too soon.»

This time I could not resent his insinuation, for since he had begun to speak I had become guiltily aware of having felt a sort of ease in regard to Kendricks's modesty of competence from a belief, given me, I suspect, by the talk of Deering, that Mr. Gage had plenty of money, and could come to the rescue in any amount needed. I could only say, «Mr. Gage, all this is so far beyond my control that I ought not to allow you to say it to me. It is something that you must say to Mr. Kendricks.»

As I spoke I saw the young fellow come round the corner of the street, and mount the hotel steps. He did not see me, for he did not look toward the little corner of lawn where Mr. Gage and I had put our chairs for the sake of the morning shade, and for the seclusion that the spot afforded us. It was at the angle of the house farthest from our peculiar corner of the piazza, whither I had the belief that the girl had withdrawn when she left me to her father. I was sure that Kendricks would seek her there, far enough beyond eyeshot or earshot of us, and I had no doubt that she was expecting him.

«You are Mr. Kendricks's friend—»

«I have tried much more to be Miss Gage's friend; and Mrs. March—» It came into my mind that she was most selfishly and shamelessly keeping out of the way, and I could not go on and celebrate her magnanimous impartiality, her eager and sleepless vigilance.

«I have no doubt of that,» said the little man, «and I am very much obliged to you for all the trouble you have taken on my daughter's account. But you are his friend, and I can speak to you much more fully and frankly than I could to him.»

I did not know just what to say to this, and he went on: «In point of fact, I don't think that I shall speak to him at all.»

«That is quite your affair, my dear sir,» I said dryly. «It is n't to be supposed that you would seek an interview with him.»

«And if he seeks an interview with me, I shall decline it.» He looked at me defiantly and yet interrogatively. I could see that he was very angry, and yet uncertain.

«I must say, then, Mr. Gage, that I don't think you would be right.»

«How, not right?»

«I should say that in equity he had a full and perfect right to meet you, and to talk this matter over with you. He has done you no wrong whatever in admiring your daughter, and wishing to marry her. It 's for you and for her to decide whether you will let him. But as far as his wish goes, and his expression of it to her, he is quite within his rights. You must see that yourself.»

«I consider,» he answered, «that he *has* done me a wrong in that very thing. A man without means, or any stated occupation, he had no business to speak to my daughter without speaking to me. He took advantage of the circumstances. What does he think? Does he suppose I am *made* of money? Does he suppose I want to support a son-in-law? I can tell you that if I were possessed of unlimited means, I should not do it.» I began to suspect that Deering was nearer right, after all, in his representations of the man's financial ability; I fancied something of the anxiety, the tremor of avarice, in his resentment of poor Kendricks's possible, or rather impossible, designs upon his pocket. «If he had any profession, or any kind of business, I should feel differently, and I should be willing to assist him to a reasonable degree; or if he had a business training, I might take him in with me; but as it is, I should have a helpless burden on my hands, and I can tell you I am not going in for that sort of thing. I shall make short work of it. I shall decline to meet Mr. Hendricks, or Kendricks, and I shall ask you to say as much to him from me.»

«And I shall decline to be the bearer of any such message from you, Mr. Gage,» I answered, and I saw, not without pleasure, the bewilderment that began to mix with his arrogance.

«Very well, then, sir,» he answered, after

a moment; «I shall simply take my daughter away with me, and that will end it.»

The prim little, grim little man looked at me with his hard eyes, and set his lips so close that the beard on the lower one stuck out at me with a sort of additional menace. I felt that he was too capable of doing what he said, and I lost myself in a sense of his sordidness, a sense which was almost without a trace of compassion.

It seemed as if I were a long time under the spell of this, and the sight of his repugnant face; but it could really have been merely a moment, when I heard a stir of drapery on the grass near us, and the soft, rich voice of Miss Gage saying, «Papa!»

We both started to our feet. I do not know whether she had heard what he said or not. We had spoken low, and in the utmost vehemence of his speech he did not lift his voice. In any case, she did not heed what he said.

«Papa,» she repeated, «I want you to come up and see Mrs. March on the piazza. And—Mr. Kendricks is there.»

I had a wild desire to laugh at what followed, and yet it was not without its pathos. «I—I—hm! hm! I—cannot see Mr. Kendricks just at present. I—the fact is, I do not want to see him. It is better—not. I think you had better get ready to go home with me at once, daughter. I—hm!—cannot approve of any engagement to Mr. Kendricks, and I—prefer not to meet him.» He stopped.

Miss Gage said nothing, and I cannot say that she looked anything. She simply *clouded up*, if I may so express the effect that came and remained upon her countenance, which was now the countenance she had shown me the first evening I saw her, when I saw the Deerings cowering in its shadow. I had no need to look at the adamantine little man before her to know that he was softening into wax, and in fact, I felt a sort of indecency in beholding his inteneration, for I knew that it came from his heart, and had its consecration through his love for her.

That is why I turned away, and do not know to this moment just how the change she desired in him was brought about. I will not say that I did not look back from a discreet distance, and continue looking until I saw them start away together, and move in the direction of that corner of the piazza where Kendricks was waiting with Mrs. March.

It appeared, from her account, that Mr. Gage, with no uncommon show of ill-will, but with merely a natural dryness, suffered Kendricks to be presented to him, and entered upon some preliminary banalities with him, such as he had used in opening a conversation with me. Before these came to a close Mrs. March had thought it well to leave the three together.

Afterward, when we knew the only result that the affair could have, she said, «The girl has a powerful will. I wonder what the mother was like.»

«Yes; evidently she did n't get that will from her father. I have still a sense of exhaustion from it in our own case. What do you think it portends for poor Kendricks?»

«Poor Kendricks?» she repeated thoughtfully. «Yes; in that sense I suppose you might call him poor. It is n't an equal thing as far as nature, as character, goes. But is n't it always dreadful to see two people who have made up their minds to get married?»

«It 's very common,» I suggested.

«That does n't change the fact, or lessen the risk. She is very beautiful, and now he is in love with her beautiful girlhood. But after a while the girlhood will go.»

«And the girl will remain,» I said.

W. D. Howells.



A STUDY OF MENTAL EPIDEMICS.



IN looking back to the medieval ages, we find them to be times in which abnormal social phenomena were displayed on a grand scale—times teeming with mobs, riots, revolts; with blind movements of vast human masses; with terrible epidemics that ravaged Europe from end to end. They were ages peculiar for the strange, striking fact that whole cities, extensive provinces, great countries, were stricken by one disease. Men went mad in packs, by the thousands. An obscure individual in some remote country place had fits of hysterics, and soon all Europe was wriggling and struggling in convulsions of hysterical insanity. The dark ages were strange, peculiar—so, at least, do they appear to us, who consider ourselves vastly superior to the poor, ignorant medieval peasant, burgher, knight, with their superstitious, religious fervor, and recurrent epidemic insanities. I am afraid, however, that a similar fate may overtake us. May not a future historian look back to our own times with dismay, and perhaps with horror? He will represent our age as dark and cruel—an age of the blind, senseless Napoleonic wars, of great commercial panics, industrial crises, Black Fridays, Coxey armies, and mobs and crazes of all sorts and descriptions.

The sentinel posted by wasps becomes agitated at the sight of danger, and flies into the interior of the nest, buzzing violently; other wasps raise a buzzing, and are thus put into the same state of emotion which the sentinel experiences: they become uneasy, angry, aggressive. Susceptibility to the movements of his companions by passing through the same motor processes is the only way by which the social brute can become aware of the emotions that agitate his comrades. Susceptibility is the cement of the herd, the very soul of the primitive social group. A herd of sheep stand packed close together, looking stupidly into space; frighten them, and if one begins to run, frantic with terror, the rest are sure to follow, and a stampede ensues, each sheep scrupulously reproducing the identical movements of the one in front of it. Now, this susceptibility is nothing but what we, in relation to man, call suggestibility, which consists in the impressing on the mind of an idea, image, movement, which the person reproduces voluntarily or involuntarily. Suggestibility, then, is natural to man as a social animal. Under certain conditions this suggestibility, which is always present in man, may increase to an extraordinary degree, and the result is a stampede, a mob, an epidemic.

«I protest,» says Dr. Moll, a great authority in hypnotism, «against the terminology which has been to a great extent adopted, and which many doctors have helped to propagate, but which is none the less erroneous. It is often said that hypnotized persons are ‹asleep,› and the two states have been partly identified. I think this a misuse of words, since there are a whole series of hypnotic states in which not one symptom of sleep appears, and mistaken conclusions are often drawn from the mistaken terminology, with resulting confusion. *Susceptibility to suggestion is the chief phenomenon of hypnosis.*» And he goes on to say that, «however strange and paradoxical the phenomena of hypnosis may appear to us at first sight, we may be sure that there is no absolute difference between hypnotic and non-hypnotic states.» Man carries within him the germ of the possible mob, of the epidemic. As a social being he is naturally suggestible; but when this susceptibility to suggestion becomes under certain conditions abnormally intense, we may say that he is thrown into a hypnotic state. We know that a limitation of voluntary move-

ments induces light hypnosis, which is characterized by inhibition of the will; the memory is unaffected; self-consciousness remains intact, and the subject is perfectly aware of all that goes on: a loss of voluntary movements is one of its chief phenomena. Keeping this in mind, we can understand to a certain extent medieval life. *The medieval man was in a state of light hypnosis.* This was induced in him by the great limitation of his voluntary movements, by the inhibition of his will, by the social pressure which was exerted on him by the great weight of authority to which his life was subjected. The life of the medieval man was regulated down to its least detail. The order, the guild, the commune, the church, had minute regulations for all exigencies of life. Nothing was left to individual enterprise. Even love had its rules: there were laws governing love-making, and the treatment by a man of the lady of his heart. There were curious love trials, one of the lovers accusing the other of having trespassed some fixed rule of love. Society was divided and subdivided into numerous parts, each having its own fixed rules, each leading its own secluded, narrow, dwarfish life. Bound fast by the strings of authority, medieval men were reduced to the state of hypnotic automata.

The religious ecstasy that animated the medieval man was especially favorable to his spontaneous self-hypnotization; for, as Ribot points out, ecstasy is mono-ideism, the intense concentration of attention on one object, an essential condition of hypnosis.[1]

The most striking phenomenon in medieval history is that of the crusades, which agitated European nations for about two centuries, and cost them about seven million men. People were drawn by an irresistible longing toward the Holy Sepulcher, which fascinated their mental gaze, just as the butterfly is blindly drawn toward the candle. This attraction of devout Christians by the Holy Sepulcher manifested itself in pilgrimages, which at first were rare, but gradually spread, and became a universal mania. Bishops abandoned their dioceses, princes their dominions, to visit the tomb of Christ. At the time of its highest tide, the flood of pilgrims was suddenly stopped by the Seljukian Turks, who conquered Palestine about 1076. As a maniac, when thwarted in his purpose, becomes raving and violent, so did Europe become when the flood-gates of the pilgrim torrent were stopped, and only drops were let to trickle through. European humanity fell into a fit of acute mania, which expressed itself in the savage ecstasy of the first crusade. Peter the Hermit and Pope Urban II were the heroes who first broke the ice, and directed the popular current to the conquest of the Holy Land. The fiery appeals of the emaciated, dwarfish hermit Peter carried everything before them. The frenzy which had unsettled the mind of the hermit was by him communicated to his hearers, and they became enraptured, entranced with the splendid schemes he unfolded. Meantime Pope Urban II convoked two councils, one after another; at the second council, that of Clermont, the pope addressed a multitude of thousands of people. His speech was at first listened to in solemn silence. Gradually, however, as he proceeded, sobs broke out. «Listen to nothing,» he exclaimed, «but the groans of Jerusalem! . . . And remember that the Lord has said, ‹He that will not take up his cross and follow me is unworthy of me.› You are soldiers of the cross; wear, then, on your breasts or on your shoulders the blood-red sign of him who died for the salvation of your soul!» Leaving the fields and towns, agricultural serfs and petty traders displayed intense eagerness to reach the Holy City. If a rational individual interfered with a word of warning, their only answer was the suggestion of the pope: «He who will not follow me is unworthy of me.» Heinrich von Sybel, in speaking of the first crusade, tells us that «we can hardly understand such a state of mind. It was much as if a large army were now to embark in balloons, in order to conquer an island between the earth and the moon, which was also expected to contain the paradise.» Swarms of men of different races, with their wives and daughters, with infants taken from the cradle, and grandsires on the verge of the grave, and many sick and dying, came from every direction, all of them ready to be led to the conquest of the Holy Land. Peter the Hermit, Walter the Penniless and Gottschalk became the heroes, the ringleaders of the mobs, which were cut to pieces before they reached Palestine. Then followed an army led by pilgrim princes, who succeeded in conquering the Holy Land, and founded there a Christian kingdom; but this kingdom

[1] In my experiments in suggestion made in the Psychological Laboratory of Harvard College I found that when the attention, in perfectly normal people, was concentrated on one point for some time, say twenty seconds, commands suddenly given at the end of that time were very often immediately carried out by the subjects. Concentration of attention on one point is highly favorable to suggestibility.

was unstable, and it fell again and again into the hands of the unbelievers, and crusade after crusade was organized, each being a weaker copy of the preceding, until 1272, when the crusade epidemic was completely at an end. During the same period of time there were also Western crusades against the Arabians in Spain, and against the unfortunate Albigenses in southern France. In the crusade against the Albigenses, according to Albert von Stade, a peculiar religious mania broke out among women: thousands of them, stark naked, and in deep silence, as if stricken with dumbness, ran frantically about the streets; in Lüttich many of them fell into convulsions of ecstasy.

The abnormal suggestibility of medieval society was most clearly seen in the crusades of children. About 1212, between the fourth and fifth crusades, Stephen, a shepherd boy at Cloyes, in imitation of his elders, began to preach to children of a holy war. Stephen soon became the rage of the day; the shrines were abandoned to listen to his words. He even worked miracles. The appeal of Stephen to the children to save the Holy Sepulcher aroused in the young a longing to join him in the holy pilgrimage. The crusade epidemic rapidly spread among the little ones. Everywhere there arose children of ten years, and some even as young as eight, who claimed to be prophets sent by Stephen in the name of God. When the «prophets» had gathered sufficient numbers, they began to march through towns and villages. Like a true epidemic, it spared neither boys nor girls: according to the statements of the chroniclers, there was a large proportion of little girls in the multitudes of hypnotized children. The king, Philip Augustus, by the advice of the University of Paris, issued an edict commanding the children to return to their homes; but the religious suggestions were stronger than the king's command, and the children continued to assemble unimpeded. Fathers and mothers brought to bear upon the young all the influence they had to check this dangerous migration mania, but of no avail. Persuasions, threats, punishments, were as futile as the king's command. Bolts and bars could not hold the children. If shut up, they broke through doors and windows, and rushed to take their places in the processions which they saw passing by. If the children were forcibly detained so that escape was impossible, they pined away like migratory birds kept in seclusion. In a village near Cologne, Nicholas, a boy of ten, began to play at crusade-preaching. Thousands of children flocked to him from all sides. As in France, all opposition was of no avail. Parents, friends, and pastors sought to restrain them by force or appeal; but the young ones pined so that, as the chroniclers say, their lives were frequently endangered, as by disease, and it was necessary to allow them to depart. Hosts of children assembled in the city of Cologne to start on their pilgrimage to the Holy Land. There they were divided into two armies, one under the leadership of Nicholas, the boy-prophet, the other under some unknown leader. The armies of the little crusaders, like Coxey's army of our own times, were soon reduced in numbers by mere lack of food. After many tribulations, the army led by Nicholas, considerably reduced in size, reached Rome, where the pope, Innocent III, succeeded in diverting this stream of little pilgrims back to Germany. Ruined, degraded, and ridiculed, the poor German children reached their homes; and when asked what they in reality wanted, the children, as if aroused from a narcotic state, answered that they did not know. The other German army had a worse fate. After untold sufferings and enormous loss of numbers, they reached Brindisi, where they were treated with extreme cruelty. The boys were seized by the citizens and sold into slavery, and the girls were maltreated and sold into dens of infamy. The French little crusaders met with a similar fate. When, after a long and fatiguing journey, they at last reached Marseilles, two pious merchants voluntarily offered to provide vessels to convey the children to Palestine. Half of the vessels suffered shipwreck, and the rest were directed to the shores of Africa, where the little pilgrims fell into the hands of the Turks and Arabians. The two pious merchants were slave-dealers.

The medieval ages present us with an uninterrupted chain of epidemics. No sooner did the crusade mania abate than another epidemic took its place—that of the flagellants. The initiator, the hero of the solemn processions of the flagellants, is said to have been St. Anthony. In 1260 the flagellants appeared in Italy. «An unexampled spirit of remorse,» writes a chronicler, «suddenly seized on the minds of the Italians. The fear of Christ fell on people noble and ignoble, old and young; and even children of five marched through the streets with no covering but a scarf round the waist. All carried a scourge of leathern thongs, which they applied to their bodies, amid sighs and tears, with such violence that the blood flowed from

the wounds. The flagellant epidemic spread into Germany, and penetrated even into Poland. As it was slowly dying out, there arose another terrible epidemic, the «black death,» with its horrible persecutions of the Jews. No sooner was the black death over than another epidemic, the dancing-mania, began to spread. In the year 1374, at Aix-la-Chapelle, men and women began suddenly to dance in public, on the streets and in the churches. In wild delirium, and for hours together, they continued dancing, until at length they fell to the ground in a state of exhaustion. While dancing they neither saw nor heard, being insensible to external impressions. From Aix-la-Chapelle the epidemic spread to the Netherlands. A few months later it broke out at Cologne and at Metz. Peasants left their plows, mechanics their workshops, housewives their domestic duties, to join the wild revels; girls and boys quitted their parents, and servants their masters, to look at those strange scenes, and greedily imbibed the poison of mental infection. In the year 1418 Strasburg was visited by this plague. St. Vitus was the patron saint of the dancing-mania, and his name was used as a contra-suggestion. The dancers were conducted to the chapels of St. Vitus, where they were usually cured of the disease. St. Vitus's dance attacked people of all stations. The virulence of this plague decreased as time went on, until the great movement of the Reformation absorbed the attention and energy of Northern nations.

In Italy the dancing-mania took a somewhat different form. There a belief was widely spread that he who was bitten by a tarantula—a species of spider whose sting is no more harmful than that of the ordinary wasp—fell dangerously ill, and could be cured only by dancing. By the end of the fifteenth century tarantism became the plague of Italy. Crowds of affected persons thronged the streets of Italian cities, and danced to the merry tune of the tarantella. Foreigners of every color, negroes, Gipsies, Spaniards, Albanians, were attacked by this plague. So irresistible was the power of social suggestion that even they who fully denied the effects of the tarantula's bite had to succumb to the prejudice of the age.

The following chronological table may, perhaps, show best the unbroken chain of

MEDIEVAL EPIDEMICS.

	A. D.
Pilgrimage mania	1000–1095
Crusade mania	1095–1272
Flagellant mania	1260–1348
Black Death	1348–1350
Persecutions of the Jews	–1383
Dancing-mania: St. John's dance	1374
Dancing-mania: St. Vitus's dance	1418
Dancing-mania: Tarantism	1470
Dancing-mania	To the end of the 15th century.

Social suggestibility is individual hypnotization written large. *The laws of hypnotism work on a great scale in society.* No hypnotic suggestion is effective unless it accords with the character, with the subconscious nature, of the subject. The same holds true in the case of social hypnotization. Each nation has its own bent of mind, and suggestions, to be effective, must work in that direction. The Jew is a fair example. Religious emotions are at the basis of his character, and he is also highly susceptible to religious suggestions. The list of Jewish Messiahs is inordinately long. It would take too much space to recount the names of all the «saviors» who appeared among the Jews from the second destruction of the temple down to our own times. A few strong cases, however, will suffice. In the year 1666, on Rosch Haschana (Jewish New Year), a Jew, by name Sabbathai Zevi, declared himself publicly as the long-expected Messiah. The Jewish populace was full of glee at hearing such happy news, and in the ardor of its belief, in the insanity of its religious intoxication, shouted fervently, «Long live the Jewish king, our Messiah!» A maniacal ecstasy took possession of the Jewish mind. Men, women, children fell into fits of hysterics. Business men left their occupations, workmen their trades, and devoted themselves to prayer and penitence. The synagogues resounded with sighs, cries, and sobs for days and nights together. The religious mania became so furious that all the rabbis who opposed it had to save their lives by flight. Among the Persian Jews the excitement ran so high that all the Jewish husbandmen refused to labor in the fields. Even Christians regarded Sabbathai with awe, for this event took place in the apocalyptic year. The fame of Sabbathai spread throughout the world. In Poland, in Germany, in Holland, in England, the course of business was interrupted on the exchange by the gravest Jews breaking off to discuss this wonderful event. The Jews of Amsterdam sent inquiries to their commercial agents in the Levant, and received the brief and emphatic reply, «It is he, and no other!»

Wherever the messages of the Messiah came, there the Jews instituted fast-days, according to the cabalistic regulations of Nathan the prophet, and afterward abandoned themselves to gross intemperance.

The Jewish communities of Amsterdam and Hamburg were especially conspicuous for their absurd religious extravagances. In Amsterdam the Jews marched through the streets, carrying with them rolls of the torah, singing, leaping, and dancing as if possessed. Scenes still more turbulent, licentious, and wild occurred in Hamburg, Venice, Leghorn, Avignon, and in many other cities of Italy, Germany, France, and Poland. The tide of religious mania rose so high that even such learned men as Isaac Aboab, Moses de Aguilar, Isaac Noar, the rich banker and writer Abraam Pereira, and the Spinozist Dr. Benjamin Musaphia, became ardent adherents of the Messiah. Spinoza himself seemed to have followed these strange events with great interest. The tide of religious mania rose higher and higher. In all parts of the world prophets and prophetesses appeared, thus realizing the Jewish belief in the inspired nature of Messianic times; men and women, boys and girls, wriggled in hysterical convulsions, screaming praises to the new Messiah; many went raving about in prophetic raptures, exclaiming, «Sabbathai Zevi is the true Messiah of the race of David; to him the crown and kingdom are given!» The Jews seemed to have gone mad. From all sides rich men came to Sabbathai, putting their wealth at his disposal. Many sold out their houses and all they possessed, and set out for Palestine. So great was the number of pilgrims that the price of passage was considerably raised. Traffic in the greatest commercial centers came to a complete standstill; most of the Jewish merchants and bankers liquidated their affairs. The belief in the divine mission of Sabbathai was made into a religious dogma of equal rank with that of the unity of God. Even when Sabbathai was compelled by the sultan to accept Mohammedanism, the mystico-Messianic epidemic continued to rage with unabated fury. Many stubbornly rejected the fact of his apostasy — it was his shade that had turned Mussulman.

After Sabbathai's death a new prophet appeared, by name Michael Cordozo. His doctrine, in spite of its manifest absurdity, spread like wildfire. «The Son of David,» he said, «will not appear until all Israel is either holy or wicked.» As the latter was by far the easier process, he recommended all true Israelites to hasten the coming of the Messiah by turning Mohammedans. Great numbers, with pious zeal, complied with his advice.

Turning now to the American, who somewhat resembles the Hebrew both in business ability and religiousness, we find social suggestion working in him on a larger and grander scale. The American is highly suggestible, and the short history of his national existence is full of instructive cases of mental epidemics. A few instances will, perhaps, suffice for our purpose. At the beginning of the present century a mania of religious revival swept over the continent of northern America, and reached its acme in the camp-meetings of the «Kentucky revivals.» The first camp-meeting in Kentucky was held at Cabin Creek, and continued four days and three nights. The scene was awful beyond description. The preaching, the praying, the singing, the shouting, the sobbing, the fits of convulsions, made of the camp a pandemonium. Religious suggestion soon affected the idle crowd of spectators, and acted with such virulence that those who tried to escape were either struck by convulsions on the way, or impelled to return by some unknown, irresistible power. The contagion spread with great rapidity, and spared neither age nor sex. The camp-meeting of Indian Creek, Harrison County, is especially interesting and instructive for its bringing clearly to light the terrible power of suggestion. The meeting was at first quiet and orderly. There was, of course, a good deal of praying, singing, and shouting, but still nothing extraordinary occurred. The suggestion, however, did not fail to come, and this time it was given by a child. A boy of twelve mounted a log, and raising his voice, began to preach. In a few moments he became the center of the religious mob. «Thus, O sinners,» he shouted «shall you drop into hell, unless you forsake your sins and turn to the Lord!» At that moment some one fell to the ground in convulsions, and soon the whole mob was struggling, wriggling, writhing, and «jerking.» In some camp-meetings the religious mob took to dancing, and at last to barking like dogs. Men, women, and children assumed the posture of dogs, moving on all fours, growling, snapping the teeth, and barking.

It would take volumes to recount all the mental epidemics, religious manias, political plagues, speculative insanities, financial crazes and economical panics from which society in general and democracy in particular continually suffer. One thing, however, stands out clear and distinct before the student of Social Psychology, and that is the extreme suggestibility of gregarious man. Man is a suggestible animal, *par excellence*.

Boris Sidis.

PRISONERS OF CONSCIENCE.

(A STORY OF SHETLAND.)

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of «Friend Olivia,» «Jan Vedder's Wife,» «The Bow of Orange Ribbon,» etc.

IN TWO PARTS: PART II.

III. (continued).

DURING these awful days David did not come near Nanna. It was the last bitter drop in her bitter cup. She was sure that no town ordinance would have kept her from David's side in such an hour, and she despised that obedience to law which could teach him such cowardly neglect. Vala had been in the grave a week when David once more entered Nanna's presence. She was sitting still and empty-handed, and her white face and the quivering of her lips pierced him to the heart. Then she looked round the vacant room, and David understood what she meant. He could not tell what to say; he had no words fit for such sorrow. But there was the truth to speak, and that might have some comfort in it. So he put his hand on her shoulder gently, and said:

«Nanna, dear Nanna, your husband is dead.»

«I am glad,» she answered; «he killed my child twice over.» Her voice was low and weary, and she asked no question about the matter.

«Did you think I had forgotten you, Nanna? Forgotten you and Vala?»

«Well, then, it did look like it.»

«No wonder men think ill of God, whom they do not know, when they are so ready to think ill of men, whom they do know.»

«Oh, David! How could you desert me? Neither words of man nor of law could have kept me from your dying bed. No, indeed! Where were you at all?»

«I was on the *Sea Rover* nursing your husband.»

«My God!»

«That is the truth, Nanna. The minister came to me with the order, and I could not win by it and face God or man again. ‹David Borson,› he said, ‹there are four men ill with typhus this morning on the *Sea Rover*. The man that is yet well is broken down with fright and fatigue. The doctor says some one ought to go there. What do you think?› And I said, ‹Minister, do you mean me?› And he smiled a bit, and answered, ‹I thought you would know your duty, David. You are a lone man, and you fear God; so then you need not fear the fever.›»

«And he knew that you hated Sinclair—knew that Sinclair had come to my house with the fever on him, that he might lift my poor bairn and give her the death kiss.»

«No, no! He would never be as bad as that, Nanna.»

«How could the minister send you such a hard road?»

«It was made easy to me; it was indeed, Nanna. But I was troubled about you and Vala, and I was on my way here when I was turned back. ‹Nanna will see to her child,› said the minister; ‹but there is a strong man required by Nicol Sinclair.› And then he minded me of the man's sinful life, and said maybe it was God's purpose to give him another opportunity for repentance through me. It is an awful thing to die eternally—if perchance I might save even my worst enemy—what should I have done, Nanna?»

«You did right, David. Yes; though the man killed Vala, you did right. Did he have one good thought at the last?»

«He went out in darkness and delirium, and the sea carried him away. So there is no more to be said about him.»

AFTER this the winter came on rapidly and severely. The seas were dangerous, and the fishing poor, and there were many cases of fever as far northward as Yell. Suffering, death, and poverty filled the short days, and made twice as long the stretched-out nights of the dark season. The old cloud gathered again around David, and when the minister preached of «the will and purposes of God» it seemed to him that they were altogether penal.

The sunshine that had brightened his life during the past year was gone; for he had found out that all his happiness was bound up

in his cousin Nanna, and Nanna was on the verge of despair. Day by day she grew thinner and whiter, more melancholy and more silent. She did only work enough to supply the barest needs of life, and for the most part sat hour after hour with dropped hands and closed eyes. Or she was seized with a restlessness that drove her to motion, and then she walked the small bounds of her room until physical exhaustion threw her into a deep sleep.

David watched her with a sad patience. He had felt severely the loss of Vala, and he did not presume to measure Nanna's sorrow by his own. He knew it was natural that for some weeks she should weep for a child so dear, whose little life had been so pitifully wronged, so bound to suffering, so cruelly cut short. But when this natural sorrow was not healed by time, when Nanna nursed her grief to despair, and dwelt with it in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, he thought it time to reason with her.

«You will kill yourself, Nanna,» he said.

«I hate life, David; but I am afraid to die. I know that I am sinning every day in weeping for my poor lost bairn, and yet I am that way made that I cannot help but weep for it. For it is my fault, David, all my fault. Why then did He pursue the child with His anger from the first hour of its life to the last? And where is she now? Oh, David, if He would only let me go to her!»

«Nanna, you know not what you are saying. You might be wishing yourself away from His presence.»

«I would rather be with Vala. If that be sinful, let me thole the wages of my sin. Where is my dear bairn? Elder Kennoch says we may have a hope that God will eventually take pity on those babes who have done no actual sin, but when will he take pity? And until he does how can the wee souls endure his anger? Oh, David, my heart will break! My heart will break!»

«When Elga Wick's child died, the minister said there was a benign interpretation of the doctrines which taught none but elect infants died. It would not be just, unless the child were elect, not to give it the offer of salvation.»

«What good would eighty years of ‹offers› do if there was no election to eternal life?»

«Nanna, your father was a child of God, and you have loved him from your youth upward. Well, then, he keeps his mercy for children's children, to the third and fourth generations of them that fear him. Vala was in the succession of faith; surely she was.»

«You know what her father and his folk have been. Oh, why did my father let me marry the man? He should rather have tied me hands and feet, and cast me into the depths of the sea. If he had said to me, ‹Nanna, you may have a bairn, and it may be a child of sin, and thus foreordained to hell fire,› do you think I would have wed Nicol Sinclair?»

«Ay, I think you would. You had set your heart on Nicol at all risks, or else your father's ‹no› would have been sufficient. If we heed not fathers and mothers and teachers, we would not heed, Nanna, no, not if one came from the dead to warn us.»

«That is an awful truth, David.»

«And one must speak truth to heal a wounded soul. If there be a canker in the body you know well the doctor must not spare the sharp knife. But I would not put away hope for Vala; she has kindred in his presence. Will he not remember his promise to them?»

«David, I will tell you the last awful truth. I never could get the poor baby baptized,—things aye went so against it,—and she died without being signed and sealed to his mercy; that is the dreadful part of her death. I was ashamed and afraid to tell you before. Oh, David! If you had stayed by Vala instead of going to that man, you might have won her this saving grace; but it was not to be.»

David almost fainted with the shock of this intelligence. He understood now the anguish which was driving Nanna into the grave. And he had no comfort to offer her, for Nanna seemed to make out a terribly clear case of rejection and foreordained refusal. «I was feared to ask Nicol to stand with the child when it ought to have been presented in the kirk,» she said; «and I was feared to ask my father to stand in Nicol's place, lest it should make Nicol harder to me than he was. And,» she continued, weeping bitterly as she spoke, «I thought not of Vala dying, and hoped that in the future there might be a way opened. If father had lived he would have seen to the child's right, but he was taken just when he was moving in the matter; and then Nicol grew harder and harder, and as for kirk, he would not go there at all, and I had no kin left to take his place. Then the child was hurt, and I was long ill, and Nicol went away, and my friends grew cold, fearing lest I might want a little help, and even the minister was shy and far off; so I came out here with my sorrow and waited.»

«You should have told me this before, Nanna. I would have made the promises for Vala. I would have done so gladly.»

«I thought of that, and then I feared for

Nicol finding it out. How could I set you to do his duty? He would have raged like a roaring lion, and blackened my good name, and yours also, and maybe made it a cause for the knife he was so ready to use. And, David, there are folks—kirk folks, and plenty of them—who would have said, ‹There must be something wrong to set Nicol Sinclair to blood-spilling.› And Matilda Sabiston would have spoke out plainly: ‹There is something wrong—and this and that, and more to it›; and, being Matilda, no one would have thought of contradicting her; for she gives money to the kirk and the societies, and has left all she has to free slaves. No, there was nothing to be done but thole and be quiet.»

«That might do when Vala was not in danger; but when her life was going why did you not send for the minister?»

«This is what happened; for, David, God's will must be done. No one came here but the doctor. He said on the second day, ‹She is not very ill.› At his next visit he said, ‹She will die.› And I prayed him to go for the minister, and he said he would certainly do so. Then he was called here and there, and he forgot that day; and the next morning early he went to the manse, and the minister had gone away, and the great storm kept him there three days; so when he got back the message had been overlaid by many others. But after the storm the doctor came again, and Vala was dying, and he rode like a man riding for his life, and spoke harshly to the minister, who was not to blame at all, and the minister was hurt at his words; but he came that afternoon, and it was too late. So he was angry with me for my delays, and he spoke the truth to me, and every word went to my soul like a sword. I thought I should die that night, and I longed to die. There was no friend by me to say a word of comfort, and I did not dare to pray. I was feared that God would ask me, ‹Where is your child?› Oh, David, what for at all did God make us?»

David took her hand, and a tear dropped upon her slender brown fingers; but he did not answer her question. Indeed, he could not. The same bewildering inquiry had haunted his own sad life. So much sorrow and pain, and at the end, perhaps, to be «hardly saved,» while all around innumerable souls were going down without hope or helper to eternal wrath. Why at all had God made man for such a fate?

For that he had *not* made man for such ends was a fact outside their understandings even as a possibility, and its very suggestion at this hour would have appeared to both an impiety of the worst kind. So they consoled each other in the only way possible to souls at once so miserable and so submissive. With clasped hands they wept together over the inscrutable fate which had set them so hard a lesson to learn as life, with so little light to learn it by.

IV.

NATURAL events deepened the gloom of this spiritual thraldom; storms of unusual severity swept over the bare, brown land, and the fishing was dangerous, and often impossible. But David regarded frost and snow, stormy winds and raging seas, poverty, pestilence, and death, as part of the eternal necessity pursuing its never-ending work through discord and imperfection. When there was a possibility of casting the fifty fathom of ling-lines, David and his helpers were sure to venture out; when it was impossible, he went to Nanna's, and sat with her.

To the ordinary observer there did not seem to be pleasure enough in these visits to reward him for the stormy walk over the moor. His clothing was often wet, or stiff with frost, or he was breathless with fighting the strong wind, and not unfrequently he lost himself in the bewildering snow: but, with some trifle in his pocket, he always managed to reach Nanna. It might be only a fish, or a loaf of bread which Barbara had baked for her, or a little fresh milk in a bottle: but it was an offering made rich by that true affection which counted weariness rest for her sake.

He generally found her sitting brooding by her peat fire. Now peat is cheap in Shetland, and Nanna had no stint of the fuel, but it does not make a cheerful fire. Its want of flame, and its dull red glow, stimulate sorrowful musing; and as there is little radiation of heat from it, those whom it warms must sit close to its embers. Thus David and Nanna passed many hours of that sad winter. The snow often veiled what light of day there was, and the great sea winds shrieked around the hut, and blew the peat smoke down the chimney into their faces, and there was likely little warmth or comfort, and none of the pretty accessories that love generally delights in. But David's love was not dependent on accidentals. He had seen Nanna when he thought her very finely dressed; he had watched her when she was happy with her child and contented with his friendship: but she was not then more beautiful than she was now, when her eyes were haunted by despairing thoughts, and her face white and sad, and her noble form was shrouded rather than dressed in the black gown of her loss and woe.

To David she was ever Nanna. It was the woman beneath the outward form he desired—the woman whose tears and fears and wounded love were part of his own sufferings; whose despair was his despair; whose personality, even, affected something far deeper and chaster than that physical emotion too often misnamed love. He knew that he could live for her, however sorrowful life might be; he knew that he could gladly die for her if his death could bring her spiritual peace or hope.

Thus, in the red light of the glowing peats, with the stormy world around them, to David and Nanna the winter months wore away. When Nanna was able to weep, she was then at her best—the most companionable, the most grateful, and the most affectionate. And few would think such circumstances favorable to the growth of love: but that is the great mistake. Love is not perfect love until it has been watered again and again with tears.

Of the growth of this affection it is not likely either was quite unaware; but there is an instinctive dislike in a pure heart to investigate the beginnings of love. It is like laying bare the roots of a flower to see how it grows. And in Nanna's case there was even a fear of such a condition. Love had brought to her only heartbreak and despair. Without deliberate intention, she yet grew a little more shy with David; she began to restrain spiritual confidence, and to weep alone. He was not slow to feel the change, and it depressed him, and made Barbara wonder at Nanna's ingratitude and womanish unreason.

«A good man fretting for her love, when there are hearts and hearts full waiting for his asking,» she said to her neighbor Sally Groat; and Sally answered, «Well, well, there is a fool in every one's sleeve sometimes; and David Borson is that daft about blood kin, there is no talking to him. But this is what I say: for all your kindred, make much of your friends—and a friend you have been to him, Barbara.»

«Well, then, I have done my best, and friends are to be taken with their faults. To-day I shall talk to David, for the spring comes on quickly, and I heard that my son's ship had been ‹spoke› in the Iceland seas.»

David had been at sea all night, and was then sleeping; but in the afternoon, as Barbara saw him preparing to go to Nanna's, she said: «I had good news early this morning. My son's ship was met not so far away, and he may get home at any time, and me not thinking of it.»

«Then you want the room, Barbara? I am glad for you, but I must look for a new place to live, and that is bad for me.»

«I was thinking of Nanna Sinclair,» said Barbara, in a musing manner. «People do talk about you and her. I have heard say—»

«‹I have heard say› is half a lie,» answered David.

«I think that, too. But Nanna's good name is to be thought of, and a man does not go every day to see a woman for nothing.»

Then David leaped to his feet with a face like a flame. «The shortest answer is doing the thing,» he muttered, and he walked straight to Nanna's house. The door stood open, and the spring wind, full of the sharp salt savor of the sea, blew life into the little room. Nanna was busy with her knitting, and the soft, lace-like shawl lay upon her knee. David shut the door, and went to her side. His heart was too full to hesitate or choose words; the simplest were the best. He said, «Nanna, I have found out that I love you. Nanna, dearest woman, do you hear me?»

Then her cheeks burned rosy, and she looked at David, and her hands trembled, and the work fell from them.

«Love me a little, my dear! Love me, Nanna.»

«I do love you, David. Who in all the world have I but you?» And the beautiful woman stood up, and he took her within his arms and kissed her.

For a moment or two David was happy; his large, fair face shone; he laughed softly as he drew Nanna to his breast; he was really as intoxicated with joy as some men are with wine. «We will be married next week, Nanna,» he said; «this week—to-morrow, if you will. It has come to this: I must leave Barbara, and there is a house empty close to the quay, and it shall be our home, Nanna; for I have sixty pounds, my dear woman, and at last—at last—»

Before he reached this point he was sensible of some chill, or dissent; but he was not prepared for Nanna's answer: «David, why do you talk of marrying? It is ever that. I will not marry.»

«Not yet? Is it too soon? But why for a dead man will you keep me waiting?»

«I think not of any dead man.»

«Is it Vala? Vala would rejoice in our happiness.»

«I will not marry—no, not any man living!»

«Why did you say that you loved me?»

«I do love you.»

«No; you do not.» He put her gently away from him, and looked at her with a somber sternness. «You do not love me,» he continued; «if you did, you would put me first. You would say, ‹I will be your wife.› You

would delight to make me happy—I, who have never been happy but in sharing your joys and sorrows! But you treat me as light, vain women treat the men who love them, to make slaves of them, and bring them back and back to be hurt. It is not to be so with me. No, indeed! Farewell, Nanna!»

His voice failed him; he turned toward the door, and for a moment Nanna could not realize that he was actually bidding her a final farewell. When she did, she flew to his side, and arrested his hand as it was opening the door.

«Come back! Come back, David!» she entreated. «You are all wrong; you are cruel to me. If you leave me, I shall break my heart. It will be the last blow, David. It is the very truth.»

He hesitated enough to make Nanna weep with passionate distress, and this emotion he was not able to bear. He took her within his arm again, led her to a chair, and sat down at her side, and as he kissed the tears from her face said, «If you do love me—»

«If I do love you!» she interrupted. «I love none but you. You are heart of my heart, and soul of my soul. I hear you coming when you are half a mile away. I have no joy but when you are beside me. I shall die of grief if you leave me in anger. I would count it heaven on earth to be your wife, but I dare not! I dare not!»

She was sobbing piteously when she ended this protestation, and David comforted her with caresses and tender words. «What fears you, Nanna?» he asked. «Oh, my dear, what fears you?»

«This is what I fear,» she answered, freeing herself from his embrace, and looking steadily at him. «If we were married, David, I might have another child. I might have many children.» Then he clasped her hand tightly, for he began to see where Nanna was leading him, as she continued with slow solemnity: «Can you, can the minister, can any human being, give me assurance they will be elect children? If you can, I will be your wife to-morrow. If you cannot, as the God of my father lives, I will not bring sons and daughters into life for sin and sorrow here, and for perdition hereafter. The devil shall not so use my body. To people hell? No; I will not—not even for your love, David!»

Her words, so passionate and positive, moved him deeply. He was the old David again—the light, the gladness, all but the tender, mournful love of the past, gone from his face. He held both her hands, and he looked down at them in his own as he answered:

«Both of us are His children, Nanna, by generations and by covenant. He has promised mercy to such. Well, then, we may have a reasonable hope—»

«Hope! No, no, David! I must have something better than hope. I hoped for Vala, and my hope has been my hell. And as for the child—my God, where is the child?»

«We love God, Nanna; and the children of the righteous—»

«Are no safer than the children of the wicked, David. I have thought of this continually. There was John Beaton's son; he killed a man, and died on the gallows, to the shame and heartbreak of his good father and mother. The lad had been baptized, too,—given to God when he drew his first breath,—and God must have rejected him. Minister Stuart's son forged a note, and was sent with felons over the sea. His father and mother had prayed for him all the days of his life. He was brought to the kirk, and given to God in baptism, and God must have rejected him. Think of good Stephen and Anna Blair's children! Their daughter's name cannot be spoken any more, and their sons are bringing their gray hairs down to the grave with sorrow and shame. Go through the whole kirk, the whole town, the islands themselves, and you will be forced to say, David, that it is the children of the righteous that go to the devil. How the good God can treat his bairns so, I know not; but you and I may also deserve his wrath in like way. I am feared to hope different. Oh, David, I am feared to be a mother again!»

«Nanna! Nanna! What can I say?»

«There is nothing to say. If I should meet Vala in that place where infants ‹earnestly desire to see and love God, and yet are not able to do so,› I should cover my face before the child. If she blamed me, I should shiver in speechless agony; if she did not blame me, it would be still harder to bear. Were we only sure—but we are not sure.»

«*We are not sure.*» David repeated the words with a sad significance. Nanna's argument, evolved from her own misery and illustrated by that misery, had been before David's eyes for months. He could not escape from such reasoning and from such proof; and his whole life, education, and experience went to enforce the pitiful dilemma in which their love had placed them.

«It is His will, and we must bear it to the uttermost,» continued Nanna, with sorrowful resignation. «I used to think monks and nuns, and such as made a merit of not marrying, were all wrong; maybe they are nearer right

than we think for. Doubtless they have a tender conscience toward God, and a tender conscience is what he loves.»

Then David rose from Nanna's side, and walked rapidly to and fro in the room. Motion helped him to no solution of the tremendous difficulty; and Nanna's patient face, her fixed outward gaze, the spiritual light of resolute decision in her eyes, made him feel as if this offering up of their love, and all its earthly sweetness, was a sacrifice already tied to the horns of the altar, and fully accepted. He sat down again, and covered his face with his hands, and began to weep—to sob as strong men sob when their sorrow is greater than they can bear—as they never sob until the last drop, the bitterest drop of all, is added—the belief that God has forsaken them. This was the agony which tore David's great, fond heart in two. It forced from him the first pitiful words of reproach against his God:

«I was sure that at last I was going to be happy, and God is not willing. From my youth up he has aye laid upon me the rod of correction. I wish that I had never been born!»

«My poor lad! but you are not meaning it!» And Nanna put her arms around his neck, and wept with him. For some minutes he let her do so, for he was comforted by her sympathy. But at last he stood up, passed his hand across his eyes, and said as bravely as he could:

«You are right, Nanna. If you feel in this way, I dare not force your conscience. I must go away until I get over the sore disappointment; for if I was seeing you I might get to feel hard at God. Pain and cold and hunger and weariness and loneliness I have borne with a prayer and a tight mouth, and I never said before that I thought him cruel hard.»

«No, David! His ways are not cruel; they are only past our finding out. We must just believe that they are the best of all ways. And do not leave me, David. I can bear all sorrow if you are near me.»

«Ay, ay! but women are different. I cannot fight the temptation when I am in it. I must run away from it. Farewell! Farewell, Nanna!»

He kissed the words upon her lips, and went hastily out of the house; but when he had walked about one hundred yards, he returned. Nanna had thrown herself despairingly upon the rude couch made for Vala, and on which the child had spent most of her life. There Nanna lay like one dead. He knelt down by her, took her within his arms, kissed her closed eyes, and murmured again on her lips his last words of love and sorrow. Her patient acceptance of her hard lot made him quiver with pain; but he knew well that for a time they must each bear their sorrow alone.

Nanna's confession of her love for him had made everything different. In her presence now he had not the power to control his longing for reciprocal affection. He felt already a blind rebellion against fate, a sense of wrong, which it was hard to submit to. But how could he fight circumstances whose foundations were in eternity? At this hour, at least, he had come to the limit of his reason and his endurance. Again and again he kissed Nanna farewell, and it was like tearing his life asunder when he put away her clinging arms, and left her alone with the terrible problem that separated their lives.

A dismal, sullen stillness succeeded to his angry grief. He avoided Barbara, and shut himself in his room, and his strong and awful prepossession in favor of the Bible led him, first of all, to go to the book; but he found no help there, for his soul was tossed from top to bottom, and he was vanquished by the war in his own bosom. Over and over he brought his dogmas to the Scriptures, and was crushed spiritually between them; so that at last, worn out with the mental and heart struggle, he submitted to the fatality he could not alter. «I will go the right road,» he said, «however cruel that road may be. Then death may give me back to God a miserable man, but not a guilty one.»

Nanna did not suffer so much; her battle was practically over; she had been in the van of it for months, and had come gradually to that state of submission which fears to resist, lest resistance might be found to be fighting against God. While David was yet in an agony of struggle with his love and desires, his tender conscience, and his dread of offending the Deity, Nanna had washed away her tears, and was strengthening her heart by saying continually, as her glancing needles glided to and fro:

> Do as Thou wilt: I ask not why;
> Keep hold of me; content am I.

V.

THE Bay of Biscay is bad quarters in any weather; in a storm it defies adequate description. When the wind has an iron ring, and calls like a banshee, and the waves rise to its order as high as the masthead, then God help the men and the ships on the Bay of Biscay! And one day, in the early spring of the year, the *Ann Semple*, bound from Glasgow to the Mediterranean ports, was sorely

in need of such potential help. The waves were doubling over her, the fires were drowned out, and her plunges were like the dive of a whale.

At the wheel there was a man lashed,—for the hull was seldom above water,—and this man was David Borson. He was the only sailor left strong enough for the work, and he was at the last point of endurance. The icy gusts roared past him, the spray was like flying whip-lashes, and it was pitiful to see David, with his bleeding hands on the wheel, stolidly shaking his head as the spray cut him. He had been on deck for forty hours, buffeted by the huge waves, and he was covered with salt-water boils. His feet were flayed and frozen, and his hands so gashed that he dared not to close or rest them, lest the agony of unclasping or moving them again should make him lose his consciousness. He feared also that his feet were so badly frozen that he would never be able to walk on them any more. These miseries others were sharing with him; but David had been struck by a falling spar at the beginning of the gale, and there was now an abscess forming on his lung that tortured him beyond his usual speechless patience. «God pity me!» he moaned. «God pity me!»

When the storm broke the *Ann Semple* was as bare as a newly launched hull, and wallowing like a soaked log. David had fallen forward on his face, and was asleep or insensible. He did not hear the handspike thumped on the deck, and the cry, «On deck! On deck! Lord help us! She 's going down!» But some one lifted him to a raft which had been hastily lashed together, and the misery that followed was only a part of some awful hours when physical pain from head to feet drove him to the verge of madness. He never knew how long it was before they were met by the *Alert*, a large steamer going into the port of London, and taken on board. Four of the men were then dead from exhaustion, and the physician on the *Alert* looked doubtfully at David's feet. «But he is dying,» he said; «and why give him further pain?»

Then a young man stepped forward, and looked at David. There were both pity and liking in his face, and he stooped, and said something in the dying man's ear. A faint smile answered the words, and the youth spoke to the doctor, and both of them went to work with a will. The effort, even then so desperate, was ere long complicated by fever and delirium; and when David came to himself, it was almost like a new birth. He was weaker than an infant—too weak, indeed, to wonder or speculate, or even remember.

He only knew that he was in a large room, and that two men were with him. One was at his bedside, quiet and drowsy; the other was reading in a Bible, sitting close by the shaded candle. David knew it was a Bible: who does not know a Bible even afar off? No matter how it is bound, the book has a homely and familiar look that no other book has. David shut his eyes again after seeing it; he felt as safe and happy as if a dear friend had spoken to him. And in a few days the man with the Bible began to come near him, and to read softly the most tender and gracious words he could find in that tenderest of all books.

This was the beginning of an interval of delicious rest to David. It was as if some strong angel swung and hushed and wrapped him in a drowsy, blissful torpor. He felt no pain, not even in his tortured feet, and his hands lay at rest upon the white coverlet, healed of all their smarting and aching. For once in his hard life, they were not tired or sore. He knew that he was fed and turned, that his pillows were made soft and cool, and that there was the vague sense of kind presence about him; that sometimes he heard, like a heavenly echo, words of comfort that he seemed to have heard a long time ago; that he slept and wakened, and slept again, with a conscious pleasure in the transitions. And he asked no questions. He was content to let life lie in blissful quiescence; to be still, and keep his eyes closed to the world, and his ears deaf to its cries.

Gradually these sensations increased in strength. One day he heard his nurse say that he might be removed into an entirely fresh room. And he knew that he was lifted in strong arms, and anon breathed a clearer atmosphere, and slept a life-giving sleep. When he awoke he had new strength; he voluntarily opened his eyes, and saw a tree waving branches covered with fresh, crinkly leaves before his window. It was like a glimpse of heaven. And that afternoon his preserver came to his side, and said:

«Thee is much better. Can thee listen to me now?»

Then David looked at the young man, and smiled. And their eyes met, and their hands met, and the well man stooped to the sick man, and kissed his cheek. «I am Friend John Priestly,» he said; «what is thy name?»

«David—David Borson, Shetland.»

«David, thee is going to live. That is good news, is it not?»

«No. Life is hard—cruel hard.»

«Yes; but thee can say, ‹The Lord is mine helper›? Thee can pray now?»

«I have no strength.»

«If thee cannot speak, lift up thy hand. He will see it, and answer thee.» And David's face shadowed, and he did not lift up his hand; also, if the whisper in his heart had been audible, John Priestly would have heard him say, «What is the use of prayer? The Lord has cast me off.»

But John did not try the strength of his patient further at that time. He sat by his side, and laid his hand upon David's hand, and began to repeat in a slow, assuring voice the one hundred and third psalm. Its familiar words went into David's ears like music, and he fell sweetly asleep to its promises. For though men in their weakness and haste are apt to say, «The Lord hath forgotten to be gracious,» they who have but once felt his love, though dimly and far off, cannot choose but trust in it, even to the grave.

And souls fraternize in their common exile. John Priestly loved the young man whom he had saved, and David felt his love. As he came fully back to life, the past came clearly back to memory. He remembered Nanna as those who love white jasmine remember it when its starry flowers have gone—with a sweet, aching longing for their beauty and perfume. He remembered those terrible days when physical pain had been prodigalized in every limb and every nerve, when he had fainted with agony but never complained. He remembered his lonely journey to the grave's mouth, and the dim human phantoms who had stood, as it were, afar off, and helped and cheered him as best they could; and he understood that he had really been born again; a new lease of life had been given him; and he had come back to earth, as so many wish to come back, with all his old loves and experiences to help him in his future.

If only God would love him! If only he would give him ever so small a portion of his favor, and let him live humbly before him, with such comfort of home and friends as a poor fisherman might have! He wondered, as he lay still, what he or his fathers had done that he should be so sorely punished. Then he remembered the drowning of Bele Trenby, and he blamed himself that he had not sought out Bele's friends, and made confession and such recompense as he could. As soon as he was able he resolved to go to Shetland and do so; also he wanted to see Nanna. Oh, how he wanted to see her! Just to hold her hand, and kiss her face, and sit by her side for an hour or two! He did not wish either her conscience or his own less tender, but he thought that now, perhaps, they might be cousins and friends, and so comfort and help each other in the daily trials of their lives.

One day, when he was much stronger, as he sat by the open window thinking of these things, John came to read to him. John had a faculty of choosing the sweetest and most comfortable portions of the Book in his hand. This selection was not without purpose. He had learned from David's delirious complainings the intense piety of the youth, and the spiritual despair which had intensified all his suffering. And he hoped that God, through him, would say a word of comfort to the sorrowful heart. So he chose, with the sweet determination of love, the most glorious and the most abounding words of the Divine Father.

David listened with a reserved acceptance. It was in a measure a new Scripture to him. It appeared partial. When John read, with a kind of triumph, that the Lord «is long-suffering to us-ward; not willing that *any* should perish, but that *all* should come to repentance,» David made a slight movement of dissent; and John asked:

«Is not that a noble love? Thee believes in it, David?»

«No.» The word was softly but positively uttered. «Some men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death; and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished.» And David quoted these words from the Confession of Faith with such confidence and despair that John trembled at them.

«David! David!» he cried. «Jesus Christ came to seek and save the lost.»

«It is impossible for the lost to be saved,» answered David, with somber confidence; «only the elect, predestined to salvation.»

«And the rest of mankind, David?»

«God has been pleased to ordain to wrath, that his justice may be glorified.»

«David, who made thee such a God as this? Where did thee learn about him? How can thee love him?»

«It is in the Confession of Faith. And, oh, John Priestly, I do love him! Yes, I love him, though he has hid his face from me, and, I fear, cast me off forever.»

«Dear heart!» said John, «thee is wronging thy best Friend. And as we are inquiring after God, and nothing less, it is but fair to take him at his own word, and not at what men priests, long ago dead, have said of him.» And then, one after another, the golden verses full of God's love dropped from John's lips in a gracious shower, and David was amazed, and

withal a little troubled. John was breaking up all his foundations for time and eternity. He was using the Scriptures to grind to powder the whole visible church as David understood it. It was a kind of spiritual shipwreck. His slow nature took fire gradually, and then burned fiercely. Weak as he was, he could not sit still. John Priestly was either a voice in the wilderness crying «Peace!» and «Blessing!» to him, or he was the voice of a false prophet crying «Peace!» where there was no peace. He looked into the frank, glowing face of this new preacher with inquiry not unmixed with suspicion.

«Well, then,» he cried, «if these things be so, let God speak to me. Bring me a Bible with large letters. I want to see these words with my eyes, and touch them with my fingers.»

The conversation thus begun was constantly continued, and David searched the Scriptures from morning to night. Often, as the spring grew fairer and warmer, the two young men sat with the Bible between them, and while the sunshine fell brightly on its pages they reasoned together of fate and free will, and of that divine mercy which is from everlasting to everlasting. For where young men have leisure, spiritual things employ them much more frequently than is supposed. Indeed, it is the young who are most earnestly troubled about the next life: the middle-aged are too busy with this one, and the aged do not speculate, because they will soon *know*.

Thus, daily, little by little, through inlets and broader ways known only to God and to himself, the light grew and grew unto perfect day, and flooded not only the great hills and promontories of his soul, but also shone into all its secret caves and gloomy valleys and lonely places. Then he knew how blind and ignorant he had been. Then he was penetrated with loving amazement, and humbled to the dust with a sense of the wrong he had done the Father of his spirit. And he locked himself in his room, and fell down on his face before his God. But into that awful communing, in which so much was confessed and so much forgiven, it is not lawful to inquire.

After this the thought of Nanna became an irresistible longing. He could not be happy until she sat in the sunshine of God's love with him. He went into the garden, and tested his strength; and as soon as he was in the open air he was smitten with a homesickness not to be controlled. He wanted the sea. He wanted the great North Sea; he longed to feel the cradling of its salt waves under him; and the idea of a schooner reefed down closely, and charging along over the stormy waters, took possession of him. Then he remembered the fishermen he used to know—the fishermen who peopled the desolate places of the Shetland seas.

«I must go home!» he said with a soft, eager passion. «I must go home to Shetland.»

When he saw John next he told him so, and they began to talk of his life there. John had never asked him of his past. He knew him to be a child of God, however far away from his Father, and he had accepted his spiritual brotherhood with trustfulness. He understood that it had been David's modesty that had made him reticent. But when David was ready to leave he felt, also, that John had a right to know what manner of man he had befriended. So, as they sat together that night, David began his history.

«I was in the boat at six years old,» he said; «for there was always something I could do. During the night-fishing, unless I went with father, I was all alone, and I had hours of such awful terrors that I am sad yet only to remember them. It was better to freeze out on the sea, if father would let me go with him. I was often hungry and weary. I had toothaches and earaches that I never spoke of. I was frequently so sleepy that I fell down in the boat, and I had no mother to kiss me or pity me, and the neighbors were shy and far off. Father was not cross; he just did not understand. Even in those days I wondered why God made little lads to be so miserable, and to suffer so much.» He spoke also, in a guarded way, of that revelation in the boat, for he felt rebuked by his want of faith in it, and he said sorrowfully, as he left the subject:

«Why, then, should God send angels to men? They are feared of them while they are present, and they doubt them when they go away. He sent one to comfort me, and I denied it to my own heart; yes, even though I sorely needed the comfort.»

Then he took John to Shetland with him. He showed him, in strong, simple words, the old Norse town, with its gray skies and its gray seas, and its fishing-smacks hanging to the rushing sides of foaming mountains. He described the hoary cliffs and their world of sea-birds, the glorious auroras, the heavenly summers, and the deadly chillness of the winter fogs as one drift after another passed in dim and desolate majesty over the sea and land.

Slowly, and with some hesitation, he got to Nanna in her little stone hut, braiding her straw and nursing her crippled baby. The tears came into his eyes, he clasped his knees with his hands as if to steady himself, while he spoke rapidly of her marriage with Sin-

clair, the drowning of her father and brothers, the cruelty of her husband, his desertion, his return, Nanna's terror of losing Vala, the fatal typhus, her desolation, and her spiritual anguish about Vala's condition. All these things he told John with that powerful eloquence born of intense feeling.

John was greatly moved by the whole simple, tragic story, but he spoke only on the last topic. This roused his indignation, and he said it was a holy anger. He wondered how men, and especially mothers, could worship a God who was supposed to damn little children before they were born. He vowed that neither Moloch nor Baal, nor any pagan deity, had been so brutal. He was amazed that ministers believing such a doctrine dared to marry. What special right had they to believe their children would all be elect? And if there was a shadow of doubt on the subject, how awful was their responsibility! Nanna's scruples, he said, were the only possible outcome of a conscientious, unselfish soul believing the devilish doctrine; and he cried out with enthusiasm:

«Nanna is to be honored! Oh, for a conscience as tender and as void of offense toward God! I will go to Shetland, and kiss the hem of her garment. She is a woman in ten thousand!»

«Well, then,» said David, softly, «I shall take comfort to her.»

«To think,» cried John, who was still moved by a holy anger—«to think that God should have created this beautiful world as a nursery for hell; that he should have made such women as Nanna only to suckle devils! No, no, David!» he said, suddenly calming himself; «thee never could believe such things of thy God.»

«I was taught them early and late. I can say the Confession of Faith backward, I am sure.»

«Never thee mind catechisms and confessions. The Word of God was before them; and the Word will be the Word when confessions and catechisms are cast into the dusty museums of ancient things, with all the other shackles of the world in bondage. Oh, David, be sure that thee knows well the Children's Portion in the Scriptures! Nanna must be shown that 'theirs is the kingdom,' and no distinction of elect or non-elect, as I read the title.»

«I count the hours until I am able to travel. I long for the sea that stretches nor'ard to the ice, and the summer days when the sunset brightens the midnight. No need to egg me on. I am all the time thinking of the old town growing out of the mist, and I know how I shall feel when I stand on the pier again among the fishers, when I hurry through the clean, quiet streets, while the kind people nod and smile, and call to each other, 'Here be David Borson come back again!'»

«And Nanna?»

«She is the heart of my longing. I like not to sit in the sunshine and know that Nanna is weeping in the dark.»

«Thee must not be discouraged if she be at first unable to believe thy report.»

«The hour will come. Nanna was ever a seeker after God. She will listen gladly. She will take the cup of salvation, and drink it with thanksgiving. We shall stand together in the light, loving God and fearing God, but not afraid of him.»

«Would thee like to have a less dangerous way of earning thy bread? My father has a great business in the city, and thee could drive one of the big drays that go to the docks.»

«I could not. I can carry a ship through any sea she can live in. I could not drive a Shetland shelty down an empty street. I am only a simple sea-dog. I love the sea. Men say for sure it is in my blood and in my heart. I must live on the sea. When my hour comes to die, I hope the sea will keep my body in one of her clean, cool graves. If God gives me Nanna, and we have sons and daughters, they shall have a happy childhood and a good schooling. Then I will put all the boys in the boats, and the girls shall learn to grow like their mother, and, if it please God, they shall marry good men and good fishers.»

«It seems to me that the life of a fisher is hard, and withal that it hath but small returns.»

«Fishers have their good and their bad seasons. They have their loves and joys and sorrows. Birth and marriage and death come to them. They have the same share of God's love, the same Bible, the same hope of eternal life, that the richest men and women have. It is enough. A fisher's life is a life as free from temptation as a life can be. He *has* to trust God a great deal. If he did not, he would very seldom go into the boats at all. I never feel so surely held in the hollow of his hand as when the waves are as high as my masthead, and my boat smashes into the black pit below. There is none but God then! Thank you, Friend John, but I shall live and die a fisherman.»

«Would thee care to change Shetland for some warmer and less stormy climate?»

«Would a man care to change his own father and mother for any other father and mother? Stern and hard was my poor father, and he knew not how to love; but his memory is dear to me, and I would not break the tie

between us—no, not to be the son of a king! My native land is a poor land, but I have thought of her green and purple moors among gardens full of roses. Shetland is my home, and home is sweet and fair and dear.»

«Traveling Zionward, David, we have often to walk in the wilderness. You have dwelt in Skye and in Shetland; what other lands have you seen?»

«I have been east as far as Smyrna. I sat there, and read the message of the ‹first and the last› to its church. And I went to Athens, and stood where St. Paul had once stood. And I have seen Rome and Naples and Genoa and Marseilles, and many of the Spanish and French ports. I have pulled oranges from the trees, and great purple grapes, and even while I eat them longed for the oat-cakes and the fresh fish of Shetland.»

«Rome and Naples and Athens! Well, David, thee has been in the fairest cities on earth.»

«And yet, Friend John, what hells I saw in them! I was taken through great buildings where men and women die of dreadful pain. I saw other buildings where men and women could eat and sleep, and could not think or love or know. I saw drinking-hells and gambling-hells. I saw men in dark and awful prisons, men living in poverty and filth and blasphemy, without hope for this world or the next. I saw men die on the scaffold; and, John, I often wondered if this world were hell. Are we put here in low, or lower, or lowest hell, to work out our salvation, and so at last win our weary way back to heaven?»

John Priestly was silent for some moments ere he answered. «If that were so, there is still comfort, David. For if we make our bed in such hells,—mind, *we* make it,—even there we are not beyond the love and pity of the Infinite One. For when the sorrows of hell compassed David of old, he cried unto his God, and he delivered him from his strong enemy, and brought him forth into a large place. So, then, David, though good men may get into hell, they do not need to stay there.»

«I know that, John. Have I not been in ‹the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps,› in that lowest hell of the soul where I had no God to pray to? For how could I pray to a God so cruel that I did not dare to become a father lest he should elect my children to damnation? A God so unjust that he loved without foresight of faith or good works, and hated because it was his pleasure to hate, and to ordain the hated to dishonor and wrath?»[1]

[1] Confession of Faith, 3, secs. v–vii. Chap. 16, sec. vii.

«And yet, David?»

«And yet, John, even while I so wronged him, he sent from above—he sent you, John; he took me; he drew me out of many waters, for great was his mercy toward me; and he delivered my soul from the lowest hell.»

VI.

A WEEK after this conversation David was near Lerwick. It was very early in the morning, and the sky was gray, and the sea was gray, and through the vapory veiling the little town looked gray and silent as a city in a dream. During the voyage he had thought of himself always as hastening at once to Nanna's house; but as soon as his feet touched the quay he hesitated. The town appeared to be asleep; there was only here and there a thin column of peat smoke from the chimneys, and the few people going about their simple business in the misty morning were not known to him. Probably, also, he had had some unreasonable expectation, for he looked sadly around, and, sighing, said:

«To be sure, such a thing would never happen, except in a dream.»

After all, it seemed best that he should go first to Barbara Traill's. She would give him a cup of tea, and while he drank it he could send one of Glumm's little lads with a message to Nanna. There was nothing of cowardice in this determination; it was rather that access of reverential love which, as it draws nearer, puts its own desire and will at the feet of the beloved one.

Barbara's door stood open, and she was putting fresh fuel under the hanging tea-kettle. The smell of the peat smoke was homely and pleasant to David; he sniffed it eagerly as he called out:

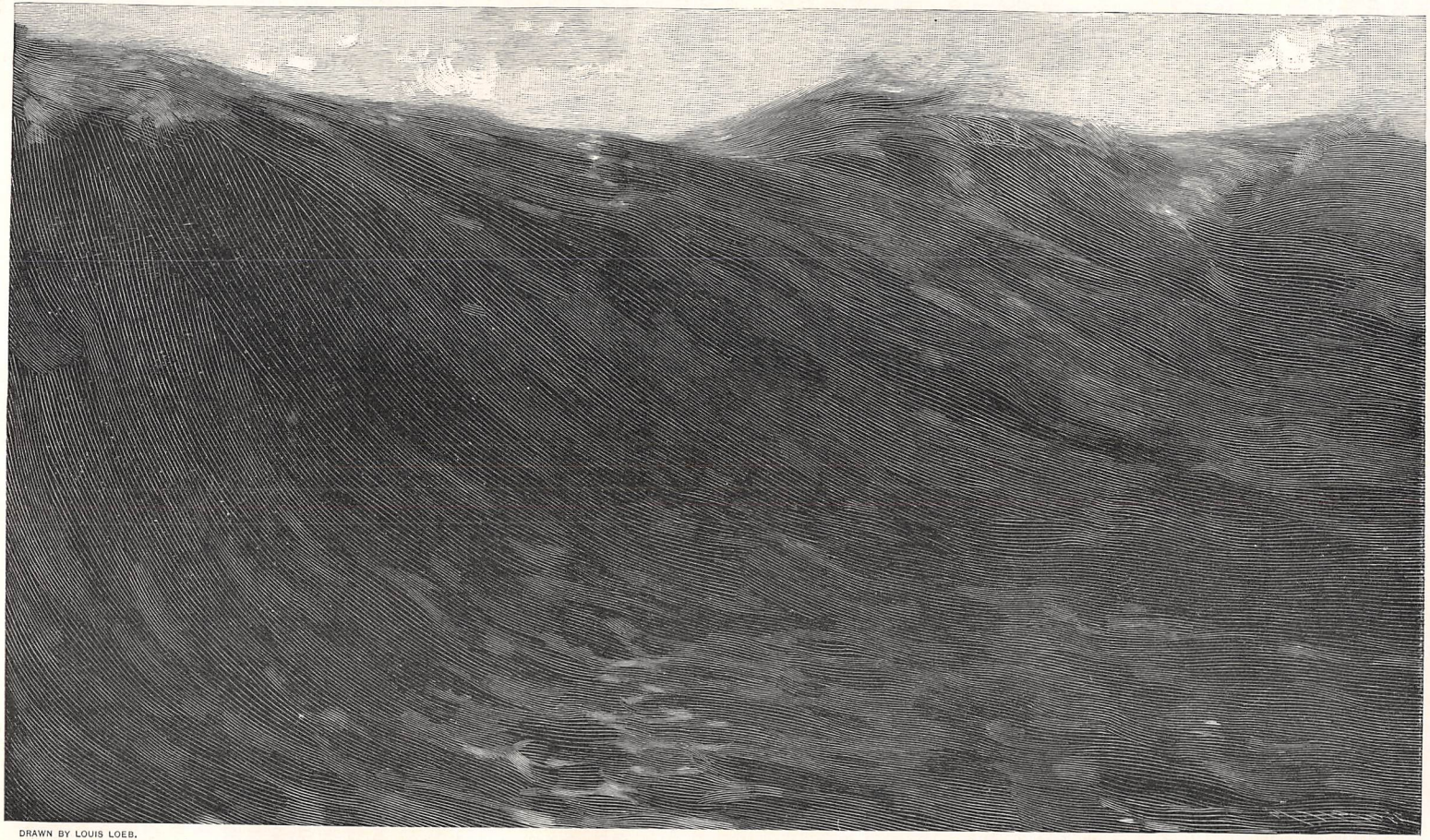
«Well, then, mother, good morning!»

She raised herself quickly, and turned her broad, kind face to him. A strange shadow crossed it when she saw David, but she answered affectionately:

«Well, then, David, here we meet again!» And as she hastened the morning meal she asked question after question about his own welfare and adventures, until David said:

«There is enough of this talk, mother. Speak to me now of Nanna Sinclair. Is she well?»

«Your aunt Sabiston is dead. There was a great funeral, I can tell you, for much money she has left to the kirk and the societies; and a white stone as high as two men has come from Aberdeen for her grave. Well, so it is! And you must know, also, that my son



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

«IN THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND.»

has married, and not to my liking, and so he is gone from me, and your room is empty and ready, if you wish it so; and—»

«Yes. Barbara, keep your room for me, and I will pay you the price of it.»

«I will do that gladly, and we shall have no words about the price.»

«The room is well enough; but, mother! mother! what is there to hide from me? Speak with a straight tongue. Where is Nanna?»

Then Barbara said plainly, «Nanna is dead!»

With a cry of amazed anguish, David leaped to his feet, instinctively covering his ears with his hands, for he could not bear such words to enter them. «*Dead!*» he whispered; and Barbara saw him reeling and swaying like a tottering pillar. She pushed a chair toward him, and was thankful that he had strength left to take its support. But she made no outcry, and called in none of the neighbors. Quietly she stood a little way off, while David, in a death-like silence, fought away the swooning, drowning wave which was making his heart stand still, and his limbs fail him. For she knew the nature of the suffering man—knew that when he came to himself there would be none but God could intermeddle in his heart's bitterness and loss.

After a sharp struggle, David opened his eyes, and Barbara gave him a draught of cold water; but she offered neither advice nor consolation; only when David said, «I am sick, mother, and I will go to my room and lie down on my bed,» she answered, «My dear lad, that is the right way. Sleep, if sleep you can.»

About sunsetting David asked Barbara for food, and as she prepared it he sat by the open window, silent and stupefied, dominated by the somber inertia of hopeless sorrow. When he began to eat, Barbara took from a china jar two papers, and gave them to him. «I promised Nanna to put them in your hands,» she said.

«When did she die?»

«Last December, the fourteenth day. I went to her early in the morning, for I saw that there was snow to fall. She was dead at the noon hour.»

«And you saw her go?»

«No; I was afraid of the storm. I left her about ten o'clock. She could not then speak, but she gave me the papers. We had talked of them before. I went into the next cottage, and told Christina Yell that it was the last hour for Nanna, and she said, ‹I will go to her.› Already the snow was falling, so I hasted across the moor, as there was good reason to do.»

Then David went out, and Barbara watched him take the road that led to Nanna's empty cottage. The door opened readily to the lifted latch, and he entered the forsaken room. The peat fire had long ago burned itself to ashes, and the rose-plant which had been Nanna's delight had withered away on its little shelf by the window; but the neighbors had swept the floor, and put the simple furniture in order. David drew the bolt across the door, and opened the papers which Nanna had left for him. The first was a simple bequest to him of the cottage and all within it; the second was but a little slip on which the dying woman had written her last sad messages to him.

Oh, my love! my love! Farewell forever! I am come to the end of my life. I am going away, and I know not where to. All is dark. But I have cast myself at His feet, and said, «Thy will be done!»

. . . . .

I am still alive, David. I have been alone all night, and every breath has been a death pang. How can His eternal purpose need my suffering? Oh, that God would pity me! His will be done!

. . . . .

My love, it is nearly over. *I have seen Vala!* At last it is peace! peace! His will be done—mercy—mercy—

. . . . .

These pitiful despairs and farewells were written in a large, childish hand, and on a poor sheet of paper. David spread this paper upon Vala's couch, and, kneeling down, covered it with tears and kisses; but anon he lifted it up toward heaven, and prayed as men pray when they feel prayer to be an immediate and veritable thing; when they detain God, and clasp his feet, and cling to his robe, and will not let him go until he bless them.

Christina Yell had seen David enter the cottage, and after an hour had passed she went to the door, intending to speak to him. But she heard the solemn, mysterious voice of the man praying, and she went away and called her neighbors, Margaret Jarl and Elga Fae, and Thora Thorson and her father-in-law, Magnus Thorson, and they talked of David a little; and then Magnus, being a very old man, went alone to see him. And after a while the women were called, and Christina took with her a plate of fish and bread which she had prepared, and David was glad of their sympathy.

They sat down outside the door. The tender touch of the gray gloaming softened the bleak cliffs and the brown moorland, and the heavens were filled with stars. Then softly and solemnly Christina spoke of Nanna's long

suffering, and of the spiritual despair which intensified it.

«It was in season and out of season she was at Vala's grave,» said Christina, «and kneeling and lying on the cold ground above her; and the end was a cough and fever and the slow consumption that wasted her away. For it is true the child was never baptized, and there was no comfort for her. And then she began to think God had never loved her. He had let her meet and marry Nicol Sinclair, and by this and that prevented the baptism of her child. She lost all hope, and was too ill to go to the ordinances, and too feared to open her Bible, lest she should see her own condemnation in it. And folk wearied of her complaining, I think. The elders stopped coming to see her, for they could not answer the questions she put to them, and she angered the minister by the same thing. He said women had ‹no call to speir after the «why» of God's purposes,› and she told him plainly one day—for she was fretful with pain and trouble—that she was ‹not thankful to go to hell for the glory and honor of God's justice›; and, moreover, she said she did not wish to go to heaven if Vala was not there; and she wondered ‹how fathers and mothers could be happy, even in the very presence of God, if their sons and daughters were wandering in the awful outer darkness.› And the minister did not think of her pain and her woman's heart,—what men do?—and he was angry with her, as he thought he ought to be; and Nanna said she wished they would all leave her alone with her sorrow, and so they did.»

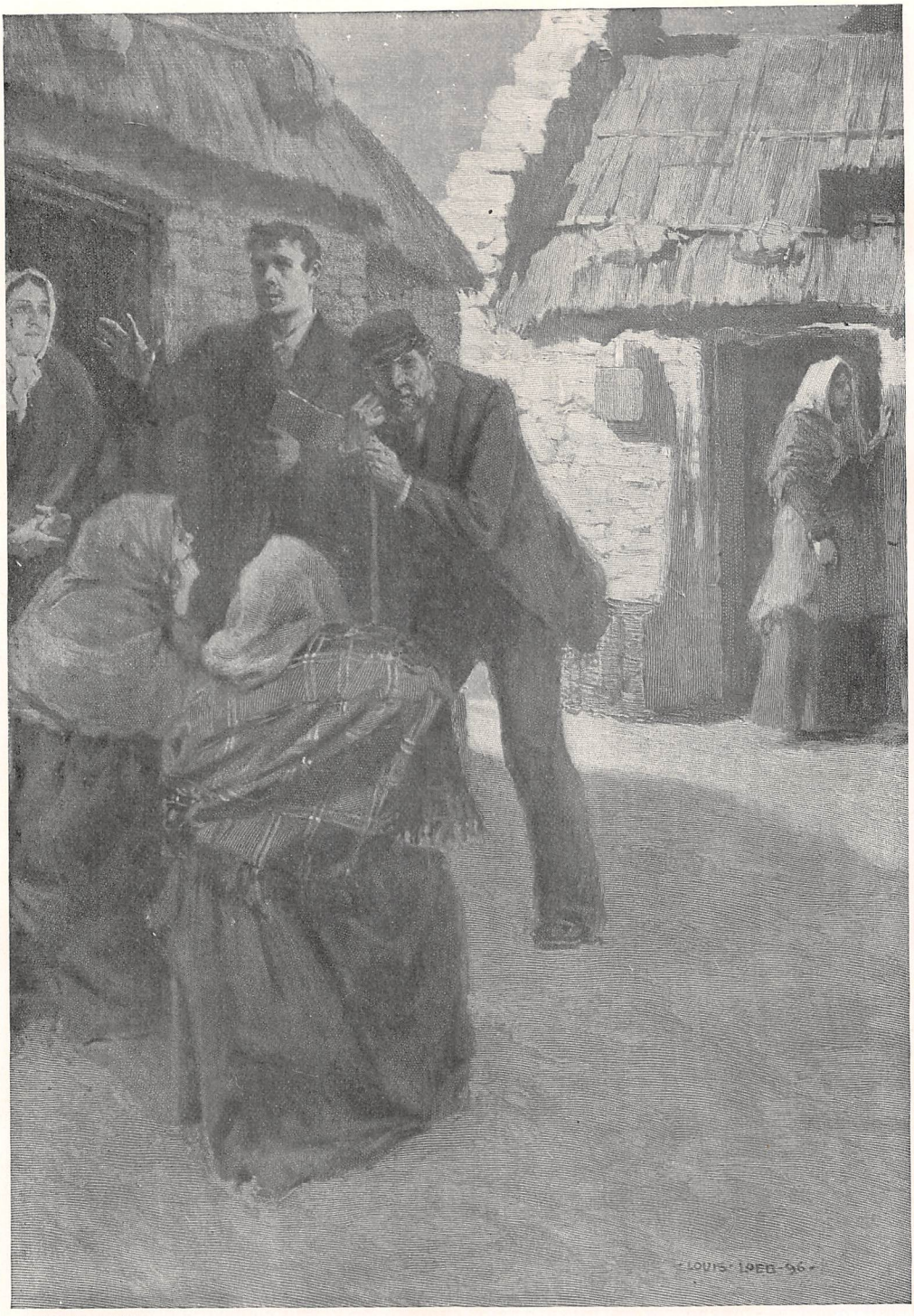
Then, suddenly and swiftly as a flash of light, a word came to David. His heart burned, and his tongue was loosened, and he then and there preached to the old man and the three women the unsearchable riches of the cross of Christ. He glorified God because Nanna had learned Christ at the radiant feet of Christ, in the joy and love of the redeemed. He took his Bible from his pocket, and repeated all the blessed words he had marked and learned. Until the midnight moon climbed cold and still into the zenith he spoke, and old Magnus Thorson stood up, leaning on his staff, full of holy wonder, and the women softly sobbed and prayed at his feet. And when they parted there was in every heart a confident acceptance of David's closing words:

«Whoever rests, however feebly, on the eternal mercy shall live forever.»



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

PEAT-GATHERERS.



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

«HE REPEATED THE BLESSED WORDS.»

After this «call» sleep was impossible to David. He was too happy. That insight which changes faith into knowledge had comforted him concerning his dead. He lay down on Vala's couch, and he felt sure that Nanna's smile filled the silence like a spell. He was so still that he could hear the beating of his own heart, but clear and vivid as light his duty spread out before him. He had found his vocation, and oh, how rapidly men grow under the rays of that invisible sun!

But it was a vocation that came as the kingdom of God very frequently comes—without observation. To preach a sermon! That was a thing far outside David's possibilities. The power of the church, and its close and exclusive privileges, were at that day in Shetland papal in prerogative. David never dreamed of encroaching on them, nor, indeed, would public opinion have permitted him.

As it was, there grew gradually a feeling of unrest about David. Though he was humble and devout in all kirk exercises, it was known that the people gathered round him at Barbara Traill's and in his own cottage, and that he spoke to them of the everlasting gospel as never man had spoken before to them. It was known that when the boats lay stilly rocking on the water waiting for the «take,» David, sitting among his mates, reasoned with them on the love of God until every face of clay flushed with a radiance quite different from mere color—a radiance that was a direct spiritual emanation, a shining of the soul through mere matter. And as these men were all in a measure theologians, with their «creed» and «evidences» at their tongue's end, it was a wonderful joy to watch their doubts, like the needle verging to the pole, tremble and tremble into certainty.

In about three years such opposition as David roused was strong enough to induce the kirk to consider his behavior. The minister sent for him, and in the privacy of his study David spoke so eloquently and mightily of the mercy of the Infinite One that the minister covered his face; and when the young man ceased speaking, he looked tenderly at him, and sent him away with his blessing. And afterward he said to the elders, «There is nothing to call a session anent. David Borson has been to the school of Christ, and he is learned in the Scriptures. We will not silence him, lest haply we be found to be fighting against God.»

Thus for many a year David went in and out among his mates and friends, living the gospel in their sight. The memory of Nanna filled his heart; he loved no other woman, but every desolate and sorrowful woman found in him a friend and a helper. And he drew the little children like a magnet. He was the elder brother of every boy and girl who claimed his love; his hands were ever ready to help them, his heart was ever ready to love them, and in such blessed service he grew nobly aged. He had come to Shetland when the islands were afar off, when the Norse element ruled them, and the Christianized men and women of the sagas dwelt alone in the strong, quaint stone houses they had built. He lived to see the influx of the Southern race and influences, the advent of modern travel and civilization; but he never altered his life, for in its simple, pious dignity it befitted any era.

It is noticeable that good men very often have their desire in the manner of their death, and God so favored his servant David Borson. He went out alone one day in his boat, and a sudden storm came from the northeast. He did not return. Some said there had been no time to take in the boat's sail, and that she must have gone down with her canvas blowing. Others thought she had become unmanageable, and drifted into some of the dangerous «races» near the coast.

But, this manner or that manner, David went to heaven, as he desired, «by the way of the sea,» and God found his body a resting-place among its cool, clean graves—a sepulcher that no man knoweth of, nor shall know, until the mighty angel sets his right foot upon the sea, and swears that there shall «be time no longer.»

Amelia E. Barr.



A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE OF 1852.

(JOHN P. HALE.)

BY HIS ASSOCIATE ON THE FREE-SOIL TICKET.

THE leaders of the Free-soil revolt of 1848 were eminently practical and clear-sighted men. Their sole reliance was upon constitutional methods and absolute devotion to the Union. While they wisely disclaimed any right to intermeddle with slavery as the creature of local law, their position was equally impregnable in asserting the right and duty of Congress to forbid its introduction into our national Territories. This principle had been settled by the action of the Government from the beginning, and upon it the whole controversy between the free and the slave States was focalized. When it was finally decided against the slaveholders, they entered upon the work of secession, and upon no other issue could the people of the Northern States have been so effectively rallied in the war for the Union, while the Union itself would in all probability have perished if a more sweeping and aggressive antislavery policy had been demanded in the beginning of the struggle.

Among the statesmen and reformers of his time, history will accord to John P. Hale a high rank. He was graduated with honors at Bowdoin College, and after a course of thorough preparation was admitted to the bar, and entered upon a successful practice. To the present generation, which knows him only as a famous antislavery leader, and as the Free-soil candidate in 1852, it may appear surprising that he began his political career as a Democrat, and that at the age of twenty-eight he was appointed district attorney for New Hampshire by President Jackson. Jacksonian Democracy was certainly not a very fructifying soil for the growth of abolitionism, nor was New Hampshire. Of all the States of the North, she was the most crouchingly subservient to the demands of slavery. She had not, however, then reached the bad eminence which she afterward attained, and in 1843 Mr. Hale was chosen as the representative of his district in Congress. He was a real Democrat. In his mind the word stood for a principle, and not for a mere party cognomen. He believed religiously in the people, and his devotion to their interests was a passion which never cooled. When he took his seat in the House of Representatives, Adams and Giddings were in the thick of their fight for the right of petition and the freedom of debate, and they had already sounded the cry of danger respecting the annexation of Texas. Charles G. Atherton, a representative from Mr. Hale's own State, had fathered the «gag» resolution, which became known as the twenty-first rule of the House. Mr. Hale, with his fertile brain and clear moral vision, must have taken note of the trend of public affairs, and duly considered the question of duty. He avowed his hostility to the «gag» rule, and to the scheme of Texas annexation, and his votes were so recorded. His position on the Texas question gave no offense to his Democratic constituents, for in the beginning New Hampshire, in common with all the Northern States, was opposed to the measure. Accordingly, in anticipation of the expiration of his term, he was renominated for Congress. But in 1844 the Democrats in the Northern States changed front. Van Buren was thrown overboard because of his opposition to annexation. The legislature of New Hampshire having passed resolutions instructing her senators and representatives to vote for it, Mr. Hale addressed a public letter to his constituents opposing it on antislavery grounds. This kindled the wrath of the Democratic leaders of his State, and a convention of the party, called together for the purpose in February, 1845, rescinded his nomination and struck his name from the ticket. He continued in the field as an independent candidate, but was defeated. His friends now rallied around him, and asked him to take the field and canvass the State as their leader. This was asking him to face political death, for to all human appearances Democratic ascendancy in New Hampshire was impregnably established. But he yielded to the importunities of his friends, and became the knight-errant of a holy cause. His whole heart was given to the work, and he addressed the

people in every nook and corner of the State where an audience, large or small, would listen to him. His figure was commanding, and his features were marked by manly beauty. His face beamed with benignity and goodwill. His voice was full, clear, and musical. He had readiness, self-possession, tact, quickness of perception, and a keen sense of the ludicrous. His speeches abounded in wit, humor, and repartee, but he never indulged in personalities. Self-righteousness and malignity were utterly hateful to him, and his utterances were characterized by a simplicity and naturalness which won the hearts of old and young. His sincerity and moral earnestness found expression in impassioned appeals to the hearts and consciences of his hearers, who became the delighted captives of his power. In referring to him, Theodore Parker spoke of «the masterly eloquence which broke out from his great human heart, and rolled like the Mississippi in its width, its depth, its beauty, and its continuous and unconquerable strength.» But the grand secret of his power as an orator was singleness of purpose. In this memorable campaign Mr. Hale illustrated the saying, «If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.» He carried the people of New Hampshire triumphantly with him, and his canvass was known then, and has been ever since remembered, as the «Hale storm» of 1845. Its result was the overthrow and humiliation of the pro-slavery Democracy of the State, and the election of Mr. Hale to the United States Senate two years afterward.

When Hale took his seat in the Senate, he was the only member of that body who defied the discipline of both the old parties, and dared assert his absolute political independence. He stood alone until 1849, when he was joined by Chase and Seward, who were reinforced in 1851 by Sumner. There was something dramatic in his solitary appearance in the Senate as an avowed antislavery man. That body then contained more able and eminent men than it had had for more than a generation, and it was completely under the domination of the slave interest. That interest dictated the policy of the Government at home and abroad, as it had done from its beginning, and made and unmade politicians. Hale knew that his single-handed warfare against it would invite ridicule, sneers, insults, and threats. He knew that he must face the scorn and contempt of the South and the chilling neglect of the North. But he bravely stood in the breach. He took no counsel of his fears, and would not be bullied into silence. When he was denied a place on senatorial committees on the pretext that he «did not belong to a healthy political organization,» he ridiculed the proceeding, and made it tell in his favor. One of the finest exhibitions of his courage was given soon after he took his seat in the Senate, when he cast the only vote against a resolution thanking Generals Scott and Taylor for their victories in Mexico. This vote was sure to be misunderstood and misrepresented, and all parties regarded it as suicidal; but it was sufficient for him to know that no other honest and consistent course was possible for those who had condemned the Mexican war in all its stages. He would not belie his convictions to avoid any personal consequences of his act; and when he pleaded the high authority of Chatham, Burke, and Fox, who refused to vote thanks to the commanders of the British army for their services in America in our revolutionary struggle,—a strictly analogous case,—no senator successfully answered him.

Mr. Hale's humanity was equal to his courage. While a member of the House, he moved an amendment to the naval appropriation bill, abolishing the spirit ration and prohibiting flogging in the navy. The amendment prevailed, but failed in the Senate. This motion was renewed in the Senate in 1849, and in 1850, after an impassioned appeal by Mr. Hale, flogging was abolished; but the spirit ration continued till 1862. He was justly proud of these achievements, and they are appropriately commemorated on the pedestal of the statue recently erected in the State-house yard at Concord.

As an antislavery leader, Hale followed his own methods of warfare. While Seward, Sumner, and Chase were forging their antislavery thunderbolts, and firing them at the enemy at long range through the press of the Northern States, Mr. Hale was using his lighter artillery on the skirmish-line, and in well-executed flank movements. In 1850 he was prompted by the presence of a pro-slavery mob in Washington to introduce a resolution providing for the reimbursement of persons whose property should be destroyed by riotous assemblages. Foote of Mississippi denounced this resolution as intended to protect «negro-stealing.» Addressing Mr. Hale, he said: «I invite him to visit the good State of Mississippi, in which I have the honor to reside, and will tell him beforehand in all honesty that he could not go ten miles into the interior before he would grace one of the tallest trees of the forest with a rope around



ENGRAVED BY DAVID NICHOLS. FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE BY BRADY.

JOHN P. HALE.

his neck, with the approbation of every virtuous and patriotic citizen; and that, if necessary, I should myself assist in the operation.» Mr. Hale answered: «The senator invites me to visit the State of Mississippi, and kindly informs me that he would be one of those who would act the assassin and put an end to my career. . . . Well, in return for his hospitable invitation, I can only express the desire that he should penetrate into one of the ‹dark corners› of New Hampshire; and if he do, I am much mistaken if he would not find the people in that ‹benighted region› would be very happy to listen to his arguments and engage in an intellectual conflict with him, in which the truth might be elicited.» The popular instinct at once labeled the Mississippi senator as «Hangman Foote,» and the epithet is still instantly recalled by the mention of his name.

Mr. Hale, however, did not confine himself to the brief speeches and occasional sharp-shooting into which he was drawn by the current debates. In 1850 he made an able and carefully prepared speech, which occupied two days, in reply to Mr. Webster's famous speech of the 7th of March. Among other things, he said: «The senator says he would not reënact the laws of God. Well, sir, I would. When he tells me that the law of God is against slavery, it is a most potent argument for our incorporating it with any Territorial bill.» His most telling speeches, however, were brief, and seemed to be inspired by the immediate occasion which called them forth. In his defense of the rescuers of the slave Shadrach, he said:

«John Debree claims that he owns Shadrach. Owns what? Owns a man! Suppose, gentlemen, John Debree should claim an exclusive right to the sunshine, the moon, or the stars! Would you sanction the claim by

your verdict? And yet, gentlemen, the stars shall fall from heaven, the moon shall grow old and decay, the sun shall fail to give its light, the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll; but the soul of the despised and hunted Shadrach shall live on with the life of God himself. I wonder if John Debree will claim that he owns him then!»

In speaking of the Mexican war, Hale referred to the Western man who said he «got caught by opposing the last war, and he did n't mean to get caught again; he intended now to go for war, pestilence, and famine.» Not less amusing was his reference to President Polk's backdown on the Oregon treaty, in which he said: «The President exhibited a Christian meekness in the full scriptural degree; but he did n't inherit the *blessing* of the meek—he did n't get the land.» The Congressional records abound in such examples of Mr. Hale's pleasantries. They always embodied some truth which could thus be more impressively told than in the form of a serious argument.

During his sixteen years of service in the Senate he was known to the whole country for his knightly courage in facing the embattled hosts of slavery. He was equally well known by his sallies of ready wit and his abounding good nature, without which he would not have been able to stand in his place as the representative of a hated cause. They softened the asperities of debate, and perhaps averted personal assaults. He kept down the ire of his enemies by compelling them to laugh at the moral grotesqueness of the attitude in which he placed them. He was anything but a fanatic on the slavery question; he never gave countenance to any scheme of disunion or any form of revolutionary action. His whole public life was guided by his strong common sense. He had no desire to be singular. He loved the approbation of his fellows, and would have lived in peace with all men. But he had convictions and followed them, and for the sake of those convictions he would have been ready to lay down his life.

Of the old Free-soil leaders of 1848 and 1852 who stood shoulder to shoulder with Mr. Hale in Congress, one only survives.

> And the names he loved to hear
> Have been carved for many a year
> On the tomb.

The men who so gallantly unfurled the flag of freedom in their day and generation, and shouted for «Free soil, free speech, free labor, and free men,» are now rarely mentioned; but what they wrought endures. The question which so stirred their blood and kindled the wrath of their opponents is lifted out of the tangle and jargon of debate into the clear light of accomplished facts. They played a grand part in completing and crowning the work begun by our fathers in 1776, and history will so make the record; but none of them will be more deservedly honored or more lovingly remembered than John P. Hale.

George W. Julian.

«OH, WASTE NO TEARS.»

OH, waste no tears on Pain or Fate,
  Nor yet at Sorrow's dire demand;
Think not to drown Regret with weight
  Of weeping, as the sea the strand;
When was Death's victory less elate
  That Grief o'er-sobbed his grasping hand?

Not for the flaws of life shall fall
  The tear most exquisite—ah, no;
But for its fine perfections all:
  For morning's joyous overflow,
For sunset's fleeting festival,
  And what midwinter moons may show;

For wild-rose breath of Keats's line;
  For Titian's rivalry of June;
For Chopin's tender notes that twine
  The sense in one autumnal tune;
For Brunelleschi's dome divine,
  In wonder planned, with worship hewn.

Save them for heroes—not their blood,
  But for the generous vow it sealed;
For babes, when mothers say, «This bud
  Will be the blossom of the field»;
For women, when to Vengeance' flood
  They hold for Guilt a stainless shield.

And when two hearts have closer come,
  Through doubts and mysteries and fears,
Till in one look's delirium
  At last the happy truth appears,
When words are weak and music dumb,
  Then perfect love shall speak in tears.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

SONNY «KEEPIN' COMPANY.»

BY THE AUTHOR OF «SONNY'S DIPLOMA.»



ELLO, doc'; come in! Don't ask me to shake hands, though, at least not tell I can drop this 'ere piece o' ribbin.

I never reelized how much shenanigan it took to tie a little bow o' ribbin tell I started experimentin' with this here buggy-whup o' Sonny's.

An' he wants it tied *thess so*. He 's a reg'lar Miss Nancy, come to taste.

All the boys nowadays they seem to think thet ez soon ez they commence to keep company they must have ribbin bows tied on their buggy-whups—an' I reckon it 's in accordance ef anything is.

I thess called you in to look at his new buggy, doctor. You 've had your first innin's, ez the base-ball fellers says, at all o' his various an' sundry celebrations, from his first appearance to his gradjatin', and I 'll call your attention to a thing I would n't mention to a' outsider.

Sence he taken a notion to take the girls out a-ridin', why, I intend for him to do it in proper style; an' I went an' selected this buggy myself.

It is sort o' fancy, maybe, for the country; but I knew he 'd like it fancy—at his age. I got it good an' high, so 's it could straddle stumps good. They 's so many tree-stumps in our woods, an' I know Sonny ain't a-goin' to drive nowhere *but* in the woods so long ez they 's a livin' thing to scurry away at his approach, or a flower left in bloom, or a last year's bird's nest to gether. An' the little sweetheart she 's got so thet she 's ez anxious to fetch home things to study over ez he is.

Yas; I think it is, ez you say, a fus'-class little buggy.

Sonny ain't never did nothin' half-ways,—not even mischief,—an' I ain't a-goin' in, at this stage o' his raisin', to stint him.

Listen at me sayin' «raisin'» ag'in, after all Miss Clark has preached to me about it! She claims thet folks has to be fetched up,—or «brung up» I believe she calls it,—an' I don't doubt she knows.

She allows thet pigs is raised, an' potaters, an' even chickens; an' she said, one day, thet ef I insisted on «raisin'» child'en, she 'd raise a row. She 's a quick hand to turn a joke, Miss Clark is.

Nobody thet ever lived in Simpkinsville would claim thet rows could n't be raised, I 'm shore, after all the fuss thet 's been made over puttin' daytime candles in our 'piscopal church. Funny how folks 'll fuss about sech a little thing when, ef they 'd stop to think, they 's so many mo' important subjec's thet they could git up diffe'nces of opinion on.

I did n't see no partic'lar use in lightin' the candles myself, bein' ez we did n't need 'em to see by, an' shorely the good Lord thet can speak out a sun any time he needs a' extry taper could n't be said to take no pleasure in a Simpkinsville home-dipped candle. But the way I look at it, seem like, ef some wants 'em, why not?

Th' ain't nothin' mo' innercent than a lighted candle,—kep' away up on the wall out o' the draft, the way they are in church,—an' so, when it come to votin' on it, why, I count peace an' good-will so far ahead o' taller thet I voted thet I was good for ez many candles ez any other man would give. An' quick ez I said them words, why, Enoch Johnson up an' doubled his number. It tickled me to see him do it, too.

Enoch hates me thess because he 's got a stupid boy—like ez ef that was any o' my fault. His Sam failed to pass at the preliminar' examination, an' was n't allowed to try for a diplomy in public; an' Enoch an' his wife, why, they seem to hold it ag'in' me thet Sonny could step in at the last moment an' take what their boy could n't git th'oo the trials an' tribulations of a whole year o' bein' teached lessons at home an' wrestled in prayer over.

I ain't got a thing ag'in' Enoch, not a thing—not even for makin' me double my number o' candles. Mo' 'n that, I 'd brighten up Sam's mind for 'im in a minute ef I could.

I never was jealous-hearted. An' neither is Sonny.

He sent Sam a special invite to his gradjatin' party, an' give him a seat next to hisself, so 's he could say «Amen» to his blessin', thess because he had missed gittin' his

diplomy. Everybody there knowed why he done it.

But talkin' about Sonny bein' «raised,» I told Miss Clark thet we 'd *haf* to stop sayin' it about *him*, right or wrong, ez a person can't raise nothin' higher 'n what he is hisself, an' Sonny 's taller 'n either wife or me, an' he ain't but sixteen. Ef we raised 'im partly, we must 'a' sent 'im up the rest o' the way. It 's a pleasure to pass a little joke with Miss Clark, she 's got sech a good ear to ketch their p'ints.

But, come to growin', Sonny never asked nobody no odds. He thess stayed stock-still ez long ez he found pleasure in bein' a little runt, an' then he humped hisself an' shot up same ez a sparrer-grass stalk. It gives me pleasure to look up to him the way I haf to.

Fact is, he always did require me to look up to 'im, even when I looked down at 'im.

Yas, sir; ez I said, Sonny has commenced keepin' company—outspoke—an' I can't say thet I 'm opposed to it, though some would say he was a little young, maybe. I know when I was his age I had been in love sev'al times. Of co'se these first little puppy-dog loves, why, th' ain't no partic'lar harm in 'em —'lessen they 're opposed.

An' we don't lay out to oppose Sonny—not in nothin' thet he 'll attemp'—after him bein' raised an' guided up to this age.

There goes that word «raisin'» ag'in!

He 's been in love with his teacher, Miss Clark, 'most three years—an' 'cep'n' thet I had a sim'lar experience when I was sca'cely out o' the cradle, why, I might 'a' took it mo' serious.

That sort o' fallin' in love, why, it comes same ez the measles or the two-year-old teeth, an' th' ain't nothin' sweeter ef it 's took philosophical.

It 's mighty hard, though, for parents, thet knows thess how recent a child is, to reconcile the facts o' the case with sech things ez him takin' notice to the color o' ribbin on a middle-aged school-teacher's hair.

Sonny was worse plegged than most boys, because, havin' two lady teachers at that time, it took him sort o' duplicated like.

I suppose ef he 'd had another, he 'd 'a' been equally distributed on all three.

The way I look at it, a sensible, serious-minded woman thet starts out to teach school —which little fellers they ain't got no sense on earth, nohow—ain't got no business with ribbin-bows an' ways an' moles on their cheek-bones. An' ef they 've got knuckles, they ought to be like wife's or mine, pointed outward for useful service, instid o' bein' turned inside out to attract a young child's admiration—not thet I hold it against Miss Clark thet her knuckles is reversed.

'T ain't none o' her fault, I know. But Sonny has seen the day that seem like he could n't talk about another thing but her an' her dimpled knuckles—them an' that little brown mole on the aidge of her eyebrow.

I think myself thet that mole looks right well for a blemish, which wife says it is, worst kind. But of co'se a child could n't be expected to know that. It did seem a redic'lous part o' speech the first time he mentioned sech a thing to his mother, but a boy o' twelve could n't be expected to know the difference between a mountain an' a mole-hill.

I ricollec' he used to talk in his sleep consider'ble when he was a little chap, an' it always fretted wife turrible. She 'd git up out o' bed thess ez soon ez he 'd begin to hold fo'th, an' taller him over. Whenever she did n't seem to know what else to do, why, she 'd taller 'im; an' I don't reckon they 's anything less injurious to a child, asleep or awake, *than* taller.

She 's tallered him for his long division, an' she 's tallered him for that blemish on Miss Clark's cheek, an' she 's tallered him for clairin' of his th'oat. His other lady teacher, Miss Alviry Sawyer, she was a single-handed maiden lady long 'bout wife 's age, an' she did n't have a feature on earth thet a friend would seem to have a right to mention, she not bein' to blame; but she had a way o' clairin' her th'oat, sort o' polite, befo' she 'd open her mouth to speak. Sonny he seemed to think it was mighty graceful the way she done it, an' he 's often imitated it in his little sleep—nights when he 'd eat hot waffles for his supper.

An' wife she 'd always jump up an' git the mutton taller. I never took it serious myself, 'cause I know how a triflin' thing 'll sometimes turn a level-headed little chap into a drizzlin' ejiot. I been there myself.

But th' ain't no danger in it, not 'lessen he 's made a laughin'-stalk of—which is cruelty to animals, an' should n't be allowed.

I know when I went to school up here at Sandy Cri'k, forty year ago, I was teached by a certain single lady thet has subsequently died a nachel death of old age an' virtuous works, an' in them days she wo'e a crocheted collar, an' long curls both sides of her face; an' I 've seen many a night, after the candle was out, thet she 'd appear befo' me. She 'd seem to come an' hang over my bed-canopy same ez a chandelier, with them side curls

all a-jinglin' like cut-glass dangles. It 's true, she used mostly to appear with a long peach-switch in her hand, but that was nachel enough, that bein' the way she most gen'ally approached me in life.

But of co'se I come th'oo without taller. My mother had thirteen of us, an' ef she 'd started anointin' us for all our little side-curled nightmares, she 'd 'a' had to go to goose-raisin'.

You see, in them days they used goose-grease.

I never to say admired that side-curled lady much, though she 's made some lastin' impressions on me. Why, I could set down now, an' make a drawin' of a crocheted collar she used to wear, an' it over forty year ago. I ricollec' she was cross-eyed, too, in the eye todes the foot o' the class, where I 'd occasionally set; an', tell the truth, it was the strongest reason for study thet I had—thess to get on to the side of her certain eye. Th' ain't anything much mo' tantalizin' to a person than uncertainty in sech matters.

She was mighty plain, an' yet some o' the boys seemed to see beauty in her. I know my brother Bob he confided to mother oncet thet he thought she looked thess precizely like the Queen o' Sheba must 'a' looked, an' I ricollec' thet he cried bitter because mother told it out on him at the dinner-table. It was turrible cruel, but she did n't reelize.

I reckon, ef the truth was known, most of us nine has seen them side curls in our sleep. An' nobody but God an' his angels will ever know how many of us passed th'oo the valley o' the shadder o' that singular-appearin' lady, or how often we notified the other eight of the fact, unbeknowinst to his audience, while they was distributed in their little trundle-beds.

I sometimes wonder ef they ain't no account took of little child'en's trials. Seems to me they ought to be a little heavenly book kep' a-purpose; an' 't would n't do no harm ef earthly fathers an' mothers was occasionally allowed to look over it.

My brother Bob, him thet likened Miss Alviry to the Queen o' Sheba, always was a sensitive-minded child, an' we all knowed it, too; and yet we never called him a thing for months after that but Solomon. We ought to 've been whupped good for it.

Bob ain't never married, an' for a bachelor person of singular habits, he 's kep' ez warm a heart ez ever I see.

I 've often deplo'ed him not marryin'. In fact, sence I see what comfort is to be took in a child, why, I deplo' all the singular numbers—though the Lord could n't be expected to have a supply on hand thess like Sonny to distribute round on demand.

But I doubt ef parents knows the difference.

I 've noticed thet when they can't take pleasure in extry smartness in a child, why, they make it up in tracin' resemblances. I suppose they 's parental comfort to be took to in all kinds o' babies. I know I 've seen some dull-eyed ones thet seemed like ez ef they was n't nothin' for 'em to do *but* resemble.

But talkin' about Sonny a-fallin' in love with his teachers, why, they was a time here when he wanted to give away everything in the house to first one an' then the other. The first we noticed of it was him tellin' us how nice Miss Alviry thought his livers an' gizzards was. Now, everybody knows thet they ain't been a chicken thet has died for our nourishment sence Sonny has cut his eye-teeth but has give up its vitals to him, an' give 'em willin'ly, they bein' the parts of his choice; an' it was discouragin', after killin' a useless number o' chickens to git enough to pack his little lunch-bucket, to have her eat 'em up—an' she forty year old ef she 's a day, an' he not got his growth yet. An' yet a chicken liver is thess one o' them little things thet a person could n't hardly th'ow up to a school-teacher 'thout seemin' small-minded.

I never did make no open objection to him givin' away anything to his teachers tell the time he taken a notion to give Miss Clark the plush album out o' the parlor. We was buyin' it on instalments at twenty-five cents a week, and it was n't fully installed at the time, an' I told him it would n't never do to give away what was n't ourn.

When it comes to principle, why, I always take a stand. I thought likely by the time it was ourn in full he 'd 've recovered from his attackt, an' be willin' for his ma to keep it; an' he was.

An' besides, sence his red squir'l has done chawed the plush clean off one corner of it, he says he would n't part with it for nothin'. Of co'se a beast could n't be expected to reelize the importance o' plush. An' thet 's what seems to tickle Sonny so.

We had bought it chiefly on his account, so ez to git 'im accustomed to seein' handsome things around, so thet when he goes out into the world he won't need to be flustered by finery.

Wife she 's been layin' by egg-money all spring to buy a swingin', silver-plated ice-pitcher, so 's he 'll feel at home with sech

things, an' be capable of walkin' up to one an' tiltin' it unconcerned, which is more 'n I can do *to this day*. I always feel like ez ef I ought to go home an' put on my Sunday clo'es befo' I can approach one of 'em.

Sech ez that has to be worked into a person's constitution in youth. The motions of a gourd-dipper, kep' in constant practice for years, is mighty hard to reverse.

How does that look now, doctor? Yas; I think so, too. It 's tied in a right good bow for a ten-thumbed man, which I shorely am, come to fingerin' ribbin.

He chose blue because she 's got blue eyes —pore little human! Sir? Who is she, you say? Why, don't you know? She 's Joe Wallace's little Mary Elizabeth—a nice, well-mannered child ez ever lived.

Wife has had her over here to supper sev'al nights lately, an' Sonny he 's took tea over to the Wallaces' oncet or twicet, an' they say he shows mighty good table manners, passin' things polite, an' leavin' proper amounts on his plate. His mother has always teached 'im keerful. It 's good practice for 'em both. Of co'se Mary Elizabeth she 's a year older 'n what Sonny is, an' she 's thess gittin' a little experience out o' him, though she ain't no ways conscious of it, an' he 'll gain a good deal o' courage th'oo keepin' company with a ladylike girl like Mary Elizabeth. That 's the way it goes, an' I think th' ain't nothin' mo' innercent or sweet.

How 'd you say that, doctor? S'posin' it was n't to turn out that-a-way? Well, bless yo' heart! ef it was to work out in all seriousness, what could be sweeter 'n little Mary Elizabeth? Sonny ain't got it in his power to displease us, don't keer what he was to take a notion to, 'lessen, of co'se, it was wrong, which it ain't in him to do—not knowin'ly.

You know, Sonny has about decided to take a trip North, doctor—to New York State. Sir? Oh, no; he ain't goin' to take the co'se o' lectures thet Miss Clark has urged him to take—at least, that ain't his intention.

No; he says thet he don't crave to fit hisself to teach. He says he feels like ez ef it would smother him to teach school in a house all day. He taken that after me.

No; he 's goin' a-visitin'. Oh, no, sir; we ain't got no New York kin. He 's a-goin' all the way to thet strange an' distant State to call on a man thet he ain't never see, nor any of his family. He 's a gentleman by the name o' Burroughs—John Burroughs. He 's a book-writer. The first book thet Sonny set up nights to read was one o' hisn—all about dumb creatures an' birds. Sonny acchilly wo'e that book out a-readin' it.

Yas, sir; Sonny says thet ef he could thess take one long walk th'oo the woods with him, he 'd be willin' to walk to New York State ef necessary. An' we 're a-goin' to let 'im go. The purtiest part about it is thet this here great book-writer has invited him to pay him a visit. Think o' that, will you? Think of a man thet could think up a whole row o' books a-takin' sech a' int'res' in our plain little Arkansaw Sonny. But he done it; an' 'mo' 'n that, he remarked in the letter thet it would give him great pleasure to meet the boy thet had so many mutual friends in common with him, or some sech remark. Of co'se, in this he referred to dumb brute, an' even trees, so Sonny says. Sir? Oh, cert'n'y; Sonny writ him first. How would he 've knew about Sonny first? Miss Clark she encouraged him to write the letter, but it was Sonny's first idee. An' the answer, why, he 's got it framed an' hung up above his book-shelves between our marriage c'tif'cate an' his diplomy.

He 's done sent Sonny his picture, too. He 's took a-settin' up in a' apple-tree. You can tell from a little thing like that thet a person ain't no dude, an' I like that. We 've put thet picture in the front page of the plush album, an' moved the bishop back one page.

Sonny has sent him a photograph of all our fam'ly took together, an' likely enough he 'll have it framed time Sonny arrives there.

When he goes, little Mary Elizabeth, why, she has offered to take keer of all his harmless live things tell he comes back, an' I s'pose they 'll be letters a-passin' back and fo'th. It does seem so funny, when I think about it. It seems thess the other day thet Mis' Wallace fetched little Mary Elizabeth over to look at Sonny, an' he on'y three days old. I ricollec' when she seen 'im, she took her little one-year-old finger an' teched 'im on the forehead, an' she says, says she, «Howdy?»—thess that-a-way. I remember we all thought it was so smart. Seemed like ez ef she reelized thet he had thess arrived—an' she had thess learned how to say «Howdy,» an' she up an' says it.

An' she 's ap' at speech yet, so Sonny says. She don't say much when wife or I are around, which I think is showin' proper respec's.

Th' ain't nothin' purtier, to my mind, than for a young girl to set up at table with her elders, an' to 'tend strictly to business. Mary Elizabeth 'll set th'oo a whole meal, an' sca'cely look up from her plate. I never did see a little girl do it mo' modest.

Of co'se Sonny, he bein' at home, an' she bein' his company, why, he talks constant, an' she 'll glance up at him sort o' sideways occasional. Wife an' me, we find it ez much ez we can do, sometimes, to hold in; we feel so tickled over their cunnin' little ways together. To see Sonny politely take her cup o' tea an' po' it out in her saucer to cool for her so nice, why, it takes all the dignity we can put on to cover our amusement over it. You see, they 've only lately teethed together, them child'en.

I reckon the thing sort o' got started last summer. I know he give her a flyin' squir'l, an' she embroidered him a hat-band. I suspicioned then what was comin', an' I advised wife to make up a few white-bosomed shirts for him, an' she did n't git 'em done none too soon. 'T was n't no time befo' he called for 'em.

A while back befo' that I taken notice thet he 'd put a few idees down on sheets o' paper for her to write her compositions by. Of co'se he would n't *write* 'em. He 's too honest. He 'd thess sugges' idees promiscu'us.

She 's got words, so he says, an' so she 'd write out mighty nice compositions that-a-way. I taken notice thet in this world it 's often that-a-way: one 'll have idees, an' another 'll have words. They ain't always bestowed together. When they are, why, then, I reckon, them are the book-writers. Sonny he 's got purty consider'ble o' both for his age, but of co'se he would n't never aspire to put nothin' he could think up into no printed book, I don't reckon; though he 's got three blank books filled with the details of «outdoor housekeepin',» ez he calls it, the way it 's kep' by varmints an' things out o' doors under loose tree-barks an' in all sorts of outlandish places. I did only last week find a piece o' paper with a po'try verse on it in his hand-write on his little table. I suspicioned thet it was his composin', because the name «Mary Elizabeth» occurred in two places in it, though, of co'se, they 's been other Mary Elizabeths.

He 's a-goin' to fetch that housekeepin' book up North with him, an' my opinion is thet he 's a-projec'in' to show it to Mr. Burroughs. But likely he won't have the courage.

Yas; take it all together, I 'm glad them two child'en has took the notion. It 'll be a good thing for him, whilst he 's throwed in with all sorts o' travelin' folks goin' an' comin', to reelize thet he 's got a little sweetheart at home, an' thet she 's bein' loved an' cherished by his father an' mother du'in' his absence.

Even after they 've gone their sep'rate ways, ez they most likely will in time, it 'll be a pleasure to 'em to look back to the time when they was little sweethearts.

I know I had a number, off an' on, when I was a youngster, an' they 're every one hung up—in my mind, of co'se—in little gilt frames, each one to herself. An' sometimes, when I think 'em over, I imagine thet there 's sweet bunches of wild vi'lets a-settin' under every one of 'em—all 'cep'n' one, an' I always seem to see pinks under hers.

An' she 's a grandmother now. Funny to think it all over, ain't it? At this present time she 's a tall, thin ol' lady thet fans with a turkey tail, an' sets up with the sick. But the way she hangs in her little frame in my mind, she 's a chunky little thing with fat ankles an' wrisses, an' her two cheeks they hang out of her pink caliker sunbonnet thess like a pair o' ripe plumgranates.

She was the pinkest little sweetheart thet a pink-lovin' school-boy ever picked out of a class of thirty-five, I reckon.

Seemed to me everything about her was fat an' chubby, thess like herself. Ricollec', one day, she dropped her satchel, an' out rolled the fattest little dictionary I ever see, an' when I seen it, seem like she could n't nachelly be expected to tote no other kind. I used to take pleasure in getherin' a pink out o' mother's garden in the mornin's when I 'd be startin' to school, an' slippin' it on to her desk when she would n't be lookin'; an' she 'd always pin it on her frock when I 'd have my head turned the other way. Then when she 'd ketch my eye, she 'd turn pinker 'n the pink, but she never mentioned one o' them pinks to me in her life, nor I to her.

Yas; I always think of her little picture with a bunch o' them old-fashioned garden pinks a-settin' under it, an' there they 'll stay ez long ez my old mind is a fittin' place for sech sweet-scented pictures to hang in.

They 've been a pleasure to me all my life, an' I 'm glad to see Sonny 's a-startin' his little picture-gallery a'ready.

Ruth McEnery Stuart.

THE ECLIPSE OF NAPOLEON'S GLORY.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL EMPIRE—LIGNY AND QUATRE BRAS—WATERLOO—THE SURRENDER—ST. HELENA.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.



DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.

NAPOLEON IN A COAT OF WHITE PIQUÉ.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL EMPIRE.

THE supreme effort of the dynasties to outlaw Napoleon, and restore France to the Bourbons, was nominally an alliance of eight members—Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, France, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden. The last was, however, absorbed in her struggle with Norway and, though Spain and Portugal were signatories, the real strength of the coalition arranged at Vienna lay in a virtual renewal of the treaty of Chaumont; Austria, Prussia, and Russia were each to put 180,000 men in the field. Great Britain was to continue her subsidies.

On April 4, the sovereigns of Europe were notified that the Empire meant peace; they retorted by the mobilization of their forces, and by denouncing in a joint protocol the treaty of Paris. In his extremity Napoleon appealed to Talleyrand, but that minister knew too well the temper of the congress at Vienna, and declined. The versatile Fouché thereupon initiated a new plot, this time against Napoleon, and sounded Metternich; but Metternich was dumb. The other diplomats asseverated that they did not wish to interfere with the domestic affairs of France; but they prevaricated, intending nothing less than the complete restoration of the Bourbons.

Under the shadow of this storm-cloud Napoleon regulated his domestic affairs of state with intrepid calmness. He had no easy task. It was the revived hatred of the masses for priests and nobles to which he had appealed on his progress from Grenoble, and, observing the wild outbursts of the populace at Lyons, he had whispered, «This is madness.» It was with studied deliberation, therefore, that in Paris he cast himself completely upon the moderate liberals. This alienated the Jacobin elements throughout the country, and they, in turn, stirred up the royalists. When it became clear that neither Marie Louise nor the King of Rome was to be crowned, and that there was no help in Austria, even the imperialists displayed a dangerous temper. Such was the general uneasiness about war that the first measures of army reorganization were taken almost stealthily. It was easy enough to establish the skeleton of formation, and not very difficult to find trustworthy officers, commissioned and non-commissioned; but to call for recruits was to announce the coming war. Of the 300,000 veterans now returned home, less than a fifth responded to the call for volunteers; the Emperor had reckoned on four fifths at least. The National Guard was so surly that many felt it would be bravado for Napoleon to review them. But he was determined to do so, and on April 16 the hazardous ceremony took place. Until at least half had been reviewed not a cheer was heard; then there were a few scattering shouts here and there in the ranks; at last there was some genuine enthusiasm.

By the middle of May the national deputies summoned at Lyons began to arrive. They were to meet, after the fashion of Charles the Great's assemblies, in the open field. Their task was to be the making of a new constitution. It was not reassuring news that they brought from their various homes, and their accounts disturbed public opinion in Paris sadly. Before long it was known that civil war had again broken out in Vendée; the consequences would have been most disastrous had not La Rochejaquelein, the insurgent leader, been killed on June 4. As it was, the ignoble slaughter of one of their order intensified the bitterness of the nobles. Worse still, it had been found that of the 629 deputies 500 were pronounced constitutionalists indifferent to Napoleon, and that only fifty were his de-

voted personal friends; there were even between thirty and forty who were Jacobins, and at Fouché's command. Under these circumstances the Emperor dared not hold the promised national congress. What could be substituted for it? The great dramatic artist was not long at a loss. He determined to summon the electoral deputies to a gorgeous open-air ceremony on June 1, and have them stamp with their approval the Additional Act. A truly impressive spectacle would pass muster for the promised «field of May,» and profoundly affect the minds of all present. But, unfortunately, though Ségur made the plan, and though every detail was carefully studied by Napoleon, the affair was not impressive. About 18,000 persons assembled on the benches, and there was a vast crowd in the field. The cannon roared their welcome, and the people cheered the imperial carriage, the marshals, the body-guard, and the procession. But when Napoleon and his brothers stepped forth, clad like actors in theatrical costumes of white velvet, wearing Spanish cloaks embroidered with the imperial device of golden bees, and with great plumed hats on their heads, there was a hush of disappointment. The populace had expected a soldier in uniform; many had felt sure «he» would wear that of the National Guard.

There was, however, no sign of disrespect while the ministers and the reconstituted corps of marshals filed to their places. Among the latter were familiar faces—Ney, Moncey, Kellermann, Sérurier, Lefebvre, Grouchy, Oudinot, Jourdan, Soult, and Masséna. A committee of the deputies then stood forth, and their chairman read an address declaring that France desired a ruler of her own selection, and promising loyalty in the coming war. Napoleon arose, and in spite of his absurd clothes commanded attention while he set forth his reasons for offering a ready-made constitution instead of risking interminable debate. Although he declared that what was offered could, of course, be amended, there was no applause, except from a few soldiers. When the chambers met, a week later, Lanjuinais, one of Napoleon's lifelong opponents, was chosen president of the House of Deputies. The speech from the throne was clever and conciliatory, and in spite of evident distrust both houses promised all the strength of France for defense—but for defense only. The peers declared that under her new institutions France could never be swept away by the temptations of victory; the deputies asserted that nothing could carry the nation beyond the bounds of its own defense, not even the will of a victorious prince.

The anxieties and exertions of two months were manifest in Napoleon's appearance. His features, though impassive, were drawn, and his long jaws grew prominent. He lost flesh everywhere except around the waist, so that his belly, hitherto inconspicuous, looked almost pendulous. When standing, he folded his hands sometimes in front, sometimes behind, but separated them frequently to take snuff or rub his nose. Sometimes he heaved a mechanical sigh, swallowing as if to calm inward agitation. Often he scowled, and looked out through half-closed lids as if growing far-sighted; the twitching of his eye and ear on the left side grew more frequent. With thickening difficulties and increasing annoyance, serious urinary and stomach troubles set in; there was also a persistent hacking cough. Recourse was again had to protracted warm baths in order to alleviate the accompanying nervousness; but as the ailments were refractory, a mystery soon attached to the malady, and his enemies said it was a loathsome disease. This is highly improbable, for he was surrounded all his life by malignant attendants, and among the sweepings of their minds, which in recent years have been scattered before the public, there would be some proof of the fact. In the utter absence of any reliable information, some have guessed that the trouble was the preliminary stage of the disease by which he died; and others, again, in view of his quick changes of mood, his depressions, exaltations, sharpened sensibilities, and abrupt rudeness, have explained all his peculiarities in disease and health by attributing them to a form of hystero-epilepsy. Exhausted and nervous, he might well, as was the case, be found in tears before the portrait of his son; he might well lift up his voice, as he was heard to do, against the destiny which had played him false. But he was quite shrewd enough to see that during his absence no regency could be trusted, and he arranged to conduct affairs by special messengers. Joseph was to preside and give the casting-vote in the council of state; to Lucien was given a seat in the same body: but the supreme power rested in Napoleon.

When Wellington replaced Castlereagh at the congress of Vienna, it was quickly apparent that he was greater in the field than at the council-board. Both he and Blücher desired to assume the offensive quickly; but inasmuch as Alexander was determined to retain his ascendancy in the coalition, and each power insisted on its due share in the strug-

gle, it was arranged to begin hostilities on June 27, the earliest date at which the Russian troops could reach the confines of France. There were to be three armies: Schwarzenberg, with 250,000 men, comprising the Austrian, Russian, and Bavarian contingents, was to attack across the upper Rhine; Blücher, with 150,000 Prussians, was to advance across the lower Rhine; and Wellington in the Netherlands was to collect an army of 150,000, compounded of Dutch, Belgians, Hanoverians, and some 38,000 British, who could be there assembled. The two latter armies were in readiness by the first of June, but Wellington was dissatisfied with the quality of his motley force; even the English contingent was not the best possible, for his Peninsular veterans had been sent to find their match in Jackson's riflemen at the battle of New Orleans.

On the eve of hostilities Napoleon had 124,000 effectives, with 3500 in his camp train; Wellington had 106,000, but of these 4000 Hanoverians were left in garrison; Blücher had about 117,000. Neither of the two allied generals dreamed that Napoleon would choose the daring form of attack upon which he decided,—that of a wedge driven into the scattered line nearly a hundred miles in length upon which his enemy lay,—for to do so he must pass the Ardennes. But he did choose it, and selected for the purpose the valleys of the Sambre and the Meuse. Allowing for the differences in topography, the idea was identical with that which, nineteen years before, he had executed splendidly in Piedmont.

LIGNY AND QUATRE BRAS.

THE opening of the campaign was sufficiently auspicious. By a superb march during the night of June 14, Napoleon's first and second corps, under d'Erlon and Reille respectively, advanced to Solre on the Sambre, and formed the left wing; the third corps, under Vandamme, moved from the outskirts of the Ardennes, by Philippeville, to constitute the right; the fourth and sixth, under Gérard and Lobau respectively, with the guard and the reserve cavalry under Grouchy, concentrated from the line of the Moselle, and marched through Philippeville to form the center. In front a broad turnpike led almost direct to Brussels, thirty-four miles due north; another turned eastward toward Liège. Ten miles distant on this was Sombreffe, somewhat farther on that, Quatre Bras, both on the highway running east and west between Namur and Nivelles. To have accomplished such marches as it did the French army must have been fine; to have secured such a brilliant strategic position its general must have been almost inspired. He commanded the operating lines of both Wellington and Blücher, while they were far distant from each other, separated by serious obstacles, and instinct with a centrifugal tendency. The same high qualities distinguished the subordinate French commanders as shone in their general. Though many of the famous names are absent from the list,—Mortier, for instance, having fallen ill on the frontier,—yet Soult was present as chief of staff, and Ney was coming up to take a corps. Reille, d'Erlon, and Foy were veterans of the Peninsular war; what twenty-two years of service had done for the «wild Hun,» Vandamme, is known. Kellermann was made famous by Marengo, Lobau was noted for daring, Gérard had earned distinction in Russia, and though Grouchy's merit has been the theme of much discussion, yet he had been famous under Jourdan and Moreau, and nothing had occurred in the long interval to tarnish his reputation.

Nearly half of Blücher's troops were irregular reserves, and many of the regulars were recruits, but all were thoroughly drilled and well equipped. The passion of hatred which animated them was comparable only to the «French fury» with which Napoleon's army would fight for national existence. Such was the reverence for routine among the Prussian officers, and so bitter were the jealousies of the petty aristocracy from which they sprang, that the King dared not promote on any basis except that of seniority. In order to make Gneisenau second in command, York, Kleist, and Tauenzien were stationed elsewhere, and Bülow was put in command of a reserve to hold Belgium when Blücher should advance to Paris. The aged but fiery marshal had not mended his health by the self-indulgence of a year; the three division generals, Ziethen, Pirch, and Schielemann, were capable men of local renown. Gneisenau and Bülow were the only first-rate men among the Prussian commanders, but Blücher's name was a word to conjure with in rousing enthusiasm. Wellington was felt by his officers and soldiers to be a man of real power; his British recruits were well drilled, and his veterans were good. His associate generals were no more famous than those of Gneisenau, but they were, for the most part, English gentlemen with a high sense of duty and much executive ability. One of his corps was commanded by the Prince of Orange, a respectable soldier, whose name, however, was more valuable than the experience he had gained in the Peninsula as

aide-de-camp; the other corps was under Lord Hill, an admirable subordinate and an excellent commander. The only English general whose name is a familiar one abroad was Picton, who died on the field. As to the quality of the respective armies, it has become the fashion of each nation to decry that of its own and overrate the other two. Thus it condones its own blunders, and yet heightens the renown of victory. Napoleon was superior in organization, in cavalry, and in artillery to either Wellington or Blücher, but he was inferior to both in infantry. He was in wretched health, and he had a desperate cause. Taking fully into account his consummate ability and personal prestige, it yet remains true that the odds against him were very high, certainly as eight to five.

Zieten's posts before Charleroi saw the French camp-fires in the early hours of June 14; that evening they began to withdraw toward Fleurus, whither the remainder of the Prussian army was gradually set in motion. It seems incredible that this should have been the first move of the allies toward concentrating their widely scattered forces, for neither Wellington nor Blücher was surprised. Both commanders had for two days been aware, in a general way, of Napoleon's movements, but they were awaiting developments. It was Wellington's opinion, carefully set forth in his old age, that it would have been better strategy for the French to have advanced so as to turn his right, seize his munitions, and cut off his base; but as this would have rolled up the entire allied force, ready to deliver battle with odds of two to one, the statement may be accepted as an explanation, but not as a justification. In the dawn of the 15th a ringing, rousing proclamation, like those of the olden time, was read to the French soldiers; it was in high spirits that the three columns began their march. The left, under Reille, dislodged the Prussian outposts from Thuin, and, forcing them back through Marchiennes, seized the bridge at that place, and crossed to the left bank of the Sambre. The movement was complete by ten in the morning. The center under Napoleon comprised the mass of the army: Pajol, Vandamme, Lobau, the guard, Excelmans, Kellermann, and Milhaud. Soult despatched his orders by a solitary aide, who was killed by the enemy. Though at equally critical moments before both Eylau and Wagram, Berthier had done this very thing with identical results, yet Soult was severely blamed. His ill success was, as Napoleon called it, a «deplorable mischance,» and it was high noon before Pajol, with the van, reached Charleroi and, after a smart engagement, drove out the Prussians. The right wing, under Gérard, was in motion at five in the morning, but it also was detained by a serious disaster. Shortly after starting it was found that Bourmont, the commander of its best division, a man who had been Chouan, imperialist, and royalist by turns, had deserted with his chief of staff and eight soldiers. Having been at the council of war, he had the latest information of Napoleon's secret plans, and his treason demoralized the troops he so basely abandoned. It was long before Gérard could restore confidence, and it was nightfall when he reached Châtelet, four miles below Charleroi, where the bridge was secured, and half his men crossed over.

For four hours after his arrival at Charleroi, Napoleon, uneasy as to the whereabouts of his detachments, stood in idleness waiting for news. During this interval the Prussians reached Fleurus unmolested, all except a small body, which gathered at Gosselies, on the Brussels road, but was easily dispersed by Reille. It seemed as if the road to Quatre Bras was open, and when, at half-past four, Ney appeared, he was put in command of the left, with verbal instructions, as Napoleon asserted some years later, to seize that strategic point. Within these limits he was to act independently. If Quatre Bras were surprised, the second move could be attempted, the surprise likewise of Sombreffe. Since the highway between the two was the only line by which the two allied armies could unite, the possibility of attacking them separately would be assured even if the successive attacks should follow each other so closely as to be substantially one battle. Either Ney misunderstood, or Napoleon recorded what he intended to say, not what he actually said. The former declared that the Emperor's final words were, «Go, and drive back the enemy»; the latter that his orders were positive, to go and hold Quatre Bras. It is also a matter of dispute whether or not Napoleon had hoped, after seizing the bridges and crossing the Sambre, to complete his movement by surprising both Quatre Bras and Sombreffe on that same day, the 15th. Whatever may have been Napoleon's intention, Ney hurried to Gosselies, stationed Reille to hold the place, and then, despatching one division to pursue the Prussians, and another, with Piré's cavalry, toward Quatre Bras, put himself at the head of the cavalry of the guard to help in seizing this latter important point. But at seven his force, to their astonishment, was confronted by a

strong body of Nassauers from Wellington's army, who, having passed Quatre Bras, had seized Frasnes, a village two and a half miles in advance. The Germans made no stand, but Ney, instead of proceeding immediately to attack Quatre Bras itself, left his men to hold the position at Frasnes, and hurried away to consult his superior. For this he had excellent reasons: his staff was not yet organized, and d'Erlon's corps was not within call; he was therefore too weak for the movement contemplated by his orders. At the same moment Napoleon, who had been in the saddle since three in the morning, and who had become convinced that the retreating Prussians would not halt at Fleurus, but would rejoin their main army, turned back to Charleroi, and on reaching his quarters an hour later, flung himself in utter exhaustion upon his couch. In fact, he was in exquisite torture from the complication of urinary, hemorrhoidal, and other troubles which his long day's ride had exasperated, and, as he declared at St. Helena, probably with truth, he had lost his assurance of final success. The day had been fairly successful, but at what a cost of energy! No one, he least of all, could feel that there had been any buoyancy in the movements, or favoring fate in the combinations.

Throughout the day Blücher had displayed a fiery zeal. Since early in May he had had no serious consultation with Wellington, and in a general conversation held at that time there had been merely a vague understanding as to a union at some point south of Sombreffe. That point was accordingly selected by him for concentration, and in general his orders had been well executed. Why the bridges of Marchiennes and Châtelet were not undermined and blown up by the Prussians has never been explained. Moreover, the language of Gneisenau's orders to Bülow being vague, the latter misinterpreted it, and his much-needed force was not brought in as expected. Wellington's conduct is a riddle. About the middle of the afternoon he was informed, through the Prince of Orange, as to his enemy's movements. With perfect calm, he commanded that his troops should be ready in their cantonments; at five he issued orders for the divisions to march with a view to concentration at Nivelles, the easternmost point that he intended to occupy; at ten, just as he was setting out for the Duchess of Richmond's ball, he gave definite instructions for the concentration to begin. About twenty minutes after the Prince of Orange had reached the ball-room Wellington sent him away quietly, and then, summoning the Duke of Richmond, who was to have command of the reserve when formed, he asked for a map. The two withdrew to an adjoining room. Wellington closed the door, and said, with an oath, «Napoleon has humbugged me.» He then explained that he had ordered his army to concentrate at Quatre Bras, adding, «But we shall not stop him there; and if so, I must fight him here,» marking Waterloo with his thumb-nail on the map as he spoke. It was not until the next morning that he left for the front. Twenty-seven years later he made the unsupported assertion that he had ordered the Anglo-allied army to concentrate to the left, as Blücher had ordered the Prussians to concentrate to the right. Though Napoleon, on the evening of the 15th, had neither Quatre Bras nor Sombreffe, he held all the debatable ground; and if, next morning, he could seize the two towns simultaneously, the first move in his great game would be won. It seems as if he must risk everything to that end.

What passed between Napoleon and Ney during the long watches of the night is unknown, but Ney was again at his post long before dawn, and not a soldier moved from Charleroi until nearly noon! It seems that Napoleon, or Ney, or both, must have been stubbornly convinced that Wellington could not concentrate within twenty-four hours. That Napoleon was not incapacitated by prostration is proved by his acts: about five he sent a preliminary order to Ney; very early, also, he took measures to complete Gérard's crossing at Châtelet; and then, having considered at length the alternatives of pushing straight on to Brussels, or of taking the course he did, he had reached a decision as early as seven o'clock. It seems almost certain that he delayed because he wished his men, who had been seventeen hours afoot the previous day, to get a thorough rest. Toward nine, when finally assured of Ney's strength, he sent an order commanding the marshal to seize Quatre Bras, and stating that a semi-independent command, under Grouchy, would push on to Sombreffe, while he would content himself with holding Gembloux. This done, he settled into apparent lethargy. To Grouchy he wrote that he intended to attack the enemy at Sombreffe, and «even at Gembloux,» and then to operate immediately with Ney «against the English.» His scheme was able, for if at either salient angle his presence should be necessary, he could, at need, quickly join either Ney or Grouchy; but his senses were dulled, or his assurance was over-


LOUVAIN
BRUSSELS
Laeken
Jette
Schaarbeek
Woluwe
Sterrebeek
Berthem
Heverlé
Lubbeek
Etterbeek
Ixelles
Anderlecht
Uccle
Tervueren
R. Dyle
Bierbeek
Weert St. Georges
Boitsfort
Leeuw St. Pierre
Loth
Grœvandael
Overyseeke
Hamme
Heersel
Forest of Soignies
River Senne
MARCH OF WELLINGTON
HAL
Forsthaus
WATERLOO
Le Roussart
La Hulpe
Grez
Gastuche
Biez
Jodoigne
Ransbeeck
Ter la Haye
Del Brie
Chambre
Louis Delacre
Lembecq
Le Mesnil
Le Straye
Mont St. Jean
Ohain
Rixansart
WAVRE
Bas Wavre
Cheremont Farm
Braine l'Alleud
Merbe Braine
Livraimont
Fromont
Bourgeois
Bierge
Mill of Bierge
Braine le Chateau
Pospol
Beau Chene
Papelotte
La Haye Sainte
Hougomont
Smohain
Fischermont
Limale
Dion le Mont
Louvrange
Chaumont
St. Lambert
Limelette
Reffe Sart
Mon Plaisir
Les Jafs
La Belle Alliance
Pinchare
Cocqueroux
l'Autel
Plancenoit
Ottignies
Court St. Etienne
La Baraque
Mont St. Guibert
Nil St. Vincent
Thorembais
Rossomme
Maison du Roi
TO QUATRE BRAS
TO MONT ST. JEAN
Sart a Walhain
Walhain
Perwez
Baulers
MARCH OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE
NIVELLES
Genappe
La Roche
Chastre
Sauvemere
TO BLUCHER
Arquennes
Houtain le Val
Bonçée
Banterlez
Villers la Ville
Gentinnes
Gembloux
QUATRE BRAS
Sart Dame Avelines
Gemioncourt
La Thile
Tilly
Dhuy
Pierrmont
Lairalle
Marbais
Marbioux
Pontorieux
Vieille Maison
Louzee
Seneffe
Frasnes
Sombreffe
Potey
Lutre
Wagnelee
Bry
Tongrinne
Point du Jour
Mazy
St. Denis Boyesse
Pamillerieux
St. Amand la Haye
LIGNY
Mamage
Mollet
St. Amand
Baignee
Balatre
Rhisne
Vedrin
Gouy le Pieton
ROMAN ROAD
Temploux
MARCH OF BLUCHER
Fleurus
Wagnee
Wansersee
Velaine
Marchemont
Trazegnies
Gosselies
Ransart
Jemeppe
Moustier
NAMUR
Carnieres
Courcelles
Jumet
Lambusart
Anvelins
Sambre R.
Lodelinsart
Ham
Floreffe
Pieton
Forches
Roux
Tamines
Anderlues
Marchiennes
CHARLEROI
Milly
Montigny le Tilleul
Pont du Loup
Fontaine l'Eveque
Charlemean
Vespé R.
Couillet
Chatelet
Fosse
Profondeville
Loobes
Jamioulx
Thuin
Gozee
Acoz
St. Gerard
Annevoy
Grimmes
Ham
Nalinnes
Biesme
Mettel
Biercee
Thuilles
Berzee
Laneffe
Walcourt
FROM SOLRE SUR SAMBRE & LEERS FOSTEAU
MARCH OF NEY & D'ERLON
MARCH OF NAPOLEON GUARD
31 MILES FROM BEAUMONT
4 MILES FROM PHILIPPE
MARCH OF GERARD
CAMPAIGN OF 1815.
JUNE 15TH TO 19TH
FRENCH LINES OF MARCH
ALLIES
FRENCH
ALLIES
CAVALRY
INFANTRY
ENGLISH MILES
J. HART NUTLEY N. J.

weening. When informed that the enemy was at Fleurus in force, he hesitated long before resolving to move, behaving as if sure that the soldiers there were only a single corps of Blücher's army. Meanwhile Vandamme had advanced. The Prussians withdrew from Fleurus, and deployed at the foot of the hillock on which the village of Ligny stands. When, about midday, Napoleon arrived at Fleurus, he had to experience an unpleasant surprise: 87,000 men, all Blücher's army, except Bülow's corps, were drawn up in battle array to oppose him. Of his own force he had left 10,000 at Charleroi, under Lobau, as a reserve.

By extraordinary exertions Wellington had got together a substantial force at Quatre Bras early that same morning, and then, leaving it in command of the Prince of Orange, he had met Blücher at about one o'clock in the windmill of Bry. The two generals parted in the firm conviction that the mass of the French army was at Ligny, and with the verbal understanding that Wellington, if not himself attacked, would come to Blücher's support. On leaving, the English commander sharply criticized the tactical disposition of his ally's army; but Blücher, with the fixed idea that, in any case, the Duke was coming to his aid, determined to stand as he was. With similar obstinacy, Napoleon, certain that what he had before him was only a screen for the retreat of the main army of the allies, now despatched an order (the second) for Ney to combine Reille, d'Erlon, and Kellermann, in order to destroy whatever force was in opposition at Quatre Bras. This was at two. The French attack was opened by Vandamme, and the resistance was such as to leave no doubt of the real Prussian strength. At once Napoleon wrote two despatches of the same tenor—one sent to Ney by an aide, and one direct to d'Erlon by a sub-officer of the guard. The former (the third for the same destination) urged Ney to come for the sake of France; the other summoned d'Erlon from Ney's command to the Emperor's own immediate assistance: «You will save France, and cover yourself with glory,» were its closing words. This last order, the original of which has but lately been revealed, came nigh to ruining the whole day's work. Before Wellington could return to Quatre Bras, Ney's force was engaged with the Prince of Orange, and before noon a fierce conflict was raging at that place. D'Erlon appears to have been in a frightful quandary as to his duty, and in his dilemma he detached his best division, that of Durutte, which did nothing to any purpose, neither assisting Ney, who did not literally obey his orders in consequence, nor coming to Napoleon's aid in time. Blücher, who had clearly determined to fight, come what would, held in as long as his impatient temper permitted; but since no reinforcement from Wellington appeared, he first fumed, and then gave his fatal orders to advance. The nature of the ground was such as necessarily by such a move to weaken his center. Napoleon marked this at once, and summoned the guard in order to break through. For a moment he hesitated; a mysterious force had appeared on the left; perhaps they were foes. Assured that they were d'Erlon's men, he waited not an instant longer; the crash came, and Blücher's line was shattered. Retreat was turned into rout so quickly that Blücher could not even exchange his wounded horse for another, and in the mad rush he was so stunned and overwhelmed that his staff gave him up for lost. The few moments before he was found were the most precious for the allies of the whole campaign, since Gneisenau directed the flight northward on the line to Wavre, a route parallel with that on which Wellington, whatever his success, must now necessarily withdraw. This move, which abandoned the line to Namur, is Gneisenau's title to fame. Napoleon did not wait for d'Erlon and then order an annihilating pursuit, but came to the conclusion that the Prussians were sufficiently disorganized, and would seek to reorganize on the old line to the eastward. They were thus, he thought, completely and finally cut off from Wellington. He instantly despatched Pajol, with his single cavalry corps, to follow the foe, and was confirmed in his fatal conjecture by the report of 5000 Prussians having been seen on the Namur road, and exerting themselves to hold it. He remained in ignorance of the truth until next day.

Almost simultaneously with the battle of Ligny was fought that of Quatre Bras. At eleven Ney received orders outlining a general plan for the day; about half an hour later came the specific command to unite the forces of d'Erlon, Reille, and Kellermann, and carry Quatre Bras; at five arrived in hot haste the messenger with the third order. At two o'clock there were not quite 7000 Anglo-Belgians in Quatre Bras, but, successive bodies arriving in swift succession, by half-past six o'clock there were over 30,000. At two Ney had 17,000, and although he had recalled d'Erlon, yet, owing to the withdrawal of Durutte, he had at half-past six not more

than 20,000. Had he advanced on the position the previous evening, or had he attacked between eleven and two on the 16th, the event of the campaign might have been different from what it was. But if he really believed, as he afterward asseverated, that his orders were merely to push and hold the enemy, then his conduct throughout was gallant and correct. The weight of evidence favors the claim of Napoleon that the marshal was perverse in his refusal to take Quatre Bras according to verbal orders. Whatever the truth, the behavior of Ney's men was admirable when they did advance, but they were forced back to Frasnes before superior numbers. Next morning Wellington was conversing with General Bowles when a staff officer drew up, his horse flecked with foam, and whispered the news of Ligny. Without a change of countenance, the commander said to his companion: «Old Blücher has had a —— good licking, and gone back to Wavre, eighteen miles. As he has gone back, we must go, too. I suppose in England they will say we have been licked. I can't help it; as they have gone back, we must go, too.» Accordingly, he issued his orders, and his army began to march at ten. On the whole, therefore, the events of June 16 were favorable to Napoleon, since, fighting at two points with inferior numbers, he had been victorious at one, and had thereby secured the other also. It is useless to surmise what would have happened had Bülow been with Blücher, and d'Erlon and Lobau with Napoleon, or if either of these possibilities had happened without the other; as it was, Napoleon's strategy gained both Quatre Bras and Sombreffe.

The Prussians had lost 20,000 men, missing, wounded, and dead, and it required careful medical treatment to restore Blücher. But all night the army marched, and in the morning Bülow, having found his direction, was within easy reach at Gembloux. The retreat continued throughout the 17th. It was a move of the greatest daring, since the line was over a broken country almost destitute of roads, and, the old base of supplies having been abandoned, the men had to starve until Gneisenau could open a new one by way of Louvain. The army bore its hardships well; there was no straggling or demoralization, and the splendor of success makes doubly brilliant the move which confounded Napoleon's plans. Never dreaming at first that his foe had withdrawn elsewhere than along his natural line of supply toward Liège, the Emperor considered the separation of the two allies as complete, and after carefully deliberating throughout the long interval he allowed his troops for rest, he determined to wheel, join Ney, and attack Wellington, wherever found. It was serious and inexplicable slackness which he showed in not taking effective measures to determine immediately where his defeated enemy was. Being, nevertheless, well aware of the Prussian resources and character, he made up his mind to detail Grouchy, with 33,000 men, for the purpose of scouring the country toward Liège at least as far as Namur. Then, to provide for what he considered a possible contingency,—viz., that which had actually occurred,—this adjunct army was to turn north, and hasten to Gembloux, in order absolutely to assure the isolation of Wellington; in any and every case the general was to keep his communications open. It was eight in the morning of the 17th when Napoleon issued from his quarters at Fleurus. Flahaut was waiting for the reply to an inquiry which he had just brought from Ney concerning the details of Ligny. The Emperor at once dictated a despatch, the most famous in the controversial literature of Waterloo, in which his own achievements were told and Ney was blamed for the disconnected action of his subordinates the previous day; in particular the marshal was instructed to take position at Quatre Bras, «as you were ordered,» and d'Erlon was criticized for his failure to move on St. Amand. The wording of the hastily scribbled order to the latter he had probably forgotten; it was: «Portez-vous . . . à la hauteur de Ligny, et fondez sur St. Amand —ou vice versa; c'est ce que je ne sais bien.» («Betake yourself . . . to the heights of Ligny, pounce on St. Amand—or the reverse; I am not quite sure which.») Further, the Emperor now declared that, had Ney kept d'Erlon and Reille together, not an Englishman would have escaped, and that, had d'Erlon obeyed his orders, the Prussian army would have been destroyed. In case it were still impossible to seize Quatre Bras with the force at hand, Napoleon would himself move thither. Then, entering a carriage, he drove to Ligny; Lobau was ordered at once to Marbais, on the road to Quatre Bras. After haranguing the troops and prisoners, Napoleon was informed, about noon, that Wellington was still in position. At once a second order was sent, commanding Ney to attack; the Emperor, it ran, was already under way to Marbais. This was not quite true, for while he was giving detailed instructions to Grouchy before parting, that general had seemed uneasy, and had finally pleaded that it would be impossible further to disorganize the Prussians, since they had so

long a start. These scruples were peremptorily put down, and the chief parted amicably from his subordinate, but with a sense of uneasiness, lest he had left nice and difficult work in unwilling hands. Scouts soon overtook him, and expressed doubt as to the Prussians having gone to Namur. In case they had not, Grouchy must act cautiously. Accordingly, positive instructions were then dictated to Bertrand, and sent to Grouchy, whose movements were now doubly important. The latter general was to reconnoiter toward Namur, but march direct to Gembloux; his chief task was to discover whether Blücher was seeking to join Wellington or not. For the rest, he was free to act on his own discretion. Napoleon then entered his carriage, and drove to Quatre Bras. Mounting his horse, he led the pursuit of the English rear. Indignant that Ney had lost the opportunity to overwhelm at least a portion of Wellington's force, he exclaimed to d'Erlon, «They have ruined France!» So active and energetic was he that he actually exposed himself to the artillery fire with which the English gunners sought to retard the pursuit. It was not an easy matter for Grouchy to carry out his instructions; at two o'clock began a steady downpour, which lasted well into the next morning; the roads to Gembloux were lanes, and the rain turned them into sticky mud. Not until that night was Grouchy's command assembled at Gembloux; it was ten o'clock before the leader gained an inkling of where the Prussians were, and then, though uncertain as to their exact movements, he immediately despatched a letter, which Napoleon received at two in the morning, declaring his intention of following them to Wavre, so as to prevent their reaching Brussels, and in order to separate them from Wellington. Some hours later, when finally convinced that Blücher was retiring on Wavre, Grouchy set his columns in motion in a straight line toward that place by Sart-à-Walhain, choosing, with very poor judgment, to advance by the right bank of the Dyle, and thus jeopardizing the precious connections he had been repeatedly and urgently instructed to keep open.

WATERLOO.

ON the night of June 17 Wellington's army reached the heights at Mont St. Jean, on the northern edge of what was destined to be the most talked of battle-field in modern times. His retreat, masked by a strong body of cavalry, with some horse artillery, and a single infantry division, had been slow and regular, being retarded somewhat by the heavy rain. Ney had held his position at Frasnes, well aware that what was before him was far more than a rear-guard—in fact, owing to the arrival of strong reinforcements during the night, it was the larger portion of the Anglo-Belgian army. But the instant the French marshal was informed of his enemy's retrograde movements he threw forward a strong force of cavalry to coöperate with Napoleon. Substantial reinforcements had come in, and, when reunited, the French army numbered 71,500 men, and 240 guns, excluding Gérard, who had been left at Ligny to coöperate with Grouchy. That Wellington was far on his way to the defensive position chosen by himself was probably in accord with Napoleon's calculations; his only fear was lest his foe should have withdrawn behind the forest of Soignies, where free communication with Blücher and the junction of the two allied armies would be assured, as it was not at Mont St. Jean. This anxiety was set at rest by a cavalry reconnaissance, and at dusk the French van bivouacked at Belle Alliance, separated by a broad, shallow vale from their foe. The rest of the army followed with great difficulty, some by the road, some through plowed or swampy fields, wading the swollen tributaries of the Dyle, and floundering through the meadows on their banks. The army of Wellington had seized, in passing, what provisions and forage they found, and they had camp-fires to comfort them in the steady rain. The French had scanty or no rations, and lay throughout the night in the grain-fields, without fire or shelter. All told, Wellington had 68,000 men; ten miles on his right, at Hal, lay 18,000 more; eight miles on his left, twelve from his headquarters at Waterloo, was Blücher. Wellington, who had informed Blücher that, unless support reached him, he would fall back to Brussels, at two o'clock in the morning had assurance of Blücher's coöperation. There is an unsupported statement of Napoleon's that he twice sent to Grouchy on the night of the 17th, by two separate officers, a definite order to detach 7000 men from his camp at Wavre (where the Emperor affected to believe that Grouchy was), and make connection by St.-Lambert with the right of the main army. This would cut Blücher entirely off from Wellington. The motive of this statement is transparent—with the allies separated, they were outmanœuvered; with the possibility of their union, and an understanding between them to that effect, he was himself outmanœuvered.

Grouchy denied having received this order; neither of the officers intrusted with it ever revealed himself; the original of it has never been found; and in subsequent orders issued next day there is no mention of, or reference to, any such message. Either the declaration, twice made at St. Helena, was due to forgetfulness, being an account of intentions not carried out, or else it was put forward to explain the result of the campaign as due to his lieutenant's inefficiency. Grouchy must have had an uneasy conscience, since for thirty years he suppressed the text of the Bertrand order, which was not on the order-book because it had not been dictated to Soult: and when, after falsely claiming for the duration of an entire generation that he had acted under verbal instructions, he did publish it, he gave, at the same time, a mutilated version of his own report from Gembloux, sent on the night of the 17th, changing his original language so as to show that he had never looked upon the separation of the allies as his chief task, but that what was uppermost in his mind was an attack on the Prussians. It was two in the morning of the 18th when the letter of Grouchy, written about four hours earlier, arrived at Napoleon's headquarters. Both the Emperor and Soult knew by that time that the whole of Blücher's army was moving to Wavre; yet they did not give this information, nor any minute directions, to the returning messenger. Grouchy, therefore, was left to act on his own discretion, his superior doubtless believing that the inferior would by that time himself be fully informed, and would hasten to throw himself, like an impenetrable wall, between the Prussians and the Anglo-Belgian army. By the defenders of Napoleon, Grouchy is severely criticized for not having marched early in the morning of the 18th to Moustier, where, if energetic, he could have carried over his army to the left bank of the river by eleven o'clock, thus placing his force within the sphere of Napoleon's operations. Perhaps he would have been able to prevent the union of the opposing armies, or, if not that, to strengthen Napoleon in his struggle. It is proved by Marbot's memoirs that this is what Napoleon expected. On the other hand, excellent critics present other very important considerations: the line to Moustier was over a country so rough and miry that after a torrential rain the artillery would have been seriously delayed, and Prussian scouts might well have brought down a strong Prussian column in time to oppose the crossing there or elsewhere. Grouchy, moreover, could not know that Wellington would offer battle in front of the forest of Soignies—a resolution which, in the opinion of Napoleon and many lesser experts, was a serious blunder. He appears to have been positive that the two armies were aiming to combine for the defense of Brussels; finally, when from Walhain the sound of the firing at Waterloo was distinctly heard, and Gérard fiercely urged an immediate march toward the field of battle, Grouchy was acting strictly within the limits of the Bertrand order, and according to what he then held to be explicit instructions, when he pressed on to concentrate at Wavre, and thus, if Napoleon had already defeated Wellington, prevent any union between Wellington and the Prussian army. It is almost certain that Grouchy would in no way have changed the event by marching direct to Mont St. Jean, for the cross-roads were soaked, and the distance was approximately thirteen miles; the previous day he had been able to make somewhat more than half that distance in nine hours.

Napoleon himself did not apparently expect the Prussians to rally as they did. He spent the hours from dawn, when the rain ceased, in careful reconnoitering. The mud was so thick in places that he required help to draw his feet out of his own tracks. At breakfast, according to a contemporary anecdote, he expressed himself as having never been more favored by fortune; and when reminded that Blücher might effect a union with the English, he replied that the Prussians would need three days to form again. This is in accord with his exaggerated but reiterated estimates of the disaster produced in Blücher's ranks after Ligny, and, taken in connection with the difficulty of moving artillery (not a sufficient explanation in itself), is the only conceivable reason for his delay in attacking on the 18th. It also explains his remissness in leaving Grouchy to exercise full discretion as to his movements. At eight the plan of battle was sketched; at nine the orders for the day were despatched throughout the lines; about ten the weary but self-confident Emperor threw himself down and slept for an hour; at eleven he mounted, and rode by the Brussels highway to the farm of Belle Alliance. It was probably during the Emperor's nap that Soult forwarded to Grouchy a despatch, marked 10 A.M., instructing that general to manœuver toward the main army by way of Wavre. Although, according to Marbot, Napoleon expected Grouchy in the afternoon by way of Moustier, at one a second despatch, of which the



FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

PAINTED BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE P. R. A., ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY R. G. TIETZE, BY PERMISSION OF PAUL AND DOMINIC COLNAGHI, LONDON, AFTER THE ENGRAVING BY SAMUEL COUSINS, A. R. A.

Emperor certainly had cognizance, had been forwarded to Grouchy, expressing approval of his intention to move on Wavre by Sart-à-Walhain, but instructing him «always to manœuver in our direction.» The postscript of this second order enjoins haste, since it was thought Bülow was already on the heights of St. Lambert. The one central idea of Napoleon and Soult was clearly to leave a wide discretion for Grouchy, provided always that he kept his communications with the main army open, and that his general direction was one which would insure easy connection, in order either to cut off or check the Prussians. But, however this may be, the hours of Napoleon's inactivity were precious to his enemies; by twelve Bülow was at St. Lambert, and at that same hour two other Prussian corps were leaving Wavre. These movements were apparently tardy, but Gneisenau, feeling that Wellington had been a poor reliance at Ligny, and very much doubting whether he really intended to stand at Waterloo, was unwilling that Blücher should despatch his troops until it was certain that the Prussian army would not again be left in the lurch. Should the Anglo-Dutch retreat to Brussels, the Prussians must either retreat by Louvain, or be again defeated. Anxiety was not dispelled until the roar of cannon was heard between eleven and twelve. Then the Prussians first exerted themselves to the utmost; it was about four when they were within striking distance, ready to take Napoleon's army on its flank. When Grouchy reached Wavre, at the same hour, he found there but one of Blücher's corps, the rear under Thielmann.

From Belle Alliance Napoleon returned, and took his station on the height of Rossome. In front was a vale something less than a mile in width. The highway stretched before him in a straight line until it skirted the large farmstead of La Haye Sainte on the opposite side; then, ascending by a slant to the first crest, it passed the hamlet of Mont St. Jean, only to ascend still higher to the top of the ridge before falling again into a second depression. At Mont St. Jean was Wellington's center. The road from Nivelles to Brussels crosses the valley about a quarter of a mile westward, and on it, midway between the two slopes, lay another farm-house, with its barns, that of Hougomont. More than half a mile eastward, in the direction from which the Prussians were expected, lay scattered the farm buildings of Papelotte, La Haye, Smohain, and Frischermont. The valley was covered with rich crops. Unobstructed by ditches or hedges, it was cut longitudinally about the middle by a cruciform ridge, with spurs reaching toward Belle Alliance on one side, and past Hougomont on the other; the road passed by a cut through the longitudinal arm. Hougomont was almost a fortress, having strong brick walls and a moat; it stood in a large orchard, which was surrounded by a thick hedge. The house at La Haye Sainte was brick, also, and formed one side of a quadrangle, inclosed further by two brick barns and a strong wall of the same material; though not as large or solid as Hougomont, it was a strong advance redoubt for Mont St. Jean. The right and center of Wellington were thus well protected, the left was admirably screened by the places already enumerated. His army was deployed in three lines, the front plainly visible to the French, the second partly concealed by the crest of the hill, and the third entirely so. His headquarters were two miles north, at Waterloo; his lines of retreat, though broken by the forest of Soignes, were open either toward Wavre or toward the sea. The latter line was well protected by the troops at Hal. Uneasy about the character of his Dutch-Belgian troops, he had carefully disposed them among the reliable English and Germans in order to preclude the possibility of a panic. In the foreground of Napoleon's position was the French army, also deployed in three lines. The front, extending from the mansion of Frischermont to the Nivelles road, consisted of two infantry corps, one on each side of Belle Alliance, and of two corps of cavalry, one on the extreme right wing, one on the left; of this line Ney had command. The second was shorter, its wings being cavalry, and its center in two divisions, of cavalry and infantry respectively. The third, or reserve, was the guard. Each of the lines had its due proportion of artillery, stationed in all three along the road. This disposition gave the French array, as seen from beyond, a fan-like appearance, the sticks, or columns, converging toward the rear. The array was brilliant; every man and horse was in sight; the number was superior by about 4000 to that of the enemy; the ground was, by eleven, almost dry enough to secure the fullest advantage from superiority in artillery; deserters from the foe came in from time to time. Surely the moral effect of such a scene upon the somewhat motley throng across the valley must be very powerful. Yet the road to Charleroi was the single available line of retreat, and it passed through a deep cut; the soldiers were tired and not really first-rate, fifty per cent. of the



FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN-SEBASTIEN ROUILLARD, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

EMMANUEL, MARQUIS DE GROUCHY.

line being recruits, and nearly a quarter of the guard untrained men; the tried officers had all been promoted, and those who replaced them needed such careful watching that deep formations had been adopted, and these must not merely diminish the volume of fire, but present vulnerable targets; the cavalry had been hastily gathered, and was far from being as efficient as the British veterans or the German legion.

For some moments after reaching his position Napoleon stood, impassive. He was clad in his classic costume of cocked hat and gray surtout. Throughout his lines he had been received with enthusiasm, and his presence was clearly magnetic as of old. The direction of affairs in this momentous crisis was his, and he dreamed of two implacable enemies routed, of appeasing the two who were less directly interested, of glory won, of empire regained. Reason must have told him how empty was such a vision; for, since Poischwitz, Austria and Russia had been quite as bitter, and more tortuous, than the other powers. His expression mirrored pain both physical and intellectual; his over-confidence and consequent delay were signs of degenerate power; his exertions for three days past had been beyond any human strength, especially when the faculties of body and mind had been harassed for more than two months as his had been. It was the first day of the week, but there was a calm more profound than that of the Sabbath; the sky was dull, the misty air was heavy with summer heat; but there was the expectant silence of a great host, the deep determination of two grim and obstinate armies. Wellington, with his western lines protected, would be safe when the Prussian army should appear where he knew its van already was, and he must manœuver eastward to keep in touch. Napoleon must crush the British center and left, and roll up the line to its right, in order to separate the parts of his dual foe. To this end he had determined to make a feint against Hougomont; should Wellington throw in his reserves at that point on his right, one strong push might throw the rest into confusion, and hurl the whole force westward, away from Brussels. It was a simple plan, great in its simplicity, as had been every strategic conception of Napoleon from the opening of the campaign. But its execution was like that of every other movement attempted since the first great march of concentration—tardy, slack, and feeble. Personal bravery was abundant among the French, but the orderly coöperation of regiment, division, and corps in all the arms, the courage of self-restraint, and the self-sacrifice of individuals in organized movement, with the invigorating ubiquity of a master mind,—these were lacking from the first.

Napoleon's salute to Wellington was a cannonade from a hundred and twenty guns. The fire was directed toward the enemy's center and left, but it was ineffectual, except as the smoke partially masked the first French movement, which was the attack on Hougomont by their left, the corps of Reille. This was in three divisions, commanded respectively by Bachelu, Foy, and Prince Jerome, whose director was Guillemenot. Preceded by skirmishers, the column of Jerome gained partial shelter in a wood to the southwest of their goal, but the resistance to their advance was vigorous; on the skirts of the grove were Nassauers, Hanoverians, and a detachment of the English guards, all picked men, and behind, on higher ground, an English battery. The two other divisions pressed on behind, and for a time their gains were apparently substantial. But, checked in front by artillery fire, and by a murderous fusillade from loopholes cut in the walls of Hougomont, the besiegers hesitated. Such, however, was their zeal, and so great their numbers, that Bauduin's brigade doubled on the rear of the fortalice, drove back the English guards from before the entrance to the courtyard on the north, and charged for the opening. Some even entered, and the success of Napoleon's first move was in sight when five gallant Englishmen, by sheer physical strength, shut the stout gate in the face of the assailants. A fearless French grenadier scaled the wall, but he and his comrades within were killed. A second assault on the same spot failed; so, too, a third on the west, and still another on the east, all of which were repelled by the English guards, who moved down from above, and drove the French into the wood, where they held their own. These close and bloody encounters were contrary to Reille's orders, but in the thick of combat his various detachments could not be restrained.

The second division of the battle was the main attack on Wellington's left by d'Erlon's corps. Between twelve and one a Prussian hussar was captured, with a message from Blücher to Wellington announcing the Prussian advance. At once the postscript was added to the second despatch to Grouchy, already mentioned, and Napoleon made ready for his great effort. Unable to sit his horse, he had dismounted, and, sitting at the table on which his map was spread, he was fre-



FROM THE PAINTING BY ERNEST CROFTS.

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NAPOLEON AND THE OLD GUARD BEFORE WATERLOO.

quently seen to nod and doze. Ney and d'Erlon, left to their own judgment, had evolved a scheme of formation so complex that, when tried, as it now was, it proved unworkable. The confusion was veiled by a terrific, continuous, and destructive artillery fire. After some delay, and a readjustment involving preparations against the possible flank attack of the Prussians, d'Erlon's corps advanced in four columns, under Donzelot, Allix, Marcognet, and Durutte respectively. Opposed was Picton's decimated corps, with a few Dutch-Belgians, whose valor, never very bright, had been almost eclipsed by the fact that their uniforms, having been mistaken for French ones, had drawn upon them the fire of their own associates. Durutte, on the extreme right, seized Papelotte, but lost it almost immediately. The conflict then focused about La Haye Sainte, where the garden and orchard were seized by an overwhelming force. The buildings had been inadequately fortified, but Major Baring, with his garrison, displayed prodigies of valor, and held them. The assailants, supported hitherto by batteries firing over their heads, now charged up the hill; as they reached the crest, their own guns were silenced, but their yells of defiance rent the air. The Dutch-Belgians of the first rank hearkened an instant, and fled incontinently until, followed by the jeers and menaces of the British grenadiers and Royal Scots, they reached a place of safety, when they reformed, and stood. Picton was thus left unsupported, but at that decisive moment Donzelot tried the new tactics again, and his ranks fell into momentary confusion. Picton charged, the British artillery opened, and, though the English general fell, mortally wounded, his men hurled back the French. This first success enabled Wellington to bring in his infantry, and to throw in his cavalry against a body of French riders, under Roussel, which, having swept the fields around La Haye Sainte, was now coming on. His order was for Somerset and Ponsonby to charge. The shock was terrific, but the French cavalry yielded, and the whole of d'Erlon's line rolled back in fair order. A few vain efforts were made by the rash Englishmen to create confusion, but they were thwarted. This ended the effort upon which Napoleon had based his hope of success; there was still desultory fighting at Hougomont, and the Prussians, though not visible, were forming behind the forest of Paris.

There was a long and ominous pause before the next renewal of conflict. Wellington used it to repair his shattered left, Napoleon to form a corps under Lobau, intended to repel the flank attack of the Prussians. Ney was determined to redeem his repulse by a second front attack, and Napoleon, either by word or silence, gave consent. While the batteries kept up their fire, the marshal gathered in the center the largest mass of horsemen which had ever charged on a European battle-field, 12,000 men, light and heavy cavalry. His aim was to supplement Reille, still engaged at Hougomont, and dash in upon the allied right center. Donzelot's column, now reformed, was hurled directly against La Haye Sainte, and the mass of the cavalry surged up the hill. The gunners of Wellington's artillery, unprotected even by breastworks, stood to their pieces until the attacking line was within forty yards; then they delivered their final salvo, and fled. Wavering for an instant, the French advanced with a cheer. Before them stood the enemy in hollow squares, four ranks deep, the front kneeling, the second at the charge, the two others ready to fire. The horsemen dared not rush on those bristling lines. In and out among the serried ranks they flowed and foamed, discharging their pistols, and slashing with their sabers, until, discouraged by losses, and exhausted by useless exertion, their efforts grew feeble. Dubois's brigade, according to tradition, dashed in ignorance over the brow of a ravine, men and horses rolling in horrid confusion into the unsuspected pit. The abyss, it is believed, was likewise the grave of the fifteen hundred men and two thousand horses which were eventually collected from round about. The British reserve cavalry, supported by the infantry fire, and a few hastily collected batteries, completed the defeat of Ney's first charge. A second was repulsed in the same way. The undaunted marshal then waited for reinforcements. No fewer than thirty-seven squadrons came in, Napoleon sending Kellermann's heavy dragoons as a last resort. Guyot's division of the heavy guard cavalry was also there—some say summoned by Ney, others that they came of their own accord; the question arises because, in the next stage of the battle, their absence from their place was a serious matter. Another time, and still another, this mighty force moved against the foe. Pouring in and out, backward and forward among the squares, they lost cohesion and force until, at the moment of Wellington's extremity, they withdrew, as before, exhausted and spent.

The energy and zeal of the English commander were in strange contrast to Napoleon's growing apathy; but Wellington was



FROM THE ENGRAVING BY C. TURNER OF THE PORTRAIT BY M. A. SHEE. ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER.

SIR THOMAS PICTON.

now at the end of his powers. It was six, and to his repeated messages, calling for Blücher's aid, there had been no response. He was face to face with defeat. Baring had held La Haye Sainte with unsurpassed gallantry; his calls for men had been answered, but his requisitions for ammunition were strangely neglected. Ney, seeing how vain his cavalry charges were, withdrew before the last one took place, arrayed Bachelu's division, collected a number of field-pieces, and fell furiously, with cannonade and bayonet charge, upon the farm-house. His success was complete: the garrison fled, his pursuit was hot, and, leading in person, he broke through the opposing line at its very heart. Had he been supported by a strong reserve, the battle would have been won. Müffling, Wellington's Prussian aide, dashed away to the Prussian lines, and, as he drew near the head of Zieten's division, shouted, «The battle is lost if the corps does not press on and at once support the English army.» Ney's adjutant, demanding infantry to complete the breach he had made, was received by Napoleon with petulance. One brigade from Bülow's corps had attacked at about half-past four; repulsed at first, their onset was growing fiercer, for two other brigades had come in. Soult had opposed Ney's waste of cavalry. He and the other generals were displaying a wilfulness bordering on insubordination. A portion of the guard had just been detached for Lobau's support. To Ney's demand for infantry the



FROM THE PAINTING BY U. CHECA.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED BY THE ARTIST.

THE RAVINE AT WATERLOO.

Emperor replied, «Where do you expect me to get them from? Am I to make them?» Had the old Bonaparte spirit moved the chieftain to put himself at the head of what remained of the guard infantry to support Ney, a temporary victory would have been won; and then, with a remnant flushed with victory, he could have turned to Lobau's assistance before the main Prussian army came in. Thus was lost Napoleon's one chance to deal Wellington a decisive blow.

It was to prevent a dangerous flank movement of the enemy—the advance, namely, of Bülow, with the cavalry corps of Prince William (afterward first emperor of Germany), upon Plancenoit—that Napoleon had detached the young guard, under Duhesme, a third of his precious reserve, to support Lobau's right; Durutte being in the rear of his left, that portion was already as strong as it could be made. Nevertheless the Prussians seized Plancenoit; at once the French rallied, and drove them out; Blücher threw in eight fresh battalions, and these, with the six already engaged, dashed for the ravine leading to the village. The passage was lined with French, and for a time it was like the valley of Hinnom; but the Prussians pressed on, and the young guard reeled. Napoleon sent in two battalions of the old guard, under Morand; their firmness restored that of their comrades, and the place was cleared, 2000 dead remaining as the victims of that furious charge and countercharge. At seven Bülow was back again in his first position, awaiting the arrival of Pirch's corps to restore his riddled ranks. Napoleon had now left only twelve of the twenty-three battalions of the guard reserve, less than 6000 men. Wellington had repaired the breach made by Ney, and, though still hard pressed on his right, Zieten had made good the strength of his left, some of his cavalry having been detached to repair other weak spots in the line. At this moment Zieten conceived that Bülow was further giving way, and hesitated in his advance. The brief interval was marked by Durutte, and, with a last desperate effort, he carried Papelotte, La Haye, and Smohain, hoping to prevent the fatal juncture. It was half an hour before Zieten retrieved his loss. By that time Pirch had come up, and, with this reinforcement, Bülow, behind the heavy fire of his powerful batteries, charged Lobau, and advanced on the guard at Plancenoit. Lobau, the hero of Aspern, stood like a rock until Durutte's men, and the remnants of d'Erlon's corps, flying past his flank, induced a panic in his own ranks. Thereupon the whole French right fell into confusion, all except the guard, who stood in the churchyard of Plancenoit until surrounded and reduced in number to about 250 men, when, under Pelet's command, they placed their eagle in their midst, formed a square, drove off the cavalry which blocked their path, and reached the main line of retreat with scarcely enough men to keep their formation.

Before the combined armies of Wellington and Blücher the French could not stand, but, in spite of inferior numbers, and the manifest signs of defeat, General Bonaparte might have conducted an orderly retreat. The case was different with Napoleon, the Emperor, even though he were now a Liberator; to retreat would have been merely a postponement of the day of reckoning. Accordingly, the great adventurer, facing his destiny on the height at Rossome, determined, in a last desperate effort, to retrieve the day, and stake all on a last cast of the dice. For an instant he appears to have contemplated a change of front, wheeling for that purpose by Hougomont, where his resistance was still strong; but he finally decided to crush the Anglo-Belgian right, if possible, roll up both armies into a confused mass, so that, perchance, they might weaken rather than strengthen each other, and then, with Grouchy's aid, strike for victory. Indifferent to Ney's demands, he had set the very elect of his army in array against Bülow; surely they might stand firm while his blow elsewhere was delivered. But he did not reckon in this with Wellington's reserve power; though the dramatic stories of the Duke's mortal anxiety rest on slight foundation, there is no doubt that he felt a great relief when the Prussians entered the combat, for immediately he turned his attention, not to rest, but to the reforming of his line. Officers and men, English or German, knew nothing of Bülow's or Blücher's whereabouts when Napoleon took his resolution, but, sensible of having been strengthened, they displayed at half-past seven that evening the same grim determination they had shown at eleven in the morning. Though Wellington's task of standing firm until Blücher's arrival was accomplished, and though, perhaps, his soldiers heard the distant firing of the Prussian guns, yet nothing could be seen across the long interval, the noise attracted little attention, and neither he nor they could know what was yet before them. It was, therefore, splendid courage in general and army which kept them ever ready for any exertion, however desperate. Against this army, in this temper, Napoleon despatched

what was left of that force which was the peculiar product of his life and genius, the old and middle guard. Most of its members were the children of peasants, and had been born in ante-Revolution days. Neither intelligent in appearance nor graceful in bearing, they nevertheless had the look of perfect fighting-machines. Their huge bearskin caps and long mustaches did not diminish the fierceness of their aspect. They had been selected for size, docility, and strength; they had been well paid, well fed, and well drilled; they had, therefore, no ties but those to their Emperor, no homes but their barracks, and no enthusiasm but their passion for imperial France. They would have followed no leader unless he were distinguished in their system of life; accordingly, Ney was selected for that honor, and, as they came in proud confidence up the Charleroi road, their Emperor passed them in review. Like every other division, they had been told that the distant roar was from Grouchy's guns; when informed that all was ready for the finishing stroke, that there was to be a general advance along the whole line, and that no man was to be denied his share in certain victory, even the sick, it is said, rose up, and hurried into the ranks. The air seemed rent with their hoarse cheers as their columns swung in measured tread diagonally across the northern spur of the cross-like elevation which cut the surface of the valley.

Wellington, informed of the French movement, as it is thought, by a deserter, issued hurried orders to the center, ordered Maitland's brigade to where the charge must be met, and posted himself, with Napier's battery, somewhat to its right. While yet his words of warning were scarcely uttered, the head of the French column appeared. The English batteries belched forth a welcome, but, although Ney's horse, the fifth that day, was shot, the men he led suffered little, and, with him on foot at their side, they came steadily onward. The British guards were lying behind the hill-crest, and the French could discern no foe—only a few mounted officers, of whom Wellington was one. Astonished and incredulous, the assailants pressed steadily on until within twenty yards of the English line. «Up, guards! make ready!» rang out the Duke's well-known call. The British jumped, and fired; about 300 of Ney's gallant soldiers fell. But there was no confusion; on both sides volley succeeded volley, and this lasted until the British charged. Then, and then only, the French withdrew. Simultaneously Donzelot had fallen upon Alten's division; but he was leading a forlorn hope, and making no impression. As Ney fell back, a body of French cuirassiers advanced upon the English batteries. Their success was partial, and behind them a second column of the guard was formed. Again the assault was renewed; but the second attempt fared worse than the first. To the right of Maitland, Adam's brigade, with the 52nd regiment, had taken stand; wheeling now, these poured a deadly flank fire into the advancing French, while the others poured in a devastating hail of bullets from the front. The front ranks of the French replied with spirit, but when the British had completed their manœuver, Colborne gave the order, his men cheered in response, and the countercharge began. «Vive l'Empereur!» came the responsive cheer from the thinning ranks of the assailants, and still they came on. But in the awful crash they reeled, confusion followed, and almost in the twinkling of an eye the rout began. Two battalions of the old guard, under Cambronne, retreated in fair order to the center of the valley, where they made their last gallant stand against the overwhelming numbers of Halkett's German brigade. They fought until but 150 survived. From all sides the despairing cry of «Sauve qui peut!» rang on their ears. To the final summons of surrender the leader assented, and they filed in dejection to the rear. This occurrence has passed into tradition as an epic event; what Cambronne might well have said, «The guard dies, but never surrenders,» was not uttered, but it epitomizes their character, and in the phrase they and their leader have found immortality.

The last charge of the guard took place almost at the moment when Durutte was finally routed. Wellington gave the order for a general advance. The French left fell into panic, and fled toward Belle Alliance. Before La Haye Sainte stood two squares of French soldiers, the favored legion chosen to protect the imperial headquarters. In the fatal hour it splendidly vindicated the choice, and amid the chaos stood in perfect order. Throughout the famous charge of his devoted men Napoleon rode hither and thither, from Rossome to Belle Alliance. His looks grew dark, but at the very last he called hoarsely to the masses of disorganized troops that came whirling by, bidding them to stand fast. All in vain; and, as the last square came on, he pressed inside its serried wall. It was not too soon, for the Prussians had now joined the forward movement, and, in the supreme disorder consequent, the other square dissolved.



FROM THE PAINTING BY H. CHARTIER. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED BY THE ARTIST. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

WATERLOO

Napoleon's convoy withstood the shock of a charge from the 12th British light dragoons, and again of a Prussian charge at Rossome, where Gneisenau took up the fierce pursuit. Though assaulted, and hard beset by musketry, the square moved silently on. There were no words but an occasional remark addressed by Napoleon to his brother Jerome, or to one of the officers. At eleven Genappe was reached; there, such was the activity of the pursuers, all hope of an orderly retreat vanished, and the square melted away. Napoleon had become an object of pity—his eyes set, his frame collapsed, his great head rolling in a drowsy stupor. Monthyon and Bertrand set him as best they could upon a horse, and, one on each side, supported him as they rode. They had an escort of forty men. At Quatre Bras they despatched a messenger to summon Grouchy, bidding him to retire on Namur. The Prussians were only one hour behind. At daybreak they reached Charleroi, but they dared not delay; two rickety carriages were secured, and it was not until the wretched caravan reached Philippeville that the fugitives secured a few hours' repose.

THE SURRENDER.

THE battle of Waterloo is so called because Wellington's despatch to England was dated from his headquarters at that place. It was not great by reason of the numbers engaged, for on the side of the allies were 130,000 men, on the other 72,000; nor was there any special brilliancy in its conduct. Wellington defended a strong position well and carefully selected. But he wilfully left himself with inferior numbers; he did not heartily coöperate with Blücher; both were unready; Gneisenau was suspicious; and the battle of Ligny was a Prussian blunder. Napoleon committed, between dawn and dusk of June 18, a series of petty mistakes, each of which can be explained, but not excused. He began too late; he did not follow up his assaults; he did not retreat when beaten; he could attend to only one thing at a time; he failed in control of his subordinates; he was neither calm nor alert. His return from Elba had made him the idol of the majority in France, but his conduct throughout the Hundred Days was that of a broken man. His genius seemed bright at the opening of his last campaign, but every day saw the day's task delayed. His great lieutenants grew uneasy and untrustworthy, though, like his patient, enduring, and gallant men, they displayed prodigies of personal valor. Ney and Grouchy used their discretion, but it was the discretion of caution, most unlike that of Desaix at Marengo, or of Ney himself at Eylau. Their ignorance cannot be condoned; Grouchy's decision at Walhain, though justified in measure by Soult's later order, probably was the immediate cause of final disaster. But such considerations do not excuse Napoleon's failure to give explicit orders, nor his nervous interference with Ney's formation before Quatre Bras, nor his deliberate iterations during his captivity that he had expected Grouchy throughout the battle. Moreover, the interest of Waterloo is connected with its immediate and dramatic consequences rather than with its decisive character. If Napoleon had won on that day, the allies would have been far from annihilation; both Wellington and Blücher had kept open their respective lines of retreat. The national uprising of Europe would have been more determined than ever: 1815 would have been but a repetition of 1814. Finally, the losses, though terrible, were not unparalleled. Grouchy won at Wavre, and, hearing of the disaster at Mont St. Jean, first contemplated falling on the Prussian rear as they swept onward in pursuit. But he quickly abandoned this chimerical idea, and on receipt of Napoleon's order from Quatre Bras, withdrew to Namur, and thence, by a masterly retreat, conducted his army back into France. Including those who fell at Wavre, the allies lost about 22,500 men, of whom 7000 were British, and a like number Prussians. The records at Paris are very imperfect, but they indicate that the French losses were about 31,000.

The booty captured after Waterloo was unimportant, but the political spoils were immense, and they belonged to the Prussians. Their high expectation of seizing Napoleon's person was disappointed; but, the one great result, the realization, namely, of all the tyrannical plans formed at Vienna for the humiliation of liberal France, that they secured by their instant, hot pursuit. It is hard to discern the facts in the dust of controversy. Prussia, Austria, Russia, and Great Britain have each the national conviction of having laid the Corsican specter; France is still busy explaining the facts of her defeat; the most conspicuous monument on the battle-field is that to the Dutch-Belgians!

After a short rest at Philippeville, Napoleon composed the customary bulletins concerning his campaign, and despatched them to the capital, together with a letter counsel-



FROM THE PORTRAIT IN THE HOHENZOLLERN MUSEUM, BERLIN. ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL.

GEBHARD LEBERECHT VON BLÜCHER.

ing Joseph to stand firm, and keep the legislature in hand. If Grouchy had escaped, he wrote, he could already array 50,000 men on the spot; with the means at hand, he could soon organize 150,000; the troops in regimental depots, together with the national guard, would raise the number to 300,000. These representations were based on habit, and not on genuine conviction. He believed Grouchy's force to have been annihilated, and, though he paused at Laon as if to reorganize an army, he went through the form of consulting such officers as he could collect, and then, under their advice, pressed on to Paris. The officers urged that the army and the majority of the people were loyal, but that

the aristocracy, the royalists, and the liberal deputies were utterly untrustworthy. «My real place is here,» was the response. «I shall go to Paris, but you drive me to a foolish cause.» This was the voice of reason, but he obeyed the behest of inclination. Yet he halted at the threshold, and, entering the city on the night of June 21-22, timidly withdrew to the then suburban palace of the Elysée. He must have felt that the moral effect of Waterloo had been his undoing; unlike any other of his defeats, it had not ruined him as general alone, nor as ruler alone; his prestige both as soldier and as monarch was gone. The news of Ligny had been received in the city with jubilations; at the instant of his arrival the truth about Mont St. Jean was passing all too swiftly on the thousand tongues of rumor from quarter to quarter throughout the town, creating consternation everywhere. Early in the morning, Davout, fully aware of public sentiment, and true to his instincts, advised the shrinking Emperor to prorogue the chambers, and throw himself on the army; Carnot believed the public safety required a dictatorship, and urged it; Lucien was strongly of the same opinion. But the old Napoleon was no more; vacillating almost as if in partial catalepsy, murmuring empty phrases in quick, indistinct utterance, he refused to decide. Members of the Council began to gain admittance, and, waxing bolder as Napoleon grew more silent, the word «abdication» was soon on every tongue. At last a decision was taken, and such a one! Lucien was sent to parley with the chambers, and Fouché was summoned. The latter, with insidious eloquence, argued that in the legislature alone could Napoleon find a support to his throne. The talk was reported, as if by magic, in the assembly halls, and Lafayette, supported by Constant, put through a motion that any attempt to dissolve the chambers would be considered treason. Lucien pleaded in vain for a commission to treat with the invaders in his brother's name; the deputies appointed a committee of public safety, and adjourned.

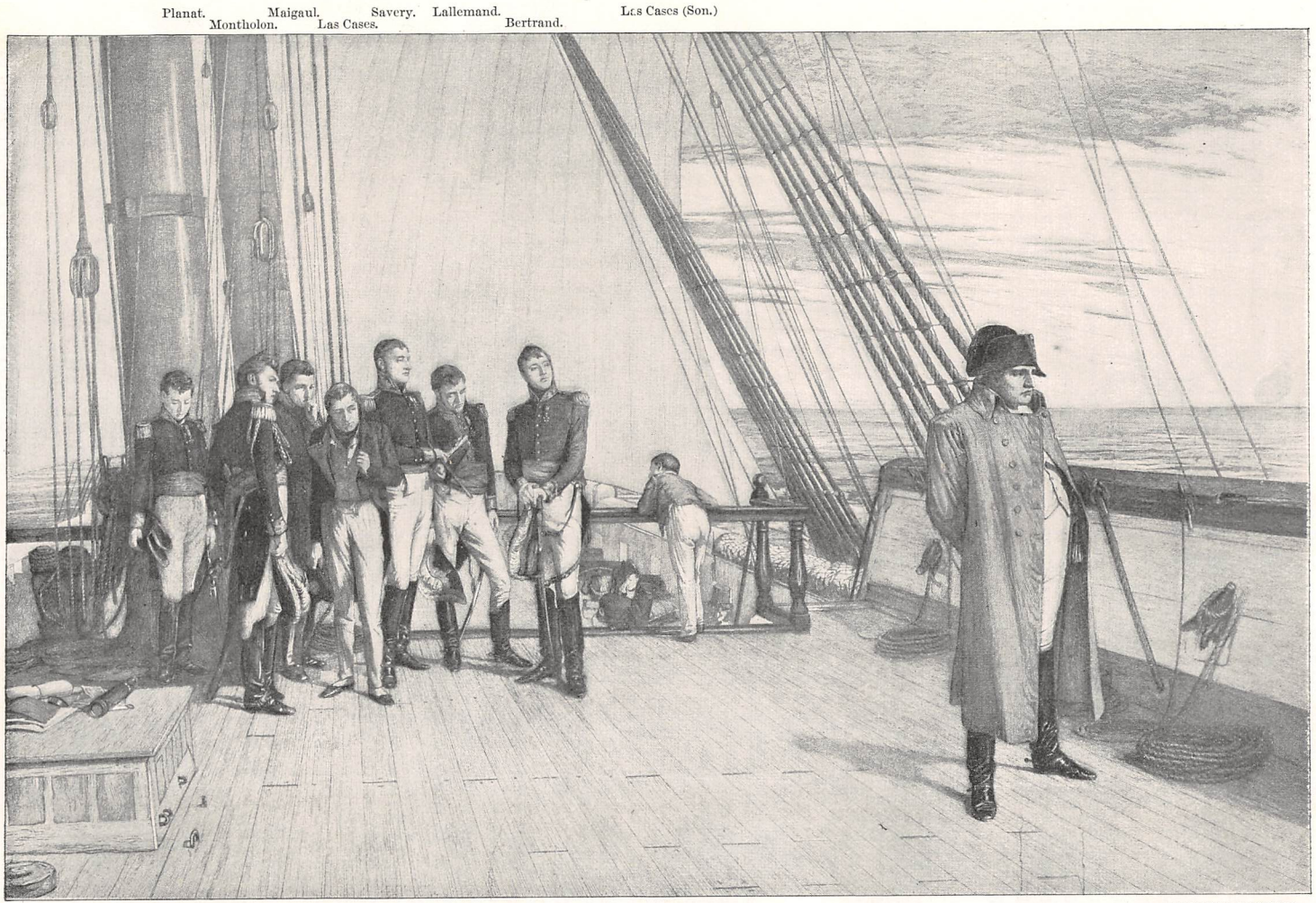
Broken in spirit, Napoleon spent the evening in moody speculation, weighing and balancing, but never deciding. Should he appear at dawn before the Tuileries, summon the troops already in Paris, and prorogue the hated chambers, or should he not? The notion remained a dream; the chambers met at their accustomed hour next morning, and, on the motion of an obscure member, demanded the Emperor's abdication. The message was borne by the military commander of the Palais Bourbon, where the legislature was sitting, and he asserted of his own motion, that, if compliance were refused, the chambers would declare Napoleon outlawed. The Emperor at first made a show of fierce wrath, but in the afternoon he dictated his final abdication to Lucien. No sooner was this paper received than the wild excitement of the deputies and peers subsided, and at once a new Directory, consisting of Carnot, Fouché, Caulaincourt, and Quinette, took up the reins of government. The city acquiesced, and hour after hour nothing interrupted the deep seclusion of the Elysée, except occasional shouts from passing groups of working-men, calling for Napoleon as dictator. But there was a change as the stragglers from Waterloo began to arrive, vowing that they still had an arm for the Emperor, and denouncing those whom they believed to have betrayed him. The notion of sustaining Napoleon by force began to spread, and, when the soldiers who were coming in, after suppressing the insurrection in Vendée, added their voices to those of their comrades from Waterloo, the new authorities feared Napoleon's presence as a menace to their power. Davout had been the first to suggest an appeal to force, but when Napoleon recurred at last to the idea, the marshal opposed it. On June 25, therefore, the fallen man withdrew to Malmaison; where, in the society of Queen Hortense and a few faithful friends, for four days he abandoned himself during long intervals to the sad memories of the place. But he also wrote a farewell address to the army, and, in constant communication with a committee of the government, completed a plan for escaping to the United States. For this purpose two frigates were put at the disposal of «him who had lately been Emperor.» All was ready on the 29th. That day a passing regiment shouted, «Long life to the Emperor,» and, in a last despairing effort, Napoleon sent an offer of his services, as a simple general, to save Paris, and defeat the allies, who, though approaching the capital, were now separated. Fouché returned an insulting answer to the effect that the government could no longer be responsible for the petitioner's safety. Then, at last, Napoleon knew that all was over in that quarter. Clad in civilian's clothing, and accompanied by Bertrand, Savary, and Gourgaud, he immediately set out for Rochefort. General Becker joined the party as commissioner for the provisional government.

It was the exile's intention to hurry on-

ward, but at Rambouillet he halted, and spent the evening composing two requests, one for a supply of furniture from Paris, the other for the library in the Petit Trianon, together with copies of Visconti's «Greek Iconography,» and the great work on Egypt compiled from materials gathered during his ill-starred sojourn in that country. Next morning a courier arrived from Paris with news. «It is all up with France,» he exclaimed, and set out once more. Crowds lined the highways; sometimes they cheered, and they were always respectful. Such was the enthusiasm of two cavalry regiments at Niort that Becker was induced to send a despatch to the government, pleading that an army, rallied in Napoleon's name, might still exert an important influence in public affairs. Just as the general was closing the document there arrived news of the cannonade heard before the capital on the 30th. Napoleon dictated a postscript: «We hope the enemy will give you time to cover Paris and bring your negotiations to an issue. If, in that case, an English cruiser stops the Emperor's departure, you can dispose of him as a common soldier.» By a strange coincidence, English cruisers had within a few days appeared in the offing before Rochefort. Whatever the relation between this fact and his suggestion, Napoleon studied every possible means of delaying his journey, and actually opened a correspondence with the commanders in Bordeaux and the Vendée, with a view to overthrowing the «traitorous» government. It was July 3 when he finally reached Rochefort. Again for five days he procrastinated. But the allies were entering Paris; Wellington was bringing Louis XVIII back to his throne; in forty-eight hours the monarchs of the coalition would arrive. Blücher had commissioned a Prussian detachment to seize and shoot his hated opponent, wherever found. On the 8th, therefore, the fugitive Emperor embarked; but for two days the frigates were detained by unfavorable winds. On the 10th English cruisers hove in sight, and on the 11th Las Cases, who had been appointed Napoleon's private secretary, was sent to interview Captain Maitland, of the *Bellerophon*, concerning his instructions from the British government. The envoy returned, and stated that the English commander would be always ready to receive Napoleon, and conduct him to England, but he could not guarantee that the ex-Emperor could settle there, or be free to betake himself to America.

This language was almost fatal to the notion of a final refuge in England, which Napoleon had begun to discuss and consider during the days spent in Rochefort, and Las Cases sought a second interview. According to his account, Maitland then changed his tone, remarking that in England the monarch and his ministers had no arbitrary power; that the generosity of the English people, and their liberal views, were superior to those entertained by sovereigns. To the speaker this was a platitude; to the listeners it was a weighty remark. A prey to uncertainty, Napoleon entertained various schemes. He bought two small, half-decked vessels, with a view to boarding a Danish vessel that lay outside, but the project was quickly dropped. Two young officers of the French frigate suggested sailing all the way to New York in the little craft. Napoleon seriously considered the possibility, but recalling that such vessels must get their final supplies on the coasts of Spain or Portugal, rejected the plan, for he dared not risk falling into the hands of embittered foes. Word was brought that an American vessel lay near by, in the Gironde. General Lallemand galloped in hot haste to see whether an asylum for the outlawed party could be secured under her flag. He returned with a reply that the captain would be «proud and happy.» But in the interim Napoleon had determined to throw himself on the «generosity of England.» On the 13th Gourgaud was sent to London, with a request to the Prince Regent that the Emperor should be permitted to live unknown in some provincial English place, under the name of General Duroc. On the 15th Napoleon embarked on the *Bellerophon*, where he was received with all honors; next day the vessel sailed, and on the 24th she cast anchor in Torbay. During the voyage the passenger was often somnolent, and seemed exhausted; but he was affable in his intercourse with the officers, and to Maitland (who unwisely yielded him the expected precedence), and showed his host the portraits of his wife and child, lamenting with tender sensibility his enforced separation from them. The scenes in Torbay were curious. Crowds from far and near lined the shores, and boats of all descriptions thronged the waters; the sightseers dared everything to catch a glimpse of the awful monster under the terrors of whose power a generation had reached manhood. If, perchance, they succeeded, the air was rent with cheers. After two days the ship was ordered round into Plymouth Sound, but the reckless sensation-seekers gathered there in still greater numbers.

Many have wondered at Napoleon's sur-



FROM L. J. STEELE'S ETCHING OF THE PAINTING BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

NAPOLEON ON BOARD H. M. S. BELLEROPHON, JULY 23, 1815.

render of his person to the English. There was no other course open which seemed feasible to a broken-spirited man in his position. His admirers are correct in thinking that it was more noble for him to have survived his greatness than to have taken his own life. To have entered on a series of romantic adventures such as were suggested—concealment on the Danish vessel, flight in open boats, embarkment and concealment in a water-cask on an American merchantman, and the like—would have been merely the addition of ignominy to his capture; for his presence under the American flag would have been reported by spies, and at that day the standard of the United States would have afforded him no immunity. It is possible that on the morrow of Waterloo Napoleon might, with Grouchy's army, the other survivors, and the men from Vendée, have reassembled an army in Paris, but it is doubtful. Nothing in revolutionary annals can equal in horror the royalist frenzy, known as the White Terror, which broke out in Provence and southern France on receipt of the news from Waterloo. The ghastly distemper spread swiftly, and when Napoleon embarked, the tricolor was floating only at Rochefort, Nantes, and Bordeaux; his family was proscribed, Ney and Labedoyère were imprisoned, and doomed to execution. To have surrendered either to Wellington or Blücher would have been seeking instant death; to have collected such desperate soldiers as could be got together would have been an attempt at guerrilla warfare. To seek refuge with the officers of England's navy was the only dignified course with any element of safety in it. Naturally, the negotiators did not proclaim their extremity. Considering the date of Gourgaud's embassy, it is clear they were in no position to demand terms, and Maitland's character forbids the conclusion that he made formal terms. It is unfortunate that he did not commit to writing all his transactions with Lallemand, Savary, and Las Cases; perhaps he was injudiciously polite, but it is certain that, contrary to their representations, he made no promise, even by implication, that under England's flag Napoleon should find a refuge, and not a prison.

ST. HELENA.

THE ministry of Lord Liverpool was ultra-Tory, but it was embarrassed by the course of affairs. On June 20 the premier wrote to Castlereagh that he wished Napoleon had been captured by Louis XVIII, and executed as a rebel. This amazing suggestion was the result of the progress made within a year by the doctrine of legitimacy. Although Talleyrand had observed the Hundred Days from the safe seclusion of Carlsbad, and was coldly received by his «legitimate» sovereign when he returned to Paris under Wellington's ægis, yet there was no one equally able to restore a «legitimate» government, and, with the aid of Wellington, who assumed without question the chief place in reconstructing France, he was soon in full activity. In strict logic, the allies reasoned that Napoleon was their common prisoner, and, as the chief malefactor, he should share the fate destined for Ney, and later for Murat. By long familiarity with such notions, Alexander had finally been converted to the once abhorrent idea of legitimacy, and was hatching the scheme of the Holy Alliance; even he would have made no objection. But English opinion, however irritated, would not tolerate the idea of death as a penalty for political offenses. Whatever ministers felt or said, they dared consider no alternative in dealing with Napoleon, except that of imprisonment. Accordingly, St. Helena, the spot suggested at Vienna as being the most remote in the habitable world, was designated; the island was borrowed from the East India Company, and acts of Parliament were passed which established a special government for it, and cut it off from all outside communication, «for the better detaining in custody Napoleon Bonaparte.» The allies, therefore, on August 2, declared the sometime Emperor to be their common prisoner. To England they yielded the right to determine his place of detention, but to each of themselves—Austria, Russia, and Prussia—was reserved the right of sending thither a commissioner who should determine the fact of actual imprisonment.

It was in Torbay that the newspapers brought on board the *Bellerophon* first announced what was under consideration. On July 31, with inconsistent ceremony, the determination was formally announced by an embassy consisting of Lord Keith, the admiral, Sir Henry Bunbury, an under secretary of state, and Mr. Meike, the former's secretary. To whom did this highest official authority address itself? To General Bonaparte, a private citizen! Their message was read in French, and Napoleon displayed perfect self-control. Asked if he had anything to say, Napoleon, without temper or bitterness, appealed against the judgment both to posterity and to the British people. He was, he said, a voluntary guest; he wished to be re-

ceived as such under the law of nations, and to be domiciled as an English citizen (*sic*). During the interval before naturalization he would dwell under superintendence anywhere in England, thirty leagues from any seaport. He could not live in St. Helena; he was used to ride twenty miles a day; what could he do on that little rock at the end of the world? He could have gone to his father-in-law, or to the Czar, but while the tricolor was still flying he had confided in British hospi-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY L. G. BILLINGS.

«LONGWOOD,» NAPOLEON'S RESIDENCE AT ST. HELENA.

tality. Though defeated, he was still a sovereign, and deserved to be treated as such. With emphasis he declared that he preferred death to St. Helena. The embassy withdrew in silence from the moving scene. Lord Keith had previously expressed gratitude to Napoleon for personal attentions to a young relative who had been captured at Waterloo. Him, therefore, the imperial prisoner now recalled, and asked if there were any tribunal to which appeal might be made. The answer was a polite negative, with the assurance that the British government would mitigate the situation as far as prudence would permit. «How so?» said Napoleon. «Surely St. Helena is preferable to a smaller space in England,» answered Keith, «or being sent to France, or perhaps to Russia.» «Russia!» exclaimed Napoleon, taken off his guard. «God preserve me from it.» This was the only moment of excitement; the witnesses of the long and trying scene have left on record the profound impression made on them by Napoleon's dignity and admirable conduct throughout. Subsequently the prisoner composed a written protest appealing to history. An enemy who for twenty years had waged war against the English people had come voluntarily to seek an asylum under English laws; how did England respond to such magnanimity? In his own mind, at least, he instituted a comparison between himself and Themistocles, who took refuge with the Persians, and was kindly treated. The parallel broke down in that the great Greek had never forced his enemy into entangling alliances, as Napoleon had forced England into successive coalitions for self-preservation. Moreover, his surrender was not voluntary; his life would not have been worth a moment's purchase, either in France or elsewhere on the Continent; to have fled by sea would have been to invite capture. «Wherever,» as he himself repeatedly said, «wherever there was water to float a ship, there was to be found a British standard.» Still, there were many in England who took his view; much sympathy was aroused, and some futile efforts for his release were made.

For the journey to St. Helena Napoleon was transferred to Admiral Cockburn's ship,

the *Northumberland*. His suite numbered thirty, and was chosen by Napoleon himself. Its members were Bertrand, Montholon, and Las Cases, with their families, together with Gourgaud, and a Polish adjutant, Prowtowski. There were sixteen servants, of whom twelve were Napoleon's. The voyage was tedious, and uneventful. The admiral observed English customs, and discarded the etiquette observed toward crowned heads; but he remained on the best of terms with his illustrious prisoner. There were occasional misunderstandings, and sometimes ill-natured gossip, in which the admiral was denounced behind his back as a «shark»; but such little gusts of temper passed without permanent consequences. Napoleon had secured the excellent library he desired, and every day read or wrote during most of the morning; the evenings he devoted to games of hazard for low stakes, or to chess, which he played very badly. He was careful as to his diet, took abundant regular exercise, and, since his health was excellent, he appeared in the main cheerful and resigned. The island of St. Helena is the craggy summit of an ancient volcano, rising 2700 feet above the sea, and contains about 45 square miles. Its shores are precipitous, but it has an excellent harbor, that of Jamestown, which was then a port of call on the voyage from England, by the Cape of Good Hope, to India, 4000 miles from London, 1140 from the coast of Africa, 1180 from the nearest point in South America. There were a few thousand inhabitants of mixed race, and the climate, though moist and enervating, is fairly salubrious. Under the act passed by Parliament, England increased the limit of territorial waters around the island to three times the usual limit, and policed them by «hovering» vessels, which made the approach of suspicious craft virtually impossible. This, with numerous other precautionary measures of minor importance, made St. Helena an impenetrable jail. It was October 16, 1815, when Napoleon landed on its shores.

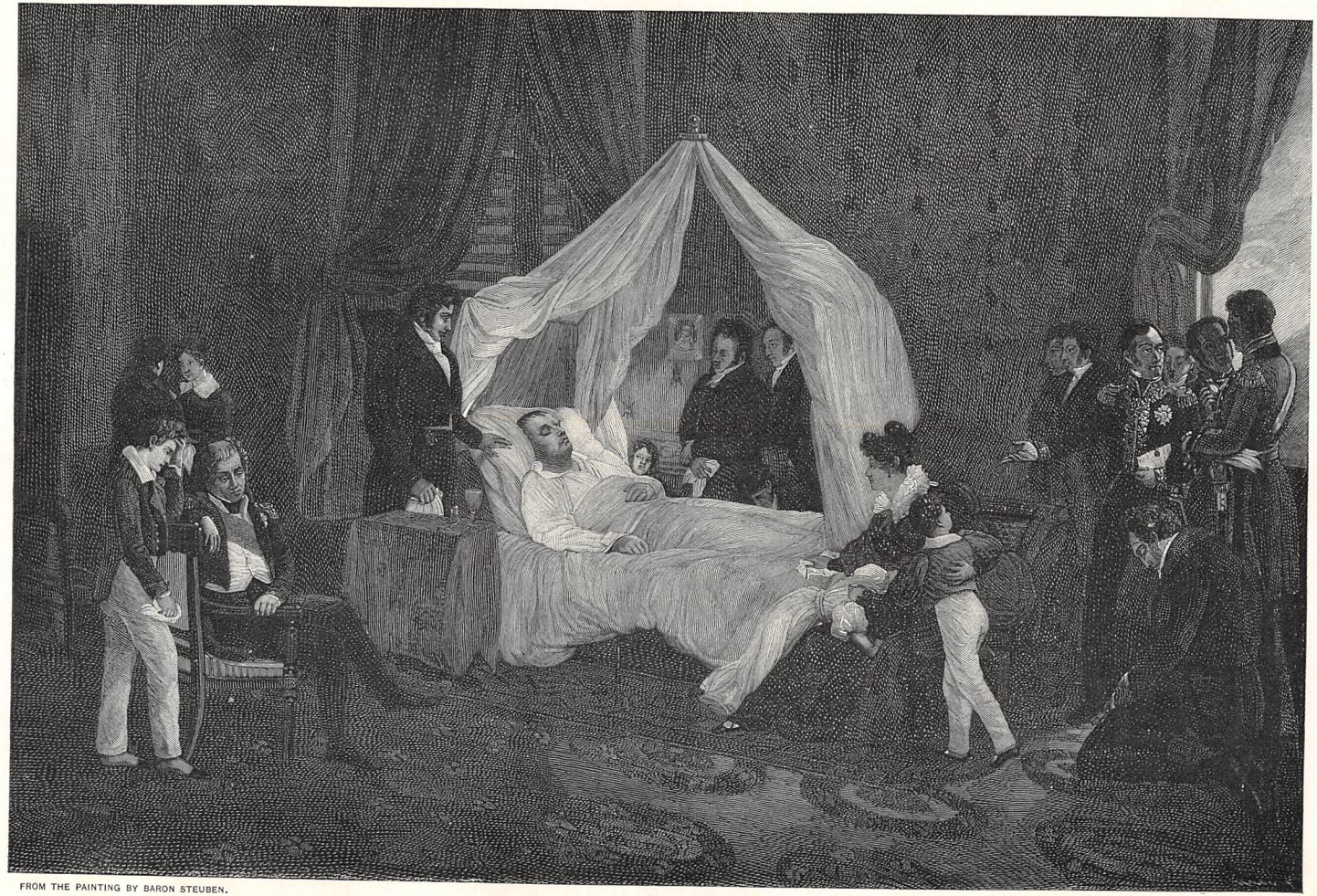
The residence provided for the imperial captive was a substantial farm-house in the center of the island, on a plateau 2000 feet high. The grounds were level, and bounded by natural limits, so that they were easy to guard, and could be observed in all their extent by sentries; eventually a circuit of twelve miles was marked out, and within this the prisoner might move at will; if he wished to pass the line, he must be attended by an English officer. Considering the conceptions of state and chivalry then prevalent, the place was mean; even now, when enlarged and repaired, it is thought suitable for the entertainment of an imprisoned Zulu chieftain. Longwood, for this is the familiar name, might at a pinch have sufficed for the lodging of General Bonaparte; it was certainly better than a dungeon; but its modest comfort was far from the luxurious elegance which had become a second nature to its destined occupant. Such as it was to be, however, it was still uninhabitable in October, and the ex-Emperor was, until December 9, the guest of a hospitable merchant, Mr. Balcombe, at his villa known as The Briars. The sentinels and patrols remained six hundred paces from the door during the day; at night the cordon of guards was drawn close around the house; twice in twenty-four hours the orderly must assure himself of the prisoner's actual presence, and human ingenuity could devise no precaution which was not taken by land and sea to make impossible any secret communication inward or outward. Cockburn's serene good-nature made it impossible for the captive to do more than declare his policy of protest and exasperation, until April, 1816, when the admiral departed, and was replaced by Sir Hudson Lowe. The latter was a vulnerable foe. Being a creature of routine, and fresh from a two years' residence as English commissioner in Blücher's camp, he had thoroughly absorbed the temper of the Tory ministry and of the Continental reactionaries. Neither irascible, severe, nor ill-natured, he was yet punctilious, and in no sense a match for the brilliant genius of his antagonist. With the arrival of this unfortunate official properly begins the St. Helena period of Napoleon's life—a period psychologically as instructive as any other, but, as regards its futile calculations, comparable only to that of his ineffectual agitations in Corsica.

Napoleon, the prisoner, had a double object — release and self-justification. The former he hoped to gain by working on the feelings of the English liberals; the latter by writing an autobiography which, in order to win back the lost confidence of France, should emphasize the democratic, progressive, and beneficent side of his career, and consign to oblivion his inordinate, tyrannical, personal ambitions. The dreary chronicle of the quarrel between a disarmed giant and a potent pygmy is uninteresting in detail, but very illuminating in its large outlines. The routine of a court was rigidly observed at Longwood, and the powerless monarch so successfully simulated the wisdom and judgment of a

chastened soul that the accounts which reached the distant world awakened a great pity among the disinterested. As on shipboard, and at The Briars, he gave his mornings to literature, clad in a studied, picturesque dishabille. The afternoon he devoted to amusement and exercise, but a distaste for more physical exertion than was actually essential to health grew steadily, until he became sluggish and corpulent. At table he was always abstemious; his sleep was irregular and disturbed. The evenings he spent with favorite authors, Voltaire, Corneille, and Ossian; frequently, also, in reading the Bible. The opinions he expressed were in the main those of his pseudo-scientific days; among other ideas, he upheld polygamy as an excellent institution. Much time was spent by the household in abusing Longwood, and so effectually that a wooden mansion was constructed in England, and erected near by; but the prisoner made difficulties about every particular, and never occupied it. There were continuous schemings for direct intercourse with friends in France, and partial success ended in the dismissal of Las Cases. Gourgaud, too, departed, ostensibly because of a quarrel with Montholon, really to agitate with Alexander, Francis, and Marie Louise for Napoleon's release. The exile confessed, in an unguarded moment, that no man alive could have satisfied him in the relation of governor of St. Helena, but he was adroit and indefatigable in his efforts to discredit Lowe. The «Letters from the Cape of Good Hope,» published in England anonymously, but now incorporated in the official edition of his works as the thirty-first volume, abuse the climate of St. Helena, depict the injustice of the imprisonment, and heap scorn on the governor. The book was widely read, and furnished the Whigs in Parliament with many shafts of criticism. This success emboldened the author, and further compositions by his hand were mysteriously published in Europe.

Yet for three years Napoleon's self-appointed task as a historian was unremittingly pursued, and the results, while he had the assistance of Las Cases and Gourgaud, were voluminous; thereafter the output was a slender rill. Most of the volumes which record his observations and opinions bear the names of the respective amanuenses, Montholon, Las Cases, Gourgaud, O'Meara, and Antommarchi, the two latter his attendant physicians. The period he took pains to elucidate most fully in these writings was that between Toulon and Marengo. Over his own name appeared monographs on Elba, the Hundred Days, and Waterloo. His professional ability is shown in excellent short studies on the «Art and History of War,» on «Army Organization,» and on «Fortification»; likewise by his full analyses of the wars waged by Cæsar, Turenne, and Frederick the Great. All these are worthy of the author's reputation; his versatility is displayed in a few commonplace notes—some on Voltaire's «Mahomet,» some on suicide, and others on the second book of the Æneid. A widely circulated treatise, the «Manuscrit de St. Helène,» which warped the facts of history much in his style, and was long attributed to him, he repudiated. It was written in the Bourbon interest, by an unknown hand.

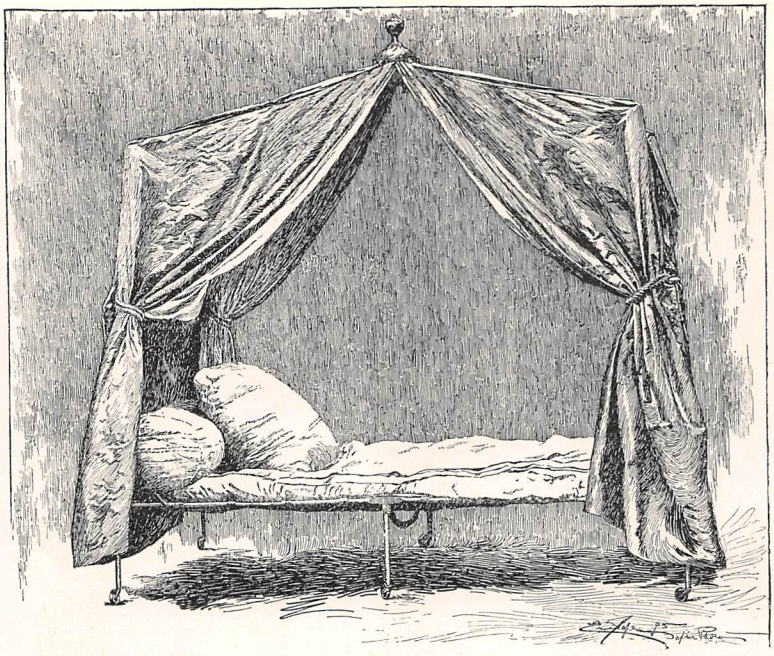
For nearly four years Napoleon's health was fair. O'Meara, the physician appointed to attend him, was assiduous and skilful, but when he became his patient's devoted slave, he was dismissed by Lowe. Thereupon certain disquieting symptoms, which had been noted from time to time, became more pronounced, and the prisoner began to brood and mope in seclusion. In the autumn of 1819 Dr. Antommarchi, a Corsican physician chosen by Fesch, was installed at Longwood. For a time he had some success in ameliorating the ex-Emperor's condition, and to their confidential talks we owe our knowledge of Napoleon's infancy. But from month to month Napoleon's strength diminished, and the ravages of his mysterious disease at length became very apparent. The obstinacy of Lowe in carrying out the letter of his instructions, and intruding on the sufferer to secure material for a daily report, seriously aggravated Napoleon's miseries. «Not every man is an atheist who would like to be,» was a remark he dropped to Montholon. Two priests accompanied Antommarchi, and after their arrival mass was celebrated almost every morning in the chapel adjoining the sick room. Yet, though preparing for death, Napoleon was making ready simultaneously to speed his Parthian arrow. His will displays his qualities in their entirety. The language sounds simple and sincere; there is a hidden meaning in almost every line. His religion had been, at best, that of a deist; at the last he professed a piety which he never felt or practised. During his life France had been loved and used as a skilful artificer uses his tool; the last words of his testament suggest a passionate devotion. To his son he recommended the «love of right, which alone can incite to the performance of great deeds»; for his faithless wife he expressed the tenderest sentiments, and proba-



FROM THE PAINTING BY BARON STEUBEN.

DEATH OF NAPOLEON I.

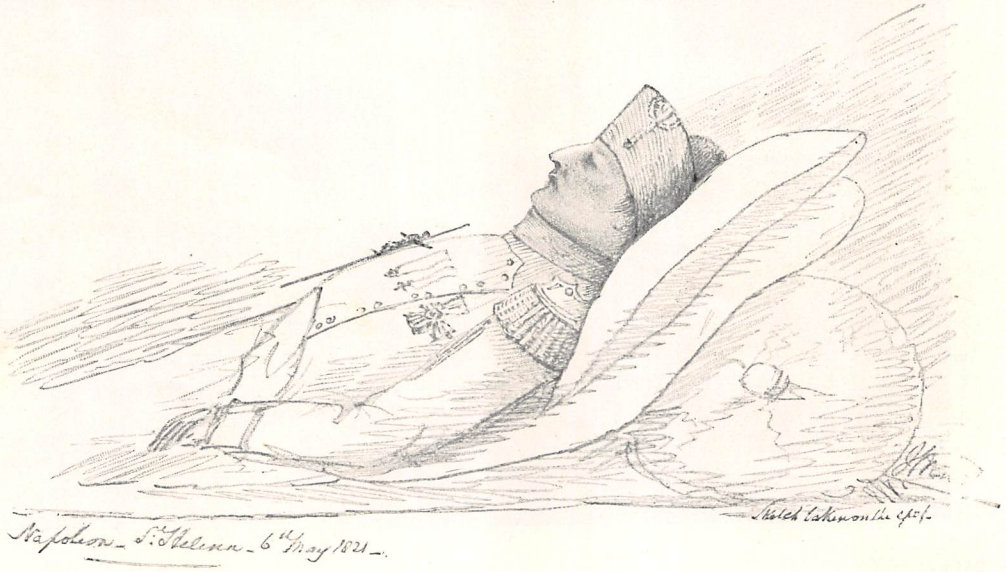
ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. OWNED BY PRINCE MURAT.

BED ON WHICH NAPOLEON DIED.

bly felt them. It was his hope that the English people would avenge itself on the English oligarchy, and that France would forgive the traitors who betrayed her—Marmont, Augereau, Talleyrand, and Lafayette—as he forgave them. Louis he pardoned in the same spirit for the «libel published in 1820; it is full of falsehoods and falsified documents.» The blame for Enghien's murder he took to himself. The second portion of the document is a series of munificent sounding bequests, disposing of his supposititious private fortune, estimated by him at 250,000,000 francs, to a list of legatees, which includes every one who had done the legator any important service since his earliest childhood. In a codicil he remembers one Cautillon, who had undergone trial for an alleged attempt to assassinate Wellington. «Cautillon had as much right to assassinate that oligarch as he [Wellington] to send me to the rock of St. Helena to perish there.»



FROM THE PENCIL SKETCH BY J. WARD, IN POSSESSION OF THE CENTURY CO.

NAPOLEON AFTER DEATH.

This was in substance the appeal to a generous, forgiving nation, and to posterity, of one who wrote in the same document that he wished to die in the bosom of the Christian church, whose central doctrine is love, and whose ethic is forgiveness of enemies.

«I closed the abyss of anarchy and brought order out of chaos. I cleansed the Revolution, ennobled the people, and made the kings strong. I have awakened all ambitions, rewarded all merit, and enlarged the borders of glory.» These were the words of Napoleon in 1816; he lived in this hallucination to the end. In the autumn of 1820 he realized his condition, and throughout the winter he was feeble and depressed. In February, 1821, he began to fail rapidly, and the symptoms of his disease, cancer in the stomach, multiplied; but, in spite of feebleness, he faced death with courage. On May 3 two English physicians, recently arrived, came in for consultation; they could only recommend palliatives, and, under the influence of that treatment, the imperial patient kept an uncertain hold on his faculties. Two days later a violent storm of wind and rain set in. A spreading willow, under which Napoleon had spent many hours, was overturned; the trees planted by his hands were uprooted; and a whirlwind devastated the garden in which he had worked for exercise. The death of the sufferer was coincident, and scarcely less violent. The last words uttered were caught by listening ears as the sun rose; they were «*Tête . . . armée.*» Mme. Bertrand and her children were present; at the sight of their suffering friend the boy fainted, and the little girls broke into loud lamentation. At eleven in the morning the supreme agonies began; a little before six in the evening the heart put forth its last convulsive effort, and ceased to beat. The mournful band of watchers within bowed their heads. Without the door another watch was set—that of the orderly. During the first outburst of grief among those at the bedside two officers entered silently, felt the cold limbs, marked the absence of life, and left without a word. England's prisoner had escaped.



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY L. G. BILLINGS.

NAPOLEON'S TOMB AT ST. HELENA.

THE END.

William M. Sloane.



SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

AFTER THE PAINTING BY PAUL LEROY.

WILLIAM MILLIGAN SLOANE.

WHAT BECAME OF DENNIS MARTIN?

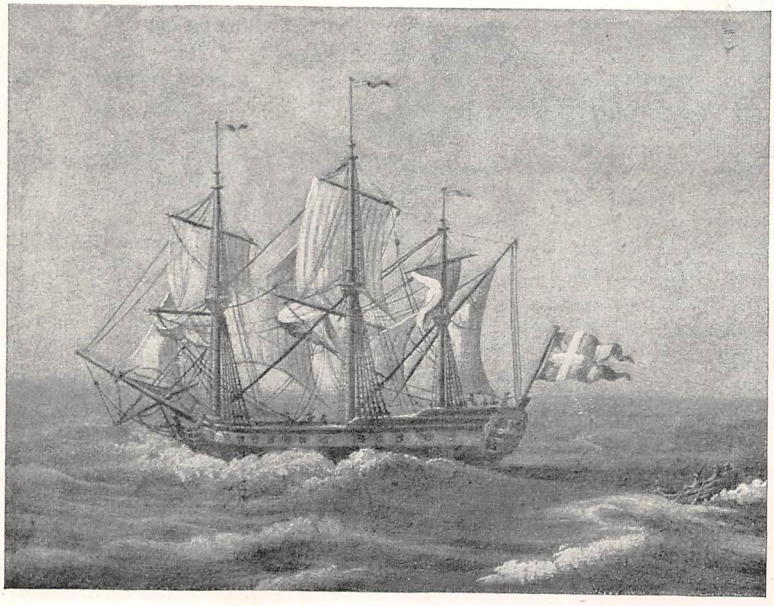
ON the fourth day of December, 1787, the American brig *Navigator*, commanded by Captain John Soete, or Sutling, sailed out of the harbor of Baltimore, bound for Lorient, France, with a cargo of tobacco and staves. She never made port or sighted land again. Of her crew of ten men only one lived to tell the story of her wreck, and he was left on a far foreign shore. Did he ever return to tell it, or has the mystery of the *Navigator's* last voyage been left for me to disclose after it has been forgotten these hundred years and more? Forgotten by kin and country; but thousands of miles away, in a little Danish coast town, far from any track ever traveled by the lost ship, it lived unidentified—a strange, unspoken tale that wove itself into my child-life, to be lost in the lapse of years, and again to reappear so strangely, with its old mystery, that I have not since been able to shake off the belief that it all had some meaning, some purpose, which I was to serve. If you ask me how, I shall answer frankly that I cannot tell any more than I can tell what became of Dennis Martin. For all that, the feeling is upon me, and with it has been growing of late the conviction that I shall find out by telling the story. That is why I tell it now.

It was in the summer of 1893, while on a visit to my birthplace, the old town of Ribe, once the seat of the Danish kings, that I, so to speak, rediscovered my story. I was rummaging in the attic of my father's house on a rainy day, hunting forgotten treasures, when I came across a queer-looking box, two sides of which were made of canvas on stretchers. It was so shaky that it fell to pieces while I was exploring its contents, and then I saw that the canvases were oil-paintings, damaged by age and rats, but still in fairly good condition. I remembered them well when I got a good look at them. They used to hang in the boys' room when I was one of the boys, thirty years before. They were old then, and the worm-eaten frames were dropping off; but their very age added to the regard in which we held them as rare works of art. They dealt, evidently, with the same subject—an old-time, full-rigged ship, carrying the Danish flag, in a rough sea; a wreck in the foreground. In one picture a boat, steered by an officer in a red coat, is seen approaching the wreck, upon the bowsprit of which sits a man, lashed to the spar, imploring aid. In the other the man has been taken off, and the Danish ship is under sail again, the wreck sinking. One of its two masts has fallen. That they told a story was apparent, but what that story was there was nothing to show. On neither painting was there title or name of the artist.

It all came back to me—the long winter nights when the west wind tore at our bedroom window and howled about the gables, and we lay awake listening for the voice of the bell in the old gray tower of the Dom. When the storm shook the tower to its foundations, the big bell gave forth a moan that sobbed through the night, filling it with a nameless dread. We children pulled the bedclothes over our heads when we heard it above the smashing of roof-tiles on the cobblestones, and the watchman's warning cry that the sea was «coming in,» and tried to think of the prayer for those «in danger of the deep» that kept company in the back of our prayer-book with the petition against the wicked Turk, and the rest of the plagues of seafaring mankind. On such nights, when the house shook in the blast so that we got up and lighted our candle at the peat fire for company, the old paintings had a weird fascination for me. In the flickering light of the tallow dip, dark shadows came and went upon them, and the cabin windows of the big ship shone as if lights were burning within; the sea heaved, threatening each moment to engulf the lone sailor on the bowsprit. I knew their story then by heart. It had been told to me a hundred times, and it got to be so woven in with the storm and the danger in my thoughts that when, in the morning, I arose to find our town, set ordinarily in a landscape of smiling meadows, the center of a raging flood, fish jumping in the streets where we walked but yesterday, and drowned cattle lining the causeway, I half expected to see them lying there, ship, wreck, and all, right at our door.

With the old memories strong upon me, I brought the paintings to my father, and asked him what their history was. But he could tell me nothing more about them than that they

had been given to him early in his married life, nearly fifty years before, by the pastor of a neighboring country church, long since dead. It so happened that his son was then the dean of the Dom, and to him I went in search of further information. Pastor Koch had been my teacher in the Latin school. His father and his forefathers before him had preached in the same village church in an unbroken line from father to son three hundred years, ever since the Reformation, until the war of 1863–64 severed the parish from Denmark, and with it the tie between the people and their pastor, who refused to take the oath of allegiance to the German Kaiser. Pastor Koch remembered the paintings as I did, but could not tell how long they had been in the family; neither did he know the story they told, except as we both had read it. And there my inquiries came for the time to an end, until, in cleaning the canvases, I came upon something on the back of one that seemed to be a patch put over a rent. But closer inspection showed traces of writing upon it, and gradually, with infinite pains, we made out that it was the long-missing story of the wreck, hidden all these years while the paintings hung in their frames, and thereby perhaps preserved. As it was, the writing was yellowed, and in spots entirely effaced; but, with the help of a magnifying-glass, and no end of patience, we made out at last the following inscription in the Danish of a hundred years ago:



THE FIRST PICTURE, SHOWING DENNIS

«View of wreck seen in the Spanish Sea, Januarii 7, 1788, by the entire crew of the Roy – – Danish – – – – Indian Company's ship *Princess Charlotte Amalia*. It was an American brig, on which sat a man lashed to the bowsprit, and was rescued by the said Danish ship; they had been ten men in all, commanded by Captain Sutling, from Baldemor, in North America, bound for Lorient, in France, with seventy-five hogsheads of tobacco and some staves; wrecked Januarii 4, and had since preserved life by means of tobacco. . . . The said sailor's name was Dinnes Martin, who went with an American from Cape Bonæ Spei.

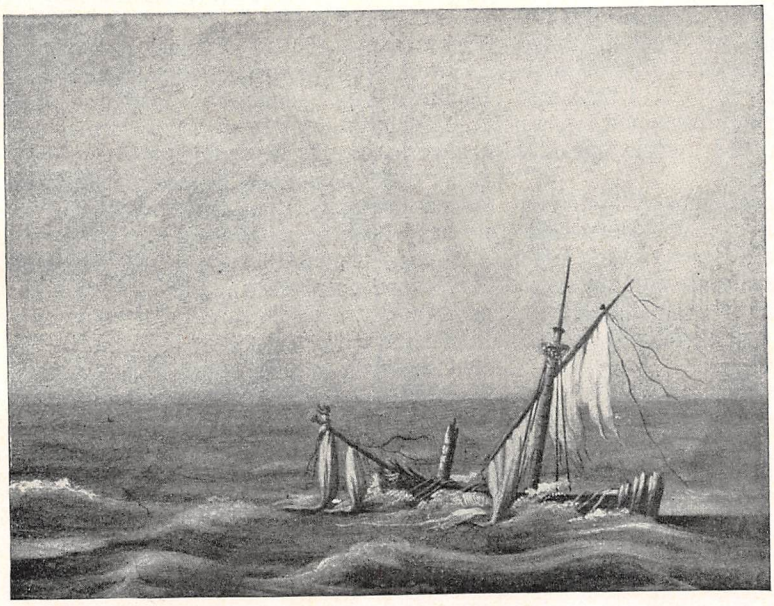
«Drawn by – –, master of same.»

A name had been signed, but it had entirely disappeared. Under the application of chemicals that had helped us over some of the rough places, it came out with such sudden and brief distinctness that I was thrown off my guard, and nearly lost it. However, I made it out Simon, or Lemon. It is of little moment. It was not the master of the *Charlotte Amalia* I was interested in so much as the master of the other, the wrecked and yet nameless ship.

It seemed strange that in an account so succinct, written by a sailor, the one thing that of all should interest him—the name of the wrecked vessel, which he must have known from the rescued man—should have been omitted. But so it was, if, indeed, the written story, as well as the painting, were not the work of some other person, to whom it was told when the ship reached port. The inscription said only that the pictures were «drawn» by the master. But to this conclusion my artist friend decidedly objects. He maintains that they bear internal evidence of having been painted with a belaying-pin, or a marlinespike, and to his judgments I defer. I forgive him the sarcasm. He sees only the paint and the sailor painter, safe in the

cabin of the *Charlotte Amalia;* I am thinking of Dennis Martin sitting there on the bowsprit four days, with nothing but tobacco to eat, and of my lost childhood. It is the point of view that makes the difference. The important thing was that the name of the ship was missing, hopelessly so, as it seemed.

But the instinct of the reporter was aroused. I was now bound to find out the last of this tragedy that had so filled my boy-life. Besides, I was beginning to be superstitious about it. My going across the sea, and settling, as it were, in the very home of the century-old secret, and returning to find the paintings in the way I did, as if they had been waiting all the time for me who knew them best to come and hear their story—it all seemed to me a kind of providence. There is no telling where it would have ended had I not cut the matter short by packing the old canvases in my trunk out of sight. And so they traveled back with me to America.



MARTIN ON THE BOWSPRIT.

As soon as I was home I set inquiries on foot about the lost ship. I wrote first to the Collector of the Port of Baltimore, asking what vessel commanded by Captain Sutling cleared for Lorient in November or December, 1787, with such a cargo. He referred my inquiry to the Keeper of Records, who, after a careful search, found no trace of my ship. The records of the period about 1787 were imperfectly kept, he wrote, and most of them had been destroyed by fire. Those that remained gave no clue. At Washington I received no more encouragement. Next I tried Lloyds', but only to be told that the particulars I sought were past finding out. The means of identification were too meager, and a century was too wide a span to bridge. I had recourse then to the marine insurance companies; but the register of the oldest reached back little more than sixty years. I was referred to the files of the Shipping List; but the thing I sought was the very thing without which I could not get it. For want of the vessel's name I could make no headway. At this stage I gave up the sea and turned to the land. I searched the directories of every large city from Baltimore to San Francisco, but found no such name as Sutling there.

I was on the point of owning myself beaten, when it occurred to me to go back to Denmark, where the paintings came from, for the rest of their half-told story. I wrote an account of my investigations for a Danish paper, asking any one who might have the key I sought to supply it. In a very few days it came from an unexpected source. The Keeper of the Government Archives wrote that my request seemed as if put directly and personally to him, since he was just then engaged in indexing the remnants of the papers pertaining to the great trading companies of the pre-Napoleonic era, and had before him, when he read my appeal, the log of the *Princess Charlotte Amalia*, of the Royal Asiatic (or East Indian) Company's fleet, of the very voyage to China on which the adventure in the Spanish Sea befell. Under date of January 7 he found the following entry, made by «second fourth watch, under sail between Junloe and Porto Pray»:

«At eight o'clock sighted mast of a ship in southeast, about four miles away, but could see nothing of the hull. Saw what looked like efforts to signal, and signs of life on board, and braced away S. E. and E. S. E. down to the wreck, to see if there was anybody to save.

Got alongside at 10:30, and saw the wreck of a small vessel that had lost its foremast and maintopmast, which dragged alongside. The hull was under water. A living man sat yet on the bowsprit. Hove to, and sent out the small boat in charge of mate, Helsting [the man in the red coat, consequently], to take off the man. He boarded it, and reported that it was the brig *Navigator*, from Baldemode, in North America, Captain Suitzing, with a cargo of seventy-five hogsheads of tobacco, and some staves, consigned to Laurent, in France. Had left Baldemode December 4, the year before. In the afternoon, at four o'clock, as he ran before a stiff northwester with reefed foresail, the tiller broke, and, as the brig ran in the wind, it capsized on the instant. Of the crew of ten only the one man, Danis Market, was saved. He had sat on the bowsprit four days, without food or drink.»

In the ship's protocol, kept by the supercargo, the rescued sailor is called Dinnes Martin, and the captain John Soete, and in a letter to the company's officials the captain of the *Charlotte Amalia* calls the sailor Dani Martin. No doubt his name was Dennis, despite his good luck.

The purser's books show that he was well cared for. From the company's stores he was fitted out with «one flannel shirt, two pairs of stockings, two shirts, one pair of cloth trousers, and a pair of shoes.» By January 10 he had fully recovered, and was enrolled by his own wish in the ship's crew. April 7 he left the ship at Cape Town by permission. The artist's name is not disclosed by the record. There were four «masters» on board, but the name of none of them can be identified with the one we saw that brief moment, and lost, unless it might be that of the *Hovmester*, Jansen.

So I knew at last the story of the two paintings that had peopled my childhood with such odd fancies, and—so is life—only to find other more urgent questions rising to take the place of those that had been answered. Had the old paintings kept their secret for me alone all these years, and why for me? Was the fate of the *Navigator* ever made known to those waiting for news of the lost ship at home? Did Dennis Martin ever return to tell the story of its wreck? He «went with an American» from the Cape of Good Hope, said the long-hidden inscription. The *Charlotte Amalia's* log said simply that he left the ship. Unless he brought news of the *Navigator*, it was certainly not heard of at home. News traveled slowly in those days, and ill days followed fast. For a quarter of a century after the sea was not a safe highway for any but armed craft. When, at length, Napoleon was on St. Helena, and peace restored to the world, the *Navigator* was long forgotten, and its owners, and all who belonged to its ill-fated captain and crew, were perhaps dead. Sailors save drowning men, but do not write letters. It was not the business of the Royal Asiatic Company to find the *Navigator's* owners, and there is no evidence that it tried.

Suppose the mystery was never solved? May there not be living, then, to this day some one to whom the proof of the old paintings might mean restoration of lost property, the establishment of long-denied rights? There is in New York city a vast estate, well known, held for a century by a family to whom its possession has given great wealth, yet whose tenure rests upon no firmer foundation than the fact that the rightful owner was lost at sea. He was an Englishman who bought a farm in the suburbs, now the heart of the metropolis. The head of the family, by whose name the estate has been known all these years, was his caretaker. The real owner went away to visit England, and, like Captain Sutling, was never heard of again. Was I made the custodian of the lost ship's secret that I might right a century-old wrong by restoring the paintings to those having a better claim upon them than I? Who can answer these questions?

And who can answer that other one that plagues me waking and dreaming—what did become of Dennis Martin?

Jacob A. Riis.



SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

SUMMER, BY FRANK W. BENSON.

GLAVE IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.

PEACE AND WAR BETWEEN LAKES BANGWEOLO AND TANGANYIKA.

FROM THE JOURNALS OF THE LATE E. J. GLAVE.[1]

SOUTH OF LAKE BANGWEOLO, July 16, 1894. Left Katonga's at 7. I am now in the territory of the Congo Free State; they have a long, difficult, and expensive route from the westward; the route from the east is more desirable. But the B. C. A. (British Central Africa Company) imposes heavy duties; there should be a better spirit of coöperation existing, whereby one government in Africa should aid and favor another. There is a big business to be done with the Belgians in Tanganyika and vicinity when prices are more reasonable. (See the map on page 925.)

July 17. Lake Bangweolo is called Bangwoolu by the Walala. When we reached the Luapula we found a swift current, low banks about one hundred yards apart, the actual water about fifty yards in width, flanked by swamps on each side, a mass of tiny lakes in the swamps beyond. These swampy regions are occupied by the Watwa, a nation of fishermen, upon whom we had to depend for canoes in crossing.

When I arrived at the Luapula, the natives were afraid; they heard my rifle yesterday as I was hunting, and thought war had come. I succeeded in making friends. The natives are very provoking at times; they are overbearing when they have an opportunity to thwart you or humbug you. In crossing rivers in their canoes, they get pay beforehand, take some of your loads, then stay in midstream and demand more pay. The tact and patience exercised by a white traveler are the only things which save many a row.

July 19. Passed the river Lifuci flowing into the Luapula. About a quarter of a mile of swamp to wade through, at the deepest up to the armpits; a cold south wind blowing; wretchedly cold water, icy—felt benumbed; waded through in my clothes; to strip means to expose one's self to leeches.

The African strikes a happy medium with regard to benefits derived from a fire. He lies so close as to get the utmost heat and just escape the roasting-point; his thick hide will stand a lot of toasting—a degree of heat which would blister the skin of a white man. On the coldest night, provided he has plenty of dry wood, he can keep himself comfortable outdoors with the thermometer down to freezing-point. He builds a big fire, which he keeps going all night, the attention apparently costing no sacrifice of his rest; during the night he shifts his position to adapt himself to the fire. Sleeping in flannels, with an overcoat and three blankets, I have failed to keep warm; have had a chilled spot in the small of the back, as if a block of ice were there. My men by their fires have been more comfortable; but it has been very miserable for them marching in the early morning, with frost on the grass, in bare feet and loin-cloth.

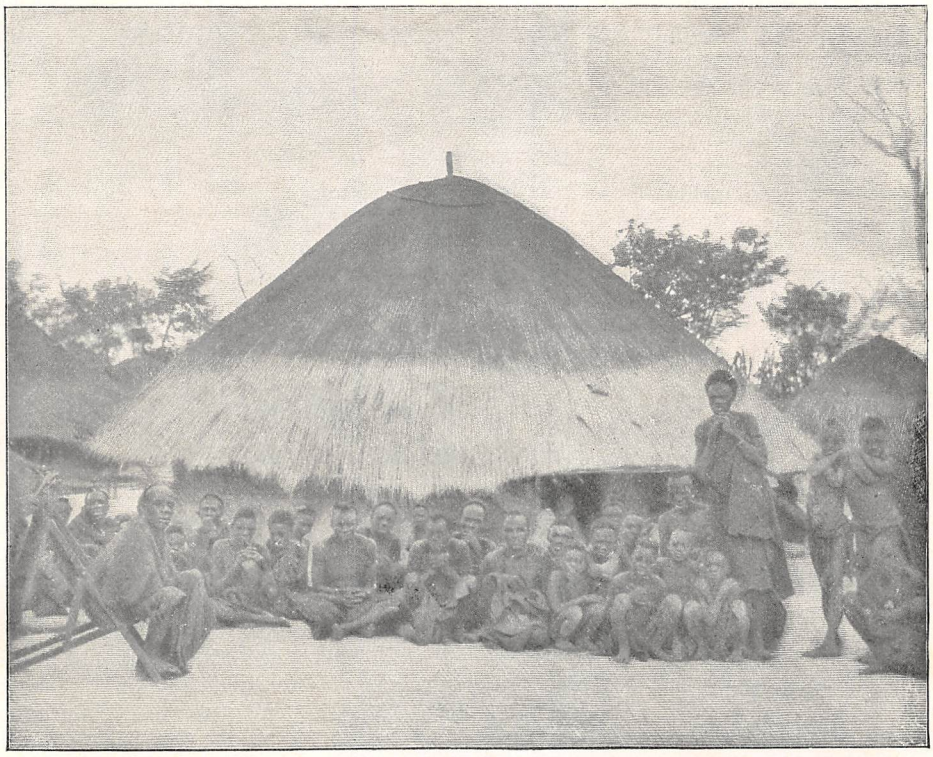
July 20. Reached Kalasa's at 11. He is a tall, slim, straight fellow, wrapped from head to feet in a shawl. He is not a communicative individual, and would, I should say, be a very disagreeable man if he were not firmly handled. He has a very large village, with plenty of space between the huts, which are of fine light-gray, almost white, clay, roofed with grass; am not getting on very well with him.

July 21. Yielding to Kalasa's wish, but much against my own inclinations, I have stayed over here to-day in order not to offend the old fellow. A man should have fifty rifles when coming through this country. It would save him a lot of humbug and delay, and with such a force he could chase and capture any slave caravan he might hear of.

I have changed my mind about Kalasa; he is a better fellow than I at first judged. He consulted his charms secretly in his house to-day, and discovered that my heart was good, that my intentions were honest; gave me a good, big bullock, and furnished guides.

July 27. At 8:30 halted at the village of Swala. Yesterday happened the first act of theft on the trip. We camped within a quarter of a mile of a village; groups of natives brought meal, peanuts, eggs, etc., and traded

[1] See THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for August and September, for accounts of Glave's experience in the war against the slave-raiders on Lake Nyassa, and his journey to the Livingstone tree.—EDITOR.



KALASA AND SOME OF HIS VILLAGERS IN FRONT OF THE CHIEF'S HUT.

with my men with the greatest confidence. One of my men was bathing in a pool near by, and left his cloth and knife near the trail; a party of natives passing seized the knife and ran away; hearing of this, I quietly took from a man in the boma a very fine spear, and refused to return it till the knife was brought back. The natives saw the justice of this, and trading went on as if nothing had happened. This morning the knife was returned, and so I handed back the spear.

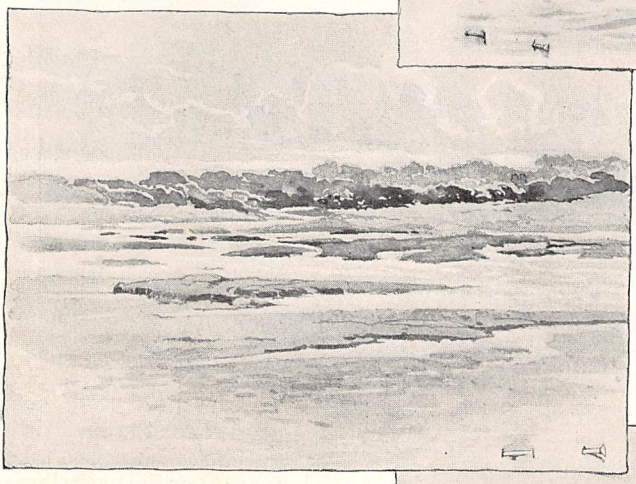
July 28. Till now I have been free from fever, but most of my men have had touches, lasting generally two or three days. At present I am suffering from a big blister under the heel and running up toward the ankle, which gives me constant pain while walking.

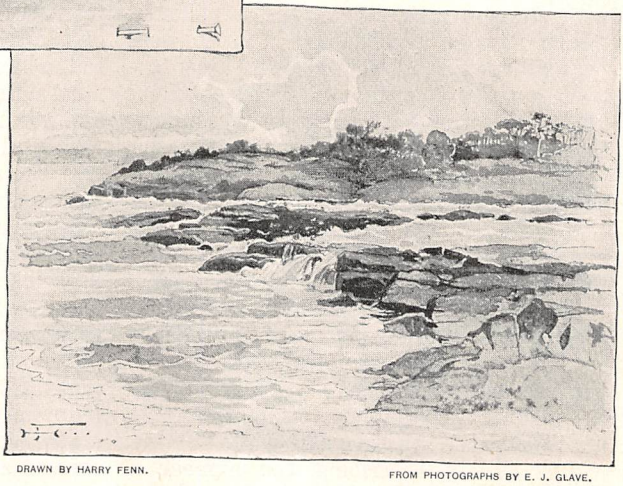
July 30. In describing the number of slaves taken by Kasaki, a native takes a handful of sand, and slowly lets it fall to the ground, signifying the number by the innumerable particles. What a blessing it is to be sound of wind and limb! My sore heel is most painful, and renders me perfectly useless on the march. For three days I have struggled on, avoiding as long as possible the hammock and machila; but I have suffered such downright agony, and feel so certain that I am aggravating my suffering, that to-morrow I shall be carried for the first time on the trip. I have been foolish not to take to the hammock before. How the poor slaves must suffer over long trails with their blisters and worm-eaten sores utterly uncared for!

July 31. Yesterday, on arriving at Kisunka's, the chief was absent, so I made camp outside the village. I then sent a messenger to Kisunka informing him of my arrival. He sent word that he was at a small village of his a few miles off, and asked me to come in the morning and see him there. However, at early morning to-day a messenger came to my camp from him, saying that during the night Kisunka had reflected that it would be more hospitable to come to see me, as I was a stranger. In the forenoon the old fellow arrived at his village, and informed me by messenger that he would take a rest, and then come to see me. I sent back a suitable message, stating that I was precluded from visiting him by a bad foot. In the afternoon Kisunka appeared—a handsome African, seventy years old, I should say, tall, and as trimly built as a greyhound, of very dark hue; looks black against the other natives. He was accompanied by about fifty of his young warriors, fine, strapping fellows, healthy and slick, armed with bows and arrows and spears and

a few guns. Many came into my boma, but the chief ordered the remainder to stay outside. But as soon as the old fellow was seated, those outside could not repress their curiosity to see and hear all that was going on inside. The chief told me his entire belongings were mine during my stay. He was uneasy, owing to the impetuosity of his followers, and left early so as to restore peace and quiet. During the whole







DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. J. GLAVE.

VIEWS AT DIFFERENT POINTS OF THE RAPIDS OF THE LUAPULA RIVER, CALLED JOHNSTON FALLS.

day the camp has been crowded with native men and women and children trading their corn and *mtara* and manioc, hairpins, copper ornaments, etc., for beads and cloth. There has been no squabbling, nothing to mar the general good feeling. It is absolutely impossible to do any literary work from the hubbub constantly maintained from morn to night. If you close the tent the heat becomes insufferable; as soon as you open it a solid mass of Africans stop the current of air. Old and young are in constant boisterous conversation, discussing and arguing about you and your property; and those not so engaged are shouting at the top of their voices, telling their friends not to make such a din. It is difficult to produce any sort of camera for the first time without creating a stampede. The nozzle holding the lens is always considered some sort of gun. I always show them some photographs beforehand, and try to convince them of the purpose of the camera, and I generally succeed when I stay over a day in a village.

August 1. I visited old Kisunka to-day. He has a fine, large village of about three hundred huts and a host of small granaries. When he came to see me yesterday, I told him I had heard of a white man being at Mlela Mangé, and I was anxious to send a message to him. Immediately on returning to his village, he sent me two fine, strapping fellows, to whom I paid a fee of two yards of blue cloth each, gave them the letter, and off they started at a dog-trot. It is a very busy village; the blacksmith's bellows consist of two bags of softened buckskin, which his assistant grasps, one with each hand, and

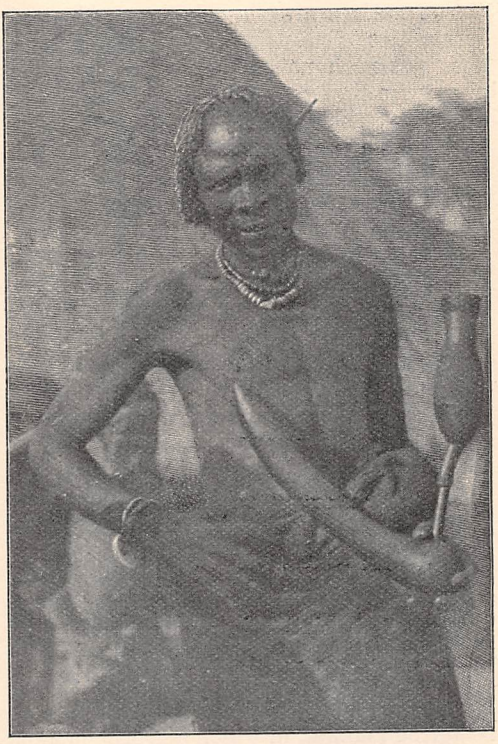
works them. They are both tied to a nozzle of wood or clay tubing pointing to a charcoal fire. The blacksmith has very primitive tools, —an anvil of hard stone, a hammer of iron,— but he turns out excellent work. I have never seen the process of smelting, but all the Wausi and Walala obtain their iron by smelting from the rough ore. The furnaces are made of clay, charcoal is the heating power, and the pure melted iron runs free through clay tubing.

August 2. Kisunka furnished me with two guides to Kasembi; they arrived in good time this morning, with hair trimmed, and wearing the cloth I gave them yesterday. Kisunka himself came to see me off. By some Kisunka would be called a savage. According to my judgment, he is a gentleman, a man of character and personal force, whose commands are obeyed by some thousands of people.

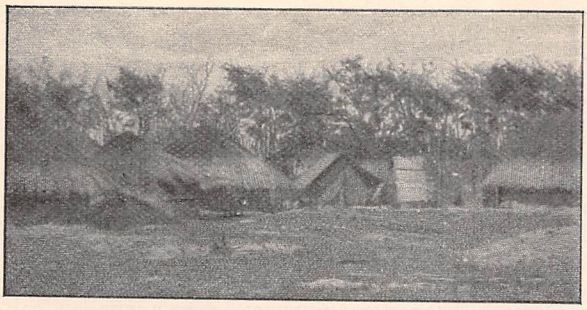
August 3. Reached the Luapula River, a mile or two above Johnston Falls. Here the river was a quarter of a mile wide; up-stream there is a magnificent clear stretch of placid water; below, the stream hisses and roars, tumbling over sunken rocks, and hurling itself against numerous rocky islets. Farther down-stream it is wilder still. On the west shore a thickly timbered hill slopes abruptly to the water's edge; on the east it is bounded by a rocky waste. The Luapula finds its way blocked by rocky hills, divides its force, and continues through available gaps and fissures, and tumbles over a lengthy slope of rocks in noisy falls. Along the Luapula's banks, and in mid-stream, the rock shows that in the remote past it has been subject to great heat. In some places, at short distances, you see what appear to be patches of dark-colored pebbles; on approaching, you find that they are deeply embedded in a rock setting. Deep wells are found everywhere, looking like burst bubbles, which I have no doubt they are. The survey and scientific investigation of these falls would afford an interesting study. In the distance of a few miles, the Luapula tumbles by a rugged way to a level lower by several hundred feet. In the quiet of the night the wild flood maintains a loud, dull swish, combined with a continuous roar. Alfred Sharpe, the first to visit these falls, left a flag, but the natives say it was washed away.

August 4. From the village of Kisunka to the falls there is a considerable drop, creating a noticeable change of temperature. I no longer sleep in my overcoat. Since being on the Tanganyika-Nyassa plateau I have not been troubled with mosquitos till now. We see here and there clumps of banana-trees. The heat during the day has increased to a remarkable degree. When the Luapula is needed as a highway for commerce, these falls will be found a serious obstacle; but an overland trail of a few miles brings one to navigable waters again.

I camped in the shade of a big tree just outside of Kisawa's village. The chief sent me a big sheep and two baskets of meal, and then came himself, surrounded by forty or fifty people, and preceded by a monkey-looking old fellow with a drum, and a young fellow with a double-barreled gong, both of which were beaten vigorously from the village to my tent, upon reaching which the old fellow sat on the ground, laid the drum on his knees, and continued the performance. The chief arrived, and seated himself in my chair, which I offered him. He said that Kasembi is dissatisfied with the white man's occupation of this country. Promises were given that peace would result from it, but Kasembi says that war has increased. I hear that one of the B. C. A. officers, who arrived at Kasembi's with the idea of ascending the Luapula to the falls, there to build a station, was stopped by Kasembi, who refused to sanction this step.



KALASA'S HEAD MAN WITH A PIPE.



GLAVE'S TENT IN KALASA'S VILLAGE.

The natives are very deliberate in their formalities. One who brings you a message does not rush up and deliver it, and bolt away. He first puts his weapons in a place of safety, then seats himself comfortably near you on the ground, and after a breathing-spell tells what he has to say. He does not understand hurry. If you reach a village at noon to-day, no matter how important it may be to keep moving, the chief will feel very much disappointed if you do not spend the whole of the next day in camp in or near his village.

August 5. Kisawa volunteered to send two men with me to Kasembi's. Did not suggest any pay; told off two of his young warriors, and gave them instructions; they clapped their hands after each sentence to signify their acceptance of his instructions. Two others have come of their own accord; the only baggage of one is two sticks, upon each of which are threaded four dry rows of fruit, which rattle. The youth owning this property has long hair plaited into ropes, which fall to his neck, and form a screen to his eyes. He is constantly keeping the rattle going, and singing (principally about me) in a most flattering manner, in which performance his friend joins; but the latter confines himself to singing; he has other use for his hands, which carry two baskets full of manioc flour, a *banghi* pipe, and spare rattles. For the first hour they stayed at my heels. All the time they kept up the rattling and singing, and told me it was what they came for, and that they would thus entertain me until we reached Kasembi, four or five days off. I spoke to them firmly, but kindly, told them their music was excellent, but must be heard at a distance to be properly enjoyed. The distance I pointed out was about ten miles away. My musical friends took the hint good-naturedly, but at times they break out into their boisterous entertainment.

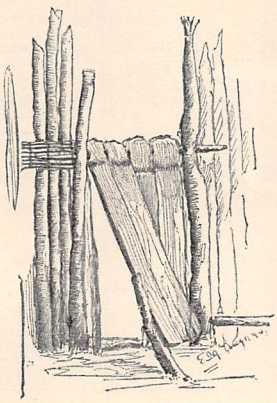
My pet goat died to-day. It had traveled with me from the Wanyika country on the Tanganyika-Nyassa plateau. It had a kid at Mayilo's, which has been carried in a basket, and has thrived. To-day the poor brute became very ill, and I had her carried, but she died on the boy's shoulders. I had hoped to reach the B. C. A. station on Lake Moero, and then hand her over to the whites, asking them to care for her. I had no way of nourishing the poor little kid, having no tinned milk, or means of getting fresh milk, so I had him destroyed. I am grieved about the death of this poor old goat. She had behaved splendidly; over dry places she kept the trail like a man, halted when the caravan halted, and started with it without any urging. When crossing a river in a canoe, she remained perfectly quiet, as she did when carried on a man's shoulders across swamps. After the kid came, she followed the basket till it was opened, then toddled off for green stuff, and kept charge of her offspring till next morning. Although we sometimes had other goats, she always took the lead, and refused to allow any of the others to take her place. But for this pet, I would have brought a dog with me.

August 7. Halted at 7:50, and sent men ahead to warn Kasembi of my coming. Arrived at his village at 10:20, the day's march being nearly all the way through manioc plantations.



KISUNKA.

August 8. Kasembi is an important creature in his own estimation. A man cooks for him. The men who carry water for him are armed. If any one careens against them and spills the water, the offender is killed. Kasembi never walks; he is carried. If one of his villages kills an elephant, the tusks are brought to him; he picks out the finer of the two, and gives the other to the slayer. Any dead ivory found is brought to him; he takes all, and gives the finder a little cloth. In conversation he repeatedly remarks, «Mimi Kasembi» («I am Kasembi»). My man Frogalah told him that the woman chief of the Watshlwa, of his name, had a larger village than this one here, which was a fib, but it made this proud creature very unhappy. He has been spoiled by the whites giving him big presents.



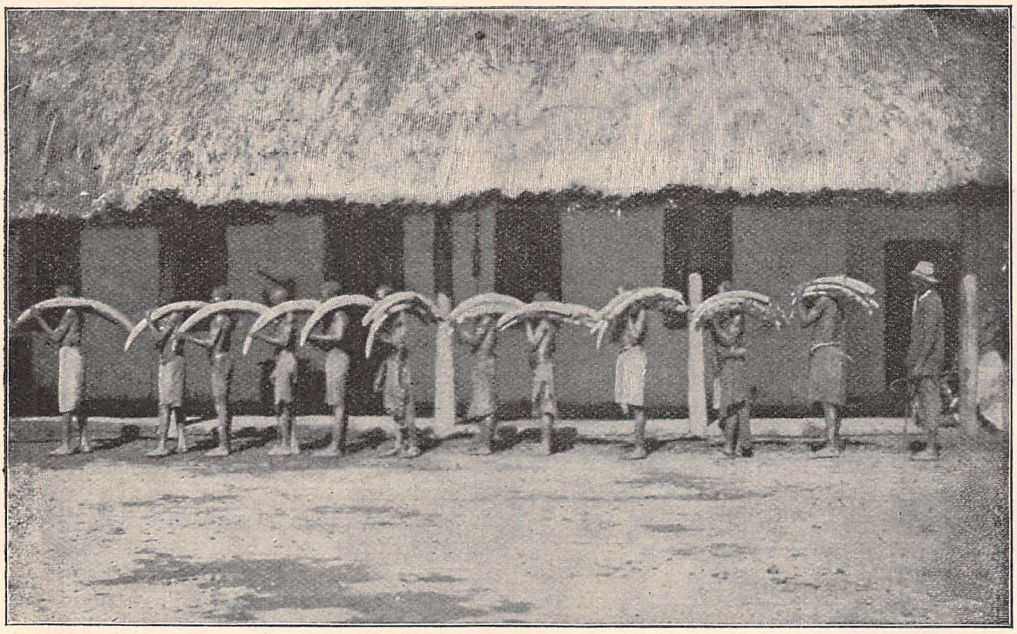
GATEWAY AT KISUNKA'S.
From a sketch in Glave's Journal.

Before arriving yesterday, I sent on ahead a splendid present of cloth with silk fringe and gilded braid. My two men had first to show it to one of his underlings; he, in turn, took it to two other inferiors. These three discussed it, dilating upon the smallness of the gift; eventually, however, they conveyed it to the royal presence, and after a while my two messengers were admitted. Kasembi immediately began to comment upon the gift. Was he a boy, to receive one present only? Did not the *mzungy* (white man) know how big a chief Kasembi was? My men assured him I did, and that I had sent this cloth in advance, and the actual present would be forthcoming later. This satisfied him to an extent; he sent one of his favorite satellites to show me a camping-place a quarter of a mile from his stockades—a clear, sandy place, away from dry wood and water, and no possible shade. My tent was hardly pitched before Kasembi's head man appeared, demanding the present I had promised; the chief was awaiting it. I sent word that I promised to give the chief a present according to my means; I should suit myself with regard to the time of giving. They were rather taken aback at this. Kasembi's wishes appear to be attended to without delay.

During the afternoon Kasembi sent me a goat and two baskets of flour, about twenty-five pounds. In the evening I sent him down one Kanzu Arab brown holland shirt, one silk-and-cotton cloth for a turban, eight yards of wide handkerchief, four yards of American, eight yards of Kanicki, about half a pound of beads, and twenty assorted fish-hooks. He was good enough to accept these things, but impressed upon my men the necessity of bringing another present when I was permitted to see him. He is too large an insect altogether; has been spoiled. A letter was left in his care for me yesterday; I applied for it, but he refused to give it up until we had met, and yesterday he would not see me. It was his sacred day, he said. I sent several times yesterday, and demanded the letter, and emphasized my request by expressions as strong as it was discreet to employ; but he was immovable. If I had had a force of any reliability with me, I would have had that letter yesterday; but this is one of the great drawbacks of having only a small force.

To-day I am to see him, when his Majesty feels inclined graciously to grant the interview. At eight o'clock this morning Kasembi sent two men to wait near my tent, and when they should hear drums in his village I was to go down and see the chief. His three head men escorted me down to the stockades. Before entering the gate, a messenger was sent in to ask if we might enter; receiving permission, we passed through the gate. Upon entering, we found a big clear space, and crowds of people lining it; a dozen drums of different sorts were being beaten gently, and several double gongs were sounding. At one corner of the square Kasembi was seated on an immense litter; his body was wrapped in bright handkerchief stuff. He wore a fine necklace of big lions' claws,—immense ones,—and had a fringe of long hawks' feathers standing up from his head.

I was not allowed to approach near him, being told to seat myself about fifty feet away, so I could not get a detailed look at him. Difficulties were added by his being in the shade, as he held over his head a red-and-white umbrella. He had the litter lifted high on the heads of his bearers, so that he might the better see me. The litter was made of thin bamboo firmly lashed to two parallel big bamboos, the ends carried out on each side seven or eight feet. This affair was carried by twenty men, five at each handle. The litter was covered with handkerchief cloth, on which Kasembi sat cross-legged. He sent across a messenger to ask me where I came



PART OF AN IVORY CARAVAN.

from and where I am going. I gave the necessary information, at the same time saying I wanted two of his people to act as guides to the Kalungwizi; also, that I was anxious to have my letter. Both were promised me, but it is now late in the afternoon, and I have not seen the letter yet.

I felt in a very bad humor; in the first place, I am suffering from an inflamed eye; this, combined with the constant begging by these people, keeps me in a disagreeable frame of mind. I gave, I am sure, the smallest present he has ever received from a white man, but with my present means I could not conscientiously give more, and, feeling this, I would not. I was quite prepared to pull up my tent and declare my independence by starting for the Moero B. C. A. station by compass. The first white man who comes here with any force at his back should lower Mr. Kasembi several notches. He told my men yesterday that he would see me at a distance, but I must not attempt to shake hands with him.

The letter left in charge of Kasembi reached me this afternoon. It was from Dr. Watson, giving me news and directions as to the road between Kasembi and Rhodesia. This evening, I hear, Kasembi is drinking heavily of pombé, and says he will not give me guides. I shall start off early to-morrow morning, guides or no guides. There is a big drinking-bout in the village to-night—drumming, shouting, singing, and incessant firing of guns; this continued past midnight.

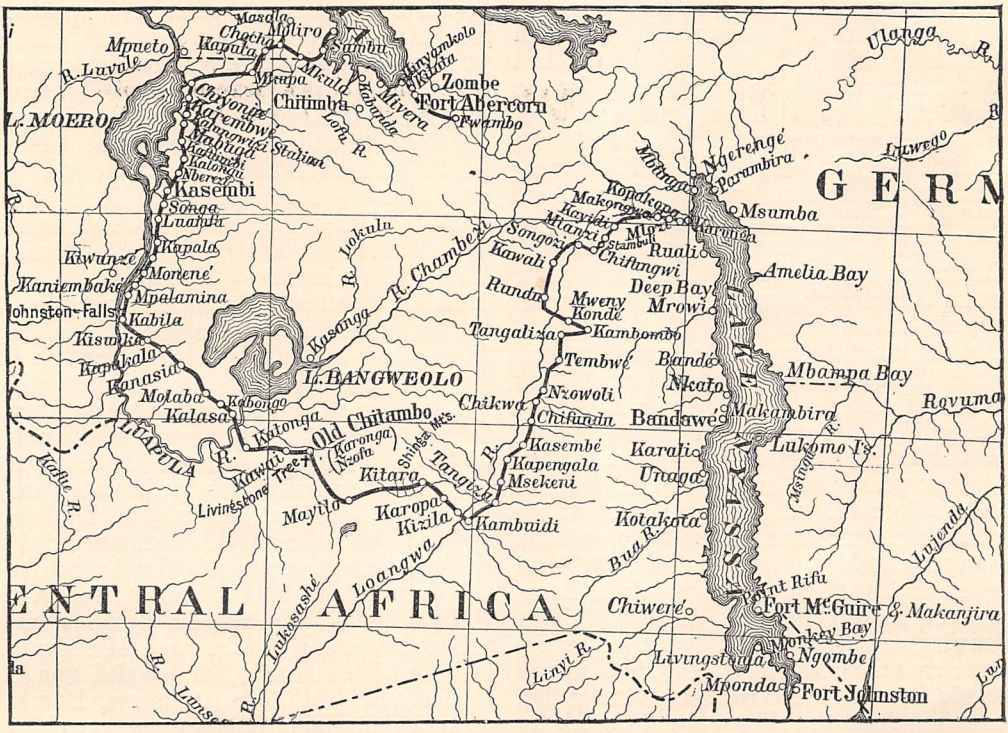
August 9. Left Kasembi's at six o'clock, by compass, no guides forthcoming; traveled for two and a half hours, and reached the Mberezi. Kasembi, hearing I had gone, sent at once his chief man and two guides, with a small tusk of ivory as a present; he sent ahead another man, who was profuse in salaams, to arrange for my crossing the Mberezi River. But this was of no assistance to me. It cost twenty yards of cloth to get men and goods over, and canoes were produced only after a good deal of hesitation. At first I was told I must wait till to-morrow; the canoes were away fishing. This proved to be a lie, the too frequent sequence to an African's assertions. They feel no shame in lying to serve their own interests; when found out, they merely grin, as if it were a joke to utter falsehood.

I have always something the matter with me which interferes with my efficiency. Now it will be a wretched ulcer near my knee-joint to hinder my walking; at another time one near my right elbow to weaken my arm and give me unsteady aim in shooting. Then I am cured of these, and feel miserable and feverish; but snap shots of deafening quinine make me strong and cheerful, and fit to bear the strain of a few days' visit from malarial neuralgia, which seizes my head, makes tender every tooth, and stabs me unmercifully

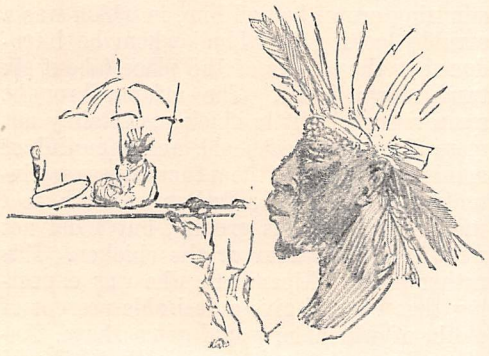
with acutest pain, till the head is aching with hammering throbs, and the eyes, through pain, are curtained by a mist. In due time I recover from this, and become dyspeptic, or cannot wear my largest shirt because of a swollen spleen. I gradually reduce this, and then blisters on the feet, and erysipelas in the ankles, make walking the worst kind of agony. Illness to me in Africa is as the bubble in a spirit-level: it moves and changes its position, but never ceases.

August 10. My men have no stamina; half are on the sick-list, and I believe we present a very emaciated, dilapidated appearance.

Yesterday I had to submit to a good deal of humbug from Kipambezi, Kasembi's head man, whom the chief had sent to aid me. First, upon reaching the crossing at Mberezi, he said we should have to camp on the Lefu River till next morning, as there were no canoes; all were away with fishermen. I then applied to the natives direct, and promised cloth to each paddler. In a quarter of an hour seven good-sized canoes appeared, to each of which I gave one fathom of cloth. Kipambezi urged that I should pay in advance, and deposit all the cloth with him; the paddlers, however, knew that such property, after running the gantlet through Kipambezi's hands, would be considerably decreased. I quite agreed with the natives, and handed to each paddler his pay. Thus far Kipambezi had not scored; he was disappointed at not having his own way, and getting no part of the pay for canoe work; so without consulting me with regard to where I wished to camp, he led the way to a tiny village, a very indifferent place for a camp; but as my men were about played out, I pitched my tent here. In the evening he appeared with an admiring crowd behind him, in which was a scrubby-looking individual whom he introduced as the *mfumu* of the place (about six tumbledown huts). The mfumu brought me a miserable little chicken, certainly not more than two weeks old, and a cupful of manioc flour. I told the mfumu it was my intention to give him a fathom of cloth, as I was camping on his ground, but I did not want either his flour or the chicken. This rather nettled Kipambezi, who was expecting that I would give a desirable present of cloth, of which he would get a share. Another disappointment. Seeing that I should have a lot of trouble with the one-eyed, impudent, grasping, lying scoundrel, I determined to get rid of him quickly. I sent two of my head men to him to explain that I knew


Mpueto
R. Luvule
L. MOERO
Kasembi
Songa
Luanda
Kapala
Kavunzé
Monené
Kanyembaké
Mpalamina
Johnston Falls
Kabila
Kisuka
Kapakala
Kanasia
Molaba
Kalasa
Kabonga
Katonga
Old Chitambo
Karonga
Nzofa
Kawa R.
Livingstone Tree
Mayilo
Karopa
Kizila
Kambuidi
Kitara
Kasembé
Kapengala
Msekeni
Tanganika
Shinga Mts.
Kafue R.
Lwapula
Loangwa
Lukasashé
R. Lunsefwa
Chiwere
Fort McGuire
Mt Rifu
Makanjira
Monkey Bay
Livingstonia
Ngombe
Mpondas
Fort Johnston
Linyi R.
Bua R.
Lujenda
Mchinga
Rovuma
Mbampa Bay
Amelia Bay
Deep Bay
Ruali
Mwenyi
Mrowi
Kambombo
Tembwé
Bandé
Nkata
Bandawé
Karalia
Lukomo Is.
Utaga
Kotakota
Nzowoli
Chikwa
Chikunda
Tangalisa
Rundo
Kawali
Sangozi
Chiwungwi
Mianxi
Kondowe
Makoroma
Msamba
Karonga
Mlozi
Nyerengé
Porambira
Mukanga
Ilowego
Zombe
Fort Abercorn
Fwambo
Mivera
Lofu R.
Stalwi
Mberezi
Chiyonje
Mkulu
Mpupa
Chitimba
Kawala
Chacha
Maguro
Sambu
Kirita
Mpanga
Mkuti
Masala
R. Lukulu
R. Chambesi
Kusanga
Tembwé
Nzowoli
Chikwa
Chikunda
Kasembé
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Kambuidi
Kotakota
Utaga
Karalia
Bandawé
Nkata
Bandé
Tembw

Kasembi, out of kindness for the whites, was depriving himself of the service of Kipambezi by sending him with me; I did not wish to cause the big chief of Ulanda this annoyance. The two young fellows sent by Kasembi would answer my purpose as guides. He (Kipambezi) might return to his chief, and resume his important duties. I should give him two fathoms of American, and some beads, the same present he would have received if he



KASEMBI.
From a sketch in Glave's Journal.

had gone farther. He agreed to this, said it was a good idea, and was to receive the promised cloth in the morning. Early this morning he came to my tent with his salve-tongued «Mornin', Srwana,» and I gave him the cloth and beads, for which he thanked me. When all the loads were ready for the day's start, I called for my guides; after a while they appeared with Kipambezi, all with a very cheeky air. Kipambezi said he was returning, and so were the two young fellows he had brought. He expected I would go on my knees and beg them to show me the road. Kipambezi carried his bow and arrows; the other two carried guns; besides, one carried the cloth I had given Kipambezi in the morning, the other the leg of the buck I shot and gave them yesterday, and the small tusk Kasembi sent me, which my men had given the guides to carry. Much to Kipambezi's astonishment, instead of urging him to allow the two young guides to go on, I replied at once, «Go, all of you, if you want to.» At the same time, my men pounced on them, and took away my tusk of ivory and the cloth I had given to Kipambezi in the morning. I considered he had certainly forfeited this by leaving me in the lurch. The incident might have caused considerable delay, but, as luck would have it, three men were starting that morning from the village to go to work for Dr. Watson. One agreed to act as our guide; so away we started without any delay, and Kipambezi and his two young fellows returned to Kasembi with some lying story to account for their quick return.

Crossed a wretched swamp to-day, all the time in mud and slush of a rich chocolate color, and of the consistency of pancake batter, bamboos and long papyrus grass growing thickly everywhere; the trail was a way cut through this; by constant use a deep channel has been formed, but it is easier to follow this muddy trail than to break one's way through a new place.

On my first opportunity I shall send to Kasembi a letter to be interpreted to him by any white man who may visit him. I shall explain fully the conduct of his lying lieutenant.

August 11. We are now without a guide again; our man, who has been kindly and generously treated, and promised four yards of American upon reaching Kalungwizi, has deserted us without any cause.

August 12. Upon reaching a few huts where the natives smelt iron, we met with a native, Kangala by name, who has taken a letter to Watson, and promised to reach him to-night.

Nzigora died to-day in a very sudden and extraordinary manner. For a few days he had been suffering from a swollen neck, which I painted with iodine, and gave him a gargle of permanganate of potash for sore throat; for two or three days he traveled empty-handed; then he carried a light load for three days, and seemed quite well, except the swelling in the neck, which seemed, however, to give him no inconvenience. To-day he started off as usual, made no complaints, and showed no signs of unusual fatigue; after a three hours' march, upon reaching the Kabikwa stream, the whole caravan was resting, and he quietly dropped off to sleep. After a half-hour's stay I gave the word to start, and went ahead with the guide. Reaching another stream after this tramp, I received news that the head man at the rear of the caravan had been unable to rouse Nzigora. They carried him to the water, and bathed his head, but he was quite helpless, and he never spoke again. Word was sent to me, but the lazy messenger did not reach me till I arrived an hour ahead at the river Matizi. I sent back immediately a machila to have him carried on the way. After death he looked like a healthy, full-blooded man. I attribute his death to heart-disease. He was a very quiet, willing fellow, never squabbled with any one, and his death has cast a gloom

over all my men; but blacks die off very quickly, once they have lost heart, so I have made light of his death.

The natives are returning to build substantial villages in this district, now there are white men at Kalungwizi to protect them; formerly they were constantly pillaged by the Ruga-Ruga of Abdallah Bin Suliman, the coast trader and slaver.

August 13. The natives are, strange to say, leaving Belgian territory, and coming to settle about the B. C. A. stations. I can assign as a reason only the erratic thinking apparatus of the African. The Belgians are undoubtedly the friends of the natives, and no nationality is displaying such zeal in removing the lawless influences of the land. The Belgian policy is liberal and thoroughly antislavery. Within the last few years they have done wonders. So why the natives should leave Belgian territory and come to the British I cannot say. The British in this part of the world have not proved that they can master the slavers. Abdallah is in their territory, and his slaving is well known.

This morning, at nine o'clock, I was met on the trail by two smart Manyema in military uniforms, who saluted in soldierly style, and handed me a letter from Dr. A. Blair Watson, saying they were at my disposition to guide me to the B. C. A. station on the Kalungwizi. What a treat, after the usual experience with lying, deceitful guides, to have disciplined blacks to pilot one! The education received from a white man does improve them wonderfully. They are taught the difference between right and wrong; they have to respect authority, and are punished for lying, deceiving, and thieving, so avoid committing these offenses, and thereby enjoy more bodily comfort. Upon reaching the Kalungwizi, I found a good, wide road leading to the ferry, where a native in B. C. A. pay lives in a small hut, and is always on hand with a canoe to ferry people across the stream, here very deep and rapid. Upon crossing the Kalungwizi, another wide, well-kept road led up to the B. C. A. station, one half of which is surrounded by a high clay wall, the other half by the ordinary pole stockades, the whole inclosure being one hundred and fifty yards long and sixty yards wide. In the inclosure surrounded by clay walls are the station-house, stores and attendant house of the white man's personality, cook-house, servants' houses, etc. In the inclosure of stout stakes are the huts of the black employees, principally the soldiery, who are generally Wanyamwezi, who were nothing but raiders till



DR. A. BLAIR WATSON.

the whites took charge of things. Upon reaching the boma, I was received by Dr. Watson, magistrate and collector, whom I had known at Lake Nyassa. He was very kind, gave me a good room, and I had a tasty meal served to me. He is a very well-informed man, and I was pleased to know he thought my journey a very successful one. The finding of the Livingstone tree interested him greatly.

In the courtyard are buried two white men, Bainbridge and Kydd, the only two whites previously in charge of the station. Kydd died first, and was buried within the boma, a very unreasonable notion; and Bainbridge, as a dying request, asked to be buried beside his companion. The two graves, conspicuously close to the station-house, form no cheerful prospect for their successor Watson, who is certainly philosophical; for he has told his people, in case he dies, he is to be buried outside the boma, so as to set a better example, as he drolly told me.

This is the most distant of the B. C. A. stations. Watson is most anxious to extend his work, but his hands are tied by the economy of headquarters. He has a force of about twenty-five Wanyamwezi soldiers, and three



DR. WATSON'S HOUSE AT THE KALUNGWIZI STATION.

or four station workers, and a fine house solidly framed, but not completed, for want of funds. He has no cloth at all, and only a few beads for rationing his men; his boma, tembé, and bastion are solid, and he is perfectly secure: but a good deal of lawlessness exists, which he cannot check without force.

After I had left Kasembi's, some Awemba arrived, and were in a great rage because I had escaped them; and I heard after, reaching the Kalungwizi, that a big party of Kasembi's people, fully armed, had followed me for thirty miles. They would not admit that they were after me, for they said at the villages they passed through that they were merely walking about! However, they could not very well have surprised me; for, as I had not quitted Kasembi on very satisfactory terms, I realized the possibility of his sending a party to harass me, and I was prepared to take care of myself.

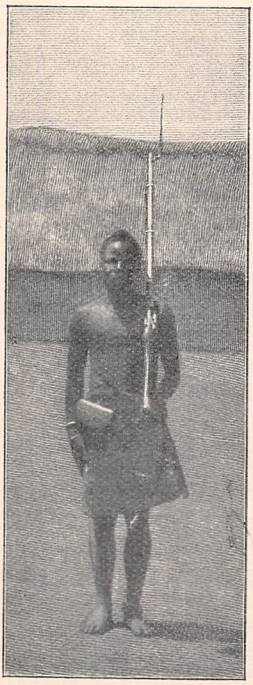
A company station must certainly be placed at Kasembi's to control the slave-trade and check the importation of contraband goods. Carson, the missionary, visited Kasembi a month or two ago, with the idea of arranging for the purchase of a plot of land on which to build a station. Kasembi would not hear of it.

August 23. To-day Croad and Worringham arrived at the station by the Kalungwizi River, in the new whale-boat, a steel, flat-bottomed affair. Although the station is only four or five miles from the shore of Lake Moero, still the Kalungwizi winds about in a stream twelve miles long, reaching far out into the lake. The large, swampy flats form a home for many elephants. The stretch of twelve miles is navigable in strong boats, but is very dangerous in canoes, as the stream is infested with hippos of a fierce type, that attack every craft. The new boat was to have gone to Johnston Falls to take up the chief, Worringham; but now Captain Weatherly's expedition will occupy the place instead of the B. C. A. agent.

August 25. Left Kalungwizi early this morning. Watson, who has been very kind during my visit, came part of the road with me. He has a cleared road twenty feet wide running north for six miles from his station, which he cannot complete for want of funds. After leaving this road, for twelve miles the way is over a flat plateau, in few places undulatory. Reached a small village, Karembwe's, and camped near the lake. Karembwe's is one of the salt-making villages; a sandy clay is dug out of the marshes, and placed in grass funnels; water poured on this dissolves the salt; this solution trickles through the green filter into a trough, after which it is boiled and strained, and a fine, large-crystal salt is obtained. It is a great trade in this part of the world. All villages make salt, which is put up in loads about five inches in diameter by four feet long. All these people, the Waitawa, are very polite; most of them hail you with, «Mornin'»; they do not seem able to manage the «good.»

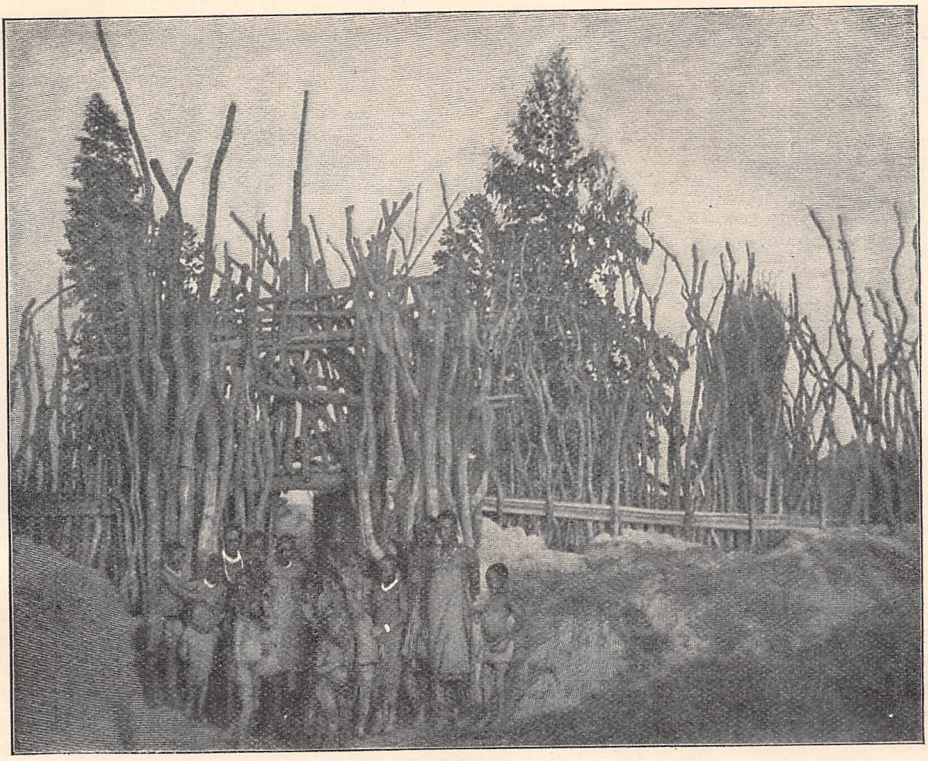
August 28. Just before reaching Mkupa's village, an abrupt descent is made to the valley below, which is the outer edge of the great Moero swamp. Here at Mkupa's I heard of the war between the Belgians and the slavers. I learned that the two Belgians were Captain Descamps and Lieutenant Duvivier, who were bombarding Masala's tembé. Many of Mkupa's men are allies of the Belgians.

August 29. Crossed an immense plain; slightly rising ground to the east and west of us. The B. C. A. station at Choma is a very pretty place, with strong stockades and compact, well-built clay houses. I sent two natives from here with a letter to Descamps and Duvivier at Kitetema, a native village near Masala's tembé.



ONE OF DR. WATSON'S NATIVE SOLDIERS.

August 30. Camped at Chocha. The chief of this place, and all the able-bodied fellows, are away at Kitetema, ready to help Descamps. In the afternoon I went out hunting, and wounded a roan antelope; upon returning, saw a party of men approaching a long distance away. The natives

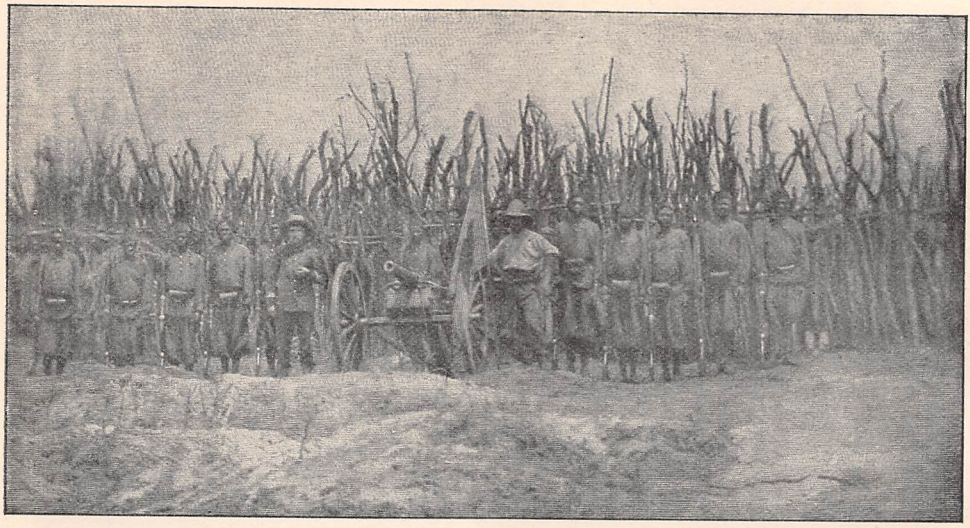


AT THE VILLAGE GATE.

with me were scared, and wanted to beat a hurried retreat to the tembé. I halted my men, and waited till the party approached sufficiently near to be distinguished. I then saw they were in uniform, and they proved to be Belgian native soldiers, Manyema. One bore a very kind note from Descamps, inviting me to visit him, and placing ten soldiers and a young corporal at my disposal. Upon reaching me, they fell in and saluted in fine style; then explained they had come to escort me. We all tramped back to Chocha's, where I made them comfortable for the night, got them a hut, and gave them a big feed of zebra and porridge, which put them in thorough good humor.

August 31. After five hours and thirty minutes' marching, we came in sight of Masala's tembé. As we marched along the trail within two hundred yards of the place, a few shots were fired in our direction, the bullets falling short, and making little puffs of dust in the parched, sandy soil. Upon coming in sight of the Belgian defenses, Captain Commandant Descamps and Lieutenant Duvivier came out to meet me. Their appearance outside the boma was acknowledged by a salvo from the enemy. Captain Descamps is about forty years old, I should say; he is a man of medium build and height; has had much African experience. When Captain Jacques's term of service was completed, Descamps was appointed captain-commandant of the antislavery movement on Tanganyika. About a year ago he arrived, with reinforcements and supplies for the Belgian forces, and with two big guns, and shells. Descamps reached Karonga just as one thousand carriers arrived transporting his supplies. He had no reliable escort, and if the Arabs had been resolute and a little plucky, they could have attacked Descamps on the way. Upon arriving at Kituta, on the shores of Tanganyika, he made his way up to Albertville in two dhows, sent down for him by Captain Jacques; and immediately after the arrival of the cannon, Rumaliza's people, who had so pestered them, were driven off without delay. A month or two after Descamps's arrival, Jacques left for home by the Nyassa route.

Captain Descamps and Lieutenant Duvivier escorted me to their tight little boma, about sixty yards square, made of stout poles varying from twelve to twenty feet in height, with several layers at the base, and reaching up about six feet. Within this there is a rough arbor of grass, where the whites live; their tents, also pitched, provide sleeping accom-



CAPTAIN DESCAMPS, LIEUTENANT DUVIVIER, AND THE GUN-CREW.

modation; and also within the inclosure are rough shelters of branches and grass for the Manyema and their wives, the servants, etc. This part has a wing attached, where trenches have been dug three feet below the level of the ground, with rough roofs of grass as a shelter; yet another wing is occupied by the native allies, who have come from all parts of the country, their bomas being of about the same character as the one described. Two of them are in charge of capable Manyema; each boma has a big tree with a platform in the higher branches protected by layers of planks, in which sentinels are placed to report any movement within Masala's tembé, which is composed of thick clay walls twelve feet high, loopholed, and with a ditch. There are said to be five lines of clay walls inside encircling the huts, many of which have been burned by Duvivier, who fired some smoldering material into a grass roof by means of bow and arrow. The enemy have dug holes for water, and have made deep pits and trenches as protection from the shells from the big gun. Masala had prepared himself for a big siege by laying in a stock of food for several months, and to judge from their incessant firing they must have a good supply of ammunition. Both Descamps and Duvivier had been on the Congo, and we had lots to talk about concerning old times and common acquaintances. Vast plantations of sweet potatoes and manioc surround the tembé, furnishing unlimited supplies of food to the besiegers, who have been living for a month on that produce. Descamps has certainly four hundred people.

Msemewé and Masala, coast men and employees of Abdallah Bin Suliman, are the two principal raiders, each with a tembé of his own within a few miles of each other. Msemewé some time ago pulled down the British flag in Mkula's village, danced on it, and asked Mkula where his friends the British were? Worringham, according to instructions received from the chief of the district, sent three messengers to Masala with the idea of opening up communication with the slavers. Masala's people killed one of the three men, ill-treated the other two by flogging, then took all their cartridges away, gave them back the guns, and started them off with insulting and defiant messages to the white man who had sent them. Duvivier first attacked the stronghold of Masala; he cut away the boma outside the tembé, and set their huts on fire, and actually entered their tembé, losing two men; and then he returned to Moliro for reinforcements, and eventually Descamps appeared with the big gun.

In the mean time Masala was receiving reinforcements from all sides. The Belgian forces have now been surrounding Masala's (the name of the place is Kitetema) about one month. Duvivier shot Msemewé, and Masala is also said to have died of his wounds. The big gun has fired about sixty shots into the tembé, but they appear to use no bursting shells. Every shot strikes the tembé wall rather high up, and drills a clear way through the walls and huts till its power is spent; a cloud of thick dust follows its destructive line of travel. As the tembé is full of people, the majority being women and chil-

dren and slaves, Descamps is anxious to avoid unnecessary slaughter.

From the beginning of the trouble to the time I visited Masala's, the besieged had fired five thousand shots. They are determined to fight till the last, they say. They appear to have some slight hope that relief will arrive from Abdallah, he having massed hosts of Awemba; they also feel the chance that the Belgian force may retire, disgusted with a prolonged siege; but Descamps is a determined man, and Masala will be destroyed without doubt if he does not surrender. It is the last stand of the slavers in this part of the world.

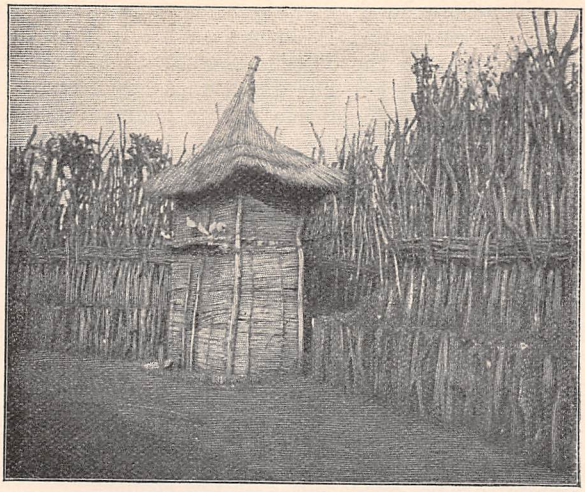
The advanced pickets of the Belgian force exchange with those behind the walls words of defiance and promises of annihilation, punctuated freely by the most murderous curses. During these conversations the white man's pickets, under cover of darkness, approach within one hundred yards of the walls, and are safe from the random shots fired in their direction. On one side of the tembé there is a large swamp of papyrus grass, and the besieged could escape in small parties of two and three; but they cannot get away with their women and children and slaves.

September 1. This morning and afternoon I had a walk round the tembé, at a distance of two hundred yards from the walls, having accompanied Descamps on his tour of inspecting the different bomas. A few shots were fired in our direction as we marched along in Indian file, with a guard of about twenty Manyema behind us. Upon returning to the boma, I photographed Descamps's gun-crew, and as I had to be somewhat exposed during this operation, about half a dozen shots were fired at me during the time; it is not at all comfortable to have one's head under the black cloth when a bullet is hissing overhead. I naturally completed my business with as much despatch as possible.

The Manyema drill very well, but Descamps himself sights and fires the big gun. Occasionally the gun is quietly sighted in the daytime, and fired at night, when the besieged are not expecting it. A few people who have tried to escape from the tembé have been captured. During the afternoon a most boisterous shouting was started, accompanied by the peculiar shrill cry made by women, who give the sound a trembling effect by rapidly wagging the tongue during the effort—quite a general noise all over Africa. At the same time a red flag was waved from behind the walls. Descamps fired two shots into the excited crowds inside. Both balls



CAPTAIN DESCAMPS. LIEUTENANT DUVIVIER.



WITHIN A VILLAGE STOCKADE.

riddled the walls, as usual, and threw up clouds of smoke; but the violent intrusion upon their gaiety did not bring the uproar to a close. It was carried on for several minutes after the big gun's reports. The native allies attributed the noise to the ceremony of appointing a new leader within the walls; possibly this may have been so. At night, in the exchange of conversation between the besieged and the pickets, those inside claimed to have killed a white man during the day. What had given them this idea I do not know. There was a good deal of loud wailing this evening, women mourning those killed during the day; and the pickets heard the men admonishing the mourners, saying, «Cry? You should rejoice! A white man has been killed by us to-day, one of the leaders of our enemies.»

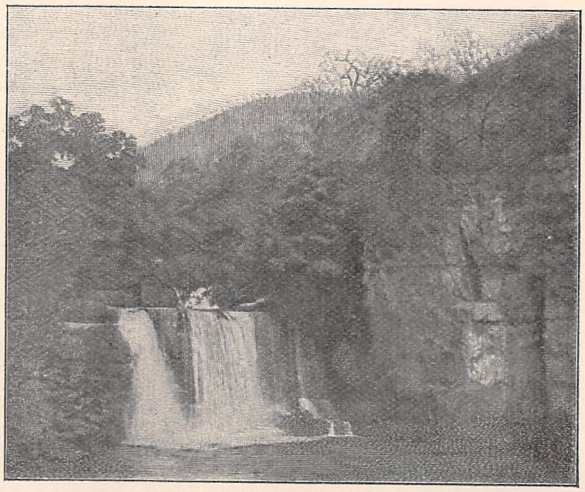
Descamps is always thinking that they may surrender, and save the slaughter of an assault, but I think this delay injurious to the spirit of his soldiers. He told me that he would take the place a few days after my departure. Descamps I found to be an exceedingly nice gentleman, good-natured, brave, intelligent, and most kindly disposed. He will aid me to reach Kasongo and descend the Congo; if he does this, I shall always be grateful to him, as he will provide me with opportunities of obtaining material of the utmost value.

September 2. Said good-by to the Belgian officers at 6:30 this morning. Captain Descamps and a small escort of four men accompanied me about a mile and a half, and I continued through the usual African scenery, small, scrubby bush, burnt grass plains, and, in this particular neighborhood a good deal of swamp and papyrus grass.

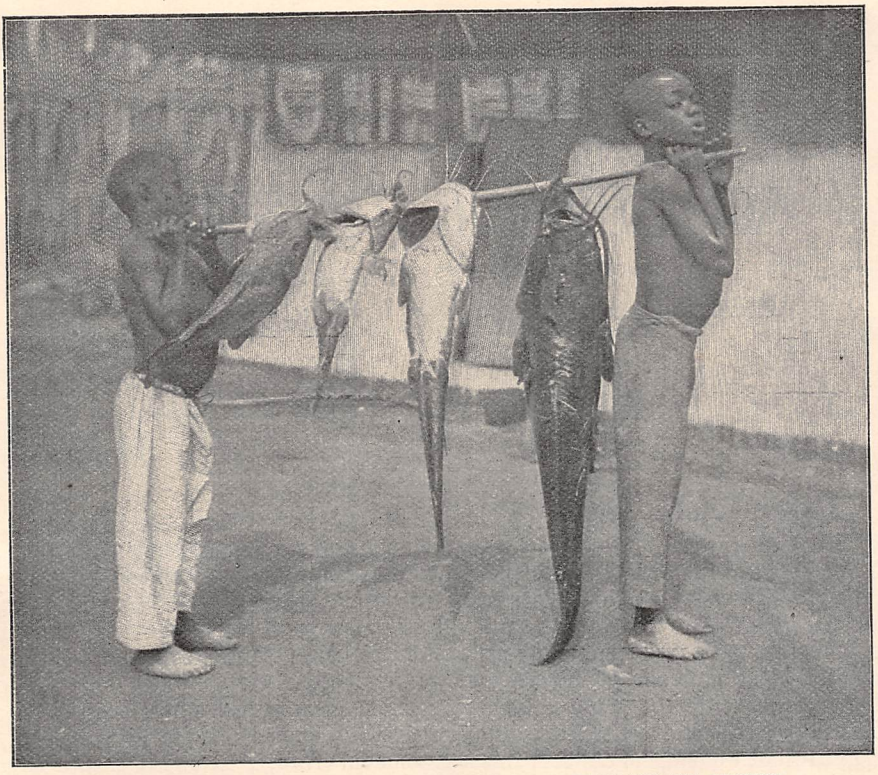
September 3. Left Chimba Marwe's early this morning. Tramped along the plateau for the first part of the way, which gradually dipped, ascended a rough piece of broken country, low, rocky hills, and finally made an abrupt descent by a very rocky trail to the shores of Tanganyika overlooking the south end of the lake, with its glorious bay encircled by rocky highlands. Soon reaching the flats, I arrived at the village of Teleka, a large tembé of clay. The old fellow, whom I had met at Nyassa, came out to meet me. I delayed but little, continuing my way to Sumbu, the B. C. A. station in charge of W. B. Knight, a most hospitable man. I had written him the day before, and he kindly sent out a machila, so that I was carried for about two miles to his station, which I found as ill provided as Moero: no men, no ammunition, no goods, and consequently but little influence.

Teleka has been settled here fifteen years, and has during that time made several trips to the coast. In fact, he has just now returned to his tembé from Kilwa, a German post on the Indian Ocean. He had two hundred and seventy carriers, many of them women, all heavily loaded, the principal part of his cargo being guns and ammunition.

The Belgian native troops are dressed in loose trousers, at the bottom drawn close to



FALLS OF THE LUAGUA RIVER NEAR THE SOUTH END OF LAKE TANGANYIKA.



TANGANYIKA FISH, NSINGA, MUCH LIKED BY THE NATIVES FOR ITS OILINESS.

the leg half-way down the calf by a running tape, mottled indigo shirt, red facings, red fez, breech-loading rifles, no shoes, broad belt, and cartridge-pouch.

September 5. Finding letters and papers here for Descamps and Duvivier,[1] I had them forwarded to the seat of war, as they asked me. Two Wanyamwezi guides given me by Watson returned with their men, carrying letters as far as Chimba Marwe's.

The southern end of the Tanganyika district is a slow part of the B. C. A. machinery. Marshall, at Abercorn, has a boat which is kept at Kituta, and will carry one hundred and fifty loads; yet it remains idle. Watson has nothing in his station, not even a yard of cloth. For five weeks there have been goods waiting for him at Kituta, but none have been sent to Sumbu to be despatched.

September 8. All my men engaged from Mlozi and Kopa Kopa returned to-day. They have done very well indeed, and I must write to Karonga, and give a list of their services, and recommend them to other white travelers.

September 10. The brother of Teleka came in, and reported that a man out of Mkula's village had reached their village, and warned everybody to be on guard, and not travel abroad, as the roads were unsafe, Mkula's warriors being on the war-path, bent on killing not only Wangwana, but any of the white man's people who may fall into their hands. News also came that the Belgians had defeated Masala, the tembé being carried by assault. The Belgians are now said to be moving on Msemewé's village, which will make no defense. The result of this fight will have an important effect on politics in this part of the world.

[1] On October 25, 1894, Glave, then at Moliro, Tanganyika, entered in his journal: «Heard news of Duvivier's death on Lake Moero. He was hunting hippos from a canoe; wounded one, which upset the canoe. He told his four men to remain by the canoe. They wished to swim ashore and return for him with another craft. He would not hear of this, but started to swim with his heavy boots, clothes, etc. When he had gone some distance, he threw up his arms and with a cry disappeared. This was repeated four times. His body was not found. It is not known whether he was seized by a crocodile or a wounded hippo, or succumbed to cramp or exhaustion.»—EDITOR.

E. J. Glave.

SIR GEORGE TRESSADY

By Mrs Humphry Ward

Author of "Robert Elsmere" "The History of David Grieve" "Marcella" etc

[BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

XXIII.

LETTY TRESSADY sat beside the doorway of one of the small red brick houses that make up the village of Ferth. It was a rainy October afternoon, and through the door she could see the black main street, houses and road alike bedabbled in wet and mire. At one point in the street her eye caught a small standing crowd of women and children, most of them with tattered shawls thrown over their heads to protect them from the weather. She knew what it meant. They were waiting for the daily opening of the soup-kitchen, started in the third week of the great strike by the Baptist minister, who, in the language of the Tory paper, was «among the worst firebrands of the district.» There was another soup-kitchen farther down, to which George had begun to subscribe immediately on his return to the place. She had thought it a foolish act on his part thus to help his own men to fight him the better. But now, as she watched the miserable crowd outside the Baptist chapel, she felt the teasing pressure of those new puzzles of her married life which had so far done little else, it seemed, than take away her gaiety and her power of amusing herself.

Near her sat an oldish woman with an almost toothless mouth, who was chattering to her in a tone that Letty knew to be three parts hypocritical.

«Well, the treuth is, the men is that fool'ardy when they gets a thing into their yeds, there 's no taakin' wi' un. There 's plenty as don' like the strike, my lady, but they durse n't say so—they 'd be afeard o' losin' the skin off their backs; for soom o' them lads o' Burrows's is a routin' rough lot, as don' keer what they doos to a mon, an' yo' canna exspeck a quiet body to stan' up agen 'em. Now, my son 'ee comes in at neet all slamp and downcast, an' I says to 'im, ‹Is there noa news yet o' the J'int Committee, John?› I says to un. ‹Noa, mither,› 'ee says; ‹they 're just keepin' ov it on.› An' 'ee do seem so down'earted when 'ee sees the poor soart ov a supper as is aw I can gie un to 'is stomach. Now, *I 'm* one o' thoase as *wants* nuthin'. The doctor says, ‹Yo' 've got no blude in yer, Missus'Ammersley; what 'ull yer 'ave?› An' I says: ‹*Nuthin'!* It 's sune cut, an' it 's sune cooked; *nuthin'!*› Noa; I 've niver been on t' parish—an' I *might*, times. An' I don't 'old wi' strikes. Lor'! it is a poor pleace, is ours,—ain't it?—an' nobbut a bit o' bread an' drippin' for supper.»

The old woman threw her eyes round her kitchen, bringing them back slyly to Letty's face. Letty ended by leaving some money with her, and walking away as dissatisfied with her own charity as she was with its recipient. Perhaps this old body was the only person in the village who would have begged of «Tressady's wife» at this particular moment. Letty, moreover, had some reason to believe that her son was one of the roughest of Burrows's body-guard, while the old woman was certainly no worse off than any of her neighbors.

Outside she was disturbed to find, as she walked home, that the street was full of people, in spite of the rain—of gaunt men and pinched women, who threw her hostile and sidelong glances as she passed. She hurried through them. How was it that she knew nothing of them, except, perhaps, of the few toadies and parasites among them? How was one to penetrate into this ugly,

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incomprehensible world of «the people»? The mere idea of trying to do so filled her with distaste and *ennui*. She was afraid of them. She wished she had not stayed so long with that old gossip, Mrs. Hammersley, and that there were not so many yards of dark road between her and her own gate. Where was George? She knew that he had gone up to the pits that afternoon to consult his manager about some defect in the pumping arrangements. She wished she had secured his escort for the walk home.

But before she left the village, she paused irresolutely, then turned down a side street, and went to see Mary Batchelor, George's old nurse, the mother who had lost her only son in his prime.

When, a few minutes later, she came up the lane, she was flatly conscious of having done a virtuous thing—several virtuous things—that afternoon, but certainly without any pleasure in them. She did not get on with Mary, nor Mary with her. The tragic absorption of the mother—little abated since the spring—in her dead boy seemed somehow to strike Letty dumb. She felt pity, but yet the whole emotion was beyond her, and she shrank from it. As for Mary, she had so far received Lady Tressady's visits with a kind of dull surprise, always repeated and not flattering. Letty believed that, in her inmost heart, the broken woman was offended each time that it was not George who came. Moreover, though she never said a word of it to Tressady's wife, she was known to be passionately on the side of the strikers, and her manner gave the impression that she did not want to be talking with their oppressors. Perhaps it was this feeling that had reconciled her to the loutish lad who lived with her, and had been twice «run in» by the police for stone-throwing at non-union men since the beginning of the strike. At any rate, she took a great deal more notice of him than she had done.

No; they were not very satisfactory, these attempts of Letty's in the village. She thought of them with a kind of inner exasperation as she walked home. She had been going to a few old and sick people, and trying to ignore the strike; but at bottom she felt an angry resentment toward these loafing, troublesome fellows, who filled the village street when they ought to have been down in the pits, who were starving their own children no less than disturbing and curtailing the incomes of their betters. Did they suppose that people were going to run pits for them for nothing? Their drink and their religion seemed to her equally hideous. She hated the two Dissenting ministers of the place only less than Valentine Burrows himself, and delighted to pass their wives with her head high in air.

With these general feelings toward the population in her mind, why these efforts at consolation and almsgiving? Well, the poor old people were not responsible; but she did not see that any good had come of it. She had said nothing about her visits to George, nor did she suppose that he had noticed them. He had been so incessantly busy since their arrival with conferences and committees that she had seen very little of him. It was generally believed that the strike was nearing its end, and that the men were exhausted; but she did not think that George was very hopeful yet.

Presently, as she neared a dark slope of road, bordered with trees on one side, and the high «bank» of the main pit on the other, her thoughts turned back to their natural and abiding subject—herself. Oh, the dullness of life at Ferth during the last three weeks! She thought of her amusements in town, of the country houses where they might now be staying but for George's pride, of Cathedine, even, and a rush of revolt and self-pity filled her mind. George always away, nothing to do in the ugly house, and Lady Tressady coming directly; she said to herself, suffocating, her small hands stiffening, that she felt fit to kill herself.

Half-way down the slope she heard steps behind her in the gathering darkness, and at the same moment something struck her violently on the shoulder. She cried out, and clutched at some wooden railings along the road for support, as the lump of «dirt» from the bank which had been flung at her dropped beside her.

«Letty, is that you?» shouted a voice from the direction of the village—her husband's voice. She heard running. In a few seconds George had reached her and was holding her.

«What is it struck you? I see! Cowards! *damned* cowards! Has it broken your arm? Try and move it.»

Sick with pain, she tried to obey him. «No,» she said faintly; «it is not broken—I think not.»

«Good!» he cried, rejoicing; «probably only a bad bruise. The brute mercifully picked up nothing very hard,» and he pushed the lump with his foot. «Take my scarf, dear; let me sling it. Ah! what was that? Letty, can you be brave—can you let me go one minute? I sha'n't be out of your sight.»

And he pointed excitedly to a dark spot moving among the bushes along the lower edge of the bank.

Letty nodded: «I can stay here.»

George leaped the palings and ran. The dark spot ran too, but in queer leaps and bounds. There was the sound of a scuffle; then George returned, dragging something or some one behind him.

«I knew it,» he said, panting, as he came within earshot of his wife; «it was that young ruffian, Mary Batchelor's grandson! Now you stand still, will you? I could hold two of the likes of you with one hand. Madan!»

He had but just parted from his manager on the path which led sideways up the bank, and waited anxiously to see if his voice would reach the Scotchman's ears. But no one replied. He shouted again; then he put two fingers in his mouth, and whistled loudly toward the pit, holding the struggling lad all the time.

At the same moment a couple of heavily built men, evidently colliers, came down the road from the village. George at once called to them from across the palings: «Here, you, there! This young rascal has been throwing a lump of dirt at Lady Tressady, and has hit her badly on the arm. Will you two just walk him up to the police station for me, while I take my wife home?»

The two men stopped and stared at the lady by the railings, and at Sir George holding the boy, whose white but grinning face was just visible in the growing dusk.

«Noa,» said one of them at last; «it 's noa business ov ourn, is it, Bill?»

«Noa,» said the other, stolidly, and on they tramped.

«Oh, you heroes!» George flung after them. «Attacking a woman in the dark is about what you understand! Madan!»

He whistled again, and this time there was a hurrying from overhead.

«Sir George!»

«Come down here, will you, at once!»

In a few more minutes the boy was being marched up the road to the police station in charge of the strong-wristed Scotch manager, and George was free to attend to Letty.

He adjusted a sling very fairly, then made her cling to him with her sound arm, and they were soon inside their own gates.

«You can't climb this hill,» he said to her, anxiously. «Rest at the lodge and let me go for the brougham.»

«I can walk perfectly well, and it will be much quicker.»

Involuntarily, he was surprised to find her rather belittling than exaggerating the ill. As they climbed on in the dark, he helping her as much as he could, both could not but think of another accident and another victim. Letty found herself imagining again and again what the scene with Lady Maxwell, after the East End meeting, might have been like, while, as for him, a face drew itself upon the rainy dusk which the will seemed powerless to blot out. It was a curious and unwelcome coincidence. His secret sense of it made him the more restlessly kind.

«What were you in the village for?» he asked, bending to her. «I did not know you had anything to do there.»

«I had been to see old Bessie Hammersley and Mrs. Batchelor,» she said in a tone that tried to be stiff or indifferent. «Bessie begged, as usual.»

«That was very good of you. Have you been doing visiting, then, during all these days I have been away?»

«Yes; a few people.»

George groaned.

«What 's the use of it, or of anything? They hate us, and we them. This strike begins to eat into my very being. And the men will be beaten soon, and the feeling toward the employers will be worse than ever.»

«You are sure they will be beaten?»

«Before Christmas, anyway. I dare say there will be some bad times first. To think a woman even can't walk these roads without danger of ill-treatment! How is one to have any dealings with the brutes, or any peace with them?»

His rage and bitterness made her somehow feel her bruises less. She even looked up in protest.

«Well, it was only a boy, and you used to think he was n't all there.»

«Oh! all there!» said George, scornfully. «There 'd be half of them in Bedlam if one had to make that excuse for them. There is n't a day passes without some devilry against the non-union men somewhere. It was only this morning I heard of two men being driven into a reservoir near Rilston, and stoned in the water.»

«Perhaps we should do the same,» she said unwillingly.

«Lean on me more heavily; we shall soon be there. You think we should be brutes, too? Probably. We seem to be all brutes for each other; that 's the charming way this competitive world is managed. So you have been looking after some of the old people, have you? You must have had a dull time of it this last three weeks—don't think I don't know that!»

He spoke with emotion. He thought he felt her grasp waver a little on his arm, but she did not speak.

«Suppose, when this business was over, I were to cut the whole concern—let the pits and the house, and go right away? I dare say I could.»

«Could you?» she said eagerly.

«We should n't get so much money, you know, as in the best years; but then it would be certain. What would you say to a thousand a year less?» he asked her, trying to speak lightly.

«Well, it does n't seem easy to get on with what we have, even if we had it,» she said sharply.

He understood the reference to his mother's debts, and was silent.

But evidently the recollection, once introduced, generated the usual heat and irritation in her, for as they neared the front door she suddenly said, with an acerbity he had not heard for some weeks:

«Of course to have a country house, and not to be able to spend a farthing upon it, to ask your friends, or have anything decent, is enough to make any one sick of it. And above all, when we need n't have been here at all this October—»

She stopped, shrinking from the rest of the sentence, but not before he had time to think; «She say *that!* Monstrous!»

Aloud he coldly replied:

«It is difficult to see where I could have been but here this October.»

Then the door opened, and the light showed her to him pale, with lips tight pressed from the pain of her injury. Instantly he forgot everything but his natural pity and chivalry toward women. He led her in, and half carried her up-stairs. A little later she was resting on her bed, and he had done everything he could for her till the doctor should come. She seemed to have passed into an eclipse of temper or moodiness, and he got little gratitude.

The evening post brought her a letter, which he took up to her himself. He knew the clear, rapid hand, and he knew, too, that Letty had received many such during the preceding month. He stood beside her a moment, almost on the point of asking her to let him see it; but the words died on his lips. And perceiving that she would not read it while he was there, he went away again.

When he returned, carrying a new book, and asking if he should read to her, he found her lying with her cheek on her hand, staring into the fire, and so white and miserable that his heart sank. Had he married her, a girl of twenty-four, only to destroy her chance of happiness altogether? A kind of terror seized him. He had been «good to her» so far as she and his business had allowed him since their return; there had been very little outward jarring; but no one knew better than he that there had not been one truly frank or reconciling moment.

He knelt down beside her, and laid his face against hers.

«Don't look so unhappy!» he said in a whisper, caressing her free hand. She did not answer or make any response till, as he got up again in a kind of despair as to what to do or say next, she hastily asked:

«Has the constable been up here to see you?»

He looked at her in surprise.

«Yes; it is all arranged. The lad will be brought up before the magistrates on Thursday.»

She fidgeted, then said abruptly:

«I should like him to be let off.»

He hesitated.

«That 's very nice of you, but it would n't be very good for the district.»

She did not press the matter, but as he moved away she said fretfully:

«I wish you 'd read to me. The pain 's horrid.»

Thankful, in his remorse, to do anything for her, he tried to amuse and distract her as he best could. But in the middle of a magazine story she interrupted him:

«Is n't it the day after to-morrow your mother 's coming?»

«According to her letter this morning.» He put down the book. «But I don't think you 'll be at all fit to look after her. Shall I write to-night, and suggest that she stays in London a little?»

«No; I shall be all right, the doctor says. I want to tell Esther»—Esther was the housemaid—«*not* to get the Blue Room ready for her. I looked in to-day, and it seemed damp. The back room over the dining-room is smaller, but it 's much warmer.»

She turned to look at him with a rather flushed face.

«You know best,» he said, smiling. «I am sure it will be all right. But I sha'n't let her come unless you are better.»

He went on reading till it grew late, and it seemed to him she was dropping off to sleep. He was stealing off by way of the large dressing-room near by, where he had been installed since their return, when she said faintly, «Good night!»

He returned, and felt the drawing of her hot hand. He stooped and kissed her. Then she turned away from him, and seemed to go instantly to sleep.

He went down-stairs to his library, and gathered about him some documents he had brought back from the last meeting of the masters' committee, which had to be read. But in reality he spent an hour of random thought. When would she herself tell him anything of her relations to Lady Maxwell, of the nature and causes of that strange subjection which, as he saw quite plainly, had been brought about? She must know that he pined to know; yet she held her secret only the more jealously, no doubt to punish him.

He thought of her visits to the village half humorously, half sadly; then of her speech about the Blue Room and his mother. They seemed to him signs of some influence at work.

But at last he turned back to his papers with a long, impatient sigh. The clear pessimism with which he was wont to see facts that concerned himself maintained that all the surrounding circumstance of the case was as untoward as it could be—this dull house, a troubled district, his money affairs, the perpetual burden of his mother, Letty's own thirst for pleasure, and the dying down in himself of the feelings that might once, possibly, have made up to her for a good deal. The feelings might be simulated. Was the woman likely to be deceived? That she was capable of the fiercest jealousy had been made abundantly plain, and such a temper, once roused, would find a hundred new provocations, day by day, in the acts and doings of a husband who had ceased to be a lover.

Two days later Lady Tressady arrived, with Justine, and her dogs, and all her paraphernalia. She declared herself better, but she was a mere shadow of the woman who had tormented George with her debts and affectations at Malford House a twelvemonth before. She took Ferth discontentedly, as usual, and was particularly cross with Letty's assignment to her of the back room, instead of the larger spare room to the front of the house.

«Damp? Nonsense!» she said to Justine, who was trying to soothe her, on the night she arrived. «I suppose Lady Tressady has some friend of her own coming to stay—that 's, of *course*, what it is. *C'est parfaitement clair, je te dis—parfaitement!*»

The French maid reminded her that her daughter-in-law had said, on showing her the room, she had only to express a wish to change, and the arrangements should be altered at once.

«I dare say,» cried Lady Tressady; «but I shall ask *no* favors of her, and that, of course, she knew.»

«But, miladi, I need only speak to the housemaid.»

«Thank you! Then afterward, whenever I had a pain or a finger-ache, it would be, ‹I told you so!› No! She has managed it very cleverly,—very cleverly indeed,—and I shall let it alone.»

Thenceforward, however, there were constant complaints of everything provided for her—room, food, the dullness of the place, the manners of her daughter-in-law. Whether it was that her illness had now reached a stage when the will could no longer fight against it, and its only effect was demoralizing, or whether the strange flash of courage and natural affection struck from the volatile nature by the first threat of death could not in any case have maintained itself, it is hard to say. At any rate, George also found it hard to keep up his new and better ways with her. The fact was, he suffered through Letty. In a few days his sympathies were all with her, and, to his amazement, he perceived before long that, in spite of occasional sharp speeches and sulky moments that only an angel could have forborne, she was really more patient under his mother's idiosyncrasies than he was. Yet Lady Tressady even now was rarely unmanageable in his presence, and could still restrain herself if it was a question of his comfort and repose, whereas it was clear that she felt a cat-like impulse to torment Letty whenever she saw her.

One recent habit, however, bore with special heaviness on himself. Oddly enough, it was a habit of religious discussion. Lady Tressady in health had never troubled herself in the least as to what the doctors of the soul might have to say, and had generally gaily professed herself a skeptic in religious matters, mostly, as George had often thought, for the sake of escaping all inconvenient restrictions,—such as family prayers, or keeping Sunday, or observing Lent,—which might have got in the way of her amusements.

But now, poor lady, she was all curiosity and anxiety about this strange other side of things, and inclined, too, to be rather proud of the originality of her inquiries on the subject. So that, night after night, she would keep George up, after an exhausting day, till the small hours, while she declared her own views «on God, on nature, and on human life,» and endeavored to extract his. This latter part of the exercise was, indeed, particularly attractive to her, no doubt because of its difficulty. George had been a singularly reserved person in these respects all his life, and had no mind now to play the part of a

coal seam for his mother to «pike» at; but «pike» she would incessantly.

«Now, George, look here! What do you *really* think about a future life? Now don't try and get out of it! And don't just talk nonsense to me because you think I 'm ill. I 'm not a baby—I really am not. Tell me seriously what you think. Do you honestly expect there *is* a future life?»

«I 've told you before, mother, that I have no particular thoughts on that subject. It is n't in my line,» George would say, smiling profanely, but uneasily, and wondering how long this bout of it might be going to last.

«Don't be shocking, George! You *must* have some ideas about it. Now, don't hum and haw; just tell me what you think.» And she would lean forward, all urgency and expectation.

A pause, during which George could think only of the ghastly figure on the sofa. She sat upright generally, against a prop of cushions, dressed in a white French tea-gown, slim enough to begin with, but far too large now for the shrunk form—a bright spot of rouge on either pinched cheek, and the dyed «fringe» and «coils» covering all the once shapely head. Meanwhile her hand would play impatiently on her knee. The hand was skin and bone, and the rings with which it was laden would often slip off from it to the floor—a diversion of which George was always prompt to avail himself.

«Why don't you talk to Mr. Fearon, mother?» he would say gently, at last. «It 's his business to discuss these things.»

«Talk to a clergyman! Thank you! I hope I have more respect for my own intelligence. What can a priest do for you? What does he know more than anybody else? But I do want to know what my own son thinks. Now, George, just answer me. If there *is* a future life,»—she spread out her hand slowly on her lap,—«what do you suppose your father's doing at this moment? That 's a thing I often think of, George. I don't think I want a future life if it 's to be just like the past. You know—you remember how he used to be, poking about the house, and going down to the pits, and—and—swearing at the servants, and having rows with me about the accounts—and all his dear, dreadful little ways? Yet, what else in the world can you imagine him doing? As to singing hymns!»

She raised her hands expressively.

George laughed, and puffed away at his cigarette. But as he still said nothing, Lady Tressady began to frown.

«That 's the way you always get out of my questions,» she said fretfully; «it 's so provoking of you.»

«I 've recommended you to the professional,» he said, patting her hand. «What else could I do?»

Her thin cheek flamed.

«As if we could n't be certain anyway,» she cried, «that the Christians don't know anything about it. As M. d'Estrelles used to say to me at Monte Carlo, if there 's one thing clear, it is that we need n't bother ourselves with *their* doctrines!»

«Need n't we?» said George. Then he looked at her, smiling. «And you think M. d'Estrelles was an authority?»

Odd recollections began to run through his mind of this elderly French admirer of his mother's, whom he had seen occasionally flitting about their London lodgings when, as a boy, he came up from Eton for his *exeat*.

«Oh, don't you scoff, George!» said his mother, angrily. «M. d'Estrelles was a very clever man, though he did gamble like a fool. Everybody said his memory was marvelous. He used to quote me pages out of Voltaire and the rest of them on the nights when we walked up and down the gardens at Monte Carlo, after he 'd cleared himself out. He always said he did n't see why these things should be kept from women—why men should n't tell women exactly what they think. And I know he 'd been a Catholic in his youth, so he 'd had experience of both. However, I don't care about M. d'Estrelles; I want your opinions. Now, George!»—her voice would begin to break—«how can you be so unkind? You might really compose my mind a little, as the doctors say!»

And through her incorrigible levity he would see for a moment the terror which always possessed her raise its head. Then it would be time for him to go and put his arm round her, and try and coax her to bed.

One night, after he had taken her up-stairs, he came down so wearied and irritable that he put all his letters aside, and tried to forget himself in some miscellaneous reading.

His knowledge of literature was no more complete than his character. Certain modern English poets—Rossetti, Morris, Keats, and Shelley—he knew almost by heart. And in travels and biography—mostly of men of action—he had, at one time or another, read voraciously. But «the classics he had not read,» as with most of us, would have made a list of lamentable length.

Since his return to Ferth, however, he had browsed a good deal among the books collected by his grandfather, mostly by way of

distracting himself at night from the troubles and worries of the day.

On this particular night there were two books lying on his table. One was a volume of Mme. de Sévigné, the other St. Augustine's «Confessions.» He turned over first one, then the other.

«Au reste, ma fille, une de mes grandes envies, ce serait d'être dévote; je ne suis ni au Dieu, ni au diable; cet état m'ennuie, quoiqu' entre nous je le trouve le plus naturel du monde. On n'est point au diable parce qu'on craint Dieu, et qu'au fond on a un principe de religion; on n'est point à Dieu aussi, parce que sa loi paroit dure, et qu'on n'aime point à se détruire soi-même.»

«Admirable!» he thought to himself, «*admirable!* We are all there—my mother and I—three parts of mankind.»

But on a page of the other book he had marked these lines for the beauty of them:

«Beatus qui amat te, et amicum in te, et inimicum propter te. Solus enim nullum eorum amittit, cui omnes in illo cari sunt qui non amittitur.»

He hung over the fire pondering the two utterances.

«A marvelous music,» he thought of the last; «but I know no more what it means than I know what a symphony of Brahms's means. Yet some say they know. Perhaps of *her* it might be true.»

THE weeks ran on. Outside, the strike was at its worst, though George still believed the men would give in before Christmas. There was hideous distress and some bad rioting in different parts of the country. Various attempts had been made by the employers to use and protect non-union labor, but the crop of outrage they had produced had been too threatening; in spite of the exasperation of the masters, they had been perforce let drop. The press and the public were now intervening in good earnest. «Every fool thinks he can do our business for us,» as George would put it bitterly to Letty. Burrows was speaking up and down the district with superhuman energy, varied only by the drinking-bouts to which he occasionally succumbed; and George carried a revolver with him when he went abroad.

The struggle wore him to death; the melancholy of his temperament had never been so marked. At the same time Letty saw a doggedness in him, a toughness like Fontenoy's own, which astonished her. Two men seemed to be fighting in him. He would talk with perfect philosophy of the miners point of view, and the physical-force sanction by which the lawless among them were determined to support it; but at the same time he belonged to the stiffest set among the masters.

Meanwhile, at home friction and discomfort were constantly recurring. In the course of three or four weeks Lady Tressady had several attacks of illness, and it was evident that her weakness increased rapidly. And with the weakness, alas! the ugly, incessant irritability, that dried up the tenderness of nurses, and made a battle-ground of the sick-room. Though, indeed, she could never be kept in her room, she resented being left a moment alone. She claimed, in spite of the anxieties of the moment, to be constantly amused, and though George could sometimes distract and quiet her, nothing that Letty did or said or wore was ever tolerable to a woman who merely saw in this youth beside her a bitter reminder of her own.

At last, one day early in November, came a worse turn than usual. The doctor was in the house most of the day, but George had gone off before the alarm to a place on the farther side of the county, and could not be got at till the evening.

He came in to find Letty waiting for him in the hall. There had been a rally; the doctor had gone his way marveling, and it was thought there was no immediate danger.

«But, oh, the pain!» said Letty, under her breath, pressing her hands together, and shivering. Her eyes were red, her cheeks pale; he saw that she was on the point of exhaustion, and he guessed that she had never seen such a sight before.

He ran up to visit his mother, whom he found almost speechless from weakness, yet waiting, with evident signs of impatience and temper, for her evening food. And while he and Letty were at their melancholy dinner together, Justine came flying down-stairs in tears. Miladi would not eat what had been taken to her; she was exciting herself; there would be another attack.

Husband and wife hurried from the room. In the hall they found the butler just receiving a parcel left by the railway delivery cart.

George passed the box with an exclamation and a shudder. It bore a large label, «From Worth et Cie,» and was addressed to Lady Tressady. But Letty stopped short with a sudden look of pleasure.

«You go to her. I will have this unpacked.»

He went up, and coaxed his mother like a child to take her soup and champagne. And presently, just as she was revived enough to talk to him, Letty appeared. Her mother-in-law frowned, but Letty came gaily up to the bed.

«There is a parcel from Paris for you,» she said, smiling. «I have had it opened. Would you like it brought in?»

Lady Tressady first whimpered, and said it should go back; what did a dying woman want with such things? then demanded greedily to see it.

Letty brought it in herself. It was a new evening gown of the softest greens and shell pinks, fit for a bride in her first season. To see the invalid, ashen-gray, stretching out her hand to finger it was almost more than George could stand. But Letty shook out the rustling thing, put on the skirt herself that Lady Tressady might see, and paraded up and down in it, praising every cut and turning with the most ingenious ardor.

«I sha'n't wear it, of course, till after Christmas,» said Lady Tressady at last, still looking at it with half-shut, covetous eyes. «Is n't it *darling* the way the lace is put on! Put it away. George, it 's the *first* I 've had from him this year.»

She looked up at him appealingly. He stooped and kissed her.

«I am so glad you like it, mother dear. Can't you sleep now?»

«Yes; I think so. Good night. And good night, Letty.»

Letty came, and Lady Tressady held her hand, while the blue eyes, still bearing the awful impress of suffering, stared at her oddly.

«It was nice of you to put it on, Letty. I did n't think you 'd have done it. And I 'm glad you think it 's pretty. I wish you would have one made like it. Kiss me.»

Letty kissed her. Then George slipped his wife's arm in his, and they left the room together. Outside Letty turned suddenly white, and nearly fell. George put his arms around her, and carried her down to his study. He put her on the sofa, and watched her tenderly, rubbing the cold hands.

«How you *could!*» he said at last, in a low voice, when he saw that she was able to talk; «how you *could!* I shall never forget that little scene.»

«You 'd have done anything if you 'd seen her this morning,» she said, with her eyes still closed.

He sat beside her, silent, thinking over the miseries of the last few weeks. The net result of them—he recognized it with a leap of surprise—seemed to have been the formation of a new and secret bond between himself and Letty. During all the time he had been preparing himself for the worst this strange thing had been going on. How had it been possible for her to be, comparatively, so forbearing? He could see nothing in his past knowledge of her to explain it.

He recalled the effort and gloom with which she had made her first preparations for Lady Tressady. Yet she had made them. Is there really some mystic power, as the Christians say, in every act of self-sacrifice, however imperfect—a power that represents at once the impelling and the rewarding God, that generates, moreover, from its own exercise the force to repeat itself? Personally, such a point of view meant little to him; nor did his mind dwell upon it long. All that he knew was that some angel had stirred the pool, that old wounds smarted less, that hope seemed more possible.

Letty knew quite well that he was watching her in a new way, that there was a new clinging in his touch. She little more than he understood what was happening to her. From time to time during these weeks of painful tension there had been hours of wild rebellion, when she had hated her surroundings, her mother-in-law, and her general ill luck as fiercely as ever. Then there had followed strange appeasements and inflowing calms—moments when she had been able, somehow, to express herself to one who cared to listen, who poured upon her in return a sympathy which braced while it healed.

Suddenly she opened her eyes.

«Do you want to hear about that first time when she came to see me?» she whispered, her look wavering under his.

He flushed and hesitated; then he kissed her hand.

«No, not now; you are worn out; another time. But I love you for thinking of telling me.»

A feeling of rest and well-being stole over her. Mercifully, he made no protestations, and she asked for none; but there was a gentle moving of heart toward heart. And the memory of that hour, that night, made one of the chief barriers between her and despair in the time that followed.

Two days later a painless death, death in her sleep, overtook Lady Tressady. Her delicate face, restored to its true years and framed in its natural gray hair, seemed for the first time beautiful to George when he saw her in her coffin. He could not remember admiring her, even when he was a boy, and she was reckoned among the handsomest women of her day. Parting with her was like the snapping of a strain that had pulled life out of its true bearings and proportions. An immense, inevitable relief followed. But after

her death Letty never said a harsh word of her, and George had a queer, humble feeling that, after all, he might be found to owe her much.

For as November and December passed away the relation between the husband and wife steadily settled and improved. «We shall rub along,» George said to himself, in his frank secret thoughts. «In the end it will be much better, perhaps, than either of us could have hoped.» That, no doubt, was the utmost that could ever be said; but it was much.

The night after his mother's death Letty abruptly, violently even, as though worked up to it by an inner excitement, told him the story of her wrestle with Marcella. Then, throwing some letters into his hand, she broke into sobbing, and ran away from him. When he went to look for her his own eyes were wet. «Who else could have done such a thing?» he said; and Letty made no protest.

The letters gave him food for thought for many a day afterward. They were little less of a revelation to him than the motives and personality lying behind them had been to Letty. In spite of all that he had felt for the woman who had written them, they still roused in him a kind of dull, abiding astonishment. We use the words «spiritual,» «poetic,» in relation to human conduct; we talk as though all that the words meant was familiarly understood by us; and yet, when the spiritual or the poetic comes actually to walk among us, slips into the forms and functions of our common life, we find it amazing, almost inhuman. It gives us some trouble to take it simply, to believe in it simply.

Yet nothing, in truth, could be a more inevitable outcome of character and circumstance than these letters of Marcella Maxwell to George Tressady's wife. Marcella had suffered under a strong natural remorse, and to free her heart from the load of it she had thrown herself into an effort of reconciliation and atonement with all the passion, the subtlety, and the resource of her temperament. She had now been wooing Letty Tressady for weeks; nor had the eager contriving ability she had been giving to the process missed its reward. Letty, fresh from the new impressions made upon her by Marcella at home and Marcella as a wife, by a beauty she could no longer hate, and a charm to which she had been forced to yield, had found herself, amid the loneliness and dullness of Ferth, gradually enveloped and possessed anew by the same influence acting in ways that grew week by week more personal and more subduing.

What, to begin with, could be more flattering either to heart or vanity than the persistence with which one of the most famous women of her time—watched, praised, copied, attacked, surrounded, as Letty knew her to be, from morning till night—had devoted herself first to the understanding, then to the capturing, of the smaller, narrower life? The reaction toward a natural reserve, a certain proud instinctive self-defense which had governed Marcella's manner during a great part of Letty's visit to the Court, had been in these letters deliberately broken down—at first with effort, then more and more frankly, more and more sweetly. Day after day, as Letty knew, Marcella had taken time from politics, from society, from her most cherished occupations, to write to this far-off girl, from whom she had nothing either to gain or to fear, who had no claims whatever on her friendship had things gone normally, while thick about the opening of their relation to each other hung the memory of Letty's insults and Letty's violence.

And the letters were written with such abandonment! As a rule, Marcella was a hasty or impatient correspondent. She thought letters a waste of time; life was full enough without them. But here, with Letty, she lingered, she took pains. The mistress of Les Rochers, writing to her absent, her exacting Pauline, could hardly have been more eager to please. She talked at leisure of all that concerned her—husband, child, high politics, the persons she saw, the gaieties she bore with, the books she read, the schemes in which she was busied; then, with greater tenderness, greater minuteness, of the difficulties and tediums of Letty's life at Ferth as they had been dismally drawn out for her in Letty's own letters. The animation, the eager kindness of it all, went for much; the amazing self-surrender, self-offering, implied in every page for much more.

It was this last, as George saw, that had done the work. Letty could not be insensible to such a flattery, a compliment so unexpected, so bewildering—the heart of a Marcella Maxwell poured out to her for the taking. She neither felt it so profoundly nor so delicately as hundreds of other women could have felt it. Nevertheless, the excitement of it had thrilled and broken up the hardnesses of her own nature. And with each yielding on her part had come new capacity for yielding, new emotions that amazed herself, till she found herself, as it were, groping in a strange world, clinging to Marcella's hand, trying to express feelings that had never visited her before; one mo-

ment proud of her new friend with a pride half moral, half selfish, the next ill at ease with her; and through it all catching dimly the light of new ideals.

One day, as George walked into Letty's sitting-room to discuss some small business of the afternoon, he saw on her writing-table that same photograph of Lady Maxwell and her boy whereof an earlier copy had come to such a tragic end in Letty's hands. He walked up to it with an exclamation; Letty was not in the room. Suddenly, however, she came in. He made no attempt whatever to disguise that he had been looking at the photograph; he bent over it, indeed, a moment longer deliberately. Then, walking away to the window, he began speaking of the matter which had brought him to look for his wife. Letty answered absently. The color had rushed to her face. Her hands fidgeted with the books and papers on her table, and her mind was full of fevered remembrance.

Presently George, having settled the little point he came to speak of, fell silent. But he still stood by the window, looking out through the rain-splashed glass to the wintry valley below, with its chimneys and straggling village. Letty, who was pretending to write a note, raised her head, looked at him, the quick breath beating through the parted lips, the blue eyes half wild, half miserable. She was not nearly so pretty as she had been a year before. George had often noticed it; it made part of his remorse. But the face was more troubling, infinitely more human, and, in truth, he knew it much better, was more sensitively alive to it, so to speak, than he ever had been in the days of their courtship.

Before he left the room he came back to her, put his arm round her shoulders, and kissed her hair. She did not raise her head or say anything; but when he had gone she looked up with a sudden fierce sob, took the photograph from its place, and thrust it angrily into the drawer in front of her. Afterward she sat for some minutes motionless, with her handkerchief at her lips, trying to choke down the tears that had seized her. And last of all, with trembling fingers, she took out the picture again, wrapped it in some soft tissue-paper that lay near as though propitiating it, and once more put it out of sight.

What had made her first ask Marcella for it, and then place it on her table where George might, nay, must, see it? Some vague wish, no doubt, to «make up,» to punish herself while touching him. But the recollection of him bending over the picture tortured her, gripped her at the heart, for many a day afterward. She let it be seen no more. Yet that week she wrote more fully, more incoherently, more piteously to Marcella than ever before. She talked, not without bitterness and injustice, of her bringing up, asked what she should read, spread out her puzzles with the poor or with her household—half angrily, as though she were accusing some one. For the first time, as it were, she was seeking a teacher in the art of living. And though the tone was still querulous, she knew, and Marcella presently dared to guess, that the ugly house on the hill had in truth ceased to be in the least dull or burdensome to her. George went in and out of it; and for the woman that has come to hunger for her husband's step there is no more ennui.

LETTY, indeed, hardly knew the strength of her own position. The reading of Lady Maxwell's letters to his wife had cleared a number of relics and fragments from George's mind. The day of passion was done, yes; but to see her frequently, to be brought back into any of the old social or political relations to her and Maxwell, from this his pride shrank no less than his conscience. Yet there was a large party in his constituency, and belonging to it some of the men whose probity and intelligence he had come to rate most highly, who were pressing him hard not to resign in February, and, indeed, not to resign at all. The few public meetings he had so far addressed had been stormy, indeed, but on the whole decidedly friendly to him, and it was urged that he must at least present himself for reëlection, in which case his expenses should be borne, and he should be left as unpledged as possible. Since the passage of the bill Fontenoy's reactionary movement had lost ground largely in the constituency, and the position of independent member with a general leaning to the government was, no doubt, easily open to George Tressady.

But his whole soul shrank from such a renewal of the effort of politics, probably because of that something in him, that enfeebling, paralyzing something, which in all directions made him really prefer the half to the whole, and see barriers in the way of all enthusiasms. Nevertheless, the arguments he had to meet, and the kind persuasions he had to rebut, made these weeks all the more trying to him.

The second week of December came, the beginning of the end so far as the strike was concerned. The men's resources were exhausted, the masters stood unbroken. They had met the men in a joint committee, but

they had steadily refused arbitration from outside. At the beginning of this week rioting broke out in a district where the Union had least strength, caused, no doubt, by the rage of impending failure. By the middle of the following week men were going in here and there, and the stampede of defeat had begun.

George, passing through the pinched and lowering faces that lined the village, hated the triumph of his class. On the 21st he rode over to a neighboring town, where local committees both of masters and men were sitting, to see if there was any final news as to the pits of his own valley.

About eight o'clock in the evening Letty heard his horse's hoofs returning. She knew that he was accustomed to ride in the dark, but the rumors of violence and excitement that filled the air had unnerved her, and she had been listening to every sound for some time past.

When the door was opened, she ran out.

«Yes, I 'm late,» said George, in answer to her remonstrances; «but it is all right—it was worth waiting for. The thing 's over. Some of the men go down to-morrow week, and the rest as we can find room for them.»

«On the masters' terms?»

«Of course—or all but.»

She clapped her hands.

«Oh, for goodness' sake, don't!» he said as he hung up his hat; and she, supposing that he was irritable from over-fatigue, managed to overlook the sharpness of his tone.

Their Christmas passed in solitude. George, more and more painfully alive to the disadvantages of Ferth as the home of a young woman with a natural love of gaiety, had tried, in spite of their mourning, to persuade Letty to ask some friends to spend Christmas week with them. She had refused, however, and they were still alone when the end of the strike arrived.

The day before the men were to go back to work, George returned late from a last meeting of the employers. Letty had begun dinner, and when he walked into the dining-room she saw at once that some unusual excitement or strain had befallen him.

«Let me have some food,» was all he would say in answer to her first questions, and she let him alone. When the servants were gone he looked up:

«I have had a shindy with Burrows, dear—rather a bad one, but that 's all. I walked down to the station with Ashton,»—Ashton was a neighboring magistrate and coal-owner,—«and there we found Valentine Burrows. Two or three friends were in charge of him, and it has been given out lately that he has been suffering from nervous breakdown, owing to his exertions. All that I could see was that he was drunker than usual—no doubt to drown defeat. Anyway, directly he saw me he made a scene—foamed and shouted. According to him, I am at the bottom of the men's defeat. It is my wild-beast delight in the sight of suffering, my love of 'fattening on the misery of the collier,' that is responsible for everything. Altogether he reached a fine flight! Then he got violent—tried to get at me with his knobbed stick. Ashton and I, and the men with him, succeeded in quelling him without bothering the police. I don't think anything more will come of it.»

And he stretched out his hand to some salted almonds, helping himself with particular deliberation.

After dinner, however, he lay down on a sofa in Letty's sitting-room, obliged to confess himself worn out. She made him comfortable, and after she had given him a cushion, she suddenly bent over him from behind and kissed him.

«Come here!» he said, with a smile, throwing up his hand to catch her. But with an odd blush and conscious look she eluded him, and when she came again, she brought a letter which she silently handed him.

It was from Marcella Maxwell, and for the first time he read a letter of hers with impatience. For it breathed strong sympathy with the strikers; denounced the masters for the final refusal of arbitration; could hardly speak connectedly of the suffering of the women and children; and finally revealed that the writer and Maxwell were wholly at variance on the matter, and that she could not even bear to discuss it with him. The ineradicable belief of Marcella's passionate youth in the special sacredness of the hand-worker, as compared with any other sort of worker in the country, spoke from every agitated line. She had never yet dwelt at any length upon the strike in her correspondence with Letty, no doubt because she had not dared to trust herself, and dreaded, moreover, to compromise her first and noblest aim in writing. But at last self-restraint had broken down, and many of her sentences pricked a wearied man past endurance.

He put the letter down with a snap of the lips, and lay with his hands behind his head thinking.

«No, my lady, it won't do!» he said after a minute or two. «You and I can't both eat our cake and have it. *Either* capital gets its

fair remuneration, and ability its fair wages, *or* the Marxian state, labor notes, and the rest of it. There is no half-way house—absolutely none. As for me, I am not going to lend my capital for nothing, nor to give my superintendence for nothing. And I don't ask exorbitant pay for either. It is quite simple. My conscience is quite clear.»

«I suppose—Marcella—thinks,» Letty began resentfully,—he heard the Christian name from her lips with a curious start,—«we might live on less. How *could* we?»

«And much good it would do them,» he said scornfully.

But after another pause he suddenly sprang up to pace the little room, and she heard him say under his breath, «But who am I that I should be coercing them and trampling on them,—men old enough to be my father,—driving them down to-morrow, while I sleep, for a dog's wage!»

«George, what is the matter with you?» she cried, looking at him in real anxiety.

«Nothing! *nothing!* Let 's not say another word of it. I wish you had n't given me that letter. Darling, who 's ill? I saw the old doctor on the road home, and he threw me a word as he passed about having been here—looked quite jolly over it. What 's wrong—one of the servants?»

Letty put down her work upon her knee, and her hands upon it. She grew red and pale; then she turned away from him, pressing her face into the back of her chair.

He flew to her, and she murmured in his ear.

WHAT she said was by no means all sweetness; there was mingled with it much terror and some anger. Letty was not one of the women who take maternity as a matter of course.

But emotion and natural feeling had their way. George was dissolved in joy; he threw himself at her feet, resting his head against her knee.

«If he does n't have your eyes and hair, I 'll disinherit him,» he said, with a gaiety which seemed to have effaced all his fatigue.

«I don't want him,» was her pettish reply; «but if *she* has your chin, I 'll put her out to nurse. Oh, how I hate the thought of it!» and she shuddered.

He caught her hand, comforting her. Then, putting up both his own, he drew her down to him.

«After all, little woman, it has n't turned out so badly?» he said in her ear, with sad appeal. Their lips met, trembling. Suddenly Letty broke into passionate weeping. George sprang up, gathered her upon his knee, and they sat for long in silence, clinging to each other.

GEORGE slept lightly, being over-tired. All through the night the vision of the beaten men going down sullenly to their first shift seemed to hold him as though in a nightmare.

Between seven and eight o'clock a sound startled him. He found himself standing by his bed, struggling to wake and collect himself.

A sound that had shaken the house, passing like a dull thud through the valley. A horror seized him. He looked at Letty, who was fast asleep; then he walked noiselessly into his dressing-room, and began to hurry on his clothes.

Five minutes later he was running down the hill at his full speed. It was bitterly cold and still; the first snow lay on the grass, and a raw gray veil hung over the hills. As he came in sight of the distant pit-bank he saw a crowd of women swarming up it; a confused and hideous sound of crying and shrieking came to his ears, and at the same moment a boy, panting and dead white, ran through the lodge gates to meet him.

«Where is it, Sprowston?»

«Oh, sir, it 's No. 2 pit. The damp 's comin' up the upcast, and the cage is blown to pieces. But the down shaft 's all right, and Mr. Madan and Mr. Macdonald were starting down as I come away. There was eighty-six men and boys went down first shift.»

George groaned, and rushed on.

XXIV.

ENGLAND knows these scenes too well!

When Tressady, out of breath with running, reached the top of the bank, and threw a hurried look in front of him, his feeling was that he had seen everything before—the wintry dawn, the crowds of pale men and weeping women ranged on either hand, the police keeping the ground round the shafts clear for the mine officials—even the set, white face of his manager, who, with Macdonald the fireman, and two hewers, had just emerged from the cage that was waiting at the mouth of the downcast shaft.

As soon as Madan saw Tressady rounding the corner of the engine-house, he hurried toward his employer.

«Have you been down yet?» Tressady cried to him.

«Just come up, sir. We got about fifty yards,—air fairly good,—then we found falls along the main intake. We got over three or four, till the damp rose on us too bad; we had

a rough bit getting back. I thought you 'd be here by now. Macdonald thinks from the direction in which things were lying that the blast had come from Holford's Heading or thereabouts.»

And the manager hastily opened a map of the colliery he was carrying in his hand against the wall of the engine-house, and pointed to the spot.

«How many men there?»

«About thirty-two in the workings round about, as near as I can reckon it.»

«Any sign of the rest? How many went down?»

«Eighty-six. A cageful of men and lads—just them from the shaft-bottom—got up immediately after the explosion. Since then not a sound from any one! The uptake shaft is chock-full of damp. Mitchell, in the fan-room, had to run for it at first, it was coming up so fast.»

«Good God!» said George, under his breath; and the two men eyed each other painfully.

«Have you sent for the inspector?» said Tressady, after a moment.

«He ought to be here in five minutes, now, sir.»

«Got some balks together?»

«The men are piling them by the shaft at this moment.»

«Fan uninjured?»

«Yes, sir; and speed increased.»

Followed by Madan, Tressady walked up to the shaft, and himself questioned Macdonald and the two hewers.

Then he beckoned to Madan, and the two walked in close converse toward the lamp-house, discussing a plan of action. As they passed slowly along the bank, the eyes of the miserable, terror-stricken throng to either side followed every movement; but there was not a sound from any one. Once Tressady looked up, and caught the faces of some men near him—dark faces, charged with a meaning that seemed instantly to stiffen his own nerve for what he had to do.

«I give Dixon three more minutes,» he said impatiently, looking at his watch; «then we go down without him.»

Dixon was the inspector. He was well known throughout the district, a plucky, wiry fellow, who was generally at the pit's mouth immediately after an accident, ready and keen to go with any rescue-party on any errand, however dangerous—purely, as he himself declared, for professional and scientific reasons. In this case, he lived only a mile away, on the farther side of the village, so that Madan's messenger had not far to go.

As he spoke, George felt his arm clutched from behind. He turned, and saw Mary Batchelor, who had come forward from a group of women.

«Sir George! Listen 'ere, Sir George.» Her lined face and tear-blurred eyes worked with a passion of entreaty. «The boy went down at five with the rest. Don't yer bear 'im no malice. Ee 's a poor sickly creetur', an' the Lord a'n't give 'im the full use of his wits.»

George smiled at the poor thing's madness, and touched her kindly on the shoulder:

«Don't you trouble yourself, Mary; all that can be done will be done—for everybody. We are only giving Mr. Dixon another minute; then we go down. Look here.» He drew her inside the door of the lamp-room, which happened to be close by; for an open-mouthed group, eager to hear whatever he might be saying, had begun to press about them. «Can you take this message from me up to the house? There 'll be no news here, you know, for a long time, and I left Lady Tressady asleep.»

He tore a half-sheet from the letter in his pocket, scribbled a few words upon it, and put it into Mary's hand.

The woman, with her shawl over her head, ran past the lamp-house toward the entrance gate as fast as her age would let her, while George rejoined Madan.

«Ah, there he is!»

For the small, lean figure of the inspector was already passing the gate.

Tressady hurried to meet him.

By the time the first questions and answers were over, Tressady, looking round for Madan, saw that the manager was speaking angrily to a tall man in a rough coat and corduroy trousers who had entered the pit premises in the wake of Mr. Dixon.

«You take yourself off, Mr. Burrows! You 're not wanted here.»

«Madan!» called Tressady, «attend to Mr. Dixon, please. I 'll see to that man.»

And he walked up to Burrows, while the men standing near crowded over the line they had been told to keep.

«What do you want?» he said, as he reached the newcomer.

«I have come to offer myself for the rescue-party. I 've been a working miner for years. I 've had special experience in accidents before. I can beat anybody here in physical strength.»

As he spoke, the great, heavily built fellow looked round him, and a murmur of assenting applause came from the bystanders.

Tressady studied him.

«Are you fit?» he said shortly.

Burrows flushed. Tressady's penetrating look forced his own to meet it.

«As fit as you are,» was his haughty reply.

«Well,» said Tressady, slowly, «we don't want to be refusing strong men. If Madan will have you, you shall come. Mind, we 're all under his orders.»

He went to the manager, and said a word in his ear. Madan, in response, vouchsafed neither look nor remark to the man whom he hated, apparently, more bitterly than his employer did. But he made no further objection to his joining the search-party.

Presently all preparations were made. Picked bands of firemen and timbermen descended first, with Madan at their head. Then George, Mr. Dixon, a couple of local doctors, who had hurried up to offer their services, and Burrows.

As they shot down into the darkness George was conscious of a strange exhilaration. Working on the indications given him by the first exploring party, his mind was alive with conjectures as to the cause of the accident, and with plans for dealing with the various obstacles that might occur. Never during these weeks of struggle and noise and objurgation had he felt so fit, so strenuous. At the bottom of the shaft he had even to remind himself, with a shudder, of the dead men who must be waiting for them in these black depths.

For some little distance from the shaft nothing was to be seen that spoke of an explosion. Some lamps in the porch of the shaft and along the main roadway were burning as usual, and the «journey» of trucks, from which the «hookers-on» and enginemen had escaped at the first sign of danger, was standing laden in the entrance of the mine. The door of the under-manager's cabin, near the base of the shaft, was open. Madan looked into the little den, where the lamp was still burning on the wall, and groaned. The young fellow who was generally to be found there was a great friend of his, and they attended the same chapel together. A little farther an open cupboard was noticed with a wisp of spun yarn hanging out from it, inflammable stuff, quite untouched. But about thirty yards farther they came upon the first signs of mischief. A heavy fall of roof had to be scrambled over, and beyond it after-damp was clearly perceptible.

Here there was an exclamation from Burrows, who was to the front, and the first victim showed out of the dark in the pale glow-worm light of the lamps turned upon him. A man lay on his side, close against the wall, with an unlocked lamp in his hands, which were badly burned; but no other part of him was burned, and it was clear that he had died of after-damp in trying to escape. He had evidently come from one of the nearer work-places, and fallen within a few yards of safety. The inspector pounced upon the lamp at once, while the doctors knelt by the body; but in itself the lamp told little. If it were the illegal unlocking of a lamp that caused the disaster, neither this lamp nor this man could be at fault; for he had died clearly on the verge of the explosion area, and from the after-effects of the calamity. But the inspector, who had barely looked at the dead man, turned the lamp round in his hands, dissatisfied.

«Bad pattern! Bad pattern! If I had my way, I 'd fine every manager whose lamps *could* be unlocked,» he said to himself, but quite audibly.

«The fireman may have unlocked it, sir, to relight his own or some one else's,» said Madan, stiffly, put at once on his defense.

«Oh, I know you 're within your legal right, Mr. Madan,» said the inspector, briskly. «*I* have n't the making of the laws.»

And he sat down on the floor, taking the lamp to pieces, and bending his shrewd, black-eyed face over it all the time that the doctors were examining its owner. He was, perhaps, one of the most humane men in his profession, but a long experience had led him to the conclusion that in these emergencies the fragments of a lamp, or a «tamping,» or a «shot» matter more to the community than dead men.

Meanwhile, George crouched beside the doctors watching them. The owner of the lamp was a strong, fair-haired young man, without a mark on him, except for the burning of the hands, the eyes quietly shut, the face at peace. One of the colliers in the search-party had burst out crying when he saw him. The lad was his nephew, and had been a favorite in the pit, partly because of his prowess as a foot-ball player. But the young life had gone out irrevocably. The doctor shook his head as he lifted himself, and they left him there in order not to waste any chance of getting out the living first.

Twenty yards farther on three more bodies were found, two oldish men and a boy, very little burned. They also had been killed in escaping, dragged down by the inexorable after-damp.

A little beyond this group a fall of mingled stone and coal from the roof blocked the way

so heavily that the hewers and timbermen had to be set to work to open out and shore up before a passage could be made. Meanwhile, the air in the haulage road was clearing fast, and George could sit on a lump of stone and watch the dim light playing on the figures of the men at work. The blows struck echoed from floor to roof; the work of the bare arms and backs, as they swayed and jerked, woke a clamor in the mine. Were there any ears still to listen for them beyond that mass? He could scarcely keep a limb quiet, as he sat looking on, for impatience and excitement. Burrows, meanwhile, was wielding a pick with the rest, and George envied him the bodily skill and strength that, in spite of his irregular ways of life, were still left to him.

To restore the ventilation current was their first object, and the foremost pick had no sooner gained the roadway on the other side than a strong movement of the air was perceptible. Madan's face cleared. The ventilation circuit between the downcast and upcast shafts must be already in some sort reëstablished. Let them only get a few more «stoppings» and brattices put temporarily to rights, and the fan, working at its increased speed, would soon drive the renewed air-currents forward again, and make it possible to get all over the mine. The hole made was quickly enlarged, and the rescuers scrambled through.

But still fall after fall on the farther side delayed their progress, and the work of repairing the blown-out stoppings by such wood brattice as could be got at was long and tedious. The rescuers toiled and sweated, pausing every now and then to draw upon the food and drink sent up from behind, and the hours flew unheeded. At last, upon the farther side of one of the worst of these falls —a loose, mingled mass of rock and coal— they came on indications that showed them they had reached the center and heart of the disaster. A door leading on the right to one of the side roads of the pit known as Holford's Heading was blown outwards, and some trucks from the heading had been dashed across the main intake, and piled up in a huddled and broken mass against the farther wall. Just inside that door lay victim after victim, mostly on their faces, poor fellows! as they had come running out from their stalls at the noise of the explosion, only to meet the fiery blast that killed them. Two or three had been flung violently against the sides of the heading, and were left torn, with still bleeding wounds, as well as charred and blackened by the flame. Of sixteen men and boys that lay in this place of death, not one had survived to hear the stifled words—half groans, half sobs—of the comrades who had found them.

«But, thank God! no torture, no *thought*,» said George to himself, as he went from face to face; «an instant, a flash, then nothingness.»

Many of the men were well known to him. He had seen them last hanging about the village street pale with famine, the hatred in their eyes pursuing him.

«And after hunger, after defeat, the mine itself rises against them, chokes, burns, slays them—while I slept.» His thoughts ran something in this way with a morbid persistence.

He knelt down an instant beside an elderly man whom he could remember since he was quite a boy—a weak-eyed, sallow fellow, much given to preaching; much given, too, it was said, to beating his wife and children as the waves of excitement took him. Anyway, a fellow who could feel, whose nerves stung and tormented him even in the courses of ordinary life. He lay with his eyes half open, the face terribly scorched, the hands clenched as though he still fought with the death that had overcome him.

George covered the man's face with a handkerchief as the doctor left the body. «*He* suffered,» he said under his breath. The doctor heard him, and nodded sadly.

Hark! what was that? A cry—a faint cry!

«They 're some of them alive in the end workings,» cried Madan, with a sob of joy. «Come on, my lads! Come on!»

And the party,—all but Mr. Dixon,—leaving the dead, pushed on through the foul atmosphere, over heaps of fallen stone and coal, in quest of the living.

«Leave me a man,» said Mr. Dixon, detaining the manager a moment. «I stay here—there are enough of you. If I judge right, it all began here.»

A collier stayed with him unwillingly, panting all the time under the emotion of the rescue the man imagined, but was not to see.

For while the inspector measured and sketched, far up the heading, in some disused workings off a side-dip or roadway, Burrows was the first to come upon twenty-five men, eighteen of whom were conscious and uninjured. Two of them had strength enough, as they heard the footsteps and shouts approaching, to stagger out into the heading to meet their rescuers. One, a long,

thin lad, came forward with leaps and gambols, in spite of his weakness, and fell almost at Tressady's feet. As he recognized the tall man standing above him, his bloodless mouth twitched into a broad grin:

«I say, give us a chance. Take me out, won't you?»

It was Mary Batchelor's grandson. In retribution for the assault on Letty, the lad had been sentenced to three weeks' imprisonment, and George had not seen him since. He stooped now, and poured some brandy down the boy's throat. «We 'll get you out directly,» he said, «as soon as we 've looked to the others.»

«There 's some on 'em not worth takin' out,» said the boy, clinging to George's leg. «They 're dead. Take me out first.» Then, with another grin, as George disengaged himself, «Some on 'em 's prayin'.»

Indeed, the first sight of that little group was a strange and touching one. About a dozen men sat huddled round one of their number, a Wesleyan class-leader, who had been praying with them and reciting passages from St. John. All of them, young or old, were dazed and bent from the effects of after-damp, and scarcely one of them had strength to rise till they were helped to their feet. Nevertheless, the cry which had been heard by their rescuers had not been a cry for help, but the voices of the little prayer-meeting raised feebly through the darkness in the Old Hundredth.

A little distance from the prayer-meeting the skeptics of the party leaned against the wall or lay along the floor unheeding, while seven men were unconscious, and possibly dying. Two or three young fellows, meanwhile, who had been least touched by the after-damp, had «amused themselves,» as they said, by riding up and down the neighboring level on the «jummer,» or coal-truck, of one of them.

«Were n't you afraid?» Tressady asked one of these, turning a curious look at him, while the doctors were examining the worst cases, and rough men were sobbing and shaking each other's hands off.

«Noa,» said the young hewer, his face, like something cut out in yellowish wax, returning the light from Tressady's lamp. «Noa; theer was company. Old Moses there, 'ee saved us.»

Old Moses was the leader of the prayer-meeting. He was a fireman, besides, who had been for twenty-six years in the mine. At the time of the explosion, it appeared, he had been in a working close to that door on the heading where death had done so ghastly and complete a work. But the flame in its caprice had passed him by, and he and another man had been able to struggle through the after-damp back along the heading just in time to stem the rush of men and boys from the workings at the farther end. These men were at the moment in a madness of terror, and ready even to plunge into the white death-mist advancing to meet them, obeying only the instinct of the trapped animal to «get out.» But Moses was able to control them, to draw them back by degrees along the heading till, in the distant workings where they were found, the air was more tolerable, and they could wait for rescue.

George was the first to help the old fireman to his feet. But instead of listening to any praises of his own conduct, he was no sooner clinging to Tressady's arm than he called to Madan:

«Mr. Madan, sir!»

«Ay, Moses.»

«Have ye heard ought of them in the West Heading yet?»

«No, Moses; we must get these fellows out first. We 'll go there next.»

«I left thirty men and boys there this morning at half-past six. It was fair thronged up with them.» The old man's voice shook.

Meanwhile, Madan and the doctors were busy with the transport of the seven unconscious men, some of whom were already dying. Each of them had to be carried on his back by two men, and as soon as the sick procession was organized, it was seen that only three of the search-party were left free—Tressady, Burrows, and the Scotch fireman, Macdonald.

Up the level and along the heading, past the point where Dixon was still at work, over the minor falls that everywhere attested the range of the explosion, and through the pools of water that here and there gathered the drippings of the mine, the seven men were tenderly dragged or carried, till at last the party regained the main intake or roadway.

George turned to Madan:

«You will have your hands full with these poor fellows. Macdonald and I—Mr. Burrows, if he likes—will push on to the West Heading.»

Madan looked uneasy.

«You 'd better go up, Sir George,» he said in a low voice, «and let me go on. You don't know the signs of the roof as I do. Eight or nine hours after an explosion is the worst time for falls. Send down another shift, sir, as quick as you can.»

«Why should you risk more than I?» said George, quietly. «Stop! what time is it?» He looked at his watch. Five o'clock—nearly nine hours since they descended! He might

have guessed it at three, if he had been asked. Time in the midst of such an experience contracts to a pin's point. But the sight of the watch stirred a pang in him.

«Send word at once to Lady Tressady,» he said in Madan's ear, drawing the manager to one side. «Tell her I have gone on a little farther, and may be another hour or two in getting back. If she is down at the bank, beg her from me to go home. Tell her the chances are that we may find the other men as safe as these.»

Madan acquiesced reluctantly. George then plundered him of some dry biscuits; of some keys, moreover, that might be useful in opening one or two locked doors farther up the workings.

«Macdonald, you 'll come?»

«Ay, Sir George.»

«You, Mr. Burrows?»

«Of course,» said Burrows, carelessly, throwing back his handsome head.

Some of the rescued men turned and looked hard at their agent and leader with their sunken eyes; others took no notice. His prestige had been lost in defeat, and George had noticed that they avoided speech with him. No doubt this rescue-party had presented itself to the agent as an opening he dare not neglect.

«Come on, then,» said George; and the three men turned back toward the interior of the pit.

Old Moses, from whose clutch George had just freed himself, stopped short and looked after them. Then he raised a hoarse voice:

«Be you going to the West Heading, Sir George?»

«Yes,» George flung back over his shoulder, already far away.

«The Lord go with yer, Sir George!»

No answer. The old man, breathing hard, caught hold of one of his stronger comrades, and tottered on toward the shaft. Two or three of his fellows gathered round him. «Ay,» said one of them, out of Madan's hearing; «'ee 's been a-squeezing of us through the ground, 'ee 'ave, but 'ee 's a plucky lot, is the boss.»

«They do say as Burrers slanged 'im fine at the station yesterday,» said another, hoarsely. «Called 'im the devil untied, one man told me.»

The first speaker, still haggard and bowed from the poison in his blood, made no reply; and the movement of old Moses's lips, as he staggered forward, helped on by the two others, his head hanging on his breast, showed that he was praying.

MEANWHILE, George and his two companions pushed cautiously on, Macdonald trying the roof with his lamp from time to time for signs of fire-damp. Two seams of coal were worked in the mine, one of which was «fiery.» No naked lights, therefore, were allowed, and all «shots,» or charges for loosening the coal, were electrically fired.

As they walked, they spoke now and then of the possible cause of the disaster, whereof Dixon, as they passed him, had bluntly declined to say a word till his task was done. George, with the characteristic contempt of intelligence for the blunderer, threw out a few caustic remarks as to the obstinate disobedience or carelessness of a certain type of miner—disobedience which, in his own experience even, had already led to a score of fatal accidents. Burrows, irritated apparently by his tone, took up a provoking line of reply. Suppose a miner, set to choose between the risk of bringing the coal roof down on his head for lack of a proper light to work by, and the risk of «being blown to hell» by the opening of his lamp, did a mad thing sometimes, who were other people, that they should blame him? His large, ox-like eyes, clear in the light of his lamp, turned a scornful defiance on his companion. «Try it yourself, my fine gentleman»—that was what the expression of them meant.

«He does n't only risk his own life,» said George, shortly. «That 's the answer. I say, Macdonald, is n't this the door to the Meadows Pit? If anything cut us off from the shaft, and supposing we could n't get round yet by the return, we might have to try it, might n't we?»

Macdonald assented, and George as he passed stepped up to the heavy wooden door, and tried one of the keys he held, that he might be sure of opening it in case of need.

The door had been unopened for long, and he shook it backward and forward to make the key bite.

Meanwhile, Macdonald had lingered a little behind, while Burrows had walked on. Suddenly, above the rattle of the door, a cracking noise was heard. A voice of agony rang through the roadway:

«Run, Sir George! Run!»

A rattle like thunder roared through the mine. It was heard at the pit-head, and the people crowded there ran hither and thither in dismay, thinking it was another explosion.

HOURS passed. At last in George's numbed brain there was a faint stir of consciousness; he opened his eyes slowly.

Oh, horror! Oh, cruelty! To come back from merciful nothingness and peace to this burning anguish, not to be borne, of body and mind. «I had died,» he thought; «it was done with.» And a wild, impotent rage, as against some brutality done him, surged through him.

A little later he made a first slight movement, which was answered at once by another movement on the part of a man sitting near him. The man bent over him in the darkness, and felt for his pulse.

«Burrows!» The whisper was just perceptible.

«Yes, Sir George.»

«What has happened? Where is Macdonald? Give me some brandy; there, in my inner pocket.»

«No; I have it. Can you swallow it? I have tried several times before, but your mouth was set; it ran down my fingers.»

«Give it me.»

Their fingers met, George feeling for the flask. As he moved his arm a groan of anguish broke from him.

«Drink it if you possibly can.»

George put all the power of his being into the effort to swallow a few drops. Still the anguish! «O God, my back! And the legs—paralyzed!»

The words were only spoken in the brain, but it seemed to him that he cried them aloud. For a moment or two the mind swam again; then the brandy began to sting.

He slid down a hand slowly, defying the pain it caused him, to feel his right leg. The trousers round the thigh hung in ribbons, but the fragments lying on the flesh were caked and hard, and beneath him was a pool. His reason worked with difficulty, but clearly. «Some bad injury to the thigh,» he thought; «much bleeding; probably the bleeding has dulled the worst pain. The back and shoulders burned—»

Then, in the same hesitating, difficult way he managed to lift his hand to his head, which ached intolerably. The right temple and the hair upon it were also caked and wet.

He let his hand drop. «How long have I —» he thought. For already his revived consciousness could hardly maintain itself; something from the black tunnels of the mine seemed to be perpetually pressing out upon it, threatening to drown it like a flood.

«Burrows!»—he felt again with his hand —«where 's Macdonald?»

A sob broke from the darkness beside him:

«Crushed in an instant. I heard one cry. Why not we, too?»

«It was such a bad fall?»

«The whole mine seemed to come down.» George felt the shudder of the huge frame. «I escaped; you must have been caught by some of it. Macdonald was right underneath it. But there was an explosion besides.»

«Macdonald's lamp? Broken?» whispered George, after a pause.

«Possibly. It could n't have been much or we should have been killed instantly. I was only stunned—a bit scorched, too—not badly. You 're the lucky one. I shall die by inches.»

«Cheer up!» said George, faintly. «I can't last, but they 'll find you.»

«What chance for either of us?» said Burrows, groaning. «The return must be blocked, too, or they 'd have got round to us by now.»

«How long?»

«God knows! To judge by the time I 've been sitting—since I got you here—it 's night long ago.»

«Since you got me here?» repeated George, with feeble interrogation.

«When I came to, I was lying with my face in a dampish sort of hollow, and I suppose the after-damp had lifted a bit, for I could raise my head. I felt you close by. Then I dragged myself on a bit till I felt some brattice. I got past that, found a dip where the air was better, came back for you, and dragged you here. I thought you were dead at first; then I felt your heart. And since we got here, I 've found an air-pipe up here along the wall, and broken it.»

George was silent. But the better atmosphere was affecting him somewhat, and consciousness was becoming clearer. Only, what seemed to him a loud noise disturbed him—tortured the wound in his head. Then, gradually, as he bent his mind upon it, he made out what it was—a slow drip or trickle of water from the face of the wall. The contrast between his imagination and the reality supplied him with a kind of measure of the silence that enwrapped them—silence that seemed in itself a living thing, charged with the brooding vengeance of the earth upon the creatures that had been delving at her heart.

«Burrows! that water—maddens me!» He moved his head miserably. «Could you get some? The brandy flask has a cup.»

«There is a little pool by the brattice. I put my cap in as we got there, and dashed it over you. I 'll go again.»

George heard the long limbs drag themselves painfully along. Then he lost count again of time, and all impressions on the ear, till he was roused by the water at his lips and a hand dashing some on his brow.

He drank greedily.

«Thanks! Put it by me—there; that 's safe. Now, Burrows, I 'm dying. Leave me. You can't do anything—and you—you might still try for it. There are one or two ways that might be worth trying. Take these keys. I could explain—»

But the little thread of life wavered terribly as he spoke. Burrows had to put his ear close to the scorched lips.

«No,» he said gloomily; «I don't leave a man while there 's any life in him. Besides, there 's no chance; I don't know the mine.»

Suddenly, as though answering to the other's despair, a throb of such agony rose in George, it seemed to rive body and soul asunder. His poor Letty! his child that was to be! His own energy of life, he had been so conscious of at the very moment of descending to this hideous death, all gone, all done! His little moment of being torn from him by the inexorable force that restores nothing and explains nothing!

A picture flashed into his mind, an etching that he had seen in Paris in a shop-window, had seen and pondered over. «Entombed» was written underneath it, and it showed a solitary miner, on whom the awful trap has fallen, lifting his arms to his face in a last cry against the universe that has brought him into being, that has given him nerve and brain, for this!

Wherever he turned his eyes in the blackness, he saw it—the lifted arms, the bare torso of the man writhing under the agony of realization, the tools, symbols of a life's toil, lying as they had dropped forever from the hands that should work no more. It had sent a shudder through him, even amid the gaiety of a Paris street.

Then this first image was swept away by a second. It seemed to him that he was on the pit bank again. It was night, but the crowd was still there, and big fires lighted for warmth threw a glow upon the faces. There were stars, and a pale light of snow upon the hills. He looked into the engine-house. There she was, his poor Letty! O God! He tried to get through to her, to speak to her. Impossible!

A sound disturbed his dream.

His ear and brain struggled with it, trying to give it a name. A man's long, painful breaths—half sobs. Burrows, no doubt thinking of the woman he loved—of the poor emaciated soul George had seen him tending in the cottage garden on that April day.

He put out his hand, and touched his companion.

«Don't despair,» he whispered; «you will see her again. How strange! we two—we enemies; but this is the end. Tell me about her.»

«I took her from a ruffian who had nearly murdered her and the child,» said the hoarse voice, after a pause. «She was happy—in spite of the drink, in spite of everything; she would have been happy till she died. To think of her alone is too cruel. If people turned their backs on her, I made up.»

«You will see her again,» George repeated, but hardly knowing what the words were he said.

When he next spoke, it was with an added strength that astonished his companion.

«Burrows, promise me something. Take a message from me to my wife. Come nearer.»

Then, as he felt his companion's breath on his cheek, he roused himself to speak plainly:

«Tell her—I sent her my dear love; that I thanked her with all my heart and soul for her love; that it was very hard to leave her—and our child. Write the words for her, Burrows. Tell her it was impossible for me to write, but I dictated this.» He paused for a long time, then resumed: «And tell her, too, my last wish was—that she should ask Lord and Lady Maxwell—can you hear plainly?»—he repeated the names—«to be her friends and guardians. And bid her ask them, from me, not to forsake her. Have you understood? Will you repeat it?»

Burrows, in the mood of one humoring the whim of the dying, repeated what had been said to him word by word, his own sensuous nature swept the while by the terrors of a death which seemed but one little step farther from himself than from Tressady. Yet he did his best to understand and recollect; and to the message so printed on his shrinking brain a woman's misery owed its only comfort in the days that followed.

«Thank you,» said Tressady, painfully listening for the last word. «Give me your hand. Good-by. You and I—the world 's a queer place; I wish I 'd turned you back at the pit's mouth. I wanted to show I bore no malice. Well, at least I know—»

The words broke off incoherently. Burrows caught the word «suffering,» and some phrase about «the men»; then Tressady's head slipped back against the wall, and he spoke no more.

But the mind was active long afterward. Again and again he seemed to himself standing in a bright light, alive and free. Innumerable illusions played about him. In one of the most persistent, he was climbing the slope of a Swiss meadow in May. Oh! the scent of

the narcissus, heavy still with the morning dew; the brush of the wet grass against his ankles; those yellow anemones shining there beneath the pines; the roar of the river in the gorge below; and beyond, far above, the gray peak, sharp and tall against that unmatched brilliance of the blue! In another, he was riding alone in a gorge aflame with rhododendrons, and far down in the plain—the burnt-up Indian plain—some great fortified town, grave on its hilltop, broke the level lines—«a rose-red city, half as old as time.» Or, again, it was the sea in some glow of sunset, the white reflections of the sails slipping down and down through the translucent pinks and blues, till the eye lost itself in the infinity of shades and tints which the breeze—oh, the freshness of it!—was painting each moment anew at its caprice—painting and blotting, over and over again, as the water swung under the ship.

But all through these freaks of memory some strange thing seemed to have happened to him. He carried something in his arms—on his breast. The anguish of his inner pity for Letty, piercing through all else, expressed itself so.

But sometimes, as the brain grew momentarily clearer, he would wonder, almost in his old cynical way, at his own pity. She seemed to have come to love him; but was it not altogether for her good that his flawed, contradictory life should be cut violently from hers? Could their marriage, ill-planted, ill-grown, have come in the end to any tolerable fruit? His mind passed back with bitterness over the nine months of it—not bitterness toward her; he seemed to be talking to her all the time as she lay hidden on his shoulder; bitterness toward himself, toward the futility of his own life and efforts and desires.

But why his more than any other? The futility, the insignificance of all that man desires, all that waits on him—that old self-scorn which began with the race—tormented him none the less in dying for the myriads it had haunted so before. An image of human fate which had struck him in some book recurred to him now—an image of daisied grass, alive one moment in the evening light; a quivering world of blades and dew, insects and petals; a forest of innumerable lines, crossed by the innumerable movements of living things; the next withdrawn into the night, all silenced, all effaced.

So life. Except, perhaps, for pain! His own pain never ceased. The only eternity that seemed conceivable, therefore, was an eternity of pain. It had become to him the last reality. What a horrible quickening had come to him of that sense for misery, that intolerable compassion, which in life he had always held to be the death of a man's natural energy! It was as though the scorn for pity he had once flung at Marcella Maxwell had been but the fruit of some obscure and shrinking foresight that he himself should die drowned and lost in pity; for as he waited for death, his soul seemed to sink into the suffering of the world as a spent swimmer sinks into the wave.

One perception, indeed, that was not a perception of pain this piteous submission brought with it. The accusing looks of hungry men, the puzzles of his own wavering heart, all social qualms and compunctions—these things troubled him no more. In the wanderings of death he was not without the solemn sense that, after all, he, George Tressady, a man of no professions and no enthusiasms, had yet paid his share and done his part.

Was there something in this thought that softened the dolorous way? Once, nearly at the last, he opened his eyes with a start.

«What is it? Something watches me. There is a sense of something that supports—that reconciles. If—*if*—how little would it all matter! *Oh! what is this that knows the road I came: the flame turned cloud, the cloud returned to flame—the lifted, shifted steeps, and all the way!*» His dying thought clung to words long familiar as that of other men might have clung to a prayer. There was a momentary sense of ecstasy, of something ineffable.

And with that sense came a rending of all barriers, a breaking of long tension, a flooding of the soul with joy. Was it a passing under new laws, into a new spiritual polity? He knew not; but as he lifted his sightless eyes he saw the dark roadway of the mine expand, and a woman, stepping with an exquisite lightness and freedom, came toward him. Neither shrank nor hesitated. She came to him, knelt by him, and took his hands. He saw the pity in her dark eyes. «Is it so bad, my friend? Have courage; the end is near.» «Care for her—and keep me, too, in your heart,» he cried to her, piteously. She smiled. Then light—blinding, featureless light—poured over the vision, and George Tressady had ceased to live.

THE END.

Mary A. Ward.

«LET FALL THE RUIN PROPPED BY EUROPE'S HANDS.»

(THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.)

LET fall the ruin propped by Europe's hands!
Its tottering walls are but a nest of crime;
Slayers and ravishers in licensed bands
Swarm darkly forth to shame the face of Time.

False, imbecile, and cruel; kept in place
Not by its natural force, but by the fears
Of foes, with hand on hilt; even by the grace
Of rivals—not blood-guiltless all these years!

Aye, let the ruin fall, and from its stones
Rebuild a civic temple pure and fair,
Where freedom is not alien; where the groans
Of dying and ravished burden not the air.

July, 1896.

R. W. G.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Government by Hysteria.

IN all the history of the Republic there has never been a time when it was more necessary that men and women who are capable of sane thinking and self-restraint should do their utmost to cultivate sanity and moderation, each in his or her own community and in the community at large. If mental violence and hysteria are catching, so also, fortunately, are calmness of mind and common sense.

Since the eve of the war of secession there has been no such public excitement and private anxiety. It is not worth while to take too seriously the isolated threats of disunion; it is well understood that separation would be of no practical use as a cure for any alleged grievance; and besides, the question of secession has been well settled by events that are not yet forgotten. Neither is it profitable to impugn the motives or to attack the character of sincere and well-meaning individual believers in this or that political, financial, or social program or panacea. It is, however, highly desirable to deprecate and denounce the hysterical mood of approaching problems of finance, political economy, and civil government.

Political nominating conventions in America have not always been the grave and orderly assemblies which they should be, having to make, as they must, such tremendous decisions in the name and for the welfare of the people. But recent conventions have surpassed all others in the paroxysmal character of their conduct. Sacred images have not only been used in speech in a way calculated to create frenzy rather than reflection, but religious emblems have been bodily introduced and paraded about amid scenes of turbulent and insane emotion. Women—sad to say, painfully prominent in other convention years—have this year been encouraged to add the emotionalism of their temperaments to «demonstrations» which have outdone anything of the kind heretofore witnessed in the United States.

Not only in conventions has this ungoverned emotionalism shown itself. In much of the current political discussion there is the distinct note of hysteria. One expects intense political feeling to find expression in isolated instances of intemperate phraseology. But in this campaign,—when there is greater danger than for thirty-six years past of even good men being dangerously swayed by blind and unreasoned prejudice; when some phases of the debate are purely technical and require expert knowledge and a cool head; and when the decision of every voter is momentous,—in this campaign the evidences are wide-spread of a state of mind in which calm judgment, and wise and deliberate action, are simply not possible.

Is a man who is in a condition of complete or semi-hysteria capable of deciding, for instance, the question as to whether a certain radical financial expedient, condemned by the body of opinion of the conservative business world at home and abroad, is really going to

work the miracle he is assured by politicians and even by certain «experts» it will work? A citizen who is about to cast a ballot ought to be able to reason with himself and to listen to reason from his neighbor; but if he is subject to political hysteria he is no more open to intellectual considerations than a horse running away from a locomotive. History is full of frightening examples of mental epidemics, where argument was out of the question, and where all human experience was disregarded; indeed, a distinguished historian has truly declared that «experience counts for nothing in great fanatical movements.» Students of mental phenomena are devoting more and more attention to what is called «the law of imitation.» It is a vast subject, and can be studied in connection with all mental and moral epidemics. The article on «Mental Epidemics,» in this number of THE CENTURY, will be found, by the way, to be as startlingly suggestive as it is timely.) To the law of imitation we owe very largely the development of conscience; on the one hand it fosters fashions, on the other religions; it works for good in matters of education, from the home and the kindergarten up and out; it keeps the world moving forward, and sometimes it gives it a backward twist. One of its individual developments is hysteria, for, as Maudsley says: «It is impossible to conceive hysteria attacking one who was not a social being, or one, again, who, Robinson Crusoe-like, was planted alone on an uninhabited island.»

When hysteria shows itself in the processes of self-government, it is time for well-balanced minds to bring to bear the always efficacious physics of sanity and self-control.

It is declared by American orators of all parties and all beliefs that America is a great country, the greatest of all countries. But no amount of protestation or display of statistics on the part of the people of a country, on platforms, in corner groceries, or in college lecture-rooms, can make a country «great.» The extent of its population cannot do it, nor its «infinite resources»; its geography cannot do it; even its hereditary institutions cannot do it, no matter how free and admirable these may be—and surely in this regard America is dowered above all the nations of the earth. The greatness of a country depends upon the ability of its people to govern themselves with dignity and in such a way as to develop character in the individual, and to make the national name a pledge of good faith throughout the world. Something more is at stake in the coming election than the success of candidates or of policies. The Republic itself is on trial, and the ability of our people to conduct the affairs of the country calmly, honorably, wisely, and as they should be conducted in a sane and exemplary member of the sisterhood of civilized nations.

The Workingman's Interest in the Gold Standard.

THE workingman has more reason to be a «gold bug» than any other member of our population. He is a creditor every day of his life, and he wishes to have his debt paid in the best money possible. No man who has done a day's work is willing to receive for it any except the best money; that is, money with the largest purchasing power. If you were to say to a laborer who had spent a day in your service, and to whom you had agreed to pay his regular day's wage: «Here are two kinds of money between which you may choose. One is called gold-bug money because it is based on gold. The other is called the people's money because it is based on silver, which is said to be dearly cherished by the people. The gold-bug money will buy for you about twice as much as the silver or people's money will, but you are assured by the advocates of the exclusive use of silver money that if the country only gets it in free and unlimited amount, everybody will be more prosperous, including yourself.» What response would a workingman make to that proposition? He would insist upon knowing how it was to come about that by giving up half his wage he would add to his welfare. The satisfactory answering of this inquiry would be extremely difficult.

In the first place, the workingman of this country is to-day receiving, on the gold basis, the highest average wages ever paid for labor in the history of the world. At the same time, prices of commodities, food, clothing, fuel, and other necessities and comforts of life, were never lower in price than they are now. The silver advocates claim that these prices have been reduced through the appreciation in the value of gold and its exclusive use as the monetary standard of value. Their claim is demonstrably false, but in making it they admit the existence of unprecedentedly low prices. They are also forced to admit the existence of unprecedentedly high wages paid in gold or its equivalent. It comes about, therefore, that the workingman can buy more for his money than he ever could before in the world. What inducement can be offered to him to make him desire to change from gold to silver? The silver advocates wish to change to silver in order to force up the prices of commodities; they can give the workingman no assurance that his wages will be raised. If he were to receive wages that would have only half the purchasing power that those which he receives now have, and if at the same time the price of what he buys were to be doubled, what would be his condition?

He would be in the situation thus outlined were this country to pass to a silver basis. That transition might be made in a night. Prices of commodities would be doubled instantly, for they would still be reckoned in gold, and would be fixed in the markets of the world. Indeed, the chief reason why the advocates of silver desire to have it for our standard is that it will effect this doubling of prices. They do not promise a doubling of wages. The farmers who are told that if we have a silver standard they will get twice as much per bushel for their wheat and corn and oats as they get now, are not told that they would also have to pay double wages for labor. If they were compelled to do this, in addition to paying double prices for whatever they had to buy, in what respect would they be benefited by silver?

Let us look for a moment at the different classes of laborers in the country. According to the last census, the largest single body of laborers are those in the manufacturing and mechanical industries. There are over four million of these, a large part of whom are of voting age. Their wages, at present paid on the gold basis, are from 50 to 68 per cent. higher than they were in 1860. Is it supposable that these will be doubled if we have the silver standard? Can their employers,

forced to pay double prices for their material, and confronted with the confusion and uncertainty which an unstable and depreciated standard of value always brings, pay double wages also? The idea is preposterous; yet, unless wages be doubled, these four million laboring men will really have their wages cut down one half. They can buy only half as much with them as they bought before silver's advent. The next largest class of laborers are those in agriculture. There are over two and a half million of these, nearly all of voting age. As we have said, the farmers, who are their employers, do not expect to double their wages when the prices of farm products are doubled. Are these laborers ready to vote to give up half their wages?

The third largest class of workingmen is that of employees on steam railways. There are nearly half a million of these. There is not the remotest possibility of an increase in their wages under a silver standard, but there is a strong probability of either a reduction or a total loss, for the railways would be the severest sufferers, next to the workingmen, from a descent to silver. Railway fares and rates could not be doubled. The receipts of the companies would be cut in half, while at the same time the interest on their bonded debt would have to be paid in gold. Every railway in the country would have its profits wiped out at a stroke by the change, and many of them would be driven into confusion and bankruptcy. This has been the fate of Mexican railways under like conditions, and would be inevitable here. Nothing could prevent it except a doubling of all charges, and this would simply put the burden back upon the people, and still further raise the prices of commodities. In any event, the railways would be seriously crippled, and would be in no condition to pay higher wages.

We have not included the farm owners in the agricultural laboring class. The census classifies these separately, and shows over five million of them. They are told by the silver advocates that with a 16 to 1 dollar they will get double present prices for their products. But they will get, in payment, money which will buy only half as much as gold-standard money buys now. The Southern farmer at the close of the war was able to get a wagon-load of money for a barrel of flour, but was he prosperous in consequence? If a farmer could get a silver dollar that was worth 50 cents when he sold, and 100 cents when he bought, he would gain by the 16 to 1 standard; but that would be a system of currency which has never yet prevailed in any community.

It is impossible to find any aspect of the silver question which can make it attractive to the workingman. He would suffer most severely of all persons, and his sufferings would begin soonest and last longest. Even if his wages were doubled, which might be effected after a long time, what would he gain if everything he bought cost double? If he had any savings, they would be cut down one half; if he had a life-insurance policy, that would be reduced one half; while his rent would be doubled, and his prospects for steady employment would be impaired by all the additional risks which a shifting standard of value would bring to his employer. The American workingman cannot possess the superior intelligence with which he has always been credited if he fails to see that free silver coinage is his most destructive enemy.

Silver's Worst Victims.

THERE are three large classes of people in this country who have special reason to dread the substitution of silver for gold as our standard of value. We mean, of course, silver at the ratio of 16 to 1; that is, 16 ounces of silver equivalent to 1 ounce of gold. This is an artificial ratio, for in the markets of the world at this time of writing 1 ounce of gold sells for as much as 30 ounces of silver, so that the real ratio is 30 to 1. To declare by law that a silver dollar on this basis shall be equivalent to a gold dollar is to seek by legislative fiat to make 53 cents worth 100 cents. Repeated efforts during the past four hundred years to effect miracles of this kind justify the unequivocal assertion that this attempt, if made, will be a failure. The certain results will be the disappearance of gold from circulation, its rise to a premium of nearly 200 per cent., the doubling in price of nearly all commodities and of rents, a slight but tardy rise in wages, and the practical destruction of one half of all savings-bank deposits, life-insurance policies, and pensions.

Let us see what the extent of the loss in these three last-named directions would be. There are in the United States about 5,000,000 depositors in savings-banks. Their aggregate deposits are estimated by the best authorities at $1,800,000,000, a sum fully equal to the entire stock of money in the country. These deposits are not made payable only in gold. If we were to pass to a silver standard, to a dollar worth only 53 cents which would be legal tender for all debts, these $1,800,000,000 would shrink in a night to $954,000,000. Who would lose the other $846,000,000? Would they be capitalists, money-lenders, rich bankers, and millionaires? Not a bit of it. They would be the hard-working heads of families, devoted fathers and mothers saving for their children and their old age, widows and orphans, and deserving and ambitious youth seeking to lay the foundation for active and useful lives. There would be no escape for them from this deprivation, which in many instances would turn a life of simple comfort into one of want and misery. We have here a single class of 5,000,000 persons who have the best of reasons for looking upon gold as the true money of the people.

Yet these do not greatly exceed the holders and beneficiaries of life-insurance policies. There are in this country no less than 3,382,000 holders of life-insurance policies and certificates, amounting in gross to $9,463,000,000, a sum nearly six times the entire amount of money in the country. These holders have been paying their premiums for years in gold or its equivalent, expecting to have it paid back to their families after their death, or on their policies becoming claims. The policies are not payable in gold alone. The companies and associations did not agree to pay them in that coin only. The average annual payment for claims is $120,000,000, so that if we pass to a 53-cent dollar this will be cut down to $63,600,000, and the annual loss to the widows and orphans of the land through this source will be $56,400,000. In this case, also, the loss will not fall upon the rich. It will fall upon the most helpless, and will be robbery of the most deserving of all our citi-

zens, for the man who insures his life for the benefit of those who are dependent upon him must be a worthy citizen. This is another class who have excellent reason for looking upon gold as the true money of the people.

Finally, there is our army of 970,000 pensioners, drawing annually from the national treasury $140,000,000. Their pensions are not payable in gold alone, and would be paid in silver. Their annual receipt would drop from $140,000,000 to $74,200,000, and the other $65,800,000 would not come out of the pockets of the rich, but of the poor veterans of the war, who have been given this aid because they are supposed to have deserved well of the nation and are not able to support themselves. As a greater part of the persons affected in this case are voters, it is interesting to see how they are distributed in the country, and how the loss will fall upon the different States. In Ohio there are 105,160 of them, and their total loss would be over $7,779,000. In Illinois there are 68,678 of them, and their loss would be nearly $5,000,000. In Indiana there are 69,850 of them, and their loss would be over $6,000,000. Surely this is an aspect of free coinage which rises above partizanship; for, as the late Congressman Harter of Ohio said of it, the nation's good faith to its living soldiers is not only called in question by it, but if it becomes a law the widows and orphans of the nation's dead will be robbed by the laws of the land they died to save. This is a third class, then, who have excellent reasons for looking upon gold as the true money of the people.

And what is to be said of the great body of American people outside these three classes? Are they prepared to say that they think such robbery as this would be is a desirable thing for a great and rich and free people to decree? We do not believe for a moment that they are capable of such inhumanity and injustice. They have only to comprehend fully the nature of the proposition to condemn it under overwhelming defeat.

An American Statesman.

EVERY country has numerous types characteristic of different phases of its life, and of different sections of its territory. The variety in our national geography, and the diversity in our local origins and histories, give America many such types. But, also, each nation produces certain men who are peculiarly significant of its general conditions and temperament. The late William E. Russell, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, was not only a representative of the culture and manhood of New England, but he was a representative American. In the freedom and dignity of his mind, in the self-respecting democracy of his manner, in the purity and earnestness of his character, and in his «saving common sense,» he was recognized throughout the Union, both by political allies and adversaries, as one of those statesmen whom our soil and institutions are well fitted to breed.

A nation that produces such a man, that discovers him early in his career, and marks him out for present and future distinction, may take some honest credit to itself. Here was no trimmer, and no sensationalist; his appeal was always to reason, to the mood of judgment, not to that of prejudice or moonstruck madness. He would have cut off his right arm rather than utter a phrase that might array class against class, or section against section. He loved honor more than success. He died a soldier, fighting, as he believed, for the life of the party that was his choice, and the honor and welfare of the country that he passionately loved.

Lifting the Lid from Central Africa.

WITH the third paper, printed in this number of THE CENTURY, our readers have been offered glimpses of the most arduous half of the late E. J. Glave's remarkable journey from the mouth of the Zambesi diagonally northwest across Central Africa to the mouth of the Congo. That he died on the threshold of home lends emphasis to the self-sacrificing character of his motive, which was to uncover the haunts and methods of the Arab slave-raiders of the interior. It was his privilege to witness the destruction by force of arms of the chief organized bands of man-hunters in the region of the great lakes; in the first paper (in the August CENTURY) was described the war waged by the English on the Arab raiders of the Nyassa region; and in this number the Belgian forces from the Congo Free State are shown in the act of completing their conquest of the disturbers of native peacefulness west of Tanganyika. In the second paper (in the September CENTURY) an account was given of Glave's discovery of the tree under which was buried the heart of Dr. Livingstone, and which still bears the inscription cut by the great missionary's followers.

These vivid extracts from Glave's journals seem to lift the lid from benighted Africa. They reveal the natives as generally peaceful tillers of the soil, as engaged in rude arts, and occupied with intertribal trade; they show that vast districts of the interior are adapted to planting, and point to a not distant day when the great rivers will be the highways of organized commerce. Other travelers have emerged from the interior of Africa as from a land of war and famine; Glave's intimate notes are of a world of primitive human life, and wherever he goes he shows a peaceful path wide open behind him.

A Little «Rift within the Lute.»[1]

IN order to close the «rift within the lute,» we must first understand one more feature of its cause. That feature is the financial distress in the West.

Two years ago that distress was due to crop failure so great that food, seed, and clothing had to be sent to «the Western sufferers.»

The years of plenty since have been years of such low prices that the distress is hardly less. There is food, but the surplus cannot be sold at a remunerative price, so as to pay taxes and interest and buy clothing.

A study of prices will show this; but to realize the actual condition, personal inspection alone can suffice. If part of the travel tide to Europe might be diverted to flow over our «uninteresting» prairie States, the money it would drop would help where help is most needed. And, more than money, there ought to result a more perfect understanding of and particular interest in the condition and needs of our own land.

This year let the word be, «Go West, traveler, and yourself become one of the bonds that shall unite all sections and heal the rift.»

William Jones Gregory.

THERE has been financial distress in more than one quarter of the country lately; in some sections that have shown a good deal of free-silver sentiment, conditions

[1] See «Topics of the Time» for August, 1896.

have been, however, not unfavorable. Statistics demonstrate that in some parts of the West «farm lands are selling for much more than they brought half a dozen years ago,» and mortgages are being paid up. Uncertain climatic conditions have had to do with the distress in certain sections, also competition, over-production, and other causes not allied to currency conditions. The questions for inquiry are as to the true causes of discontent and as to practicable and genuine cures.

It has always been a desire of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE to make each section of the country known to all other sections. Hence the «Great South» and the «Great West» papers; the papers on farming in different localities and by different methods, and on great features of natural scenery; the recent papers on forestry, irrigation, etc. The magazine expects to continue in this line. For while actual travel cannot be forced, as the writer of the open letter generously wishes to force it, it is possible, and it is a public duty, to cultivate mutual understanding and good will by means of those «fireside travels» on which the illustrated magazine can conduct its immense company of tourists.

OPEN LETTERS

Sloane's Napoleon.

(SEE PORTRAIT ON PAGE 912.)

YOU are to be congratulated upon the publication of the most satisfactory life of Bonaparte which has yet been presented to the public. Professor Sloane deserves the highest praise for his recent contribution, in the pages of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, to the verities of history. He will receive it not only from the lovers of a vivid and picturesque style of historical writing, but also from the scholar who searches the historic record with an impartial spirit, that the very truth of motive and of character may be ascertained. A still higher aim of the true historian is the interpretation of the underlying providential order of cause and effect which science finds in nature, and which the historian should find in the progress of humanity.

I have never read a story of Napoleon Bonaparte's life or career which so nearly attains this sum of attractions as does the work of Professor Sloane. While escaping the influence of the blinding hostility of English criticisms of the Corsican adventurer, he equally refuses to subordinate his judgment to the adoring enthusiasms with which the French surrounded their military emperor. He never loses sight of the *man*, whether his ambition is limited to the partizan seizure of a fortress on his native island, or contemplates the partition of the world between himself and the Emperor of Russia. The *man* is always revealed, within the lieutenant's uniform, or behind the embroidered robe of this ruler of kings. Nearly all previous writers upon this brilliant theme—the twenty-five dramatic years of France—have been thrown off their mental balance by the scenic glories of the stage as the curtain was lifted and revealed the greatest actor of modern centuries. This author, on the contrary, keeps his feet on the ground, and his eye steadily fixed upon the central figure, and the studied effects which he produces, from his first entrance to his final exit. And so he has been able to tell us the true life-story of the most astonishing international actor in all history.

Such a book is needed in all our libraries. The author has evidently put his material under great pressure of condensation. I could have wished to read his more complete portraiture of other great characters of the time associated with or against Napoleon, and drawn with equal candor and accuracy. But within its constrained limits the book is a treasure, is almost the only life of Napoleon to be safely submitted to the youth of the country as a part of its culture in history. Its characteristic portraits add a charm to the text.

John A. Kasson.

«The Century's» American Artists Series.

FRANK W. BENSON. (SEE PAGE 917.)

FRANK W. BENSON, the painter of «Summer,» was born in Salem, Massachusetts, thirty-four years ago. When eighteen he entered the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where he studied four years. In 1883 he went to Paris, and became a pupil of the Academy Julien. There he had the benefit of two years' study under the eminent masters Boulanger and Lefebvre.

In 1889 he was chosen instructor in his former school, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, a position he now holds.

Mr. Benson is a member of the Society of American Artists; a winner of the Shaw, Hallgarten, and Clarke prizes, National Academy of Design, New York; Jordan and Art Club prizes, Boston; and the third prize in the recent competition for the decoration of the Philadelphia City Hall. He is one of the artists at present engaged in the decoration of the new Congressional Library, Washington.

If what the distinguished French critic Albert Wolf said is true, «What gives value to a work of art is the artist's own sentiment added to his science,» Mr. Benson's works are precious. His sentiment seldom rises into poetry, but it is often akin to it. His science is excellent (by science I understand mastery over paints and brushes, and knowing how to *make* a picture). He composes with taste and rare decorative perception, and executes with charming freshness and delicacy of color.

W. Lewis Fraser.

Some Results of the Higher Education of Women.

MOST readers of THE CENTURY are familiar with the work of Toynbee Hall, in the east end of London, where

a number of Oxford graduates live for various periods of time, following their own personal business or study, yet taking part as neighbors in the life of the people of that neglected region. They are probably not as familiar with an enterprise of English college women on somewhat similar lines, whose modest beginnings antedate our American women's college settlements. In the spring of 1887 certain members of the Oxford and Cambridge women's colleges organized the community known as «The Women's University Association for Work in the Poorer Districts of London.»

The germ out of which grew this organized work of college women—individual workers having for years filled the positions which the University Association recommends to its members—was the conviction of Miss Grüner, the gifted first head worker of the association, and her chief assistant, Miss Elder, that they could do better work if they lived, for a time at least, among the people they wished to aid. An organization was consequently effected, and a house was taken at 44 Nelson Square, Blackfriars Road, Southwark, where the founders felt they could be most useful, while at the same time it would be near enough to other parts of London to serve the convenience of resident workers and those who might wish to help in special evening entertainments.

The chief object of the community is the promotion of the welfare of the people of the poorer districts of London, more especially of the women and children, and the lines along which the association works tend more particularly to the giving of better opportunities for education and recreation. An executive committee is formed exclusively of university women, and consists of seven members: two representatives of Girton College, two of Newnham, one of Somerville Hall, one of Lady Margaret Hall, and the head worker, the resident worker appointed as mistress of the house and director of all work. The committee has full power to arrange and control the work of the association, to appoint or remove the head worker, to admit or dismiss the resident workers, and to administer the funds of the community. The weekly expenses of the house—about $3.50 for each person—are divided among the «residents,» and each one, if able, is invited to help pay the rent of the house, etc. Each one must make to the head worker a daily report of all work done by her, and no one can undertake, without permission from the executive committee, work not already organized. Private almsgiving is not allowed.

The head worker is assisted by four or five residents in the settlement, who remain there for not less than two weeks, and in some cases indefinitely, as the good these women hope to do as members of various local committees and in direct work among the people must depend largely upon the personal influence that only time and knowledge can give. There are also non-resident workers, who either help occasionally in special work, or regularly on one or two evenings in the week, when there are meetings of library club, part-singing club, art-needlework club, or sewing, reading, and writing classes, lectures, etc. Most of the young women entering into the scheme have occupations of their own aside from their work in the settlement, as the committee think it an advantage for workers to have such occupations, partly because a variety of interests helps to keep the minds fresher, and partly because workers are more likely to be in sympathy with other workers.

The duties assumed by these social missionaries are numerous. As managers on the local committees of board schools, which correspond to our public schools, they have an important influence upon educational work, and as associates of the girls' division of the London Pupil-teachers' Association, they take parties of pupil-teachers to the National Gallery on Saturdays, and give evening receptions to the teachers of board schools, for the purpose of introducing a higher element and a broader interest into preparatory educational work. Also, as members of the Education Reform League and the Recreative Evening Classes Association, they aim to give a more general use of school buildings and grounds to the whole population, and to encourage boys and girls who have left the board schools to join evening classes in studies in which physical and technical elements are prominent. As active members of charity organizations and local sanitary aid committees, and as zealous workers for the spread of the coöperative movement among women, and the undertaking of fresh-air funds for the benefit of children, they are doing a work of incalculable value. The latest development of this London Settlement's work is an arrangement for several scholarships in social science, open to students of the several women's colleges at Oxford and Cambridge; they entitle the holders to two years' instruction and work at the settlement, and offer valuable preparation to women who wish to fill posts in charity organization societies, reformatories, and other philanthropic and governmental institutions.

One of the most pronounced features of social development in modern society is an increased sensitiveness on the part of educated men and women to the claims of their wide outside duties toward humanity; and must not the most conservative admit that the growth of the movement for the higher education of women is reassuring, when the association of graduates and students of the women's colleges at Oxford and Cambridge presents among its first fruits the University Settlement in Southwark?

Catherine Baldwin.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Arcadie.

I TRAVELED many winding ways
That weary seemed to me,
In cloudy nights and windy days,
To find sweet Arcadie.

The shepherds stand on either hand:
«We fain would go with thee,
Save for our sheep, to that sweet land,
That far-off Arcadie.»

Along the selfsame way I fare,
And shepherds ask of me:
«Hast found those green fields anywhere?»
«Yea; but the people dwelling there
Know not 't is Arcadie.»

Arthur Willis Colton.

Honey.

DERE 's honey in de roses when dey 're bloomin' roun' de door,
An' dere's honey in de water where it laps along de shore;
Dere 's honey in de dewdrop as it glistens on de grass,
An' dere 's honey in de glow-worm when at night it flutters past;
Dere 's honey in de flicker o' de mellow yeller moon,
An' dere 's honey in its shadders, an' de cryin' o' de coon;
Dere 's honey in de chirrup o' de frogs up in de trees,
An' dere 's honey in de soo'in' an' de sighin' o' de breeze;
Dere 's honey in de sunlight dat is shinin' from on high,
An' dere 's honey in de cotton fleece a-floatin' roun' de sky;
Dere 's honey on de hilltops, an' dere 's honey down below,
An' dere 's honey, double honey, where de watermelons grow;
Dere 's honey in de clover blossom growin' 'long de road,
An' dere 's honey in de burden when love helps to tote de load:
Dere 's honey at de finish, an' dere 's honey at de start,
An' dere 's honey all de way when dere 's honey in de heart.

George Orne Percy.

To Chloe.

(FOR A MENDED GLOVE.)

FAIR Chloe looked upon the old torn glove,
Then touched its ragged edges with her fingers,
And lo! the rent was closed—as if for love
Sweet healing follows where her touch but lingers.

If all the rents that follow Chloe's eyes,
And all the hearts despairingly defended,
Were healed so soon—we 'd straightway realize
That love and life are good as new when mended.

Robert Bridges.

In an Old Garden.

THE roses blossom on the wall,
The larkspur clusters by the gate,
And stately lilies grave and tall
Sway to the breeze. In twilight late
The garden long untenanted
Lies vague, mysterious, and it seems
Enchanted land where memory dreams.

Adown the prim box-bordered walk
Perchance young lovers one time strayed
In twilight hours with tender talk—
Ah, quaint, old-fashioned, pretty maid!
I fancy how you bent your head
Listening, and how the whippoorwill
Called from the meadows past the hill.

The breezes whispered to the pines
Perhaps just as they do to-night,
And where the Provence rose-bush twines,
Pink as your cheeks, the petals light
Soft fluttered down, a rosy snow;
On this crape myrtle scarred and dim
I trace the letters dear to him.

The flowers are blooming, starred with dew,
Bright as they did that yester-year;
The mocking-bird which sang to you
Trilled the same songs to-night I hear.
But youth and maiden—many a day
Has waxed and waned and passed away
Since, last borne through this narrow gate,
They left the garden desolate.

Irene Norman McKay.

Interpretation.

THOROUGHNESS.

«A STITCH in time saves nine;»
But I would rather wait,
To let the tailor sew more fine
And take the other eight.

PUBLICITY.

'T is said that «good wine needs no bush,»
Since he who 's tasted buys it;
But dealers who their trade would push
Had better advertise it.

ACTIVITY.

«A rolling stone gathers no moss»
(Which the stone may account little loss);
And if it will roll in the snow
In bulk it will certainly grow.

H. G. Paine.

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